**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

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**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 167: Bathroom Ambush**

Nate pulled up short at the top of the stairs. Just a little to the left was a closed door with a paper ‘Ladies’ sign taped to it.  
  
“Shhh,” indicated Nate, index finger at his lips. Quietly Cody and Tyler followed Nate to the door.  
  
The three of them crowded around the door, standing still, listening. There were indeed voices to be heard within. Nate, taking a breath to collect his thoughts, knocked softly on the door.  
  
A moment later, a girl’s voice said, “Alexa?”, and the door opened a few inches. Nate saw an eye peer out at him. Instantly she recognized him and tried to slam the door shut, but Nate had succeeded in getting his arm and shoulder through the gap, foiling the girl’s attempt to close the door.  
  
With Cody and Tyler helping, he quickly managed to overpower the girls, pushing the door wide open.  
  
Inside he saw four or five of the Drill Team girls. Dale was just across the large bathroom. She was nude, and being held by her arms, girls on each side.  
  
When Dale saw him, she cried out, “Nate, help me!”  
  
As soon as they were in, Cody and Tyler closed the door behind them.  
  
Nate examined the scene, and then yanked off a couple of masks, to see who exactly he was dealing with.  
  
Thinking quickly he said, “Okay Emily, Samantha, Haley, Shelby, and Grace. Your involvement here has been duly noted. I’m very disappointed to find you here.” After a significant pause to look each girl in the eyes, he continued sternly, “You mess with my girl again, and I’m coming for you! You mark my words!” Looking at his two companions, he added, “We’re coming for you, right?” Cody and Tyler nodded. “I don’t know what this is, but it ends here!”  
  
The girls looked frightened, cowering against the wall. Nate was much bigger than they were. He didn’t seem like a guy who might hit a girl, but they could tell that he was very worked up. In general, he was pretty laid back. But all girls know that one of the best things about guys is that they can be very protective of those that they truly care about. Again, he stared into each of their eyes, making them all very uncomfortable.  
  
Finally, after a little consideration of the circumstances, Nate continued, “Now get your butts out, and give some serious thought to who you really want to be in this life.”  
  
Nate opened the door, and the five girls scurried out. Nate had to resist slapping or kicking them as they slid past…he was that steamed.  
  
After the door was closed and locked, he took a deep breath and turned to Dale. She had her arms crossed over her chest, her hands gripping her shoulders. Her head was tilted far to one side. It was as if she were hugging, comforting herself, rather than covering up. Indeed, her knees weren’t exactly together, so it didn’t seem as if she were thinking about trying to cover up her lady bits, even though she was in the presence of the three guys.  
  
She walked to Nate and leaned her head against his chest. In that position, looking as if she were seeking comfort by being in contact with Nate, she looked up. First she looked deep and long into Cody’s eyes, and then in turn into Tyler’s eyes.  
  
“Thanks guys,” she said softly. “I didn’t think anyone could hear me screaming in here. Thank you so much for coming.”  
  
“You were screaming?” said Nate. “I doubt anyone heard you, what with all the music and noise downstairs. You have your observant date to thank for your rescue. He figured out what was going down, and rallied the troops.”  
  
Dale walked over to Tyler, who along with Cody was holding the door closed. She gave him a small kiss on the cheek, saying, “Thanks Tyler.”  
  
Her hands had slipped down such that she was still hugging herself, but now her hands were gripping her elbows. Her chest was now completely uncovered. Nate noticed it, but he knew her well enough to know that it wasn’t a conscious decision on her part. She wasn’t knowingly allowing her tits to be seen. She was just ‘in the moment’ and not very conscious of being nude.  
  
Next she approached Cody, and similarly thanked him, also giving him a kiss on the cheek.  
  
“So Dale, what in holy hell was going on in here?” asked Nate. “Last time I saw you, you were dancing with Tyler.”  
  
“Well, as I opened the door to leave the rest room, the goddam drill team all barged in. Suddenly, I’m outnumbered, surrounded by all these slutty looking, short-skirted cowgirls, policewomen, nurses, and she-devils with one loud mouth cheerleader wanna-be calling the shots. I tried to fight them off, but there were so many of them,” said Dale. “Those five plus Alexa and Michelle.”  
  
“Seven to one sounds like impossible odds,” said Nate agreeing.  
  
“I was doing pretty well, mostly keeping my dress on, until they got me down on my back in the middle of the floor here,” said Dale.  
  
Nate looked around, taking in the size of the large fancy bathroom.  
  
Dale continued, “Alexa is just plain mean. She stood on my hair, a foot on each side of my head. I tried to keep struggling, but it hurt so much, my hair being pulled like that. But I drew blood! Look at my fingernails. I’m sure Alexa will be wearing long pants for a few weeks.”  
  
And bending over, picking up something, she continued, “See, here is some of my hair!”  
Dale held up a wad of blond hair.  
  
“The other girls even seemed to be pulling on my arms and legs, trying to make it pull my hair even worse,” said Dale.  
  
“I’m so sorry we didn’t get here sooner,” said Nate. “I want to hear the rest of the story, but I’m sure our time is limited. Any idea what Alexa was planning to do next?”  
  
“No idea. I’m guessing that it must have involved taking me down to the party and parading me around naked, or hanging me up by my ankles from a tree in the yard, but knowing Alexa, it was probably even more evil, more humiliating than that. Guys, does the window open?” asked Dale.  
  
“The door is locked, but somebody’s trying the doorknob, Nate,” said Cody, his hand holding on to it.  
  
In response Nate said, “Can you two be in charge of the door, while Dale and I investigate the window.”  
  
The window opened easily. Looking out, Dale announced, “Nate, there is a small long section of roof just below. We should be able to climb out onto it, and then go along it until we find a way to climb down to the ground.”  
  
“What are you thinking, Dale?” asked Nate.  
  
“I want to get away from here. I want to spoil Alexa’s plans. Nothing does that better than having her prey disappear on her,” said Dale. “Will you come with me? Please!”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 168: Surrounded**

“Okay, Dale, if you’re sure. There would, of course, be other options,” said Nate.  
  
Dale started climbing up, clearly anxious to go. Nate turned and asked Cody and Tyler to stick with the door. He mentioned his belief that the longer that Alexa thought they were holed up in the bathroom, the better he and Dale’s chances for a clean getaway would be. As he was speaking, he saw their eyes grow large.  
  
To see what they were looking at, he shifted his attention back to Dale. She was half out of the window, her knees widely spaced on the windowsill, her hands at a much lower level on the roof just beyond. Had her goal been to display her female genitalia to the guys in the brightly lit bathroom, she couldn’t have managed a more ideal, eye level position.  
  
He looked back at the dumbstruck guys staring straight into the intimate wonders framed so perfectly by Dale’s butt cheeks. He looked back at the guys and shrugged, but they didn’t notice. He thought of a comment or two, but what was there to say? Dale’s impeccably shaved pussy was doing all the talking.  
  
They had no time to waste, so he went over and assisted her as she finished extracting her legs from the window and got her feet under her on the roof just outside. He quickly followed, and a moment later found himself in the same ‘butt-high’ position she had just been in. There simply wasn’t another way to get out that particular window.  
  
Once they were both safely out and on the roof, Dale led the way across the front of the house, searching for a route down. At the end of the roof, being a gymnast, she swung herself down to the ground, making it look easy. Nate struggled a little bit with the climb down and picked up a pretty good slice near the thumb of his left hand on the gutter flashing in the process.  
  
Once they both had their feet on the ground, Dale took off running. Nate had to run as fast as he could, just to keep her in sight. Dale went out the driveway where they had been talking, and then turned and sped straight down the sidewalk at full speed for about two blocks. Upon seeing a group of trick-or-treaters just ahead, she shot into an alley.  
  
Nate found her hiding behind some garbage cans just inside the entrance to the alley.  
  
“Nate, alleys are no good…the gravel. I’m barefoot,” said Dale. “But even if Alexa had left me my high heels, I would have kicked them off long ago, even before climbing out on the roof back there.”  
  
“Okay, Dale, let’s take a quick breather. Now that we’re away from there, away from Alexa, let’s come up with a real plan. Just running blindly is a little short sighted,” said Nate.  
  
“Let me guess. Just like that morning on the ridge, you’re probably trying to figure out how to get me dressed, and home, right?” said Dale.  
  
“Hey, you’re the one who has renounced nudity. And you’re on a date, remember. I can walk back, and find Tyler. You can wait here. He can come pick you up, and you can go from there. He can drive you home, or you can do whatever it is that you do with boys on dates…I’m sure I have no say,” said Nate.  
  
“I can’t be with Tyler. In case you haven’t noticed, I’m naked!” said Dale.  
  
“Yes, but he has already seen you naked. Cody, too. And I saw you leave a coat in the hall closet. He could bring that for you,” said Nate.  
  
“Why do you always have to be such a party-pooper?”  
  
“You’re kidding me, right?” asked Nate.  
  
“I just want to have a little fun. And I didn’t strip myself, so this isn’t me breaking my resolution,” said Dale.  
  
“Dale, are you committed to giving up exhibitionism, or are you simply planning to rationalize nudity tonight,” said Nate.  
  
Acting like she was unwilling to listen to the voice of reason, she answered by taking off running.  
  
Back on the sidewalk, she went straight for one block, but then turned left, disappearing around the corner. Nate felt like he had no choice but to follow. As he rounded the corner, he saw that she had crossed to the opposite side of the street, apparently to avoid another group of trick-or-treaters. He couldn’t believe how fast she was barefoot. He hoped she didn’t encounter any glass.  
  
He finally caught up to her. She was waiting for him between a minivan and a truck, right next to the sidewalk.  
  
“Dale, you need to stop and think. This is crazy. Where do you think you’re going?” he asked.  
  
“Dairy Queen. You do have your wallet with you, I hope,” said Dale.  
  
“I do have my wallet, but we can’t go to DQ,” said Nate. “We are in Prospect. This is your home town, remember. DQ is out of the question.”  
  
“Nate, Alexa’s not the only one to blame. Remember the first time I was naked in Prospect? That was your idea. You took me into town. You taught me that this is fun and that we can get away with it, remember?”  
  
“Dale, that was the sleepy area of town by the park, and it was probably 2:00 a.m.,” said Nate.  
  
“So! I lost my ice cream sundae dress. Now I want a real ice cream sundae,” said Dale. “We can go through the drive through. You took me naked through a drive through once.”  
  
“That was quite different. We weren’t in Prospect. We had a car.”  
  
“So!” said Dale, turning again to run off. Before she could, Nate grabbed her arm, forcing her to continue listening.  
  
“So? Dale, you’re killing me! How do I convince you that we are not gasoline and matches? I mean, how do I show you that I can keep you safe, when I can’t figure out how to keep you safe? Think about what you are doing to yourself here. I mean, it’s Halloween. How many policemen do you think are on duty tonight?”  
  
“Nate, if there is one lesson that I learned from ‘The Great Nate Betrayal’, it was that the naked girl might not always be to blame. Tonight I’m a victim. If I get caught, I tell them who took my clothes. There are lots of witness, and co-conspirators that the police can go and talk to,” said Dale.  
  
“Oh, I’m glad to know that this mad dash trough Prospect is the result of logical reasoning, rather than just the crazy adrenalin rush that I was imagining,” said Nate.  
  
“Okay then, DQ, right?” said Dale.  
  
“No, not DQ! Now Dale – please listen! I will agree with you that tonight you were the victim. For once, an actual victim! This is quite different from what you refer to as ‘The Great Nate Betrayal’. That was a scenario organized for the purpose of allowing you to experience a fantasy. You were supposed to feel helpless, but there was never any actual danger. Under such planned circumstances I was able to guarantee your safety. This is entirely different. Tonight Alexa and her co-conspirators set out to do you actual harm. She was obviously planning to make you suffer or to humiliate you in some way. You were lucky in that we managed to get you out of there before the real damage took place. My ability to protect you under such conditions is quite limited. Alexa put you at risk, but you are adding to your own risk right now by running through town at this hour. It almost seems as if you are helping Alexa in her evil plot.”  
  
Nate had been hoping to get her to understand and acknowledge the obvious and important difference between the two very different scenarios, but she didn’t want to listen and again took off running.  
  
Nate thought about just letting her go. She had said that she was pretty sure that she wouldn’t have taken off the lingerie in the Fiji house if he had not been there. Maybe he just needed to remove himself from the situation. Maybe if she found herself all alone in Prospect, wearing nothing more than nipple jewelry, possibly that would have a sobering effect and her craziness would start to disapate.  
  
Would she really be safer without him? Pondering that question, he found himself following her, but at a slow walking pace. He found himself thinking a little selfishly. He really didn’t want to find a solution for Dale’s difficulties that left himself out of the mix.  
  
A block and a half on, she popped out of the shadows, saying, “Nate, that’s not nice! What took you so long?”  
  
“Dale, I love you and I can’t bear to watch you doing this to yourself. This is completely unlike both scenarios just mentioned. This is not a prearranged safe outing designed to allow you an experience, nor is this Alexa seeking to do you actual harm. This is you running down the street endangering yourself. Frankly, this is more like how you got yourself in trouble on the clubhouse roof, only the risks right here are exponentially greater,” said Nate.  
  
“I was stripped by a gang of girls, Nate. Now have some fun, and buy me a sundae! I’m obviously the victim here.” said Dale, turning as if about to run off again.  
  
Grabbing her arm to keep her from again running off, Nate said, “No, no, no! The victim argument falls apart the further we get from the party. It won’t hold up at all if you are relaxing at DQ eating ice cream,” said Nate.  
  
“Maybe, maybe not,” said Dale, pulling her arm free and again taking off, running down the sidewalk at full speed.  
  
Again Nate found himself in slow pursuit of Dale’s cute little butt, illuminated by the street lights as she ran. Near the end of the block she encountered a large group of trick-or-treaters just rounding the corner coming towards her. She attempted to run right through the group, but several large, presumably overgrown junior high age kids moved to block her path. That forced her to stop and begin backing up.  
  
It was getting late for trick-or-treating, so all the young kids and their accompanying parents were inside. The only trick-or-treaters out now were the older kids, those who were not willing to admit to themselves that they had grown too old to continue.  
  
As Nate watched, the group started to close ranks around Dale. She tried to escape by aiming for another gap, but it too closed before she reached it. She was trapped, pinned against the side of a car and surrounded by six or eight larger kids in costume.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 169: Trick-or-Treat**

As Nate went into a sprint to reach her, he saw at least another half dozen trick-or-treaters approaching the group that had Dale trapped.  
  
He had no good plan, but everyone was so focused on the naked girl that the element of surprise was with him. He managed to reach Dale with only minimal contact. In a split second he threw her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. On his way back out of the circle, he bowled over at least two of the kids.  
  
He felt Dale attempting to hang on as he sprinted straight down the middle of the street. He went about two blocks before spinning around to check for pursuers. Fortunately there were none, so he slowed and went back to the sidewalk.  
  
As he set her down he asked, “Do you realize just how crazy this is yet?”  
  
“That was fun! Thanks for the rescue!” said Dale.  
  
“That was fun? Dale, you’re killing me. Tonight you’re the little kid who needs a spanking,” said Nate.  
  
“You better not!” said Dale.  
  
She hoped up on her tiptoes and planted a big kiss on his lips, but then she turned her head, looking back in the direction from which they had come.  
  
Nate did the same, and saw that the group of trick-or-treaters had reformed ranks and was now in hot pursuit. He felt Dale pull free, turning he saw her sprinting away in the opposite direction at full speed. This time he did his best to stay with her as she ran.  
  
She turned a couple of more corners to shake their pursuers, and then again waited for him to catch up in the shadow behind a big tree.  
  
Just as he was almost to her, she yelled, “Catch me if you can!” and again took off running. Shaking his head in exasperation, Nate again followed, but this time again at a walk.  
  
