**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

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

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 200: Pizza**

Nate saw Gage in the locker room, and found out that he would indeed be joining them for pizza. He was quite excited that Susie had asked him to the dance. He seemed unaware that she had first asked Nate, so Nate wisely didn’t bring that up.  
  
When they walked out of the locker room together, Dale was waiting for them. Gage had his own car, so they drove separately. When they got to the pizza parlor, Susie already had a table, and was closing in on an order for pizza.  
  
Gage Webb was the team’s starting Safety, and Nate had gotten to know him pretty well during the fall. He noticed that Dale seemed to know him quite well. They had a lot of shared history dating back to junior high track.  
  
Nate listened to the two of them reminisce about their time together on the track team. He wondered if Michelle would come up in the conversation. After Dale’s ‘confession’ the night before, Dale and Michelle’s lesbian experimentation had never been far from his mind.  
  
He finally decided that both Dale and Gage were specifically avoiding bringing Michelle up in the conversation. Dale had said that only he knew the intimate details, but Gage seemed to obviously know that Michelle was a topic to avoid.  
  
Nate found himself again enjoying Susie’s company. She had such a pleasant personality. He even found his mind wandering…wondering what it might have been like to have accepted her invitation and gone to the dance with her.  
  
At a weak moment he found himself thinking that maybe he should have dated her for a while. Maybe he could even have made love to her, and then still have patched things up later with Dale.  
  
In that way, he could have grown old knowing what two different ladies were like in bed. But as he thought about it, he knew that that would have been a dangerous game to attempt to play. Patching things up with Dale after an extended relationship with another girl might have become an impossibility.  
  
He thought about going through an entire life only making love to one woman, and then he looked over at Dale. He knew he would never have any regrets, should they really manage to spend their lives together. He found himself feeling so very lucky. While he hadn’t yet won “The Lottery” he felt like he had already won something bigger and better, life’s lottery!  
  
After the pizza was nearly gone, Susie brought up the Sadie Hawkins dance, “Dale, you know, I think you and I should have a conversation about doing this as a double date. Our dates seem to get along pretty well.”  
  
“That would have made for a very fun evening, Susie,” said Dale. “However, Carly and I are already making plans. We are going to cook dinner for our dates at her house. She is even arranging for their maid to serve us that evening.”  
  
“That sure sounds like a fun idea,” said Susie.  
  
“I could ask Carly what she thinks about including you and Gage in the plan,” said Dale.  
  
“I like that idea,” said Nate. “I know that Gage and Felipe get along well.”  
  
“Three couples would be fun,” said Dale.  
  
“I don’t think it would work out,” said Susie, quite earnestly. “Carly is a real challenge for me. I’ve never figured out how you manage to get along with her, Dale. I’ve only been nice to her, but the nickname she uses for me. It’s kind of mean. Frankly I can’t imagine what I ever did to her to deserve that.”  
  
“I know. It sounds tame, but I know where it comes from. I’m so sorry. I don’t know why she does that to people. She is really nice, once you get to know her,” said Dale.  
  
“In all honesty, I have a hard time believing that,” said Susie.  
  
“She’s even called you mean things, Dale,” said Nate.  
  
“I know, I know,” said Dale. “And she calls you ‘shithead’.”  
  
“But I’m now at peace with that,” said Nate. “I might have lived up to my nickname.”  
  
After a pause Nate continued, “So, if I may ask, what is Carly’s nickname for you, Susie? I get the feeling that I’m the only one at the table who doesn’t know. Do you know what it is, Gage?”  
  
“Oh, yeah,” said Gage. “Pebbles.”  
  
“Pebbles?” said Nate. “Yabadabadooooo! That’s actually cute. What’s so bad about Pebbles?”  
  
“It’s not really that bad.” said Dale.  
  
“It doesn’t bother me much anymore,” said Susie. “But it really stung back in junior high.”  
  
“Can I tell him?” asked Dale.  
  
“I guess I don’t care if he knows…everyone else does. You’d probably tell him later anyway,” said Susie, standing up. “Tell him while I’m in the restroom. I don’t want to hear how you explain it.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 201: Pebbles**

After Susie was out of earshot, Nate asked, “So Pebbles, huh?”  
  
“It’s really not that big of a deal,” said Dale. “Susie just went through a sort of ‘nipples-only’ stage of teen development. She had rather big protruding nipples, like the whole areola area, and nothing else for a while. And Carly, bless her heart, made fun of her.”  
  
“I can see how that could be very hard on a young girl,” said Nate.  
  
“In retrospect, her mom should have gotten her training bras right away. By the time she did, the damage was done,” said Dale. “No one would remember her chest pebbles now at all, but for Carly. And it hardly matters…look at her…she has such a cute figure.”  
  
Nate nodded in agreement, “A hot figure!”  
  
“Don’t be checking out other girl’s figures,” said Dale, giving him a gentle elbow poke in the ribs.  
  
“You brought it up, Dale,” said Nate.  
  
“He’s right, you know,” said Gage.  
  
Nate and Gage exchanged a fist bump, as Susie returned to the table.  
  
“So, what’s up with the fist bump, guys?” asked Susie, taking her seat.  
  
The guys had a caught look on their faces, so Dale said, “Something about your figure, Susie, right guys?”  
  
Realizing that the guys were tongue tied, Dale explained, “Your ‘hot’ figure, actually!”  
  
Feeling embarrassed, Susie looked down.  
  
After a long awkward moment, Susie glanced up saying, “Okay, Nate, whatever you do, please don’t call me Pebbles. I’m trying to put that behind me. Not that Carly will let that happen.”  
  
“I’m going to call you, ‘Susie’. I like the name,” he said. She glanced up and smiled at him.  
  
“So to change the subject,” said Gage. “I want to hear your story, Nate. Tell us about this breakup. I mean, you and Dale came out of nowhere this fall. You were the talk of the school. And then suddenly, BAM! It was over. And now, BAM! Back on again. I’m so curious. You guys must have a great story.”  
  
“We have an amazingly wonderful story,” said Nate. “It all started…”  
  
Dale interrupted, “We have an amazingly wonderful story that gets shared with absolutely no one, right Nate?”  
  
“Absolutely no one,” said Nate, shaking his head. “It’s a great story, but I’m taking it to my grave…or, I’ll write it up someday and post it on the Internet anonymously somewhere. I’ll make up a pen name. I’ll change all the names to protect the innocent…and the guilty. I’ll probably even change the name of the town, as an extra measure of security.”  
  
“Don’t even think about that! Like he said, he’s taking it to his grave. I just hope it doesn’t have to be an early grave, in order to ensure that he takes it to his grave,” said Dale.  
  
“Dale, you know you’re just making Gage more curious here,” said Nate. “It might have been best to just tell them the story – leaving out all the juicy parts. But, oh well, too late now.”  
  
“Okay then…that was an interesting exchange!” said Gage. “It certainly makes me wish we had figured out the group date thing…so I could watch the next chapter in person.”  
  
“Why don’t we just do a regular double date,” said Dale. “Maybe the weekend after Sadie. Susie and I can arrange something…or maybe it ought to be the guys’ turn.”  
  
“I’m game,” said Susie.  
  
“Wait, wait, wait,” said Gage. “I haven’t even had a first date with this lovely lady, and already you are planning a second date?”  
  
“I’ve got a good feeling about you two,” said Dale.  
  
“But you haven’t taken Susie’s parents into account,” said Gage. “Once they find out I’m black, our future together might fizzle, if you know what I mean.”  
  
“They already know, Gage,” said Susie. “After I asked you, my mom wanted to know who you were, so I showed her your picture in last year’s annual. I didn’t specifically say that you were African American, but a picture is worth a thousand words.”  
  