A block later, Dale again popped out of a shadow, saying, “Having fun yet?”  
  
Nate responded, “Dale, you are completely out of your mind, you know. And you have definitely earned yourself a spanking, but at least, I can tell that we aren’t headed towards Dairy Queen anymore.”  
  
“Nope. I’ve had a change of plans. Now we are going trick-or-treating!”  
  
Nate started to reply, and tried to grab her arm, but Dale jumped out of reach. She skipped up a walkway to avoid hearing any more of what he had to say.  
  
She hopped up onto a front porch, and rang the doorbell.  
  
Nate didn’t know what do, but he decided he had better back her up. He had just come up behind her as the door started to open.  
  
“Trick-or-treat,” rang out Dale’s voice, loud and full of confidence.  
  
A middle-aged couple came into view, and Dale’s tone changed. “Oops,” was all she said, as she ducked behind Nate.  
  
“Dale, what in the hell are you doing?”  
  
It was Aunt Mary.  
  
“Sorry, I thought you’d be alone,” said Dale.  
  
“Get your butt in here, little girl!” said Mary sternly. “And Nate, I guess I was wrong about you. I thought you had more sense than this.”  
  
Nate, feeling rather unjustly judged, went ahead and walked into the smaller house. Dale followed him in, using him as a screen.  
  
Once the door was closed, Mary continued, hands on her hips, “Now what in the hell is going on here, you two?”  
  
Peeking out from behind Nate, and blushing, Dale replied, “Aunt Mary, Nate says he’s going to spank me.”  
  
“Is that true, Nate?” asked Aunt Mary.  
  
“Well, look at her. She’s out of control. If you have a better idea, then I’d like to hear it,” said Nate.  
  
Mary replied, “Now Dale, get out from behind Nate, and give me your side of the story. We both know you’re not shy.”  
  
Biting a thumbnail, a red-faced Dale peeked around Nate, looking at the man with Aunt Mary. She stayed behind Nate.  
  
“Come on, Dale,” said Nate. “Time to accept the consequences of your actions. Do what Mary says and show yourself,” said Nate.  
  
Slowly Dale came out from behind him.  
  
“I’m sorry, Mary. I didn’t think Mark would be here,” said Dale apologetically.  
  
“You didn’t think at all, did you?” said Mary. “Now go ahead. Introduce the guys.”  
  
“Okay,” said Dale, bashfully. “Nate, this is Mark, Mary’s boyfriend. And Mark, this is Nate, my Ex.”  
  
Mark laughed, clearly enjoying the situation and the chance to get an eyeful of the blushing naked teen who had suddenly appeared out of nowhere.  
  
“My pleasure, Nate,” said Mark, extending his hand. “It’s nice to finally meet the young lad who makes pretty girls cry.”  
  
“Okay, Dale,” said Mary. “What’s going on here? Having a bit of a relapse, I see.”  
  
“It’s not my fault, Mary,” said Dale. “I was attacked and stripped!”  
  
“Nate?” asked Mary, looking to see if he was going corroborate Dale’s story.  
  
“Well, that is true to a point,” said Nate. “She certainly wouldn’t be naked, but for a little help from the Prospect High Drill Team. They did strip her, but that’s old news now. The current situation is entirely different. I’ve been trying to talk sense to her, but she won’t listen, she keeps running off. She broke up with me saying that she was concerned about what might happen, but now she’s clearly self-destructive.”  
  
“I am not, I’m just having fun!” said Dale.  
  
“Hmm…I see what you mean, Nate. Maybe this IS going to take a spanking,” said Mary.  
  
“I don’t want to have to spank her, but I don’t know how to get through to her when she gets like this. You raised Carly. I’m sure she was a difficult girl. Maybe you have some good ideas for me,” said Nate. “It’ll be her own fault, but she’ll be so unhappy if she wakes up in a jail cell in the morning.”  
  
“Let me get her a robe, and we can see if we can think of something,” said Mary.  
  
“Nate, old people are depressing, and I’m not putting on any of Mary’s robes,” said Dale, opening the door and running back out.  
  
“You better go after her, Nate,” said Mary. “Do your best. You definitely have my permission to spank her if that’s what it takes.”  
  
Nate followed her back into the street, where she again took off running, making her way around the first corner she came to. A minute later, she was ringing another doorbell.  
  
“Dale, how do you know that Carly’s father is not home?” asked Nate, as he caught up to her.  
  
The door opened and they were greeted by Bill and Hillary Clinton, holding a candy bowl. Both of the Clintons started laughing when they recognized Dale and Nate.  
  
“Dale! What the f\*\*k? You’re not even wearing a mask,” said Carly in the Hillary mask.  
  
Felipe, pulling off his ‘Bill’ mask, gave Nate a high five, saying, “I didn’t think that breakup would last.”  
  
Dale turned to Felipe and gave him a shove. “He’s not my boyfriend and he’s not being nice tonight.”  
  
“You go girl!” said Carly, peeling off her mask.  
  
Just then, the doorbell rang. Dale grabbed the Hillary mask, slipping it on over her own head.  
  
“She makes a more convincing Hillary than you, Carlos,” said Felipe, as Dale grabbed the candy bowl from him.  
  
“Why is that?” asked Carly, trying to recall if any of Hillary’s past involved nudity.  
  
“Hair color,” said Felipe, as Dale flung open the door and faced a group of middle schoolers dressed in traditional costumes, grim reapers, skeletons and such.  
  
Nate guessed that they were probably all boys. He recalled that that was what he did at that age. Girls were too scary, so he trick-or-treated with his guy friends.  
  
They stood there transfixed, staring from behind their masks, at what must have been the sexiest Halloween costume any of them had ever seen, or would ever see again. Not so attractive from the neck up, but paralyzing beautiful from the neck down.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 170: Two Cheeks Get Slapped**

Dale, realizing that no one was going to be able to approach the candy bowl, walked out into their midst. One by one she went through the group, locating their bags, and stuffing in several pieces of candy.  
  
“No need to be stingy with the treats, right boys?” she said.  
  
There was no response. After everyone had been served, she turned and sashayed back into the house. The group was still frozen in place, as Dale faced them, curtsied and then slowly closed the door.  
  
Nate peeked out the window, watching them as the slowly made their way back down the walk. As Dale, pulled off the mask, everyone started laughing.  
  
“That was amazing Dale,” said Felipe. “Those boys will take that memory to the grave.”  
  
“And they’ll be back to this house next year, for sure,” said Nate, delighted that Felipe wasn’t tongue tied. “You guys haven’t been drinking, have you?” he asked, noticing some open long necks on the entryway table nearby.”  
  
“Never!” said Carly, smiling. “We’re underage, you know.”  
  
“So, it’s good to see you guys, and it’s good to see you two…together,” said Dale with a wink. “Having a little Tuesday night date, it would appear?”  
  
“You guessed it!” said Carly, stepping in front of Felipe and hugging him, and then kissing him full on the mouth.  
  
“That’s the Carly I know,” said Dale to Nate. “Never a shy one when it comes to PDA.”  
  
“So, Felipe,” said Nate. “Am I wrong to assume that you might have a date for Sadie?”  
  
Before Felipe could reply, Carly said, “He’s spoken for…for all of twenty minutes now!”  
  
“Is that true, Felipe?” asked Nate.  
  
Felipe just nodded, a big grin on his face. He and Nate exchanged a high-five. Nate was so happy for his friend. He was glad that they must have managed to neutralize the Darrell related threats, so that they could feel comfortable with being together and being seen together.  
  
“So, you guys want a beer?” offered Carly.  
  
Just then the doorbell rang again. Dale slipped the mask back on, and the earlier scene repeated itself. This time, however, the group of trick-or-treaters had grown. There were new kids in the front, but the same grim reapers and skeletons from before comprised a second row. Nate heard one of the boys say, “See, what did we tell ya!”  
  
Dale made the most of the opportunity, strutting out into and through the group as she made sure each kid did not get shortchanged, either in terms of treats or opportunities to look. Nate was reminded of the pool game flirting back at the Fiji house. Her ribcage had a life of its own, as she looked like she was trying to put out a few eyes with her bejeweled nipple bullets.  
  
This time, the trick-or-treaters were all jockeying for a good view as she wandered among them, swinging her hips just the right amount to keep it from seeming too obvious. Nate could tell that she was trying to make sure that each lad, if they were all boys, got a nice look at the cleft of her bare pussy down below. ‘There would be some whacking off that evening,’ he thought, as she finally waved goodbye, closing the door behind her.  
  
He heard Carly breathe out once the door had closed. “My God, Dale,” she said. “I think three of those boys came in their pants. I decided that I wasn’t going to call you a porn queen and other such things again. But that leaves me seriously short of words to describe what just happened.”  
  
“Thanks, Carly,” said Dale. “Just having a little fun. Just doing something that I never thought I’d ever get to do.”  
  
Looking at Felipe, she continued, “Felipe, your face is looking better. A week ago you had the perfect Halloween mask. I’m glad to see that the swelling is mostly gone. At this rate you might even be handsome again for your big date.”  
  
“We should double date again!” proposed Carly. “My dad’s already booked the limo.”  
  
“I guess we could triple date,” said Dale. “But that might be awkward.”  
  
“Triple date?” asked Carly.  
  
“Yes, I’ve learned that Nate has been asked by Susie…Susie Chandler,” said Dale.  
  
“Dale, tell me you aren’t going to stand by and let that go down!” insisted Carly.  
  
Twice more the doorbell rang, and twice more the scene repeated. Each time the group of trick-or-treaters had grown larger and took even longer for Dale to service. The larger groups meant that Dale was needing to venture further from the door. And each time Dale grew bolder. She was swinging her hips, and strutting. Nate noticed that she was even managing to bounce on her toes a little, making her titties jiggle quite provocatively.  
  
On the way back into the house the final time, she suddenly got slapped on the butt. That shocked her, snapping her back to reality. She turned on a dime and pointed her finger at the mask of the boy that she guessed had slapped her.  
  
He just shrugged, but then commented, “Rub your little puss for us, Mrs. Clinton.”  
  
Suddenly realizing the dangerous position she had gotten herself into, Dale carefully backed into the house. She was recalling how she had been surrounded earlier along the sidewalk.  
  
Carly stormed past her and slugged the boy who had just made the comment. He fell down and his mask flew off. She marched back into the house, slamming the door. She then turned to Dale and slapped her.  
  
“Carly,” yelled Dale, rubbing her cheek.  
  
“For your own good, Dale. You know I love you, but somethings out of whack here,” she said.  
  
Again the doorbell rang, but Nate held the door closed. Peering out the window, he saw an even larger group outside.  
  
“Dale, I can’t let you go out there again. This is simply not safe,” said Nate.  
  
“Ya think?” said Carly.  
  
“I know. I know. You’re right,” said Dale, handing Carly the mask. She took Nate by the hand and led him through the large house, and out into the back yard.  
  
Nate had heard of this route, but he had never seen it nor taken it. Together, then cut through the backyards, and went into Mary’s backdoor. There was a keypad, and Dale knew the code.  
  
They said ‘hi’ again to Mary and Mark, but then the doorbell rang. Dale quickly hid in the kitchen. Nate suspected that she had gotten her fill of handing out candy, but he also realized that there were no masks around for her to wear.  
  
Maybe she had just gotten a little bit of sense knocked into her, he hoped. But as quickly as that thought had popped into his head, he realized that it wasn’t true. If she had wised up, it was surely only a temporary thing. She was clearly both the gasoline and the matches.  
  
When Dale returned, he saw that she was trying to be a little discreet in front of Mark, and again blushing. She was probably trying to avoid getting Mary upset by prancing around in front of her boyfriend, thought Nate. But Mary seemed secure enough in her relationship with Mark. She wasn’t exhibiting any outward signs of discomfort with the situation.  
  
Nate did notice that Mark was having trouble keeping his eyes off of Dale’s bald mound. He wondered if he had ever seen one before, knowing that the style was a somewhat recent development.  
  
He could tell that Dale was trying to keep her knees together, but she had been very good at that. It just seemed to slip her mind now and then. He had noticed that she was quite skilled at it as far as skirts and dresses were concerned, but not while nude. That observation brought his ‘Two Dales’ hypothesis to mind.  
  
Before any more trick-or-treaters could arrive, Dale pulled him out the front door. They started off walking side-by-side down the street. Dale had calmed down and was walking along more carefully, looking and listening, rather than just sprinting blindly ahead. The slap and the comment from the one boy at Carly’s house seemed to have served as a glass of cold water being thrown in her face.  
  
They didn’t talk. Nate suspected that Dale was processing what had happened at Carly’s. And he could tell that she was now keeping her eyes and ears wide open. There were people out, but the groups were few enough, and far enough between, that they were able to make progress toward their initial destination, Madison Park, without any encounters. At times, they would back up and head up a side street to avoid a group of people, or a well-lit area.  
  
Remembering the ‘Fight Song’, Nate commented, “I’m so glad you took back your life, Dale. You don’t need me anymore, right? Maybe I should just say ‘goodnight’ to you here and let you make your own way home.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 171: Piggy Back Ride**

Nate wanted her to admit that she did need him, at least a little, at least at the moment…something. She just glared at him, but she stayed close. He could tell that she wanted him to stay with her. Nate could tell that his little attempt at proving a point had not backfired.  
  
After all, getting all the way home without him would be very hard for her. Probably possible, but very difficult. Indeed she had gotten back to the bench without him the night the policeman had driven him home.  
  
The main reason that she needed him tonight, was that they were needing to take the trail past the bench. That route cut off nearly two miles of city streets. Because she had no shoes, Nate had earlier offered to give her a piggyback ride along the trail.  
  
Without him, she’d have to make her way via the more dangerous city streets route, and that route involved several big, well-lit roads that would have to be crossed. Some of the sections were well traveled arterial routes.  
  
“Dale, I love you. Sometimes you are cold and distant, but at other times, you act like you still like me. And you worry me so. It is so hard for me to watch you taking such big chances,” said Nate. “I don’t want to have to spank you, but I am at a loss when you behave so capriciously. I’d really like to feel like I can keep you safe, but you’ve been working against me tonight.”  
  
“Okay, Nate. I can tell you want to talk, but don’t bring up spanking again. That’s not nice, and I’m not a little kid. But this isn’t a good place to talk. Once we are on the trail, okay?” said Dale. “Please don’t leave me here, please take me back along the trail.”  
  
“Okay, Dale,” said Nate.  
  
He didn’t want to abandon her. He did want to talk. They walked on in silence. It took them almost a half hour, but they did eventually reach the bottom of the trail.  
  
“Nate, can I borrow your phone?” asked Dale, “I feel as if I should talk with Tyler. I want to hear what is going on at the party, and ask him to get my things. I doubt he’ll be able to get my dress and shoes back, but at least he should be able to get my coat and purse. My phone is in my coat pocket.”  
  
They stood at the base of the trail, just far enough off the road that headed up to the clubhouse, so as not to be visible to passing motorists. Dale talked with Tyler for about ten minutes; Nate listening to Dale’s half of the conversation.  
  
After she hung up, she confirmed to Nate something that he had already overheard. Tyler had already gotten her belongings out of the hall closet and put them in his car for safekeeping. He had been quite concerned and was very glad to hear that she was alright.  
  
“He was so worried about me, Nate, running off nude and barefoot like that into the dark. His concern was actually cute,” said Dale. “I guess he doesn’t know that this is what we do. I’m sure he might have heard a rumor or two, but he has no idea how experienced you and I are at getting around in the dark, me naked and all.”  
  
“It’s actually amazing that we got away with it tonight, all things considered,” said Nate.  
  
“But this might be the last time, at least for this year. I’m cold, Nate. It’s getting really chilly,” said Dale. “I’m really hoping that piggyback ride starts soon. I’ve been eyeing your back for a while now, thinking about how warm it will probably be. Originally when you brought up this route and a piggyback ride, I thought my feet were going to love you. Now I know that the rest of my body is going to love you as well. My frozen nips can’t wait to thaw out pressed into your back.”  
  
“Well, Mads, hop on up,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, that’s sweet, you called me ‘Mads’!” said Dale, climbing onto his back.  
  
“I actually thought of calling you ‘Mads’ earlier, but that was when we were at Carly’s house. I didn’t call you that there, because I didn’t want to explain it…and because I want it to be a ‘just you and me’ thing,” said Nate.  
  
Nate turned up the trail, making his way slowly along. Having Dale on his back, felt so nice. He didn’t want to ever get home and have it come to an end. It actually felt much more like a hug than a piggyback ride.  
  
Dale had hooked her ankles together in front of him. One of her arms reached all the way across his chest, over to his far shoulder, and her other arm was over it, grasping her elbow. She was squeezing him tight with both her legs and her arms.  
  
“Hold on tight, Mads,” he said, as if she could hold any tighter.  
  
“Don’t worry, you feel so nice and warm. I’m just going to merge my body into yours,” said Dale. “And take it slow. No twisted ankles tonight, okay? I could never carry you nor go for help.”  
  
“I’m being careful,” said Nate, secretly hoping that she wanted him to take it slow for the same reason that he wanted to go slow.  
  
“Nate, thanks for rescuing me from Alexa’s clutches! It is really nice to have my own personal Knight in Shining Armor, when I really need you,” said Dale.  
  
“Like I said, you have Tyler to thank for that,” said Nate.  
  
“You know what I am thankful that Tyler did?” asked Dale. “I’m thankful that he went and got YOU. He could have tried to rescue me himself. Fortunately, for me, he didn’t attempt that. It was YOU who got in the door. It was YOU who took charge. If those girls leave me alone, it will be because they are scared of YOU. I’ll bet they are…you sounded so firm, so serious. I was so proud of you. And it was YOU who got me out of there. It was YOU who ruined Alexa’s night. I’m thankful for what Cody and Tyler did, but they didn’t save me tonight. YOU did, Nate. Thank you!”  
  
After a moment, she continued, “And thanks for the second rescue, from the trick-or-treaters.”  
  
She squeezed him even tighter, resting her cheek on his shoulder, her face pressed against his neck.  
  
Continuing, Dale said, “You called me, ‘your girl’. When you were telling the drill team girls to not mess with me, you called me ‘your girl’.”  
  
“That just slipped out. Sorry. I’m just glad I was at the party. I might not have been, you know. I thought about not going. I’d like to convince you that you need me around all the time. That you are safer with me around,” said Nate. “By the way, what did Tyler tell you happened after we left?  
  
“Mostly that Alexa and Michelle fought upstairs. And that when they came downstairs, they left immediately. He said that he thought that the Drill Team girls, you know, Emily, Samantha, Haley, and company, were gone, even before Alexa came downstairs,” said Dale.  
  
“They probably wanted to avoid Alexa,” said Nate.  
  
“Probably,” said Dale. After an extended pause, she continued, “Cody and Tyler…they saw me naked.”  
  
“I know,” said Nate. “And boy did you ever show them your girl parts as you were climbing out the window.”  
  
“I did? Oops!” said Dale, realizing the position she had been in.  
  
Continuing she said, “That’s sure embarrassing. Do I need to be worried about that?” said Dale.  
  
“No, there’s nothing to worry about. They’re good guys, Mads.”  
  
“I know they are. What do you think they are thinking?” asked Dale.  
  
“They are likely angry, as am I,” said Nate. “Upset that you were mistreated.”  
  
“I mean, about seeing me naked, Nate.”  
  
“It is pretty easy for me to imagine what they might be thinking. I expect that they are thinking about how beautiful you are. I remember the first time I saw you nude,” said Nate. “And they are probably wanting to watch you climb out more bathroom windows.”  
  
“Do you think they, you know, think less of me?” asked Dale.  
  
“Like that you are an exhibitionist, you mean?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well that, or slutty, you know. They saw everything I guess, the shaved pussy and the nipple jewelry,” said Dale.  
  
“Mads, I’m sure they think the world of you. The Drill Team girls, well that is a different matter. I expect that Cody and Tyler don’t think much of them at all now,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, something happened in the bathroom before you got there. Something that I wish I could forget. I know that, like the nipple dream, I won’t be able to. It wasn’t something I could mention in front of Cody and Tyler,” said Dale.  
  
“You don’t have to tell me either. Maybe it will help you forget, if you keep it to yourself.”  
  
“I feel the need to tell someone. You’re the only one I’ve ever be able to tell such things to,” said Dale  
  
“I hope that means that there is a chance that you are starting to feel as if you can trust me again, Mads,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, I don’t know about that. But I want to tell someone, and I know that you won’t repeat such personal things like this, or the nipple nightmare,” said Dale.  
  
Dale wouldn’t have known it, but that comment stung Nate from out of left field. He recalled repeating to Kelly and Henry the details of Dale’s nightmare the very night she had told it to him. It served to highlight for Nate that Dale really did have reasons to not trust him. He thought about confessing, but he didn’t want to disrupt her train of thought. He was so curious about what had gone on in the bathroom.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 172: What Really Happened**

“You of course can tell me, Mads. Something more than stripping happened?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, after everything was off, they made mean jokes. Jokes about my pierced nipples, and Alexa called me a whore,” said Dale.  
  
“Those girls are just jealous of you, Mads. No one thinks you’re a whore. That’s just girls being mean,” said Nate.  
  
“I know that, but there I was flat on my back, Alexa standing on my hair. I was looking right up her skirt, and guess what I saw?” said Dale.  
  
“She wasn’t wearing panties?” asked Nate.  
  
“Such a dirty mind, Nate! No, fortunately, she was wearing panties. Thank God!” said Dale. “But what I saw was the black mark on the hem of her skirt. Thanks for doing that by the way. Figuring out who loaned her that skirt is now even more important to me. And using my fingernails I started clawing into her legs. Boy, did that make her mad.”  
  
“I’ll bet it did,” said Nate. “Good job, she had it coming.”  
  
“But then, while I was concentrating on scratching her, I suddenly felt my nipple being pinched…this nipple…and real hard,” said Dale, moving her right tit against his back so that he would know which one she was talking about. “I looked down, and it was Michelle. She had an evil look in her eye, and she was pinching and twisting my nipple.”  
  
“You did say that Nutshell was there, didn’t you?” said Nate.  
  
“Yes, she was there. And Nate, please, don’t call her that. Her name is Michelle. Just because she is a lesbian, doesn’t mean that she should have to put up with a nickname that she doesn’t like,” said Dale.  
  
“I didn’t mean anything by it. For me it is just an easy way to differentiate her from Michelle Grady,” said Nate.  
  
“Like I was saying, Michelle pinched the one nipple really hard. They’re more sensitive now, pierced, you know. So there I was, held flat on my back, Alexa standing on my hair,” said Dale.  
  
“That is all so terrible, Mads. Does it still hurt where you got pinched?” asked Nate.  
  
“Not really, but while she was pinching it, she leaned down and started kissing and sucking on the other one,” said Dale.  
  
“My God, really? That’s…I don’t know what to say. She is a lesbian!” said Nate.  
  
“I know. I know. I wanted you to be the first, Nate. I wish you had been the first. I don’t like thinking about Michelle having been the first,” said Dale.  
  
Nate didn’t see it, but a single tear rolled down one of her cheeks.  
  
“Mads, forget about that…it doesn’t count. I was the first. Remember Kelly’s barbeque? I was the first. Don’t take that away from either one of us,” said Nate.  
  
Another tear formed and rolled down Dale’s cheek.  
  
“Well, she didn’t have my nipple in her mouth for very long. Alexa hit her hard on the side of the head, knocking her off of me,” said Dale.  
  
“Wow!” said Nate. “Thank you, Alexa!”  
  
“Then Alexa yelled at her. She yelled, ‘Lesbian bitch! What the hell! Stripping is a prank. Lesbian gang rape would be a sex crime. What a f\*\*king idiot.’ That’s about what she said, yelling at Michelle.”  
  
“Alexa might be right about that, actually,” said Nate. “And then?”  
  
“Well, then Michelle said something curious. She said, ‘You’re just jealous.’ What could that mean, Nate?” said Dale.  
  
“I don’t know. Alexa’s not a lesbian.”  
  
“Right! She’s the most cock-crazy slut at Prospect,” said Dale.  
  
“I have no idea what she might have meant. Probably jealous of you, or jealous of your nipple jewelry,” said Nate. “All those girls are jealous of you. Probably none more so than Alexa.”  
  
“Maybe. There are a few possibilities, I guess. But frankly, I think that by sucking on my tit, that Michelle might have saved me. She and Alexa started fighting, and they left me alone in the bathroom with the girls you found me with. Maybe that bought me just enough time for my Knight to show up and rescue me from their clutches.”  
  
“And then the Knight and the Damsel in Distress climbed out and down from the castle window!” said Nate.  
  
Dale laughed, but hugged him tighter, saying, “Nate, go as slow as you can. I want my piggy back ride to go on forever and ever, even though my buns are very chilly.”  
  
Nate slid a hand back from a thigh to feel her butt. It was indeed cold.  
  
“Mads, scoot up a bit for a second,” said Nate.  
  
She did. Nate moved his hands back and interwove his fingers together. She sat back down, now being supported by the small seat formed under her butt by his hands.  
  
“That’s feels nice, Nate,” she said. “Thanks.”  
  
“I wish we had gotten there just a bit sooner, Mads. Early enough to prevent the stripping, the hair pulling, and the nipple violation,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, the part I’m so happy about is that Alexa’s plan was foiled. Tyler told me how mad she was. She didn’t get to ‘out’ me to the entire party, and whatever else she had in mind.”  
  
“Once, you might have liked that,” said Nate.  
  
“Maybe. But I don’t do nudity now,” said Dale.  
  
“I can tell,” said Nate.  
  
“Ha, ha. But I couldn’t have stood it, if Alexa’s plan had succeeded,” said Dale.  
  
“Right now, I’m worried about having the nipple nightmare again. I wonder if it will be different the next time. I wonder if Michelle will show up. She and Alexa fighting, fighting over my nipples. Something like that maybe,” said Dale. “Or each with a remote control. Independent control of the two winches.”  
  
“Well, don’t think about it,” said Nate. “My theory is that by thinking about it, you’ll make the nightmare happen.”  
  
“Nate, can I ask you a personal question?” said Dale.  
  
“Of course,” said Nate.  
  
“It makes me feel nosey to ask, but did you say ‘yes’ to Susie about Sadie? Funny…that rhymes!” said Dale.  
  
“I haven’t answered her yet,” said Nate. “Did you ask Tyler to Sadie?”  
  
“I did. After you told me that Susie had asked you,” said Dale.  
  
After a long thoughtful pause, Dale continued, “You saved more than just me tonight.”  
  
“I did?” asked Nate.  
  
“You saved the entire evening. Even before they stripped me, it was already a terrible evening. Alexa’s costume, for example. But then you saved me, and we had some fun. Trick-or-treating and such. I want to forget the party, and only remember the part afterwards. The part with you,” said Dale. “Except when you were not being nice.”  
  
“Not being nice?” said Nate.  
  
“Threatening to spank me and such,” said Dale. “Nate, here’s the bench. Let’s stop here for a few minutes.”  
  
“Sure, why don’t I warm up your chilly butt with the spanking you so much deserve?” said Nate.  
  
“Stop saying that! Warm it up by letting me sit on your lap,” suggested Dale.  
  
Nate sat down, and Dale sat on his lap. No sooner than she had sat down facing away, than she turned around, straddling his lap. The bench had a back to it, so she had to bend and spread her legs, a knee to the side of each of his hips. It was dark, but Nate was so very conscious of how in this position her pussy would be pulled open, and his dick would be mere inches from the Promised Land. He tried not to think about it, but he couldn’t help himself.  
  
She pushed her upper body against his. His back remained against the bench back. He knew that she was only able to do this due to her extreme flexibility. Her knees had slid further apart so that she was nearly doing the splits. He felt what must be her pussy come into contact with his rock hard dick. She held still.  
  
“Nate,” she said, “would you do me one small favor? Would you save one more thing for me this evening? I feel a real need to try and force a memory out of my head…the memory of Michelle sucking on my nipple. I’d like to overlay it with a better experience. You know that it has been a month. Would you do a girl a favor, and suck on her nipples?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 173: Another First**

“You’re kidding, right?” said Nate.  
  
“Why do you think I might kid about that?” said Dale.  
  
“Well, you don’t seem that aware of it, but you have an amazing ability to tease. And it seems to have only gotten worse since you broke up with me,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate…”  
  
“Well, if you’re serious, I would love to suck on the pierced titters. I’d be a fool to turn that down. And I will try and be very careful given the jewelry. If I can help make you forget that a lesbian was sucking on them earlier, then I’m all over that!” said Nate. “It makes titty sucking sound like community service.”  
  
He gently took a tit in each hand, squeezing them to make them more pointy. He then lifted them up towards his face, trying to get a look at them in the near darkness, one nipple for each eyeball. Turning to bring his open mouth into contact with one of them, he enveloped the center half of that particular tit with his mouth. With his tongue he started touching and feeling the jewelry and its nipple home, doing so very gently.  
  
He broke free for a second to say, “I’m jealous of this sparkly little barbell. For me there would be nothing nicer than living on your nipple 24/7.”  
  
He turned and gave the other tit a similar greeting, but again breaking free.  
  
“Mads, can I ask you a question. I mean, this is hard for me. I love being with you, but this is such a roller-coaster. What are we? I’m sure the answer is not that we are girlfriend and boyfriend, so what are we?”  
  
He went back to enjoying her feminine delights, waiting for the answer, setting his expectations as low as possible. There was no verbal response, but Dale started caressing his head, running her fingers through his hair as he focused on the twin aspects of nipple sucking: enjoying himself, and trying to make it enjoyable for the lady.  
  
After he had waited more than enough time for her to answer, he again paused, “At least answer me this, “Tomorrow. Tomorrow are we going to again be just friends?”  
  
She didn’t answer right away, but eventually she did say, “Maybe, Nate. I still need a little space…at least for now.”  
  
He was disappointed, but her response did leave room for a little optimism. He decided to try and just enjoy the special moment they were sharing.  
  
Coming up for air, he said, “Mads, I mean, Dale, you must see why it seems to me like there are two Dales: ‘Good Dale’, and ‘Bad Dale’.”  
  
“Nate, I already told you, there is only one Dale. Me, myself and I.” She laughed at her own joke.  
  
“But, I’m just telling you what this has been like for me. Trying to figure you out has my mind going in circles. There is the ‘Good Dale’, the one that crushes me emotionally with comments like, ‘that was then, this is now.’ And then there is this Dale. I call her ‘Bad Dale’. She still seems to like nudity, and she still seems to like me. This Dale gives me the warmest friendly hugs during piggy back rides. To be honest, I like this Dale more. She’s more like the Dale I got to know this summer, but most importantly, like I said, she seems to like me.”  
  
“Nate, there is only one Dale. But let me think. Maybe I can explain? There is only one Dale, but she is a bit torn, a bit conflicted. Sometimes she is happy and focused on having fun. But other times, she still feels very hurt, and very scared. But like I said, there is only one Dale. And it’s not this happy one that you think ‘seems to like you’. Frankly, it’s the other one. The girl that is hurting inside. The girl scared of ruining our futures. The girl so very scared of being hurt again. I couldn’t take being hurt again, Nate.”  
  
“Oh, Dale,” said Nate, hugging her so very close.  
  