“And what did she say?” asked Gage.  
  
“Nothing. Maybe she is more open minded than I thought she might be,” said Susie.  
  
“And your dad?” asked Gage.  
  
“Well, I presume my mom has told him,” said Susie. “But he hasn’t said anything, so I’m guessing we have a green light.”  
  
“Until you tell them you’re pregnant,” said Gage.  
  
“I think you’re getting a little ahead of yourself there, Gage,” said Nate.  
  
“Thank you, Nate!” said Susie. “I mean really! He’s not ready to talk about a second date, but then he jumps straight to knocking me up.”  
  
“So, Dale,” said Gage. “Speaking about being knocked up, tell me about your pregnancy.”  
  
“I’m not pregnant! That was just a stupid rumor,” said Dale.  
  
“That’s what I thought, at Jodie’s party anyway,” said Gage. “but then the faculty started discussing it, and I began to wonder.”  
  
“You’re kidding me!” said Dale.  
  
“No lie,” said Gage. “I overheard a few teacher comments yesterday.”  
  
Gage went on to explain what he had actually heard, and they all had a good laugh. Pregnant cheerleader rumors must be some of the juiciest rumors of all, they decided. They seemed to have legs.  
  
In the end the four of them did have a lot of fun talking over pizza. They all agreed on a future double date, although no specific plans were discussed.  
  
Nate enjoyed the time with Susie and Gage, but he was more than ready to enjoy some alone time with his ‘Lover’. It felt so nice to him to have the relationship stress now so completely in the past.  
  
Odd as it seemed, they didn’t talk much as they drove home together, but as the parked, Dale said, “Hey, Lover, I cleaned out a dresser drawer for you. Just in case you want to move in a little bit…leave some things at my house, clothes, toiletries, that sort of thing.”  
  
“Okay. Wow!” said Nate. “You sure are doing a good job of making a guy feel welcome today. I really missed this particular Dale. It’s so fun to have her back. She can stay.”  
  
“She will stay. She is, of course, the one and only Dale. The happy Dale who loves you so very much,” said Dale.  
  
“My, God, are you ever making me feel good,” said Nate.  
  
“You can do something for me, but, no rush since sleepover Numero Uno is at my house. Maybe you can also make a drawer available for me. I will need a place to keep my nightgowns at your house,” said Dale.  
  
“As if you’ll be wearing nightgowns,” said Nate.  
  
“Think, Nate! I’ll have to wear them. I’ve obviously thought this through a bit more than you. I won’t need to sleep in them, but they’ll be essential for getting to and from the bathroom.”  
  
“Yep, I see your point,” said Nate.  
  
“Okay, go grab what you need for sleepover Numero Uno. See you in a few. Don’t take too long. Good times ahead, right?" said Dale.  
  
“Absolutely!” said Nate.  
  
He gave her a lingering kiss, but tore himself away and dashed into his house saying, “I’ll be there in five.”  
  
When Nate knocked a few minutes later, Dale was right in the middle of showing her parents the sandbox photo. Her mother was struggling to recall why she and Mrs. Miller had not gotten their kids together for play dates on more occasions.  
  
“In retrospect, it seems like something we would have done more than we did,” she said. “You two sure played nicely, the few times that we did get together. Too bad we never did baths together. Wouldn’t bathtub pictures be wonderfully embarrassing, if we had them?”  
  
“Embarrassing, yes, but way cool!” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 202: 'Evil Dale'**

They went back to Dale’s room and went about hanging the photo up on the wall. Once that was done, they decided to watch a Flash Gordon episode. They had watched episode seven, ‘Shattering Doom’, before their breakup had halted such get-togethers, so they started at episode eight, ‘Tournament of Death’. “Sounds a little like Wheel of Death,” Dale had commented.  
  
As the episode concluded, Dale whispered in Nate’s ear, “Time for me to again say a line that you liked hearing so much that first evening together, ‘Nate, let’s go to bed.’”  
  
“Yep, that’s one of the all-time greats,” admitted Nate. “It does every bit as much for me now as it did then.”  
  
“Only this is going to be a little awkward. I mean, this is more than an hour before I usually go to bed. But I want to go to bed, so we have some playtime. But if we say ‘goodnight’ now, my parents will think that we are going to bed early because we want to have some playtime,” said Dale.  
  
“My sense is that it will be okay,” said Nate. “As long as we don’t run…like we did to Mary’s this morning. After all, I think that allowing this was your mom’s idea. She even took the initiative, as I recall. Let’s just be mature about it and say ‘goodnight’.”  
  
“Okay,” said Dale. “Race ya! Just kidding.”  
  
A few minutes later they had brushed their teeth and found themselves in Dale’s bedroom.  
  
Dale pulled off her clothes saying, “Whatcha waiting for? …naked party, under the covers.”  
  
“Dale, your doorknob doesn’t lock,” said Nate.  
  
“Don’t worry. My parents respect the bedroom door. They never just come in. I’m sure they’ll be extra careful with you here. Stop stalling! Naked party means naked – weenie and all,” said Dale, adjusting the lighting to a very low level with some battery powered tea lights.  
  
Once they were both nude and hugging under the covers, Dale said, “Nate, I had some evil plans for tonight, but I’m changing my mind. I’ve had such a wonderful day. I’m going to abandon what I was planning. I’m so happy, and I just want to focus on all that is good…today…and in the future.”  
  
“Evil plans?” asked Nate, surprised and curious.  
  
“Yeah, I was going to mistreat you a little,” said Dale.  
  
“Mistreat me?” asked Nate, his curiosity piqued.  
  
“Well, yes, but not anything that you don’t fully deserve,” said Dale. “But I’d rather let bygones be bygones.”  
  
“Are you still feeling like you need to get back at me for the Sheriff’s Office thing?” asked Nate.  
  
“Oh, no, not that. We’ve been through that more than enough, but now I just want to focus on the positive,” said Dale. “But you’re curious, aren’t you? Are you curious enough to want to know what I was going to do to you?”  
  
“Yes, I’d like to know what evil plans you had in mind,” said Nate. “You can’t say you were going to ‘mistreat’ me, and then just leave it there.”  
  
“Well, I did have a pretty diabolical plan all worked out,” said Dale. “I was going to have you strip. I’ve accomplished that, so…so far, so good. And then I was going to make you lie down on the bed spread eagle. Then I was going to tie you down. My bed doesn’t have posts, so I was going to tie a rope to one ankle, pass it under the bed, and then secure it to your other ankle. Then I was going to do the same with your wrists.”  
  
“You were going to tie me down spread eagle to your bed?” asked Nate.  
  
“Yeah, I figured you might not like it so much. After all, you’re not an exhibitionist junkie like me, but I expected that I’d somehow manage to persuade you into letting me tie you up naked like that, sunny side up. A naked girl can usually get her way, right?”  
  
“Is that the evil part?” asked Nate. “It sounds pretty evil. I’m not nearly as comfortable being naked and on display as you are.”  
  
“You wouldn’t be on display. It would have been just the two of us,” said Dale.  
  
“Exactly!” said Nate. “I’m not used to being naked in front of a girl.”  
  
“Wimp!” said Dale, with a quick laugh. “But no, that was not the evil part. Once you were tied and defenseless you would have been completely at my mercy. Only then was I going to roll out the truly diabolical part. You’ve met ‘Good Dale’ and ‘Bad Dale’, so I figured it was time to introduce you to ‘Evil Dale’. Here, look under the bed.”  
  
She turned on a light, and Nate looked under the bed. There were indeed ropes.  
  
“Look in the plastic tub, Nate,” she said. “See the scissors?”  
  