“Nate, somewhere in here,” said Dale, indicating her chest with a hand, “there is a girl who still cares deeply about you. She might even love you. She’s just too hurt and too scared to come out.”  
  
Again Nate hugged her tenderly, closely, saying, “Oh, Dale.”  
  
His eyes were moist.  
  
“And she’s stubborn, Nate. Crazy stubborn. You might view that trait favorably sometimes, as dedication or commitment. Call it what you like.”  
  
“Oh, Dale. Thank you. Part of me feels like we are finally talking, finally connecting. It feels so good to hear you say that you still have feelings; even though you make the forces stacked against me sound insurmountable.”  
  
He heard and felt Dale take in a deep breath, and then let it out.  
  
“But Dale, there is one thing I have learned from you,” said Nate. “Call it dedication, call it stubbornness. Whatever you like, but I’m not giving up. I intend to show you just how committed I am to being your guy again. I don’t know how. Somehow, you and I will find a future that doesn’t hurt and isn’t scary. After tonight, I have no idea how I’ll manage to keep you safe. But together we can figure anything and everything out.”  
  
A few minutes passed as they embraced each other.  
  
“Nate, you’re different from other boys,” said Dale.  
  
“Different, good, I hope,” said Nate.  
  
“Other boys, when I broke up with them, they quit calling me. We broke up, and it was over. I thought my, ‘Consider us broken up’ text, and my ‘Fight Song’ text left little room for hope. But you didn’t give up.”  
  
“Dale, I’m absolutely not going to lose you! Being with you is all that matters to me.”  
  
“Well, I’m still hurting Nate. But it is getting colder, and you’ve been talking and ignoring your instructions. Please don’t make me beg to have my titties sucked. Just tell me, how is a naked girl supposed to pretend she is a lady and not a slut while begging to have her tits sucked?”  
  
Nate laughed, but gladly resumed the project that he had begun before their emotional exchange.  
  
As he did his best to be gentle and make it enjoyable for her, he started to notice the changes that he had noticed in similar circumstances in the past. Her breathing got deeper, and looking up he saw that her eyes were closed, her mouth open, and her head tilted slightly back.  
  
He also found himself again enjoying her feminine fragrance. He reached down and caressed her buns. They were indeed chilly, so he rubbed them, trying to warm them up a bit.  
  
About five minutes into it, she shifted back on his lap slightly, and he felt her hands fumbling with the snap on his pants.  
  
“So I don’t get to be your boyfriend, but I just won the lottery?” asked Nate. “Frankly, if given the choice, I’d choose to be the boyfriend.”  
  
“Nobody won the lottery and nobody is asking you your opinion. I’m just doing something that I wanted to do back when we were a couple. And quit talking. Wet nips get chilly fast out here,” said Dale.  
  
Nate resumed French kissing her bejeweled nipples. At times they seemed as if they were kissing him back. His concentration was quite difficult to maintain, given that Dale had moved on to working with his zipper.  
  
He felt her reach in. She encountered the head of his dick. First, she gently felt around the tip with her fingers. She seemed to be taking her time, acting as if it were a first for her, which he was pretty sure it was.  
  
It was a first for him as well. Having a girl reach gently into his pants like this. Somehow he had imagined it might be rougher the first time. In a way, it was half way between a medical exam, and the most gentle loving touches.  
  
He felt Dale’s fingers move down just a little, as she started feeling the outer rim of the helmet shaped portion. He felt her grasp the helmet section with her four fingers and thumb, gripping the rim. She squeezed a bit, seemingly taking measure of its firmness.  
  
Nate was having to do everything he could to keep focused on the lovely titties he was alternately kissing, licking and sucking. Because he had gotten worried about making the nipples sore, he had started focusing on the tits in general.  
  
He now had one hand behind her back, pressing her torso into his face. The other hand still down below caressing one of her cheeks. It felt so nice to gently touch her butt. He was trying to keep all of her warm. He was sure the temperature had dropped into the mid-fifties.  
  
“Nate,” she said, “What is it like to be circumcised.”  
  
“It’s all I’ve known, Mads,” said Nate. “It feels normal.”  
  
“It doesn’t feel like something is missing?” she asked.  
  
“I can tell you are curious about it,” said Nate. “But I’ve never been very curious, or given it much thought. I expect you might know more about it than I do. I’ve seen uncircumcised guys in the locker room, but I’ve never tried to get a good look. And I’ve never googled it to learn more, or to see how it might have looked otherwise. Have you looked at penises on the Internet?”  
  
“Of course…girls do that. A lot of us won’t admit it, but… I don’t see the point in denying it…with you anyway. I can talk to you about private stuff. I like that,” said Dale. “I’ve missed that.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 174: Rewards and Punishments**

Nate felt her hand slide deeper into his pants, her fingers gently feeling along his rock hard shaft. She was just exploring. Saying ‘hello’ and getting a feel for the texture, firmness, and size.  
  
“Nate, your skin is so soft,” she said.  
  
“I was thinking you might think that it felt hard,” said Nate, “Just being honest.”  
  
“Oh, it does feel hard, but the skin is soft, and I can feel the veins,” said Dale, matter of factly. “You’re pretty furry down here, too.”  
  
“Is that a problem?” he asked.  
  
“Just saying,” said Dale. “But dealing with that might be an option.”  
  
“Really?” said Nate, quite surprised.  
  
“Does it feel good to be touched like this?” asked Dale.  
  
“It’s nice. It’s not how I thought it might be. I didn’t know that it might involve all the verbal observations,” said Nate.  
  
“Is there a problem with that?” said Dale.  
  
“No, no problem. Just new territory for us both, I imagine,” said Nate.  
  
“Okay,” said Dale.  
  
“How I imagined this step is not important, but I guess I thought that it would involve more squeezing, and pumping, you know,” said Nate.  
  
“Like this?” asked Dale, suddenly grabbing on tight and pumping steadily up and down.  
  
“Uh…yeah. Like that I guess,” said Nate, struggling a bit to be able to talk, given the nice new sensations, and how he had been caught off guard.  
  
“Nate,” said Dale, “This is your reward for rescuing me at Jodie’s tonight, and for rescuing me from the trick-or-treaters.”  
  
“Well, you deserve a reward too,” said Nate, enjoying tremendously the many new sensations.  
  
“I do? For what?” asked Dale.  
  
“For settling down and behaving less risky after we left Mary’s, for stopping with all the running away from me, for no longer asking to be spanked,” said Nate.  
  
Suddenly, she stopped, and withdrew her hand. “And this is your punishment,” she said, zipping up his pants carefully.  
  
“My punishment?”  
  
“Yep,” she said, refastening the snap.  
  
“My punishment for what?” asked Nate.  
  
“For threatening to spank me,” said Dale.  
  
She felt Nate sigh heavily in disappointment as he came to realize that she was not going to take him to completion.  
  
“Okay, Nate, here’s the deal. I’m a strong woman. You were in charge…in charge of my nudity, but now you aren’t! Too bad for you! Now I’m in charge. You take that boner home, and you leave it alone. No jacking off, got that?” said Dale.  
  
“Mads…” pleaded Nate.  
  
“So, that’s how it is going to be. So don’t! I’ll know if you do,” said Dale.  
  
“How will you know?” asked Nate.  
  
“Because you’ll tell me if you’re bad. Now promise me that you’ll tell me if you are bad and jack off,” said Dale.  
  
She saw his reluctance.  
  
“Promise me, Nate!” said Dale insistently.  
  
“I don’t know why I’m doing this, but okay, I promise,” said Nate.  
  
“What do you mean you don’t know why you are doing this?” said Dale.  
  
“It seems like a strange thing to promise. A girlfriend maybe, but a neighbor?” said Nate.  
  
“Well, look at it this way. I asked you to. It’s your chance to show your level of commitment…unless that’s unimportant to you. Unless I’m unimportant to you,” said Dale.  
  
“I keep my promises. I’m committed to you. I love you. You are absolutely important to me,” said Nate. “I’ll be here for you while you get your feelings sorted out, just not forever. This can’t go on forever. But I love you, and I can continue being patient…for now.”  
  
“Thanks, now let’s finish this piggy back ride. I’m freezing, and there’s a warm bed waiting for me at home. And now it is probably late enough for me to slip in the back without my parents asking me what happened to my ice cream sundae dress.”  
  
Dale climbed up on the bench, and then from there onto Nate’s back. She again hooked her ankles together in front of him, and hugged him with her arms around his shoulders.  
  
“Best piggy back ride I’ve had all week!” said Dale.  
  
“More like, only piggy back ride you’ve had all week,” said Nate.  
  
“What are you saying, Mr. Stinky Knee? You’ve forgotten Nawlins already!” said Dale.  
  
“Oops! That’s right! Was that only last weekend,” said Nate.  
  
“I liked Nawlins,” said Dale. “You’re a big guy, Nate, but his back is noticeably larger. I probably couldn’t have hooked my ankles together while he was giving me a ride.”  
  
“So, Mads, how long is my promise good for?” asked Nate, changing the subject.  
  
“Um, let’s see…three days,” she announced after a moment of thought.  
  
When they got to Dale’s gate she said, “Nate, can you take me all the way to my back door? On account of no shoes.”  
  
“Sure, Mads,” he said.  
  
“Now keep your promise, okay?” said Dale.  
  
“I keep my promises,” said Nate. “Does your Knight get a goodnight kiss?”  
  
“You haven’t been rewarded enough?” said Dale, climbing down off his back onto her back step.  
  
Nate didn’t say anything.  
  
“Well, okay…come here, but…let’s not overthink these goodnight kisses, okay?” she said, seemingly quoting herself.  
  
They shared a nice kiss, not especially long, not especially passionate…but altogether unlike the kisses one gives to friends or neighbors.  
  
“I guess it’s fitting that you get a kiss from Bad Dale. She likes you, you know,” said Dale, teasingly. He saw her wink.  
  
“It seems as if she might,” said Nate.  
  
“Yep, she does, but unfortunately, as you know, she’ll disappear, and Good Dale will appear magically in her place tomorrow,” said Dale. “See you in Spanish, Nate.”  
  
“Good night, Mads,” said Nate. “But before you go, I’ve got one more thing to say. When you see Good Dale, tell her this. Tell her that we’ve been through enough hell. Tell her that we’re going to find heaven! And tell her that we’re going to find it together! And tell her that we’re going to find it this week!”  
  
She watched him through her almost closed door as he spoke. He saw no reaction on her face as he concluded his statement, and then she closed the door.  
  
He made his way home, full of thought.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 175: November First**

Getting up and getting to school the next morning proved quite challenging for Nate. He didn’t think that the first of November should ever be a school day, yet he was in his seat in Math when the bell rang. He and Dale had been up so late, and the evening had given him so much to think about. That alone had made falling asleep nearly impossible.  
  
It might have been easier, were it not for the promise that Dale had extracted. Something about ejaculating made falling asleep so very easy. Odd as that promise was, it did contribute to his reasons for optimism.  
  
Not only had she reached into his pants, finally touching and playing with his dick for the first time, but she apparently wanted to have some ongoing say over it. And she had brought up how ‘furry’ he was, making the comment that ‘dealing with that might be an option’. A girl who just wanted to be ‘friends’ would be distancing herself from such things, wouldn’t she?  
  
And she had not only permitted, but actually requested, that he kiss and suck on her nipples. Maybe it meant little because it had been provoked by unwanted contact with a lesbian, but, it was what it was. And what it was…was the stunning Dale Jordan asking to have her nipples sucked. How great was that!  
  
And she had also given him some solid clues about her emotional state. While she had denied the existence of ‘Two Dales’, she had actually given support to the underlying hypothesis by discussing her feelings within that very framework.  
  
Largely, she had confirmed what he already knew. The Dale with her hand in his pants on the bench last night, the Dale who had asked him to cut off the imaginary thong, the Dale who had experienced her first orgasm on his tongue; that Dale existed! She was just not the Dale running the show. The other Dale was, and she was going to be a much tougher nut to crack.  
  
He had spent time considering his strategy. It still seemed obvious that they were on a good path, a path that ought to result in the return of their status as a couple. Yet that was not a sure thing, and even if was, he was growing weary of the struggle. He wanted to move past this stage as quickly as possible, but how?  
  
He had told her that…they were going to find heaven…and they were going to find it together…and they were going to find it this week. It had been an off the cuff comment, drawing on the lyrics of the Rachel Platten song that he had invoked to try and win her over.  
  
It hadn’t been an ultimatum. For him the prize was too great to imagine setting a firm deadline, and then having to walk away. He couldn’t imagine doing that, but when he thought of possibly having to adjust to a Dale-free future, he would think of Susie. That really helped. What an absolute gem of a human being she seemed to be. His mind got side-tracked thinking about her. ‘What might his life be like, had she been his neighbor rather than Dale?’ he wondered.  
  
But, no, his comment to Dale had not been an ultimatum, but rather a goal. Just putting up with the awkward state of their relationship was not something he wanted to continue doing.  
  
It now seemed clear that simply confronting what she had called her ‘Central Reasoning’, that they were ‘Gasoline and Matches’ was going nowhere fast. She had even acknowledged that she herself was both.  
  
Winning an argument was not turning out to be a very good method of winning a girl. He had to come up with a different plan…a better plan.  
  
The real issue seemed to be what she had said the night before, not that it was fundamentally different from gasoline or matches. Her key words had been, ‘hurt’ and ‘scared’, so he tried to focus his thoughts there.  
  
She had talked about being scared of ‘ruining their futures’, being ‘very scared of being hurt again’. Essentially she had said that she wasn’t willing to put herself back into a position in which she could again be hurt.  
  
The issue related to being ‘hurt again’ seemed nearly insurmountable. A fundamental aspect of being in love seemed to be putting oneself in a position in which one is vulnerable to being hurt.  
  
‘Scared of ruining their futures’ was a very tough problem, too. He’d come to realize that it didn’t matter who was gasoline and who was matches. The risk was twofold: the likelihood of an explosion, and the severity of the explosion.  
  
And Dale was clearly an explosion in the making, and a big explosion at that. How could she be scared about ruining her own future and then behave as she had the night before? She sure didn’t behave as if she were scared of getting caught nude in the very worst of circumstances.  
  
He wondered if he’d made a monster. She’d grown so amazingly bold. The girl sprinting naked through Prospect and handing out Halloween candy seemed to bear little resemblance to the girl he had found hiding behind the ductwork on the clubhouse roof.  
  
And last night had made him realize that it wasn’t just he and Dale that he had to be concerned with. While either of them could theoretically be ‘The Match’, Alexa clearly had to be taken into account. She seemed hell bent on being ‘The Match’ herself. She was obviously on a mission to destroy Dale.  
  
He found himself trying to understand and figure out how to neutralize that particular threat. Surely attempting to scare off some of her drill team minions had to have been a step in the right direction. Possibly there were other steps that he could take, short of sinking to her level. Even if he had to sink to her level, the ends would justify the means. Of that, he was quite certain. Stepping on a bug like Alexa to protect Dale was not something he would shy away from…if it needed to be done. He’d have to give the whole Alexa issue a lot more thought.  
  
As he walked toward Spanish from Math, Nate received a text from Dale. Her first period class was right next to Spanish, so she had time to text him right before Spanish class and often did.  
  
Her text read, “So Pickle Boy… It’s truth time! Any transgressions to report?”  
  
He barely had enough time to make it to class, but he paused in the hall to send a reply, “Well, Ice Cream Girl…Nope. You are the only one who played with the pickle.”  
  
He received a smiley face in return.  
  
He walked in and took his usual seat by Kenny, just as the bell rang. Dale, sitting in the front row, turned and smiled at him as Señora Flores started taking role.  
  
At the end of class, he was catching up with Kenny as Dale walked past. As she had done back at the first of the year, she punched him as she went by, continuing on out into the hall.  
  
Nate looked at Kenny, who was looking at him. “Dude, that has to be a good sign!”  
  
Kenny, of course, knew about the breakup, and he had seen how Dale had simultaneously become icey and moved back to a seat in the front row. Kenny was very perceptive.  
  
“Yep, that’s a good sign”, acknowledged Nate.  
  
Nate kept his ears peeled all day for comments related to what had happened to Dale at the party, as well as anything that might relate to Dale’s nude in town adventure. He was shocked to be hearing essentially nothing. He hadn’t seen any cameras during the trick-or-treating. That he considered a true blessing, but he didn’t remember ever taking photos while out trick-or-treating himself, so maybe it wasn’t surprising.  
  
Or maybe it would just take a few days for the photos to start surfacing. He thought back to the post-bungee jump period. He largely expected that things had to end up somewhat similar. He didn’t want them to. He loved Dale and knew that allocating the blame was unimportant, and yet this was entirely different from what had happened. All the blame for the bungee jump had deservedly fallen on his shoulders. This time, it would all fall on Dale’s shoulders. Even though Alexa had caused the whole thing, she hadn’t forced Dale to run all over town like a wild woman.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 176: Susie Bakes Brownies**

Also Nate kept his eyes open for the seven co-conspirators: Alexa, Michelle, Emily, Samantha, Haley, Shelby, and Grace. He noticed that he was seeing at least one of them almost every time he was in the hallway on his way to his next class.  
  
When he would catch sight of one of them, he noticed that they were almost always observing him. He considered it an inane gesture, but he found himself doing it: pointing two fingers are his own eyes, and then pointing the same two fingers at their eyes. The meaning was clear. He was watching them, and he wanted them to know it.  
  
During the morning, he had also run into both Cody and Tyler, separately. He had double checked that he had their cell phone numbers and he had suggested to them that they do the same gesture when they saw any of the group of seven. Cody told him that he had already been doing so. It must have been the intuitive thing to do, given the circumstances. The three of them definitely wanted the girls to know that they were being watched.  
  
Nate passed Alexa on two occasions. She never looked at him. She had acted very aloof…at least that is how her behavior had appeared to him.  
  
He had looked for ‘Nutshell’, but he went that whole first day without seeing her. The other six he had seen.  
  
Nate looked for Dale at lunch, but as was often the case, she was nowhere to be found.  
  
He decided to send her a text. “So…I was good last night. Were you?” he asked.  
  
He received a reply, “You know I never do that, Nate. I’m always good.”  
  
He sent a reply, “I just thought I’d check. In Eatonville, you promised to be good, but you broke your promise. You were bad.”  
  
“I was bad. But you still have to keep your promise. Two more days!”  
  
“And what happens at the end of the two days?” he asked.  
  
He received a reply that read simply, “Hmmmmmm…..”  
  
Nate started wondering if a hand job on Friday might be in the cards for him, but she burst his bubble with her next text, “…..likely nothing.”  
  
He found himself thinking about their physical relationship. There had been a significant pause after the traffic stop fiasco, but then progression of their physical relationship had resumed.  
  
Between the two evenings spent together immediately following the two Halloween parties, they had crossed quite a number of ‘intimate’ firsts off the list: Dale’s first orgasm very significantly among them.  
  
As a matter of fact, the greatest level of intimacy – pussy, dick, and nipple – had all occurred while they were not officially a couple. And all during that time there had been almost no actual kissing…until the goodnight kiss the night before.  
  
He had kissed Dale on the Wheel for show as she was being unhooked at the end of Disturbia, but not again that entire evening…even back in the motel. He had kissed nearly every inch on her body that evening, but never once on the mouth.  
  
At the time he had been trying to not focus on anything negative, but her reluctance to being kissed had been quite obvious. As he had approached her mouth with his, she had sealed her lips and turned her head away. The Eskimo kisses that he had given her had been a direct result…his attempt to make lemonade out of lemons.  
  
As strange as it was, she had had a willingness to get cum in her mouth, but not to be kissed on the lips. In retrospect, he might have foreseen the return of ‘Good Dale’ the next morning, had he not done such a good job of blocking that clue out of his mind.  
  
And then last night, on the bench, it had again been so similar. Dale had been all over kisses, for her tits, but not for her mouth. Not one kiss on the mouth. For that very reason he had asked her at the end of the evening, “Does your Knight get a goodnight kiss?”  
  
He had been delighted that she had agreed, even if reluctantly, and even if the actual kiss had not been all that spectacular. Her comment, ‘…let’s not overthink these goodnight kisses, okay?’ left lots of room for interpretation.  
  
On the one hand, she might have been making a simple joke by using the same wording that she had used back when they had kissed when she was still Jason’s girlfriend. But on the other hand, she might have been saying something a lot more significant about the meaning behind the kisses.  
  
To Nate it seemed as if she might be the one overthinking the kisses, and yet here he was…overthinking the kisses. He found it funny that merely saying ‘let’s not overthink’ seemed to ensure that the overthinking would occur.  
  
At the very least, he was guilty of doing what she had advised against, he was definitely overthinking the kisses. Kissing held a lot of meaning for Dale, he knew that. She could give ‘reward kisses’ to near strangers, and little pecks on the cheek now and then…just as she had done when he had saved her from the trick-or-treaters who had surrounded her. But real serious mouth to mouth kissing seemed to mean serious commitment to Dale.  
  
As he continued to ‘overthink’ the kisses, he started having other thoughts. Thoughts about how for other girls being nude with a boy might mean significant commitment, but in Dale’s case she was able to be nude with people without that aspect carrying any real weight. She had been nude their entire first weekend together, but she had never said, ‘let’s not overthink the nudity’. Instead, ‘kissing’ had been the clue she had offered up.  
  
He tried to remember when their kissing had crossed out of the ‘kissing the neighbor goodnight’ realm. He decided that it might have been the night of the passionate ‘Ika the Cavewoman’ kiss, the night she had turned off the lights and kissed him passionately on her couch.  
  
Could that have been ‘the night’ for Dale. He had always wondered if there had been a ‘the night’ or a certain moment for Dale. Way back when they had first agreed to go steady, she had told him, ‘I’ve been your girlfriend for some time now’. He had at times wondered when that shift of emotion had occurred for Dale. When had she become his girlfriend, in her own mind?  
  
Another thing that he recalled about that Madison Park discussion, was that Dale had said, ‘When Jason tries to kiss me, he can tell that something is wrong.’ Having now been on the receiving end of such kissing, he knew full well why Jason had known that something had been wrong.  
  
He wondered why he hadn’t paid more attention to the kisses in the past, but he instantly realized how dumb that thought was. He had always paid a great deal of attention to Dale’s kisses. The kisses had always had his full attention.  
  
That evening after dinner, she knocked on his door, asking him if he wanted to study.  
  
“I’m sorry, Dale, but I’m busy right now,” he had told her.  
  
She had acted quite surprised. She had gotten used to Nate, everyone probably, being willing to drop everything to do what she wanted to do.  
  
He really did have something he wanted to do. Some plotting of his own actually, but most of it could have waited.  
  
There were several other factors at play for him. On the one hand, he didn’t want their ‘friend and studying-buddy’ relationship to get too comfortable. And on the other hand, he was thinking that just maybe he should be playing hard to get.  
  
He quickly considered his options. Grabbing his keys, he headed out to his car. He knew that Dale saw him leave; indeed he had wanted her to see him leave. She was just going back in her door as he had started the car.  
  
He went and bought a single red rose, and then drove to Susie Chandler’s house. He knew that it would mean staying home alone the night of the dance, but he had decided that it wouldn’t be fair to Susie to go with her to the dance under the circumstances.  
  
He was pretty sure she would understand. At the very least, he needed to give her his decision right away. The dance was coming right up. She would need time to ask someone else.  
  
He knew that if worse came to worse, he would be calling her up someday. He sincerely hoped that day would never come, but he did genuinely like her. She was cute, kind, and fun to be with. It didn’t hurt to have a Plan B, in mind. And it made sense to treat Susie with all the respect that she deserved. In that way Plan B might have a fighting chance, should he have to implement it.  
  
He had expected to be at Susie’s house for only a short period of time, but his visit had ended up lasting over two hours. She was very understanding about being turned down, even though at first she had been hard to convince that he really hadn’t been asked by Dale.  
  
She had invited him in to talk, and had baked a sheet of brownies while they had gotten to know each other better. Nate recalled the cookies that Dale had baked for him. He made a mental note to write an article for the school newspaper. In it he would offer up one piece of advice for girls wishing to attract the attention of a certain guy: bake then something! He wondered why he had such a weak spot for girls who expressed an interest by baking.  
  
Of course the two girls, who had baked for him, were pretty cheerleaders, but down inside he knew there was something to the ‘teen who could bake’ idea. Hypothetically speaking, he expected he’d say ‘yes’ to an ordinary girl asking him out if the invite included baked goods.  
  
Susie turned out to be everything he had thought and more. The more they talked, the more her shyness disappeared, and the more a genuine interesting person was revealed. He decided to do his best at pursuing a friendship with her, even though he knew that turning her down for a date, so that he could sit at home, was hardly getting the friendship off on the right foot. He was glad that she seemed so kind and understanding about what on the face of it had to be a significant rebuff.  
  
Later that evening, he again found himself contemplating Susie. She was very much the proverbial ‘girl next door type. While he had been at her house, she had seemed perfect. She was indeed pretty and so very nice, but she was entirely missing whatever it was that put Dale over the top.  
  
Susie was the tasty meal. Dale was the spicy meal. Sure Dale had her imperfections, but boy did she ever ‘rock’ her imperfections. Life with Susie might be ‘nice’, but who wants nice when ‘exhilarating excitement’ is on the menu. He ended up feeling very confident that telling Susie ‘no’ had been the right thing to do.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 177: New Strategies**

The next day at school, again on the way to Spanish, he got essentially the same text from Dale. He didn’t bother to stop and reply. He didn’t think she doubted his word.  
  
When he took his seat, he saw her facing him, looking at him inquisitively. He purposefully looked away.  
  
At the end of class, she walked by and said, “Well?”  
  
Kenny was right there, so Nate needed to watch what he said. He said, “Well, what?”  
  
“You know,” replied Dale.  
  
“You know I am faithful to my word, especially when I commit to people who are important to me,” he said.  
  
She smiled and turned, heading off to her next class.  
  
At lunch he got a text from her that said, “My spies tell me that you were over at Susie’s last night.”  
  
He thought about not replying, but instead sent, “And your point is…”  
  
For years he had heard other guys talk about girls and how much trouble they could be. Suddenly he was realizing what they must have been talking about. Until their breakup, everything had been pretty simple. But that had certainly changed. Now he felt as if he were constantly in a state of confusion…constantly trying to figure Dale out…constantly trying to figure out what would make sense to say or do.  
  
Whether she was trying to or not, Dale was starting to make him go crazy. He decided to avoid her for a while. At the very least, that would be consistent with the, ‘playing hard to get idea.”  
  
Nate had been wondering why there had been so little talk about what had happened at the Parker Halloween Party. He decided to ask Cody about that after football practice.  
  
He decided that Cody’s take on the matter was probably correct: that those who knew about Dale being stripped, weren’t talking. He and Tyler, certainly weren’t about to say anything. And the girls that had participated? Well, why would they talk about it? To brag about how their plot had failed?  
  
Cody told him that most of the discussions that he had caught wind of centered around the curious aspects of the various girls’ behavior. How so many had left so suddenly and abruptly. Dale’s absence from the party did not really stand out given how so many girls had abandoned their dates. Cody did say that he and Tyler had engaged in a little damage control at the party, but that it hadn’t really been necessary.  
  
That evening, Nate finally mapped out a new strategy. Oddly enough, he had decided that he needed to start ignoring what Dale was saying to him. Including how she had just told him that she was ‘scared of ruining their futures’, and ‘scared of being hurt again’. She hadn’t been behaving all that scared.  
  
In part, he had come to the realization that he hadn’t been a very likable guy. He hadn’t put much effort into his role as a boyfriend. The way they had gotten to know each other that summer had caused them to bypass most traditional aspects of dating. He hadn’t even ever bought her a flower. That alone was inexcusable. He realized that he had given Susie a single rose, one more than he had ever given Dale.  
  
She had sent him a card, but he didn’t think he had ever reciprocated. As he thought back over all the other things he hadn’t done, he wanted to kick himself.  
  
She had invited him to a late night picnic, a candlelight picnic. And she had invited him over for a candlelight pizza dinner. She clearly liked candles, but when had he ever included a candle in anything that he had planned? Not even once had he done that. Not even a single candle. Always just nudity.  
  
And she had taken him out to dinner to celebrate their two week anniversary. Had he even bothered to look at a calendar to see when their one month or two month anniversaries had been? He should have marked the event. And it should have included a rose, a card, and a nice dinner. What had he been thinking? How stupid of him to ignore his girlfriend’s heart so completely.  
  
Even the Homecoming Dance. That had been a nice evening, but he could have made it a romantic evening. Instead, what had he done? He’d planned in nudity. He had missed so many clues and so many opportunities to be the kind of boyfriend that Dale deserved. The hints about what she liked had been there, and he had flat out ignored them.  
  
He had always known Dale to be a very smart individual, and yet she was still a girl. A girl who made decisions based on her feelings, not just her ability to reason. Even what she had just told him, that she had been ‘hurt’ and that she was ‘scared’. Both those words indicated that it was her heart and not her head that was telling her to stay away from him…so that she couldn’t be ‘hurt’ again.  
  
Sure, nudity was important to her, but he had really been a terrible boyfriend he decided. He couldn’t undo the hurt, or create a world that was never going to be scary, but he could try and be more likable, romantic even, he decided.  
  
He tried to remember a comment that she had made to him. It had been when he had showed her the photos on his wall, the photos of the porch light and the snow angel. She had been surprised that he was sentimental. Now that comment suddenly made sense.  
  
She didn’t think he was sentimental. A sentimental boyfriend wouldn’t forget their anniversaries…every single goddam one of them!  
  
While he was very mad at himself for such a giant mistake, it felt good to have a new plan. Dale deserved better. It was time to be romantic! And it was a fun plan. It was a much better plan than trying to win the argument that together they didn’t have to be gasoline and matches. That had gotten him nowhere.  
  
And he felt like kicking himself. Winning a girls heart was not at all like winning a debate. What ever could he have been thinking?  
  
He began to think that he might do pretty well at it…at being romantic. He felt he really did have a romantic side, it just wasn’t a side that he had been letting Dale see much of. Indeed, he had written part of a poem, and read it to her, so it wasn’t as if he had never been romantic at all. The more he thought about it, the more excited he became about the idea of ‘upping’ his game.  
  
And Nate had come up with the beginnings of a plan to counter the Alexa threat. It was largely a defensive play. He had not ruled out an offensive strategy, but he had not yet been able to think of one. The plan wasn’t much but it was a start.  
  
In short, it involved a two pronged approach. The first prong was essentially an early warning system. He couldn’t have his eye on Dale all the time, so there were many opportunities for Alexa to get at her. Fortunately, there were quite a few people that he felt he could trust.  
  
So they had banded together. They had actually all met Thursday evening at Carly’s house. In addition to himself, the group consisted of Carly, Felipe, Cody, Tyler, Kenny, Susie, and Sydney.  
  
Initially, Nate had not included Susie or Sydney, but without them, Carly had been the only girl, and she wasn’t a girl who traveled in the right circles or hung out with the right crowd. But he had needed to be very selective. He had needed to be absolutely certain that there was no potential turncoat in the group.  
  
Based on gut instinct as well as everything that he had heard, he knew that Susie could be trusted. And she would be at all the cheerleader activities. That was important.  
  