Nate looked in the tub. There were a few things, two pairs of scissors among them, one medium in size, the other quite large with serrated blades.  
  
“So, once you were all secured and completely defenseless… Did I say ‘sunny side up’? I should have said, ‘dick side up’. …I was going to get the scissors. I was going to kneel between your legs. I was going to fondle MY dick. Once I had you eating out of my hand, so to speak, I was going to remind you of the time that you were surprised that I had never heard of Lorena Bobbitt. And then I was going to examine carefully the giant pair of scissors – the ones that will cut a Lincoln penny in half – and then I was going to tell you how I had looked her up on the Internet. And I was going to tell you all I had learned about how she had cut off her husband’s dick, and then thrown it into a field from a moving car. I was going to continue to keep you hard, while playing with the scissors and making you worry.”  
  
“It sounds like you would have succeeded beyond your wildest dreams,” said Nate. “I happen to know that you do kind of have a crazy streak. Why were you going to put me through that?”  
  
As he watched, the look on her faced changed. Her pleasant impish expression disappeared, and he saw dark clouds entering her narrowing eyes. It was an angry Dale that next spoke.  
  
“Because you still don’t get it, goddam it! And it’s so f\*\*king frustrating for me! We’re a team now, goddam it! A goddam team! We can’t have any secrets or lies between us. I know this can work, but you have to want it to work, too!” said Dale, suddenly quite riled up.  
  
Nate was caught completely off guard. Dale was trying to keep her voice down, but everything indicated a great deal of vexation.  
  
“I do want it to work. I want nothing more,” said Nate, more confused than anything.  
  
“You remember last night? Before I told you about Michelle? I gave you the perfect opportunity to tell me about Alexa’s picture of my pussy, the one that Ward showed you on his phone. Goddam it! I handed you the perfect opportunity to come clean. I handed it to you on a f\*\*king silver platter – and here we are 24 hours later, and you still haven’t told me about that f\*\*king photo.  
  
“Nate, four days ago you saw a photo that was taken surreptitiously between my legs by a bitch with foul intent, and you’re apparently never going to tell me about it? I don’t get it! Over twelve hours ago we made the ultimate commitment to one another…and you still aren’t going to come clean. I REALLY don’t get it! So I was going to sit between your legs holding these big scissors and make you sweat. I was going to let you picture yourself dickless…a eunuch. What a coincidence that eunuchs came up last night, right? Pretty evil plan, huh?”  
  
Nate gulped, his eyes wide.  
  
Dale continued, “I shouldn’t have to hear about such photos from guys that I don’t know all that well. And I know you saw it, and I even know when you saw it…I happened to be watching you at that very moment. You even told me that you had seen something from Alexa, but you purposefully avoided telling me what it was.  
  
“Remember me telling you that I hadn’t enjoyed the party and wanted to forget everything about it? Do you think that having a mean drill team bitch trying to do me harm by sharing such a personal pussy photo might have had something to do with ruining my experience at that f\*\*king party? Are you really this insensitive?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 203: Making Up**

Nate gulped, “Pretty evil, but deserved, I guess.”  
  
“Nate, I had to make a difficult choice this morning. I had to choose between giving you this ‘Goddam you, Nate’ talk or the ‘I love you, Nate’ talk at the park. Damn it! Don’t do this to us! Right now, I’m very happy with the choice that I made. I’m ready to be happy. I’m ready for all our difficulties to be permanently in the past. But you again put our happy lives at risk!”  
  
Nate saw all the emotion on her face, and he knew that she was right. He couldn’t believe that he had made such a serious mistake. He simply had not given everything enough thought. He hadn’t thought much about it because he hadn’t been actively involved in anything. He hadn’t taken the photo, he hadn’t shown it to anyone, and she hadn’t been his girlfriend at the time.  
  
As a matter of fact, she had been there on a date with Tyler. Somehow that had figured in his thought process. There were a lot of girls there that night…on dates with other guys. Had the pussy photo been of them, he wouldn’t have sought them out to share the news.  
  
And, he had presumed that she wouldn’t find out about it. It was, after all, an old photo on one person’s phone. But how could he have thought that she might not find out about it?  
  
Alexa would not have shared it only with Ward. Alexa would have even sent it to Dale herself, had that been necessary to bring it to her attention, he realized. Alexa had obviously waited until that very night to start sharing the photo. Maybe it had even been tied in with whatever she had planned to do with Dale after stripping her…he wondered.  
  
Nate didn’t know what to say. He sighed and hung his head, having trouble meeting her gaze.  
  
She continued, “This morning I could have decided to focus on the negative, and gone with this talk…leaving out the scare tactics, of course. Best case…that would have delayed the ‘I love you, Nate’ talk by a week or two. Worst case…it might have ruined our chances forever. We might have both ended up going to the dance with other people. And then one of us might have ended up in a relationship. Possibly no ‘I love you, Nate’ talk…ever. The result? Possibly no more Nate and Dale…ever. Both of our futures permanently, drastically, altered.”  
  
As she stopped talking, Nate had no idea how to respond. He knew she was right, but he also knew that an apology wasn’t enough. Again, he sighed heavily.  
  
“Should I go home for the night?” he asked.  
  
“Why would you do that?” she asked.  
  
“Because you are right, and I’m sorry, but I know that being sorry is not enough. I just did not pay enough attention to the importance of that particular photo. I should have told you,” he said.  
  
“Nate, twice today I’ve chosen ‘us’. I chose ‘us’ when I went with the ‘I love you’ talk in the park this morning. And I chose ‘us’ when I abandoned my evil plans this evening. We had this talk. I did tell you what was on my mind, but you’re not tied up. There are no scissors in my hand. Your dick is safe. It was always safe. I wasn’t going to cut skin, you know that. It’s important to me that you have a fully operational dick. I have my own selfish reasons. I’m going to lose my virginity to this dick. I was just going to make you sweat a little. I DO want you here tonight, Nate. Our futures are together. That’s not changing.”  
  
She hugged him under the sheets, and after a moment continued, “I’m ready to just be happy. We’ll both make mistakes, but I think that you can try harder to make fewer mistakes. I chose the ‘I love you, Nate’ talk this morning for a reason. I decided that not telling me about the Alexa photo was not something that I wanted to make a big deal out of. It was big and it bothered me…a lot. So much, in fact, that I wanted to send you a wake-up call…one that might not be quickly forgotten.”  
  
“Ouch,” said Nate, meaning it.  
  
“Do you want to know what the next step in my evil plans were going to be?” asked Dale.  
  
“Do I?” he asked.  
  
“I was going to start cutting. Once I had you all tied up and vulnerable feeling…scared about your weenie, I was going to use the small scissors…to give you a trim. You weren’t going to end up shaved, but you were going to lose a significant amount of that bushiness. I was going to put the towel that you saw with the scissors under your butt to keep the bed clean, and I was going to exercise my property rights. What’s good for the goose, is good for the gander, right?”  
  
Nate gulped again, but then said, “You could still do that, if you’re not sending me home.”  
  
“I could?” said Dale, a considerable degree of interest evident in her voice.  
  
“Sure, why not. You did give me a little bit of warning that I might need a little trimming at some point,” said Nate. “And as a show of my trust and commitment, I’ll even let you tie me to the bed. In that way, I will be vulnerable, and you’ll have complete control over how far you take the trimming. Just as you were on the wheel, I’ll be completely at your mercy.”  
  
“You’re not scared to be tied up with me, after what I just told you? After learning how I had considered making you sweat?” asked Dale.  
  
“Of course not. I know you. You’re a gentle soul. A bit crazy at times, but never in that way. You’re just upset with me, rightly so. You have a vivid imagination, but I know you’d never hurt anyone, not me, not anyone.”  
  