And Tyler had vouched for Sydney’s loyalty to Dale. Those three knew each other so well from gymnastics.  
  
In short, what they set up was a system to try and keep an eye on Dale without her knowing it. Nate brought her class schedule to the meeting, and they had come up with a way so that one or the other of them could be in the halls that she would walk through as she went from class to class. To keep Dale from knowing that they were keeping tabs on her, they would typically keep their distance from her. Other times they would be right with her, according to what was most appropriate.  
  
Susie and Sydney had additional tasks. They were supposed to keep their ears open to see if they could catch wind of anything that Alexa might be planning. They would even try and infiltrate Alexa’s minions by renewing old friendships within the drill team.  
  
Additionally, all of them were going to try and keep eyes on Alexa and the other co-conspirators. They decided that Jodie too needed to be watched carefully.  
  
Nate had formed the theory that the skirt that Alexa had been wearing was likely to turn out to have been Jodie’s. His reasoning was that the labeling of the bathrooms seemed as if it had been a key component of the plot. Alexa had seemingly set that up to force Dale to go upstairs to use the bathroom at some point during the evening. And the labeling of the bathrooms was likely to have required the involvement of Jodie, the hostess.  
  
He had done some detective work. He had not been to the party in past years, so he had spoken with others, such as Cody who had. No one he had spoken with had any memory that the downstairs bathroom had been a men only bathroom in prior years. To Nate that seemed like clear evidence of Jodie’s complicity.  
  
They all set up text groups on their phones. If anyone of them saw something suspicious, everyone could be alerted at once. If Alexa tried to again strip Dale in the girl’s locker room, for instance, or do anything else mean, hopefully they could learn about it in advance and prevent it. And if they couldn’t prevent it, just maybe they could converge in time to limit the damage, similar to what had happened at the Halloween party.  
  
They doubted that Alexa would try anything again soon, but they all knew how mad she had been when her Halloween party plan had been foiled. She was unlikely to just give up entirely, at least that was what Nate and some of the others thought.  
  
The second prong of the two pronged plan involved a heightened level of intimidation on the girls involved, eight of them if Jodie was included in the count. They had to do some more brainstorming on the idea, but initially they thought that the three of them, Nate, Cody and Tyler, would all visit the girls individually during the evening hours.  
  
They wanted each of the girls to feel intimidated. They wanted them to each know that they knew where they lived and weren’t afraid to come there and find them, should the need arise. They were as of yet undecided about whether they wanted the girl’s parents to see them or not.  
  
Nate had even been considering including Carly in this prong of the two pronged approach. He knew this was essentially a mafia tactic, and she might know best how to pull it off for maximum effect. Additionally, he knew that Carly was feared as much or more than most of the guys at school were. Nobody wanted to get on her bad side.  
  
In the end he decided not to include Carly. He felt that he might not be able to control her. He could picture her actually getting physical with the girls, and that was not what he pictured as the most effective route to keeping them away from Dale. He wanted to limit his efforts in this regard to intimidation.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 178: Aunt Mary's Turn**

On Friday, Nate had just gotten into his car to drive home from football practice, when the highly anticipated call came. It was Mary, and the call was brief. She said, “Nate, Plan A…get your butt in gear!”  
  
He said, “Thanks!” and hung up without waiting for any further response.  
  
Because he had been so close, he was parking in front of her house in a matter of minutes. He got his overnight bag out of the trunk, and went inside. He and Mary sat on the couch discussing final arrangements.  
  
Mary’s house had an unusual floorplan. Originally it had been a small older home, but Mr. Griffin, Carly’s father had bankrolled and overseen an extensive remodel. A child’s room had been added for Carly, complete with a bathroom. Over the years a few changes had been made to transform that into a room for a teen, but Carly had not allowed the Disney Princesses to be painted over.  
  
At the same time, Mary’s room had been upgraded into a master bedroom suite complete with a jetted tub. There was also a small guest bathroom with a shower. It was the first door just down the hall from the living room. Nate had learned from Mary that Dale had adopted that bathroom over the last few weeks, walking over nearly each day after cheer practice and showering.  
  
As Nate and Mary were talking, that door opened and they heard Dale yell, “Mary, what the hell? What did you do with my clothes and the towels?”  
  
“Dale, we have company. Dry off, and come out,” said Mary. “I left you a stack of washcloths to dry off with.”  
  
A few seconds later, Nate saw Dale’s head pop out and then disappear again as she took a quick peek into the room, presumably to see who the company was.  
  
“Mary, Goddam you! Whatever this is, it’s a very bad idea. Now get me my clothes!” shouted Dale.  
  
“Dry off and come out, Dear. We need to talk,” said Mary.  
  
Nate saw Dale dash out of the bathroom, heading away from the living room, going down the hall.  
  
“What’s down the hall?” he asked.  
  
“Only Carly’s room,” said Mary, “but the door is locked.  
  
Sure enough, well under a minute later, Dale dashed back, returning to the bathroom.  
  
The door opened again, and Dale stuck her head out. “Mary, you traitor, come here!” she insisted sternly.  
  
Mary went over, and disappeared into the bathroom. Nate could hear Dale and Mary arguing.  
  
A minute later Mary came out. “I agreed to get her a hair dryer and a brush, nothing more,” said Mary, heading to the back of the house through the dining room.  
  
She returned a minute later and passed the items into Dale through the door. She then returned to the couch.  
  
Speaking to Nate, she said, “She’s very mad, but I still think this is the right thing to do. My God, is that girl obstinate. But I’m a Jordan, too. I can be every bit as stubborn as she is.”  
  
A couple of minutes later, a very nude Dale emerged from the bathroom. She stood in the middle of the room with her hands on her hips and a very sour look on her face, “So, Nate, now you’ve got my own aunt stripping me and participating in your diabolical schemes. And I’m sure you have no idea why I think I can’t trust you. Just baffling, isn’t it?”  
  
“Dale, shut up and listen for a minute,” said Mary. “This was my idea, the stripping part anyway.”  
  
“What the hell, Aunt Mary!” said Dale.  
  
“You’re over here nearly every day, crying on my shoulder. And you are too stubborn to listen to reason. It’s killing the both of us. I keep telling you that you’re crying on the wrong shoulder, but you don’t listen to me,” said Mary.  
  
“I know you think I should be crying on Nate’s shoulder. You tell me that over and over,” said Dale. “That’s clearly a stupid idea, Mary.”  
  
“I don’t think so. Even Carly has come around. Even Carly is telling you that you belong with Nate,” said Mary.  
  
“Maybe I belonged with Nate, but then he went and f\*\*ked everything up.” Turning to Nate, she continued, “You f\*\*ked everything up!”  
  
“Dale, please stop swearing,” said Mary. “You know I love you. You were so happy, and now you’re so unhappy. It’s killing me. Nate screwed up. I’ve heard your side of it. I’ve heard his side of it. It’s bad, but there is no reason for it to be the end of the relationship. I love you. Nate loves you. And, even though you won’t admit it, you love Nate. You were so happy. I loved seeing how happy you were. You can be happy again. I’m only doing this because I sincerely believe that. Nate is the key to your happiness.”  
  
“The key to my happiness?” scoffed Dale. “Hardly! So why am I naked? Did you strip me so Nate can f\*\*k me? You should be ashamed you yourself, Aunt Mary!” said Dale.  
  
“Nothing like that. And I didn’t strip you. I just took your clothes while you were in the shower. And I’m keeping them until you two work this out. I’m going over to Mark’s, with your clothes, and I’m going to stay there until you two work this out. Carly’s room is locked, and my closet is locked. Even if you wanted to wear fat lady clothes, you can’t,” said Mary.  
  
“So that’s the plan. You are going to coerce me into getting back together with Nate. That sounds like the perfect foundation for a lasting relationship. Why don’t we just have a shotgun wedding while we are at it?” said Dale.  
  
Nate was doing his best to lay low. There seemed to be only downside for him in participating in the argument.  
  
“I’m not trying to force you two to reconcile. I’m just wanting you two to spend some time searching for a solution. I think you’re both in love. Frankly, I don’t think I have ever seen a stronger bond. And the reason I think the bond is so strong, is that I have seen firsthand how hard this separation has been on both of you. People who aren’t in love, don’t cry as much as you do, Dale. And I’m sorry for saying that in front of Nate, but it’s absolutely true. You guys were ‘oh so happy’, and now you’re ‘oh so miserable’,” said Mary.  
  
“It definitely sounds like you are trying to coerce us into getting back together,” said Dale.  
  
“Not at all. Just talk. Anything that you come up with will be better than this. What could be worse?” asked Mary. “You don’t have to get back together, just find some solution that doesn’t have you over here crying every night. Become friends of some type, maybe even friends with benefits, something, anything. Dale, even your grades are sliding. We both know that is unprecedented. All I’m asking is that the two of you hole up here in my house, and come out once you’ve written and signed a truce of some sort. Dale, I need my life back, and you need your life back. Nate screwed up, but he’s a kid. He deserves a few screw ups. I’ll be back in a week. There’s food in the fridge.”  
  
“Mary, don’t go. I’ve got a game…I mean…we’ve got a game tomorrow. Nate has to play, I have to cheer,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, then, you’d better get talking, hadn’t you,” said Mary. “Or you can cheer nude. I expect that would be in your wheelhouse.  
  
“Mary, I’ve made it home from here nude,” said Dale. “Just this week, in fact.”  
  
“Think twice before throwing away this opportunity, Dale. When will you have another?” asked Mary, picking up her keys and walking out the front door.  
  
After Mary had gone, Dale shifted her focus to Nate. “Now you’ve got my own aunt in on your schemes. How did you pull that off? But I guess I shouldn’t be that surprised. You talked my best friend, Carly, into an ambush, and you talked a county sheriff into a similarly evil scheme.”  
  
“Dale, please sit down and lighten up a little bit,” said Nate.  
  
“Lighten up?” said Dale. “You and Mary strip me against my will, and I’m supposed to lighten up?”  
  
“Dale, I do want the time with you. I sincerely want this chance. It’s not ideal, but it is a chance. Please try and be open minded. I love you, you know that,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, this isn’t what people who are in love do to each other,” said Dale. “I know that you say you love me. You probably even think you love me, but I know that you just want to f\*\*k me. Of course you’d go along with this plan, if it was in fact Mary’s idea. I know exactly what you are thinking.”  
  
“You do? Enlighten me,” said Nate.  
  
“It goes something like this: get Dale naked, get Dale aroused, she’ll turn into Bad Dale, Bad Dale likes me, screw her while she is in the mood. I know how your mind works,” said Dale.  
  
“That’s not my plan, and that’s not how my mind works,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m sure it is. I heard you say it yourself. You’re no different than Jason,” said Dale.  
  
“How am I like Jason?” asked Nate.  
  
“You’re exactly the same. Jason was happy to be rid of me because I was such a prude. He wanted to f\*\*k me. And you want to f\*\*k me. You think I am a prude. So we have two boys, both former boyfriends, both who wanted to f\*\*k me, both who think I am a prude. How are you not like Jason? Pretty sound reasoning, huh?” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 179: Getting Her to Calm Down**

“Dale, that really hurts. I know you’ve been hurt, but do you really need to go to all this much effort to share the pain. Can’t we somehow figure out how to go back to sharing the fun, sharing the good times?” said Nate.  
  
Just then, the doorbell rang. “Oh, that must be the pizza I ordered. Dale, would you please answer the door?” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, great plan. And how was I wrong about your strategy to have Bad Dale show up so you can f\*\*k her?” asked Dale. “I’m sure you thought you came pretty close the other night at the overlook bench.  
  
“Here, I’ll get the door,” said Nate. “Just give me a minute.”  
  
Nate went to the door. He took a minute receiving the delivery and paying for it.  
  
He returned with a dozen red roses. “I was kidding about the pizza. This is actually a bouquet of roses for a most lovely lady,” he said handing them to her.  
  
She handed them right back.  
  
“Okay, good idea, I’ll put them in a vase,” said Nate.  
  
Dale had been surprised by the roses. She followed him into the kitchen and watched as he trimmed off the stems and put them into a vase that Mary had apparently left out on the counter for him to use.  
  
“I hope you like roses,” said Nate. “I asked your mother, but she wasn’t sure. She didn’t recall you ever mentioning a favorite flower.”  
  
“You asked my mother?” asked Dale.  
  
“Yes, Mary too. But neither had any real flower preference data for me. I thought about asking Jason, but I guess I’m glad I didn’t, now that I know he and I are so much alike,” said Nate.  
  
“You are. He even gave me roses,” said Dale. “In hopes that it would increase the odds that I’d let him f\*\*k me, I’m sure. I can tell that is what is going on here.”  
  
“Dale, you’re killing me,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, why won’t you just admit that you want to f\*\*k me. You said as much in Eatonville,” said Dale.  
  
“I did?” said Nate.  
  
“Yes, remember. Sunday morning you wanted to run out for condoms. You wanted to race back to the room before checkout time and f\*\*k me. I can still remember your strategy. Your plan was to convert my exhibitionist urges into nympho urges. In other words your plan was to f\*\*k me, over and over,” said Dale. “I was there, I heard it. And I haven’t forgotten it”  
  
“Dale, your killing me! You’re twisting my words all around,” said Nate.  
  
“I am?” said Dale. “How am I doing that? I haven’t changed any of the details, have I?”  
  
“The main thing you are doing is making it all sound so vulgar. Why are you doing that? Please don’t do that to us. It’s not about sex. It’s about love. If one day my penis enters your vagina, it will be a beautiful thing. A beautiful moment of true love. I’m not interested in f\*\*king you. I’m interested in making love to you,” said Nate. “We have a beautiful thing…our love is a beautiful thing. Please stop trying to turn it into something dirty and vulgar. Please don’t do that to us.”  
  
“If you’re not trying to f\*\*k me, Nate. Then why am I naked? You know you’re not in charge of my nudity,” said Dale.  
  
“I think you heard Aunt Mary say it was her idea. You probably won’t believe me, but I actually tried to talk her out of it,” said Nate.  
  
“Sure you did,” said Dale.  
  
“I did,” said Nate.  
  
“Your plan seems pretty obvious. You don’t want to talk to ‘Good Dale’. You want to pick up where you left off with ‘Bad Dale’ on the bench. Get her naked, get her in the mood, and f\*\*k her. What am I missing? Nothing, right?” asked Dale.  
  
“Dale, please! Cut me a little slack for a minute. Come back in the living room. I have a present for you.”  
  
Nate returned to the living room, depositing the vase on the dining room table along the way. He took two wrapped boxes out of his bag, handing her the larger of the two.  
  
“Nate, it’s not Christmas,” said Dale scornfully.  
  
“Please, Dale,” pleaded Nate.  
  
She read the tag. “This says it is to both of us, Nate.”  
  
“It is, but it’s from me, so you can open it,” said Nate.  
  
After hesitating, she went ahead and tore the paper, opening the present.  
  
“What is this?” she asked.  
  
“It’s a light jacket. I thought it would look good on you,” said Nate.  
  
“Did Mary help you pick it?” asked Dale.  
  
“No, she wasn’t working that evening, so Alexa ended up helping me,” said Nate, with as straight of a face as he could manage.  
  
“Ewww! Nate! Get it away from me!” said Dale.  
  
“I’m just kidding! Settle down. Actually I found this online, and ordered it. It came up on a search, being modeled by an attractive blonde. It looked nice on her, so I knew it would look great on you. This medium blue color looked wonderful with her blond hair, so I ordered the very same color,” said Nate. “Try it on!”  
  
“Why are there two?” asked Dale.  
  
“Here, let me see,” said Nate, taking it from her and looking at the tag. “This one is for you, and this one is my size.”  
  
“You got us matching jackets?”  
  
“I thought it would be fun to have matching jackets,” said Nate.  
  
“What’s this?” asked Dale, removing a smaller piece of clothing from the box.  
  
“I got you the shorts, as well,” said Nate. “I didn’t order them for myself. I didn’t think I’d wear them, but I knew they’d look hot on you. They looked so great on the model.  
  
“They don’t match,” said Dale.  
  
“Not exactly, but see this blue. It’s the same. They’re designed to go together,” said Nate. “Try them on!”  
  
Nate was pleased. As Dale examined the jacket, he thought he saw her icy mood thawing just a bit. He sure hoped so. Nothing productive seemed possible when she clicked over into her confrontational persona.  
  
It was a pullover style, so she zipped the short zipper down as far as it would go. Standing up, she pulled it on over her head.  
  
“It feels nice. I like the fabric,” she said, walking toward the bathroom to see how it looked in the mirror.  
  
It was a short jacket, coming to just her waist. Nate admired the cute bottomless look as she walked across the living room. ‘What an amazing tush,’ he thought.  
  
After examining the jacket in the bathroom mirror, she stepped back out into the living room, saying, “Nate, try yours on.”  
  
Nate couldn’t avoid thinking about how hot ‘bottomless’ looked on her, as she stood there facing him. Her legs really did go all the way up! Fortunately, he had become accustomed enough to views such as this to be able to function. He picked up his jacket, pulling it on over his head.  
  
“How does it fit?” asked Dale.  
  
“It fits great,” said Nate. “Yours looks just right, too.”  
  
“Yep, you nailed the size again,” said Dale.  
  
“And without Mary’s help this time,” said Nate.  
  
“Or Alexa’s, right?”  
  
“Right. Just the charts on the site.”  
  
“Fortunately for you! Come here. Let’s see how we look in the mirror together,” suggested Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 180: Candlelight Dinner**

They both went into the bathroom, and stood side by side in front of the counter, looking at their reflections in the mirror. Nate had to force himself to not stare at her pussy, visible just at counter level.  
  
He felt Dale move slightly closer, putting her arm around his back. He reciprocated by putting his arm gently around her shoulder. He saw a hint of a smile on her lips.  
  
Without saying anything, Dale turned and walked out of the bathroom. She picked up the shorts. Pulling them on, she returned to his side in front of the mirror. Nate noticed that the shorts seemed to be a perfect fit as well. His preference was of course bottomless, but she did look hot in the shorts, he had to admit.  
  
“So, Nate, do I look as good as the blonde on the Internet?” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, she was pretty dang hot,” said Nate. “But actually, I’ll have to declare you the winner. I never had the chance to see how she might look in the jacket bottomless. Bottomless is cuter.”  
  
“Nate, sometimes you’re such a boy!” said Dale, giving him a gentle elbow in the ribs.  
  
“What, not a punch?” he asked. They walked back out into the living room.  
  
“Nate, how are you going to f\*\*k ‘Bad Dale’ if I’m dressed?” asked Dale.  
  
“Dale, I know you don’t believe me, but my strategy never involved getting you naked or f\*\*king you. And besides, there is only one Dale. Here, open your other present,” he suggested.  
  
“Not another present, Nate,” said Dale.  
  
“Just open it…please.”  
  
“Is this my nightgown?” asked Dale, after opening the present. “How did you get it?”  
  
“I asked your mom for it,” said Nate.  
  
“And she gave it to you?”  
  
“I told her we might be having a sleepover, and that it was a surprise, so not to mention anything to you,” said Nate.  
  
“You really told her that?”  
  
“Why not? Don’t we have parental permission to sleep together?”  
  
Dale just stared at him with her mouth open.  
  
“I think your mom trusts me more than you do, Dale,” said Nate. “And lately I think she likes me more, too. You didn’t look in the bottom of the box.”  
  
“The lingerie from the Fiji house?” said Dale, examining the rest of the box’s contents.  
  
“Yes, when I unpacked, it was still in my pants pocket. So I washed it for you. I got the feeling that you wanted to keep the lingerie,” said Nate.  
  
“I do. I love it,” said Dale. “But I did kind of wreck the skirt.”  
  
“I found it curious that you liked these. All the underwear that I’ve seen you in are very plain in comparison. I thought you preferred utilitarian,” said Nate.  
  
“Actually, I don’t,” said Dale. “Those are all from Walmart. Do you know why I wear those?”  
  
“I thought it was because they were what you liked,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, they’re okay, but the real reason that I buy them is because they’re cheap. If I bought fancy bras and panties like these, I wouldn’t have any of my clothes budget money left over for shirts and pants,” said Dale.  
  
Nate had been wondering about that. He knew that things were tight in the Jordan household.  
  
“Nate, you stripped me AND you brought me clothes?” said Dale.  
  
“I told you that I tried to talk Mary out of the stripping idea,” said Nate. “I couldn’t so, I just decided to bring clothes and undermine her strategy. I hope you’ll stay, but I wanted you to feel free to go. I have a ‘date night’ planned, so I am hoping you’ll stay. But I wanted you dressed, or dressed if you wanted to be dressed. After all, it’s ‘Good Dale’ that I have to attempt to get to like me.”  
  
“There’s only one Dale,” said Dale.  
  
“I know, I know,” said Nate.  
  
“If you wanted a ‘date night’, why didn’t you just ask,” said Dale.  
  
“I was pretty sure you’d turn me down,” said Nate. “In the car on the way back from Eatonville, I asked you if you’d go out with me. You said, ‘No, but what did you have in mind?’”  
  
“I guess you’re right, I wouldn’t have gone out with you,” admitted Dale.  
  
Dale pulled the jacket off over her head.  
  
“You can keep that on,” said Nate.  
  
“Shut up! You’re not in charge of my nudity,” said Dale. Her words were harsh, but not the tone of her voice.  
  
“It is warm,” said Nate, also removing his jacket.  
  
“Maybe that’s why I took mine off,” said Dale, with a wink. “But you have a shirt on under yours.”  
  
Just then, the doorbell rang again. “Now, that must finally be the pizza,” said Nate. “Would you like to answer the door?”  
  
“I’m not answering the door topless!” said Dale.  
  
“And you tell me there is only one Dale? Stark naked, you want to go to DQ, but you won’t even answer the door topless. How’s a guy ever supposed to get this figured out?” said Nate. “I think you should take off the shorts and answer the door.”  
  
“Nate, just get the door,” said Dale, acting short on patience.  
  
Nate again went to the door. He took a minute receiving the delivery and paying for it.  
  
He returned with a box, heading into the kitchen.  
  
Following him, Dale said, “Nate, that doesn’t look like pizza, but it smells good.”  
  
“You’re right. It’s not pizza. We’re celebrating an anniversary, so I ordered dinner from, Tres Magnifique! You took me there to celebrate our two week anniversary back in September, so it seemed appropriate,” said Nate.  
  
“What anniversary is this?” asked Dale.  
  
“I’ll tell you,” said Nate. “But first, why don’t you give me about ten minutes to set the table. If you want it, Mary was planning to leave your makeup kit in one of the bathroom drawers…not that you need makeup.”  
  
“Yes,” said Dale.  
  
“Yes, what?” asked Nate.  
  
“I’m just agreeing to a ‘date night’ with you,” said Dale, turning tail and disappearing into the bathroom.  
  
When she reappeared, Nate was ready with everything on the table. The room was lit solely by the two candles he had placed on the table.  
  
“My, don’t you look lovely!” said Nate.  
  
Dale conducted a little pirouette, finishing with one of her signature poses. The shorts had disappeared. She was now dressed in nothing more than the diamond tipped barbells.  
  
“Since we’re having a fancy dinner, I decided to dress up,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, I love that outfit. It suits you,” said Nate.  
  
“A girl doesn’t get many chances to dress up like this for a restaurant meal. I’d be crazy to waste the opportunity.”  
  
Nate pulled out her chair for her.  
  
“Merci beaucoup, Monsieur Miller, ” said Dale.  
  
”De rien, Mademoiselle Jordan, ” said Nate, pushing in her chair.  
  
As Nate took his seat across from her, Dale commented, “The roses are lovely, and the candlelight is a very nice touch, Monsieur.”  
  
“I hoped you would appreciate that. I brought the candlesticks from home, but about everything else on the table is Mary’s,” said Nate. “Actually most of it she inherited from your great grandmother.”  
  
“My great grandmother?” asked Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 181: Nate's Confession**

“Yes, when I requested the use of her dishes, to minimize what I’d need to bring, she offered the china. The idea of you and I having a special meal on it made her very happy. She said she hoped it would bring us good luck. It’s her Grandmother Jordan’s wedding china, so that would have to make this your great grandmother’s china,” said Nate.  
  
“That’s cool,” said Dale.  
  
“And she told me all about the silverware as well, but I’m afraid I forgot who that was from. Also from your side of the family. Since she has never married, everything that she has inherited is from your side of the family, of course,” said Nate. “You’ve never eaten off of this china?”  
  
“I’ve been over here a lot. Lots of casual meals, but never a meal with china, or candlelight,” said Dale.  
  
“I’m loving the candlelight,” said Nate. “You sparkle in this light. Your hazel eyes are sincerely gorgeous. Your jewelry is lovely, but your eyes actually give them a run for the money. When you are happy and smiling, they hint at the beauty in your soul!”  
  
“And when I’m not happy?” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, then they can melt paint,” said Nate. “But my goal in life is to spend as much time as possible staring into your happy eyes! And enjoying the smile that I’m looking at on your lips right now! And seeing your nipple diamonds sparkle in the candlelight!”  
  
Nate saw Dale look down at her bejeweled nipples.  
  
“You don’t mind being forced to look at the titters?” asked Dale.  
  
“We both know that is a silly question!” said Nate, laughing. “You put on a little more makeup than usual this evening, it would appear. Your eyes do look gorgeous. They always look so beautiful.”  
  
“I wondered if you’d notice the makeup. It is, after all, ‘date night’, right?”  
  
“Absolutely!” said Nate. “I’m glad you have warmed up to the idea. I thought it might be nice to just have a little relaxing time together. Time without all the stress of the recent past. No Fiji house, no Alexa, no sneaking from shadow to shadow naked. Just you and I, and a little time to be ourselves, and to talk.”  
  
“So what’s for dinner?” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, the chef at Tres Magnifique! was very helpful. Since I am a fish out of water when it comes to French food, he more or less put our meal together. He printed out our menu on this card, so we would know what we were eating,” said Nate, handing Dale the card. “And this is our appetizer…our Hors d'Oeuvres…Fromage Fort.”  
  
Nate served some Fromage Fort on a small plate for Dale and passed it to her, saying, “Mostly this meal is a little less adventurous than you arranged for us the night we celebrated our two week anniversary.”  
  
“So, what anniversary are we celebrating tonight, Monsieur?” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, it’s Friday. Wait, let me get you your card,” said Nate, getting up and going to his bag. Returning he continued, “I guess our actual anniversary is in the middle of the night. I thought about giving you the card in the morning, but I didn’t know if we’d make it to morning. I thought that when I gave you the clothes, that you might take off on me, leaving me all alone with my French dinner.”  
  
“I wouldn’t have done that,” said Dale. “I’m sorry about earlier.”  
  
“Sorry?” said Nate.  
  
“I know I was being particularly nasty,” said Dale.  
  
“I’m not going to argue with you there,” said Nate.  
  
“I am sorry,” said Dale. “It was quite a shock to come out of the shower to no clothes and no towels. Setups like that are not something I react well to these days.”  
  
“I guess that is understandable. You were pretty slow to warm up to me this evening,” said Nate. “I don’t know how many times I had to hear you say that all I was interested in was f\*\*king you.”  
  
“I know. I’m sorry. For some reason my mind just got sidetracked thinking that Mary had stripped me in order to leave me naked and alone with a boy…putting me in an awkward position. Naked and alone with a guy could even result in rape, if you know what I mean… if the guy was so inclined. I guess it sounds crazy,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, it sounds crazy to me. You know I would not rape anyone, ever…period,” said Nate.  
  
“I know. Sometimes I feel myself trying to be mad at you, even when down inside I’m not. I can’t really even understand that about myself, but bringing me the clothes did help. I guess I wasn’t willing to believe that you weren’t trying to force yourself back into being in charge of my nudity, until you gave me the option of being dressed,” said Dale. “And now that I have the choice, I’m at peace with being nude.”  
  
“Here’s your card, Dale,” said Nate, handing her a bright red envelope.  
  
“So what Anniversary are we celebrating?” she asked, taking the envelope. “I know that it is three weeks to the day since the Sheriff’s office, but I doubt we are celebrating that.”  
  
“No, that’s not something happy to commemorate,” said Nate, solemnly.  
  
“My life has been Kelly free for three weeks; that is worth celebrating,” said Dale.  
  
“A silver lining, I guess. But actually, twelve weeks ago from right now, you were preparing to embark for the clubhouse pool, so in the morning it will be twelve weeks since our adventure began,” said Nate.  
  
“Wow! We’ve really crammed a year’s worth of joy and heartache into just twelve weeks, haven’t we?” said Dale, opening the envelope.  
  
Dale looked at the handsome but plain white cover of the card which read simply, “Happy Anniversary…”.  
  
As she opened it, Nate said. “I intended to pick out a very romantic card, but this one was too perfect to resist, even though I might have been well advised to go with something a little less meaningful.”  
  
Dale opened the card. Inside the caption read, “Were a Perfect Match”. That was written above an illustration of an open box of matches, a handful of loose wooden matches scattered about. Below that, Nate had inscribed the card simply, “I love you, Nate.”  
  
“I don’t know what to say, Nate. For a different couple, this might be considered a romantic card, but for us…”  
  
“I know, I know. But when I saw it, I couldn’t resist.”  
  
“At least, you haven’t lost your sense of humor. Or your evil streak,” said Dale.  
  
“But I do think we are a good match, and the last twelve weeks are so full of wonderful memories,” said Nate.  
  
“I cherish the good memories, Nate. Don’t think for a minute that I don’t love the memory of our good times,” said Dale.  
  
“And Mads, these candles have a lot of symbolism for us. I lit them with a match. They are burning in a beautiful, yet completely safe and controlled manner. A match doesn’t have to lead to an explosion. I just wanted to say that,” said Nate.  
  
Dale looked at the two candles.  
  
For a time, they simply enjoyed their meal. Studying the menu card and tasting the various choices. As they were finishing up, Dale brought up something she had been wanting to talk about.  
  
“Nate, I have something that I would like to tell you. It is something that I have lied to you about, recently even,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, I’d like to think that our relationship is such that we can be very honest with each other,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m glad you feel that way, too. This is something that I have lied to everyone about for a long time. I’m pretty sure that I have never told this to anyone,” said Dale.  
  
“Okay, Mads. Please tell me. But only if you want to. You are under no obligation to tell me everything.”  
  
“Well, this I do want to tell you. But first, I know something that might make this easier for me. Is there anything that has been gnawing at you. Any untruth, big or small, any omission, that you want to come clean on. If you came clean on something, then it might break the ice, and make this easier for me to talk about,” said Dale.  
  
“Now you are making me worry,” said Nate. “But okay, there is something that I feel quite bad about. The other night, before you told me what happened in the bathroom at the party, you said, ‘I know that you won’t repeat such personal things like this, or the nipple dream.’ Well, here’s my confession. I told someone about the nipple dream.”  
  
“You did? Why would you do that?” said Dale, fire flashing in her eyes. “How am I ever going to be able to trust you, Nate?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 182: Dale's Confession**

“I know, and I’ve felt bad about it ever since. And I worry so much about telling you now, confessing now, because we are having such a nice meal, such a nice ‘date night’, but I want a relationship based on honesty. So I can’t keep such things from you.”  
  
“Nate, that is terrible. I was expecting you’d think up a little lie, like ‘remember when I told you my favorite color was red, well it’s actually green.’ Something like that,” said Dale.  
  