“I wasn’t going to hurt you,” said Dale, angling her head sympathetically downwards.  
  
“I know. I trust you. And like I said, I’ll let you tie me up. After what you’ve said, that alone must indicate real trust,” said Nate.  
  
“Really? You’ll let me tie you up?” asked Dale excitedly.  
  
“Really,” said Nate.  
  
“Okay, let’s do it!” said Dale, giving him a cute but evil smile.  
  
“But before we do, Dale. I want to say that, I too, am ready to be happy. We can find our own ‘Happily Ever After’ together. Thanks for bringing this up. I’m not in love with the way that you brought it up, but it’s much better to talk about things than again breaking up. I like having a ‘no breakup’ commitment,” said Nate, laying down spread eagle on top of the covers so she could tie his arms and legs.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 204: The Matches Alternative**

Once he was tied, Nate found himself staring at the ceiling, He felt Dale lift up the first small clump of hair with one hand and snip it off with the other. How strange it seemed to be getting groomed by a girl.  
  
Nate looked at Dale and saw the concentration on her face as she began tackling the project at hand. A thought crossed his mind.  
  
“You know, Mads, we take group showers after football. Do what you want, but the more drastic the change, the more likely it is to get noticed,” said Nate.  
  
“Will you get teased?” she asked.  
  
“That depends, I guess, on how different it ends up looking,” he said.  
  
Dale got up, returning with a Sharpie from her desk.  
  
“In that case, I think I’ll shave you, and then I’ll write ‘Dale was here’ on MY dick,” she said. “…or maybe I’ll just sign it.”  
  
Nate groaned, “I hope you’re kidding.”  
  
“Let’s just say that I’m considering my options,” she said. “But you have no say in the matter. Other than yelling for help, there is nothing you can do. And I’m willing to bet that you aren’t ready to have my parents come running in here. You would be very embarrassed to have them see you like this.”  
  
“Yep. I would. I much prefer my role of putting you on display to being the one on display,” said Nate, returning his gaze to the ceiling. “This is reminding me of how you told me up a Windy Ridge, that ‘secrets are overrated’. Somehow having you sitting between my legs like this is making me feel like I no longer have any secrets.”  
  
“Yep. Secrets are overrated!” said Dale, confirming that she was in fact listening, even though her attention was clearly focused on her pubic hair trimming project.  
  
She continued, “…especially secrets involving Alexa. The pussy picture itself might not normally bother me that much, except for the Alexa element, and you not telling me about it…as if you were conspiring with ‘that woman’.”  
  
“That woman?” asked Nate.  
  
“Yes, ‘that woman’…Alexa,” said Dale. “Secrets are overrated. Especially secrets involving other women…women like Kelly or Alexa…the nipple winch twins.”  
  
Nate gulped, having gained some insight into her thought process, as Dale concentrated on the project at hand.  
  
Nate lay there marveling at his predicament. He’d loved the idea of a sleepover, but in his mind’s eye he had never imagined himself tied down nude like this, a naked Dale working away with a pair of scissors down below around what guys typically refer to as their ‘junk’.  
  
He knew she was being careful, but the sensations of having his nutsack pulled this way and that, and then the ‘snip’ sounds…it was all quite new and disconcerting. He’d also feel the scissors touch him now and then, and there were also the sensations of having his hair pulled, as she singled out clumps to cut off.  
  
“Oops,” she said suddenly.  
  
“You’re not supposed to say ‘oops’ while you are working with scissors around a guy’s junk, Dale.” At least I know I would have felt it had it been a serious oops.”  
  
“Well, I’m just having trouble making it look even,” she said. “I decide that one side is shorter, so then I trim more from the other side, trying to get both sides to match. And I go back and forth. It just keeps getting shorter and shorter. I guess I had better quit before I have to just give up altogether and get a razor.”  
  
“I know I probably don’t have a vote, but stopping sooner rather than later sounds good to me,” said Nate.  
  
“The good news is that I spiffed you up rather nicely,” said Dale. “Your appearance is much improved. But the bad news is that the change is pretty dang noticeable. I think you are going to be the talk of the school this coming week,” said Dale. “I could guarantee that you know. I could snap a photo and send it to Jodie.”  
  
“I know you’re joking,” said Nate, trying to sound confident while hoping that she was indeed joking.  
  
“Yeah, I won’t do that,” said Dale. You have enough to worry about given the shower situation in the boy’s locker room.”  
  
“If anyone asks, I’ll just tell them that you did it. They’ll all be so jealous,” said Nate, knowing that truer words had never been spoken.  
  
Since Dale was done cutting, she did a little clean up.  
  
“I brought a lint roller to try and get the small stuff,” she said.  
  
Nate looked down and saw that she was indeed peeling a layer off of a lint roller.  
  
As she started to use it on him, he said, “Hmm…that feels a bit like I have a girl working me over with a lint roller. I sure get to experience a lot of firsts with you, don’t I?”  
  
Holding his dick in one hand and rolling all around it with the other, she looked up at him and smiled. When she was satisfied, she got up and turned off the one bright light that had been on.  
  
“Are you ready to untie me now, Lover?” he asked.  
  
“I think there is going to be a bit of a delay on that,” said Dale. “My original plans didn’t end with the trim. So I’m kind of thinking that you stay tied up for a while. But don’t worry. I’m having fun.”  
  
“You’re saying that just to make me worry,” said Nate.  
  
“Actually, you do have reason to be concerned. But it doesn’t seem like you are complaining. The stiffy-meter is still telling me that you are enjoying yourself,” said Dale, sitting back down between his legs and extending hers over the top of his.  
  
“I think it simply is a Naked Mads proximity meter,” said Nate. “It just seems to read one hundred whenever you are around. My theory is that it has a Darwinian sense of purpose.”  
  
Seeming to be considering Nate’s comment, Dale grasped Nate’s dick between her thumb and forefinger and started studying it intently.  
  
“It’s November. That means that Halloween came and went without me having an Ika experience. In the back of my mind, I always thought that you’d cook something up that involved me covering my body in charcoal and ash, and then making an appearance as Ika…somehow, somewhere,” said Dale, still studying the dick in her hand in great detail, turning it this way and that.  
  
“I wanted to,” said Nate, struggling a bit to talk given that his dick was in her hand. “It could have been done at Disturbia, but they were really focused on finding a girl for the Wheel of Death. And frankly, that sounded so cool that I didn’t push the Ika concept.”  
  
“Well, I was thinking of doing my Ika imitation right now,” said Dale. “No makeup, just acting.”  
  
“While I’m still tied up?” asked Nate.  
  
“Yep, what could be better? You can take part. You can be an important prop in my skit…or at least your woody can,” said Dale. “Do you remember what Ika taught the other caveman tribe when she came to live with them?”  
  
“How to laugh?” guessed Nate.  
  
“Yes, but something else,” said Dale.  
  
“How to make fire?” asked Nate.  
  
“Bingo! Lying here like this, you look a lot like the equipment she used,” said Dale. “Hey, don’t look so worried. I did warn you…that I might be enjoying myself by overcorrecting.”  
  
Dale got up and put a pillow under his head.  
  
“Trying to make it easier for you to watch the Ika show,” she said.  
  
She returned to her seated position between his legs, her legs again passing over his. She allowed her legs to fall open such that her knees were resting on top of his knees. She brought the soles of her feet in and pressed them gently against his sides, her heels at his hips. It felt as if she were hugging him with her feet in that position…holding her ‘equipment’ in place…just as Ika had done.  
  
She sat bolt upright, seemingly thinking about her position, deciding if it was just right. Holding his erect ‘woody’ between both of her palms, she looked up and smiled at him.  
  
To Nate it was quite an erotic sight. A naked Dale, bathed in soft light, sitting there between his thighs, her athletic posture supporting her proud little titties, each highlighted by the two little jewels, one on each side of its respective nipple. From his perspective, her pussy was completely hidden behind his dick which she was holding gently between her palms.  
  
“So, I think I left just enough tinder around the base of my wooden stick here,” said Dale, rolling a little bit of his remaining pubic hair between her thumb and fingers, acting as if she were piling it up around the base of his dick.  
  
Next she clapped her hands together, a palm on each side of his erect ‘woody’.  
  
The impact didn’t hurt, but it surprised Nate.  
  
With just a little bit of slow back and forth movement of her hands, she looked up into Nate’s eyes, and said, “The skin sure slides around on this thing a lot. Now I think we’re ready to see if Ika can get a fire started.”  
  
Seeing the concerned look on his face she said, “Don’t worry. I’ve done my homework. I understand these things like just about anything us girls can throw at them. Everything I read seemed to say, the rougher the better!” She gave him an evil smile as she said that, actually trying to make him worry.  
  
Nate gulped.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 205: The Ika Performance**

As he watched, Dale started a steady back and forth sawing motion with her hands, sliding his skin around and twisting his dick on its vertical axis. She kept it perfectly upright, as she continued the motion.  
  
She leaned forward tilting her head to the side and, puckering her lips, she blew gently into the ‘tinder’ at the base of her ‘fire stick’. Gradually she increased the speed and the pressure.  
  
As Nate enjoyed the exciting sensations, the twisting and the friction of her palms sliding against his skin, he noticed that she was taking her Ika role very seriously. Just as Ika had done, she would shift her hands right up to the top, to the head of his dick, and then via her intensive back and forth motion, she would work them down his shaft until they were threatening to scatter the tinder, at which point she would shift them back up to the other end of her wooden tool.  
  
Periodically she would lean in and blow gently, without stopping the sawing, twisting motion. Gradually she increased both the speed and the level of friction.  
  
Nate watched intently, enjoying the many sensations tremendously. He especially liked how she looked like a woman intent on starting a fire, not a woman giving a creative hand job. Her eyes were focused on the spot where the shaft and the tinder came together, watching intently for a little curl of smoke that would indicate that her efforts were succeeding.  
  
He saw her break character, but just for a second. Glancing up at him, she smiled and winked, but then instantly she returned to playing Ika, intent on succeeding at getting her fire started, working the stick, blowing gently on the tinder.  
  
Nate had worried that she might twist or rub too hard, but she seemed to have a good sense for where the line between pleasure and pain might be. She wasn’t being too gentle, that was for sure. She was indeed working him hard. Her hands moving back and forth were a blur of motion.  
  
His skin had warmed up significantly. It felt pleasurably hot actually. He knew that she would ultimately be quite successful as she worked and worked and worked. It wasn’t too long before he felt the pressure building and he knew that the sparks would not be too far behind.  
  
Dale saw the smoke, or sensed it anyway. She also realized that the sparks wouldn’t be too far behind, and intensified her efforts. She poured even more horsepower into the hard tool she was working over between her palms. She was a little concerned about rubbing him raw, but the look on his face didn’t indicate that she was actually injuring him. It did look like an expression of pain, however, but a sort of joyful pain, if there was such a thing.  
  
She felt Nate’s whole body stiffen as his hips seemed to rise off of the bed. Just as she felt the first powerful jerk of his member, she capped it with her right hand, making a tight fist around the head. Lower down she gripped his shaft solidly with her left hand, squeezing it tightly.  
  
Nate grunted, the spasms rocking him as he began pumping his load into her hand. Dale held on tight, but the volume was such that some forced its way out between her fingers. She held on, squeezing, feeling proud as she contemplated her success, watching the expressions on Nate’s face, mixtures of intensive pleasure and pain.  
  
As the spasms started to subside, she reached behind her with her left hand, finding the towel she had placed there. With it she covered the hand still tightly gripping the head of his dick.  
  
With the eruption fairly well contained, she started wiping up what was running down into the sparse hair just below. She relaxed her grip on the head, and wiped her hand on the towel.  
  
“I guess Ika didn’t do too badly at her first effort of getting a fire going,” said Dale. “Maybe I really am the match. I certainly can make an explosion.”  
  
Regaining consciousness, Nate said, “I like Ika.” He started to relax a little as he mulled over her match joke. “Yep, I’ll grant you that. You’re the match.”  
  
“I am?” she asked.  
  
“You most certainly are,” said Nate. And Ika has her way with fire as well. I really like Ika!”  
  
“Oh you do, do you?” said Dale. “So you like Ika?”  
  
“Ika’s my friend!” said Nate, wishing he could hug her.  
  
“Ika can stay?” asked Dale.  
  
“Ika better stay,” said Nate. “And Ika should untie me so that I can return the favor.”  
  
“Oh, I think you need to stay tied up,” said Dale. “After a short breather, I think we need to get that fire going again. Someone I know put it out….I didn’t get all the you know what caught in time.”  
  
“Oh, I hope you’re kidding,” said Nate, seriously worrying that she wasn’t.  
  
“Me kidding? I did warn you about how I might be overcorrecting,” said Dale.  
  
“I think you’ve already accomplished that goal,” said Nate. “In my entire life I have cum exactly three times in a woman’s hands, and all have occurred today, all in the last twelve hours.”  
  
“Nate, is there a term for the opposite of ‘blue balls’?” asked Dale.  
  
“Rubbed raw, maybe?” said Nate.  
  
“Well, if you’re sure I can’t talk you into another explosion, then maybe I’ll untie you,” said Dale. “But let’s just snuggle now, if you don’t mind. I’ve never before told a man that I would spend my life with him. I’ve never before had a man agree to spend his life with me. Frankly, I’d like to bask in the moment. This is the day that we will celebrate anniversaries of for the rest of our lives. Let’s end it on a joyful, somewhat platonic note, if that is at all possible after what I’ve just done to you. I just want to cuddle as close to this man and enjoy his warmth, while his dick worries about what the future might hold.”  
  
“I so very much love you, Dale. I would absolutely love to hold you in my arms right now,” said Nate.  
  
As Dale went about untying him, Nate thought about his concerns of the night before. It seemed hard to believe that he had really been worrying that she might not have an interest in ‘male genitalia’. ‘What a difference one day can make,’ he thought. Now he probably needed to be worrying that the opposite might be the case.  
  
They held each other tight and fell asleep happy…very happy. November fourth…just another day on the calendar…but it had been the most significant day of their lives.  
  
Nate had been dreaming, but as he woke up, whatever he had been dreaming about was instantly forgotten. He found himself in a reality much better than any dream. He was looking up at Dale’s ceiling light. Things in the room were visible because a little bit of light was coming in the window.  
  
He glanced down at Dale, her cheek on his chest. She was on her side, snuggling against him. Their eyes met, and he saw the corners of her mouth turn up just slightly.  
  
“Hi,” she said so softly that it was almost not audible.  
  
“Hi,” he replied at a similarly low volume.  
  
“Sleep okay?” she asked.  
  
“Yep, and waking up happy,” he said. “You?”  
  
“I’m good. Real good. First day of the rest of our lives, right?” said Dale.  
  
“Did we really commit ourselves to spending our lives together?” asked Nate.  
  
“Yep, no backing out,” said Dale.  
  
“Who wants to back out?” said Nate. “Not me.”  
  
“I know I don’t,” said Dale. “Can’t anyway. What’s done is done.” After a pause, she continued. “Nate, what’s with the pajama bottoms?”  
  
“I’m not used to sleeping nude like you,” said Nate. “I put them on in the middle of the night to use the restroom, and then didn’t take them back off. Is that okay?”  
  