“I know. I’m so sorry,” said Nate.  
  
“You should be. Who did you tell?” asked Dale.  
  
“I told Kelly and Henry, so two people actually.”  
  
“You told Kelly? My God, Nate. What were you thinking?” said Dale.  
  
“Well, it was that night in the Sheriff’s office. Later I regretted it. It was the letter from Kelly that caused the dream in the first place, and it was the night that you had just told me about the dream, so it was fresh in my mind and it sort of just slipped out,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, I guess I can picture that. You haven’t told anyone else, have you?” asked Dale.  
  
“Certainly not, and I won’t. But I’m glad that I have gotten it off my chest, even if it ends up ruining our evening,” said Nate.  
  
“Off your chest, indeed! Well, I’m glad you told me. Not that you told her; just that you told me. But if I’m going to tell you what I have been lying about, you can’t tell a soul, not even your buddy Kelly,” said Dale.  
  
“My buddy, Kelly?” said Nate.  
  
“You sure looked buddy-buddy that night!” said Dale. “And now that I know you told her my nightmare, I guess it was even worse than it looked.”  
  
“Again I’m sorry, Mads. But if you do decide to tell me what you were considering telling me, then I promise you that I will keep it a secret,” said Nate.  
  
“Okay, I guess that I do want to tell you this…even though I’m a bit shocked by your revelation,” said Dale. “Okay. Let me gather my thoughts together a little. Remember Michelle, and how I told you that she kissed and sucked on my nipple the night of Jodie’s party? And remember how I told you that I didn’t like thinking about Michelle being the first.”  
  
“But, Mads, she wasn’t the first! The jewelry doesn’t make her the first. Forget about the jewelry. It’s the nipples themselves that count, not who is first after the piercings. I was the first! I sucked on your nipples the night of Kelly’s barbeque. Just focus on that, and forget Michelle,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, you’re not really listening. Please listen. Michelle was in fact first, and it has nothing to do with what just happened at the party. Years before,” said Dale.  
  
“What? You’re kidding, right?” said Nate.  
  
“I’m not, Nate. This is hard for me to talk about,” said Dale. “Can we move over to the couch, since we’re done eating.”  
  
“There’s still dessert,” said Nate.  
  
“Can we have it a little later? Since I’ve started telling you this, I need to see it through,” said Dale. “Like I said, this is going to be the first time I tell this to anyone.”  
  
They moved over to the couch. Dale sat next to Nate, her body against his, her feet on the couch, hugging her legs against her chest with both arms.  
  
“Okay, well then if Michelle was first to your nipples, then I don’t see anything that you were lying about,” said Nate.  
  
“The lie that I told you, that I have told everyone, is about track,” said Dale. “Remember when we ran into Martin, Michelle’s brother, at the U?”  
  
“Yes,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, I repeated my age old lie that day…”  
  
Nate suddenly interrupted her, “Dale,” he paused, “Mads, I mean, please don’t tell me that you are a lesbian. I mean, it would explain a lot, but I think I’d die…”  
  
“No, Nate,” interrupted Dale. “Don’t worry, I’m not a lesbian.”  
  
“Give me a heart attack, why don’t you,” said Nate, breathing a sigh of relief.  
  
“I’m not a lesbian, but you need to hear me out. The lie that I tell everyone is about track…and track team. I was really good at track. Frankly, it was my best sport,” said Dale.  
  
“You sure were awesome at Red Rover!” said Nate.  
  
“I’m surprised you remember that. Red Rover was my life in grade school!” said Dale. “And track was my life in junior high. It would be my big sport today, but I gave it up. And I lie to people about it. I tell everyone that I gave it up ‘to focus on cheer and gymnastics’. And I tell people that, ‘You can’t do everything’. That’s what I tell people. I’m normally so honest, that I am conscious of lying every time I say it. It’s a lie I remember telling you back at the very beginning, as we were first getting to know each other in the summer.”  
  
“It doesn’t seem like such a bad lie, but it does make sense. I mean, about you and track. I know from the golf course and from trying to keep up with you on Halloween how fast you can run,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, it is a complex lie, Nate. Because Michelle is the real reason that I quit track, but I can’t tell anyone that. That day at the U, I said another part of the lie, which is that she and I ‘drifted apart’. That’s not true either.”  
  
“Well, if you are positive that you’re not a lesbian, then I guess I can survive hearing the whole story,” said Nate.  
  
“I want to tell you the whole story,” said Dale. “Let me start at the beginning. Beginning in about the first grade, I would go over to the Thompson house once a week. Michelle and Martin’s mother was my piano teacher. As you may or may not know, she is the top piano teacher in town. I took years and years of piano lessons from her.”  
  
“I didn’t know you played the piano, but come to think of it, I do remember hearing piano music coming from your house way back when,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, Mrs. Thompson thought I was very talented, and I got so that I could play some very advanced pieces. I’m quite rusty now, but I expect you would be quite impressed, if I played something for you,” said Dale.  
  
“Have you been lying to me about piano, too?” asked Nate.  
  
“No, but just because it hasn’t come up,” said Dale. “And if it had, I would have told you about all my years of piano lessons.”  
  
“Well, that’s how it started. Michelle and I got to know each other because I was always over at her house. Later we both went out for track, so we instantly became track buddies. That’s how it all started. We were young. This was early in junior high, so seventh grade I expect. Other than Carly, I’ve never had many close friends…that were girls. Well, Michelle was the exception. We started doing everything together. I’d go to her house for sleepovers. Often I’d have my piano lesson, and then just stay the night. That’s why I know Martin so well too, of couse. From track, but mostly from all the time I spent over at the Thompson house.  
  
“Our sleepovers would mostly be over there. Our house is so small. That’s why. Same with Carly. Well, Michelle and I were inseparable for quite a few years there. We even had pet names for each other. She called me ‘DJ’, short for Dale Jordan. She’s the only one to ever call me that. And I made up a nickname for her. I called her ‘Nutshell,’” said Dale.  
  
“Wait, you called her ‘Nutshell’? But you tell me she hates that name,” said Nate.  
  
“Not back then. The nicknames ‘DJ’ and ‘Nutshell’ where just between she and I…our pet-names for each other. Similar to how I call you ‘Buster’ and how you’re now calling me, ‘Mads’,” said Dale.  
  
“So you are the originator of the ‘Nutshell’ nickname?” asked Nate.  
  
“I am. I really wish I wasn’t, but I am,” said Dale.  
  
“And just like at my sleepovers with Carly, Michelle and I would turn on the music, and we’d dance and dance,” said Dale.  
  
“You really love to dance, don’t you,” said Nate.  
  
“I do! I’ve always loved to dance, ever since I can remember. And Nate, I’m not sure exactly how it happened, but we started dancing naked. Michelle and I would lock the door to her room. To keep Martin and her parents out. And we’d dance naked. We did that for a couple of years,” said Dale.  
  
“You danced naked with a lesbian,” said Nate, not really wanting to guess where the story was going.  
  
“I doubt she knew she was homosexual then, any more than I knew I was hetero. At least it wasn’t something I remember giving any thought to. We were just two young girls…dancing. And those were the years that we started developing. I mean, when we started doing this, we were young girls. No need for bras, if you know what I mean. But we were still dancing naked later, after our boobs had come in. And the other changes of puberty were happening during that period of time, too. Well to make a long story short…”  
  
“Mads, this is one of those stories that shouldn’t be shortened. I mean, I’d really prefer the long version,” said Nate.  
  
“I’ll bet you would. Two young girls, dancing naked while their tits grow, while their pubes sprout, what’s not to like, right?” said Dale, teasingly  
  
“Busted. But you’re the one who wants to come clean. So just make sure you get all the truth out. Every little naked detail,” said Nate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 183: Dale's Confession cont.**

“That’s what I intend to do,” said Dale. “And we started doing other things naked. In the summer, we’d pitch a small tent in the backyard, and we’d have our sleepovers out there. So we’d dance naked in her room, and then when it was time to go to bed, we’d climb out the window, leaving all our clothes in the house. And then in the morning it would be light out, and we’d have to sneak back inside.”  
  
“So, I’m not the only person that you’ve slept with, in a tent, naked?” asked Nate.  
  
“Sorry to ruin that for you, Nate,” said Dale. “But knowing me, I’m sure you can imagine why I liked doing that with her. And sometimes, during the night, we’d go sneaking around. Pretty much just around their yard. One time, I went all the way around the house, so even into the front yard, even to the middle of the street out front.  
  
“Well, I always imagined that Michelle enjoyed it for exactly the same reasons that it was so much fun for me. Those were some of my very earliest nude experiences, well before the trip to California,” said Dale. “But I know now that Michelle was enjoying the same activities, but for different reasons. She must have had a crush on me. I thought we were friends, but for her we were more than friends. And over time the conditions for a giant misunderstanding developed.”  
  
“Wow!” said Nate.  
  
“Right!” said Dale. “And we’d hold hands. At school even, but for me we were just close friends. I see young girls doing this all the time, even now. It’s not that unusual. Well, for Michelle that handholding had real meaning. And during our sleep overs, we’d be as close, physically, as two girls could be under the covers. For me, I loved being naked, and I loved our friendship.”  
  
“But for Michelle, you were more than friends,” said Nate.  
  
“Exactly! And then the kissing started. Initially, at least for me, it was about practicing so that I would know how to kiss boys when the time came. We’d even talk like that, ‘Michelle, what if the boy does this with his lips, or his tongue?’ Well, I always thought that we were practicing for the day that a boy would kiss us.  
  
“And as our bodies developed, we’d stand in front of the mirror, and compare. Well, one time, it was when our tits were at the really pointy stage, the comparing of boobies, moved from the looking at them in the mirror phase to actually comparing how they felt. Initially we did that in front of the mirror, but later in the tent, too. Well, there were tickle fights, and then the kisses moved around a bit. Even down to the chest, to the nipples as well.”  
  
“So, Mads. I’m curious, was it just Michelle kissing nipples?” asked Nate.  
  
“No, I’m afraid not. It wasn’t just Michelle. I did the same thing. It’s embarrassing to say this, but it was actually fun to suck on Michelle’s nipples.”  
  
“I can believe this,” said Nate. “I don’t mean Michelle…I mean, I like sucking on your nipples. I guess, I don’t know what I mean.”  
  
“So I admit that I liked doing it, but like I said, it was often accompanied with talk like, ‘what will it feel like when a boy does this, etc.’”  
  
“So, Dale, are you really a virgin?” asked Nate.  
  
“Nate…” said Dale. “A girl can’t lose her virginity to another girl, can she?”  
  
“Well, it seems like it might be possible,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, even if it is possible. I didn’t, okay? We were naked together, but we were young. The play mostly stayed above our, you know whats,” said Dale.  
  
“Above your knees?” said Nate.  
  
“Nate! No! Above our pussies, okay?” said Dale. “Thinking back on it, it was somewhat like the case of putting a frog in a pot of water, and gradually increasing the temperature. The steps were so gradual, that I didn’t really realize that we were doing what we were doing. I mean, for me it was about streaking, doing daring things naked, often outside, and, of course, about having a best buddy. But to Michelle…I guess it was different. I had a buddy, but I suppose she had a girlfriend.  
  
“And then suddenly, it hit me. One night we were in bed, and she was sucking on one of my titties. One hand was on my butt, and the other was…sliding up…maybe I shouldn’t say. I can’t even explain how we got to that point without me realizing that we were, in fact, engaging in lesbian experimentation,” said Dale. “I’m telling you too much, aren’t I? TMI, right?”  
  
“I don’t think you can tell me too much,” said Nate.  
  
“Guys! You’re so terrible!” said Dale. “Well, when things fell apart, they fell apart fast. Only later did I realize what it must have felt like from Michelle’s point of view. Like a breakup, and a very nasty one at that. From my perspective, I think I was just in shock and simply trying to distance myself, trying to protect myself.:  
  
“Somehow, I guess I was oblivious to all this,” said Nate. “But it does remind me of something that Jason and Ward said at the party. They mentioned all the guys that had been rejected by you over the years…and one girl. When I asked who the girl was, they told me that it was Michelle. And they told me that crushes didn’t count, that it took actual rejection to be in the club.”  
  
“I’m surprised that you could have been oblivious to all this. Everyone seems to find out everything about me, but I guess that we did live in different social circles. But, Nate, it was so terrible. I made some serious mistakes, and I lost a dear friend because of them.”  
  
“Mistakes?”  
  
“I was young, and inexperienced, probably insensitive, too. Now I’m much more skilled at the art of saying ‘no’, and at the art of breaking up,” said Dale.  
  
“I know. Our breakup felt real sensitive,” said Nate sarcastically.  
  
“Whose fault is that, Nate? You didn’t show….remember? But anyway, it makes complete sense for Michelle to hate me. It was not intentional, but I’m even the one who ‘outed’ her. I’m sure she wasn’t ready to be out of the closet. And part of what made it so bad, is that in all that happened, my pet-name for her got out, too. I’m sure that every time she hears it, she is reminded of how much she hates me. And I don’t blame her.”  
  
“But she was taking advantage of you,” said Nate.  
  
“How can you say that? We were kids. She couldn’t have known that I wasn’t on the same page. And we had so much fun together in track. For away meets, we’d sleep four girls to a room, so Michelle and I’d always share a bed. Not naked, but we’d snuggle. And we were so goddam fast. Our relay team was undefeated that last year because of the two of us. I’d run the first leg, and would always hand off the baton in the lead…always. It didn’t matter if the next two girls kept our lead or not. Michelle ran the anchor leg, and she could always power it home. I was so proud of her. She was so awesome. She is still so f\*\*king awesome.”  
  
“I can hear in your voice how much she meant to you,” said Nate. “How much she means to you? I guess?”  
  
“Nate, since I think I can tell you everything, I think I might have been in love…at least on some level. She was my world. And it all came apart, and in the fastest, nastiest manner possible,” said Dale. “Even today I have such strong feelings for her.”  
  
“Have you tried to reconnect?” asked Nate.  
  
“I have a little, but not until a long time had passed. Early on it was completely out of the question. I quit piano lessons, and one of us had to drop track, and it had to be me. She was the star. I did it for her. We couldn’t be within a mile of each other. Coach was so upset, and I had to lie about why I was quitting,” said Dale.  
  
“Your coach didn’t know? It sounds like nearly everyone knew,” said Nate.  
  
“No, Nate. Now you are the only one who knows. People knew that we were good friends, but no one knew about the nudity, the kissing, the physical side of the relationship. What everyone saw was me stabbing a friend in the back by ‘outing’ her. That’s what people saw. And now the name ‘Nutshell’ is synonymous with ‘Dyke’ at Prospect High. It’s so sad, and I’m to blame.  
  
“Nate, sometimes it seems as if I live my life in the center of a storm…everything that happened with Michelle…the sheriff’s office experience…being stripped at Jodie’s by Alexa…even my aunt stealing all my clothes out of the bathroom this evening and handing me over nude to a high school boy. The list goes on and on,” said Dale.  
  
“You do lead an unusual life, that is for sure, and some of it is your own doing. Like getting trapped naked on the clubhouse roof,” said Nate. “I wouldn’t trade the house where I grew up for anything, but how cool would it have been to be Michelle’s next door neighbor and see the two of you outside running around naked!” said Nate.  
  
“You would think of that, wouldn’t you? You’d love her tits. I love her tits. They are awesome…bigger than mine…a little bit. So cute, too. Frankly I loved touching and kissing them, snuggling against them. I so miss her nipples,” said Dale.  
  
“Are you really sure you’re not a lesbian, Dale? I mean, we’ve spent a lot of naked time together, and you’re still a virgin? And once you did say that you were scared of dicks, or something to that effect,” said Nate.