“Of course. I’m only asking because I went to sleep with a naked man and woke up with a less naked man. You need to be comfortable,” said Dale.  
  
“Don’t get me wrong,” said Nate. “Being nude around you is nice. It’s just not how I usually sleep.”  
  
“Can we go to Aunt Mary’s this morning, Nate?” asked Dale.  
  
“Sure,” said Nate. “But I need to spend most of the day studying.”  
  
“Me too,” said Dale. “We’re still doing the day trip to visit State tomorrow, right?”  
  
“Yep, we need to go,” said Nate. “Everything’s set up, and the college application deadlines are coming right up.”  
  
“Good,” said Dale. “We could take our books with us this morning. Mary’s is a comfortable place to study. I’ve gotten into the habit of doing a lot of my studying there this past few weeks.”  
  
“Were you hiding from me over there?” asked Nate.  
  
“Please don’t ask me that,” said Dale. “It’s just how it happened.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 206: Visiting Mary**

“Okay, let’s go to Mary’s. I’m fine with studying there,” said Nate. “I’m thinking it might be best if I go home to shower. I’d much prefer showering together. It would be very fun to soap you up, but I don’t want to push the sleepover thing. I don’t want it to get awkward.”  
  
“After my bubble bath, the idea of being soaped up sounds fun. As long as you realize that I get to return the favor,” said Dale, reaching down and gently laying her hand on his pajama covered dick.  
  
“You’re talking my language. After that backrub, I know how nice your touch feels,” said Nate.  
  
“I’ve been thinking about the sleepovers,” said Dale. “I don’t want them to get awkward either…for our parents. I’m thinking we shouldn’t overdo it. They’re treating us like adults, so I vote we behave like adults. Nothing would be worse than if they were to decide that they needed to make rules…restrictions, limitations, that sort of thing.”  
  
“Okay,” said Nate. “What are you thinking?”  
  
“Well,” said Dale. “I’d like to be together every night, but I think we should spend school nights in our own beds. Maybe limit sleepovers to one night a weekend.”  
  
“Okay,” said Nate. “I won’t want to, but okay. That will surely look better from our parents’ perspective. It’s pretty cool to not have to limit sleeping together to out of town trips, and it’s great to be able to go in and out of the front door.”  
  
“Right!” said Dale. “I’ve heard stories from friends about climbing in and out of windows. I think it’s so cool that my mom’s so open minded. I never would have expected that.”  
  
“Yep, your mom’s great,” said Nate.  
  
“It’s so nice lying here in your arms. I don’t really want to get up,” said Dale. “Nate?”  
  
“Yes?” said Nate.  
  
“I love you,” said Dale, pressing her cheek even more firmly against his chest.  
  
“Oh, Mads,” said Nate. “Music to my ears. I love you, too.”  
  
They both just held each other, enjoying the happiness in their respective hearts.  
  
“Okay, let’s get going and get our showers,” said Dale finally.  
  
They both got up, and Nate dressed. He couldn’t help but admire Dale’s lovely body as it disappeared inside of her white robe, the very same one she had worn to her flagpole date.  
  
Dale walked Nate to the front door and kissed him goodbye.  
  
A little over an hour later, they parked in front of Mary’s house.  
  
“Does she know we’re coming?” asked Nate.  
  
“I didn’t warn her,” said Dale. “She’ll be here. I know her schedule pretty well now.”  
  
They knocked and Mary opened the door.  
  
“Well, good morning kids,” said Mary. “My, what nice jackets!” With her right hand, she made an ‘ok’ sign, holding it at her side where only Nate could see it. He smiled and nodded discretely.  
  
“They were a present from Nate,” said Dale, oblivious to the silent communication. “Aren’t they nice!”  
  
“I love them,” said Mary. “The color looks great on both of you. Come in, come in!”  
  
Once they were inside, Mary continued, “So, last time I saw the two of you, one of you was naked and had steam coming out her ears.”  
  
“We’re getting along much better now,” said Nate.  
  
“I can see that. I’m so very happy to see that,” said Mary.  
  
“Oh, Aunt Mary,” said Dale, launching herself at Mary and throwing her arms around her neck, her eyes filling with tears. “You were right. You were so right!”  
  
“Of course I was right!” said Mary. “What was I right about?”  
  
“I’m happy,” said Dale. “I’m so much happier! Why didn’t I listen to you?”  
  
Dale had a death grip around her slightly shorter aunt’s neck. It was a very emotional moment.  
  
“There, there, Dale,” said Mary, patting her head gently. “I guess you were too close to the problem. What was obvious to me, just wasn’t obvious to you.”  
  
“I’m so happy, Mary,” said Dale, her emotions welling up inside of her and pouring forth in the form of her death grip like hug.  
  
“Well, you should be,” said Mary. “Nate’s a great guy.”  
  
Dale let go of Mary, and grabbed Nate, hugging him just as tightly.  
  
“You’re a great guy, Nate,” she said, her face buried against his chest.  
  
“You both have a lot to be happy about,” said Mary.  
  
“I have a lot to be happy about, Mary,” said Dale, tears of happiness in her eyes.  
  
Dale switched back to hugging Mary, saying, “I’m sorry I was so stubborn. Why do I have to be so stubborn?”  
  
“You are one stubborn girl, that’s for sure,” said Mary, shaking her head.  
  
“I’m happy, Mary,” said Dale.  
  
“You already said that,” said Mary. “You were happy before. I knew you could be happy again. You were just a little hard to convince.”  
  
After Mary felt Dale’s hug relax a little she continued, “Have a seat. Tell me everything. Not everything. Tell me the PG version.”  
  
Nate noticed that the coffee table was still to the side, so he and Dale quickly put it back, and then the three of them sat down.  
  
They took turns telling Mary about ‘date night’. They told her about their French dinner. They left out the post dinner confessions. They told her about the Indian Leg Wrestling, omitting all mention of state of dress, as if Mary could have had any doubt given that she had taken her clothes. Mary loved the idea of the sandbox photo and said she couldn’t wait to see it. She also got to hear all about the backrub, the movie and the bath.  
  
“No wonder you fell in love with the boy all over again,” said Mary. “Indian Leg Wrestling, and a bath bomb. The direct route to any woman’s heart.”  
  
They all laughed.  
  
She continued, “The important part is that you each found your special someone. A great many people, unfortunately, go through life without meeting that person. I’ve always thought that my special guy was out there…I just never figured out how to meet him.”  
  
“Mark?” asked Dale.  
  
“Not at all what you two have,” indicated Mary with a sigh.  
  
They continued to talk for a while, but eventually did get around to studying. They studied at the table where they had shared their candlelight French dinner.  
  
That evening, they both managed, very reluctantly, to say goodnight and sleep in their own beds. They had spent the lion share of the past forty-eight hours together.  
  
Monday morning they got up before their usual times, stopping by school before leaving town. It was very chilly and they were both wearing their matching blue jackets. While Dale handed in an English paper that was due that day, Nate stopped in the attendance office to drop off their parental permission slips.  
  
Well before the start of first period, they headed out of town for the two hour drive south to visit the second largest university in the state. The school everyone always referred to simply as, ‘State’.  
  
As Nate merged onto the freeway, he said, “Okay Dale, I think you should take off your pants.”  
  
Looking at him glaringly, she said, “Excuse me? Is that really the tone you want to set for this drive? In case you’ve forgotten, Buster, you’re not in charge of my nudity!”  
  
“Dale, do you know how I know that you still have some recovering to do?” said Nate. “Before our breakup, you didn’t get your hackles up so easily. But ever since, you do. Even at Mary’s, even after you’d calmed down from the initial shock…little things were still setting you off. Like accusing me of trying to buy your love, simply because I had found a special photo that I wanted to share, and had wrapped it up for a nice presentation.”  
  
“You’re probably right, Lover,” said Dale, obviously making an effort. “I guess I do need to figure out how to give you the benefit of the doubt. I so very much want harmony. You must realize that you don’t make it easy when you command me to strip.”  
  
“What I said was, ‘I think you should take off your pants.’ That’s an opinion, not a command,” said Nate. “’Stuff we figure out together,’ you said. That’s what I want to do, and please don’t tell me again about how you gave up nudity,”  
  
“Why not?” asked Dale, her voice still sounding a little confrontational.  
  
“I’m not wanting to try and win an argument, but for the sake of discussion, you gave up two things, nudity and me,” said Nate. “Now, I’m not complaining, but you didn’t do that well at giving up either one.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 207: Gaining an Understanding**

“And I’m not supposed to get my hackles up?” said Dale. “It sure seems like you are getting in my face this morning. Just because I’ll never break up with you doesn’t mean that I can’t be unhappy or be mad at you.”  
  
“I’m not trying to make you unhappy or mad. On the contrary, I’d like to make you very happy. The happiest woman on the planet,” said Nate. “I just think we need to be realistic about nudity. We have a little time to talk, so we should. I’ve been waiting until this drive to initiate this discussion. I happen to think that the pussy needs some fresh air.”  
  
“And I happen to think that you need to ease into this a bit,” said Dale. “Long term, maybe, but not now.”  
  
“It’s not that long of a drive,” said Nate. “If there is anything we learned these past few weeks, it is that you will be naked. We both like it when you are naked. You especially seem happier when you are naked. The trick does not lie in avoiding nudity. The trick lies in managing it. Stuff we figure out together, remember.”  
  
“Okay, I’m listening,” said Dale. “But you can’t be in charge of my nudity.”  
  
“Frankly, I have to be,” said Nate.  
  
“Let’s not reach an impasse this soon,” said Dale.  
  
“I agree. The last thing I want is an impasse. I think we decide together how we are going to handle your nudity, and then when it happens, we follow the rules that we’ve both agreed to.”  
  
“Okay, I’m listening,” said Dale, somewhat reluctantly.  
  
“Thank you, and I love you. That’s why I’d like to have a better plan in place before we are again dealing with nudity, unexpected or otherwise,” said Nate.  
  
“But I’m NOT going back to, ‘say the word, and all of these clothes are off’,” said Dale.  
  
“Let’s leave that issue for now,” said Nate.  
  
“Here’s how I see it. We’ve hitched our wagons together. Your future is my future; my future is your future. Now there is only ‘our future’. I don’t want a mishap. Swearing off of nudity doesn’t work. This is a safe time for you to be bottomless. Take off your pants and panties. Not because I’m telling you, but because you want to and because I think that it is safe.”  
  
Nate looked at Dale. He could tell that she was thinking it over. After a few moments, she turned her head, looking in every direction. Deciding that the coast was clear, she kicked off her shoes and unsnapped her jeans. She slid her pants down and off. Folding them, she placed them on the seat next to her. A moment later she placed her plain white thong on top.  
  
“Should I take off my jacket and unbutton my shirt?” she asked, looking over at him.  
  
“I’d like it if you did,” he said, turning up the heat in the car. It was a frosty morning. “And do that thing where the bra comes out a sleeve.”  
  
After a quick glance out the rear window, she removed her jacket and started unbuttoning her shirt. Once it was all the way unbuttoned, she unhooked her bra and pulled it out through a sleeve.  
  
Nate looked over and saw that she was sitting there wearing just the shirt. It was open, but just slightly, meaning that she would look essentially dressed to passing cars or trucks.  
  
“Are you comfortable?” he asked.  
  
“Yes,” said Dale.  
  
“Had you planned to ride like this today?” he asked.  
  
“No,” said Dale.  
  
“Are you okay with it? You don’t feel pressured, do you?” he asked.  
  
“No, I’m fine,” she said. “Let’s keep talking.”  
  
Nate was very glad that she wanted to keep talking. To him it meant that she too understood the need to get things figured out.  
  
“Well, what I’d like to avoid is another situation similar to what happened in Eatonville or in Prospect on Halloween. I need to be in a better position to protect you. Part of that, I feel, is taking advantage of safe times for nudity – like right now. I think you’d like your shirt open. I’d like you to keep it on your shoulders, but I think we’d both like it if the tits came out.”  
  
Dale reached over to Nate. She took his hand, pulling it toward her. She kissed the back of his hand, and then opened her shirt wide.  
  
“Thank you,” she said.  
  
“What does that mean, specifically,” asked Nate.  
  
It was very important to him to gain as much of an understanding of Dale as possible. He had lots of information based on watching her, but the big piece of the puzzle that he was missing was a better understanding of what she was thinking about while nude. He had spent so much time trying to figure out what exactly was going on in her thoughts as she ran through Prospect on Halloween, for example.  
  
“Just thank you,” said Dale. “I like you.”  
  
After studying her, Nate replied, “I’ve spent the last few weeks doing a lot of thinking. I’ve learned so much from our various adventures these past months. I’ve learned about you. I’ve learned about myself. I’ve done some things wrong. I’ve done some things right. I’m confident that I now know how to avoid mistakes, at least the big mistakes.”  
  
“I’m not so sure,” said Dale. “Just being honest.”  
  
“Well, one thing I am sure about is that YOU are not able to avoid mistakes, left to your own devices. In all due respect, you, my Dear, are a disaster waiting to happen. The amazing thing is that the disaster didn’t happen already,” said Nate.  
  
“But…” said Dale, but her protest was weak and fell away.  
  
“But what?” asked Nate.  
  
“I guess you’re right,” said Dale, resignedly. “As a matter of fact, I know you’re right.” As she spoke, she tucked one of her cheeks down against a slightly raised collarbone, acting ashamed.  
  
“I’m so glad to know that we have a little common ground for this discussion,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, we do,” said Dale. “It’s a bit hard to admit, but I know I’ve been lucky. That’s all that’s saved me. And my Knight, but you were part of my good luck. I have done some pretty stupid things. Very stupid things, actually.”  
  
“If you don’t mind,” said Nate. “Let’s talk about that. I watched you take off the lingerie in the Fiji house, and I watched you run into danger on Halloween in Prospect. So I know how that looks, but to participate in finding a solution, I need to know more about such instances from your perspective.”  
  
“Well, I’ll try, but don’t be expecting much,” said Dale.  
  
“What do you mean?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, if you are expecting to uncover a well-reasoned decision making process, then you’ll be disappointed,” said Dale. “I guess I get impulsive.”  
  
“Well, let’s talk about the Wheel first, if you don’t mind,” said Nate. “You promised me you’d keep everything on, and then everything came off. You did exactly the opposite of what you said you’d do.”  
  
“I know. I intended to keep the lingerie on, I really did. I’m so sorry I broke my promise,” said Dale.  
  
“I’m not looking for an apology. I’m looking for understanding,” said Nate. “We’re on the same team, remember? I’d just like to learn what is going on in your head at such times.”  
  
“Okay, but I DID plan to keep it all on. I want you to believe me. I didn’t lie to you. I didn’t lie then, and I’m not lying now.”  
  
“I’m not accusing you of lying,” said Nate.  
  
“Prior to that evening I had been forcing myself to not even think about taking anything off. Do you think I screwed up by blocking it out of my head beforehand?” asked Dale.  
  
“I don’t know. Do you think you screwed up in that regard? It’s probably more important what you think,” said Nate.  
  
“I really don’t know,” said Dale. “I just decided to keep everything on, but then once I started thinking about the bra…I guess…I just figured out how to rationalize taking it off. And then with the thong. I wasn’t going to take it off either...I really wasn’t. But then it was time to get strapped back on for the last time. There was this ‘now or never’ feeling. It was impulsive, I know. I guess I’m not very good with ‘now or never’. After taking off the bra there had been cheering. I felt such an incredible rush of excitement. I wanted more! It made little sense, but in the moment, I wanted more! I wanted to ‘Super-Size’ the experience.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 208: Dale Explains**

“But what I have had so much trouble understanding is how this can happen. I mean you are not impulsive. You always have so much self-control. If you decide to do something, you commit yourself to it and you accomplish it,” said Nate. “Your stubborn nature…is so very you. It’s what you are made of. But you tell me you give in to impulses. That seems so not you.”  
  
“I’ve actually thought about this…a lot. And I have come to a conclusion. If you want to hear it, I’ll tell you. But again, it doesn’t make all that much sense,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, I of course want to hear it,” said Nate.  
  
“I consider myself very motivated, very driven. I want the most out of life. I do! Like if I’m going to be in Spanish class for two years to fulfill a graduation requirement, for example, I want to end up speaking Spanish, at least a little. Why not? What would the point be otherwise? I have to put in the time, it might as well be time well spent. So I commit myself stubbornly to things,” said Dale.  
  
“That’s the part I understand,” said Nate. “That describes you exactly.”  
  
“Okay, but now the Wheel. I decided in advance to keep myself decent. And that is based on an important goal of staying safe,” said Dale.  
  
“I’m following you,” said Nate.  
  
“And then I was on the Wheel, feeling all the lust filled eyes upon me,” said Dale. “And then it becomes like the Spanish class example. So, seemingly on a whim, I strip.”  
  
“You lost me,” said Nate.  
  
“If I have to be in class, I want to get as much out of it as possible. If I’m on the Wheel, then I want it to be time well spent. I want to get as much out of it as possible. I want the full experience. I want the extreme experience,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, now that sounds like you,” said Nate.  
  
“I guess it is sort of like conflicting goals. I see the look in guys’ eyes, the look of desire. I feel a powerful rush…a rush or power. Compared to my thoughts when I’m in the moment, the goal of staying safe seems like a distant, long-term, far-away thing. The overwhelming need to have the full experience pushes that goal to the back of my mind. But that is just the logical way I’ve come up with to explain what I think the truth really is,” said Dale.  
  
“Which is?” asked Nate.  
  
“My emotions take over. It’s fun and exciting. I act on impulse because I do what I want to do, not what I should do. I surrender to my urges and ignore all rational thoughts,” said Dale.  
  
“It sounds like you actually have two good explanations for the same inexplicable behavior,” said Nate.  
  
“Good explanations? I doubt that. But it’s not like I haven’t thought about this. I actually think about it a lot. And probably for the same reason that you have been thinking about it,” said Dale.  
  
“Which is?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, I think that if I understand it, then I might be able to control it,” said Dale.  
  
“Have you thought of a way to control it?” asked Nate.  
  
“What does it look like?” said Dale, rhetorically. “I do have a strategy, and I have been attempting to employ my strategy.”  
  
“So what is your strategy?” asked Nate.  
  
“I try even harder to keep my promises to myself. I put emphasis on them. I try to be even more stubborn. But so far it’s been a failure. But I need to keep trying. I find ways to get around things…ways to do what I want,” said Dale. “The emotions win out. I’ve got a recent example for you. I decided you’d never again be my boyfriend. And I kept that promise to myself. You’re not my boyfriend; you’re my lover. So my heart won out, and I justified it via a lame semantic work-around.”  
  
“I pretty much had that all figured out,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m not surprised. I’m sure it was pretty obvious,” said Dale.  
  
“So can I consider myself your boyfriend?” asked Nate.  
  
“Why?” asked Dale. “You are so much more, aren’t you?”  
  
“I like that response,” said Nate. “I want to be more. I like being more. I want it to be forever.”  
  
“Good. It is,” said Dale confidently. “And I love you. And I appreciate that you care enough about me to try and understand me. I really do. It says a lot. I know I’m pretty weird.”  
  
“Well, I love you…so very much. But I have more questions,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, I’ll have more answers, but again, they aren’t going to be very good answers,” said Dale.  
  
“Now I want to ask you about handing out the candy. You know, at Carly’s house. You gave some trick-or-treaters some amazing experiences. You put on an awesome show…using that tight little body of yours for everything it was worth. What was going through your head while you were doing that?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, this isn’t much different from the Wheel, but there is an aspect that I didn’t mention because it is embarrassing to talk about,” said Dale.  
  
Seeing Dale picking up her pants from the seat between them, Nate asked, “Dale, what are you doing?”  
  
“I don’t really want to explain. I just think it would be a good idea if I’m sitting on something if we are going to keep talking about this stuff,” said Dale.  
  
As Nate watched, she slid the folded pants between her bottom and the car seat.  
  
Dale continued, “You’ve probably seen it. It’s quite embarrassing, but I think the car seat might have a spot, right where I usually sit. I should have been more careful.”  
  
“It doesn’t matter. It’s an old car,” said Nate. “I actually like it. You’ll think I’m weird, but I decided that before the car goes to the junk yard, I’m going to cut a square piece of cloth out of the middle of that seat. And then maybe I’ll frame it.”  
  
“You are so weird!” said Dale. “Don’t do that! The questions would be too awkward.”  
  
“I might not have been so weird until you came along and inspired me,” said Nate. “But back to the candy. You were about to tell me an embarrassing aspect.”  
  
“Right…okay… I’ll try to explain. But don’t expect it to make much sense. I guess I’m not like other girls, right?” asked Dale.  
  
“No, you’re not,” said Nate. “But I don’t know all that much about so-called ‘normal’ girls.  
  
“Okay then, I told you about Michelle and about how the fun part for me was the nudity. And I told you about my inability to have an O the way that other girls supposedly can. For me the closest I got was via exhibitionism. Running around the golf course was exciting. But it was more exciting when I was not alone. Running around with you or with Michelle was way more fun. But there is certainly a step up from there. Being seen, being watched. I started to discover and learn about that during our first weekend…in the fire lookout,” said Dale.  
  
“Are you saying that the closest that you came to an orgasm was via exhibitionism?” asked Nate.  
  
“You knew that. Don’t act so surprised,” said Dale.  
  
“I don’t know that I knew that,” said Nate.  
  
“You know how wet I was just before the hula hoop show. You helped me with that. You dried me off. Surely you can put two and two together,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, I knew that you were quite aroused. I guess that I assumed, until you told me otherwise anyway, that you were having orgasms, ‘by your own hand’, so to speak,” said Nate.  
  
“Nope. Not me,” said Dale. “It was during moments of exhibitionism – like when there was an audience – that I’d feel the most tingly. I’d be really wet, and I’d start to feel all these warm thrilling tickle like sensations. Kind of like sparklers going off down inside of my pelvic area.”  
  
“Fireworks?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, I don’t know how to describe it,” said Dale. “It’s sort of centered around my pussy, but more inside…just that general area.”  
  
“So being seen naked gets you hot and bothered?” asked Nate with a smile.  
  
“Don’t make fun of me!” said Dale. “It’s hard to explain. But you asked, so…I guess…yes. Not so much when I’m running around scared and such. More when I’m on display. Especially when my pussy is being looked at…studied, so to speak.”  
  
“So are you telling me that you put on the little shows for the trick-or-treaters because you were trying to have an orgasm? That’s not what you are telling me, right?” asked Nate.  
  
“No, not that. But I do things like that because it’s exciting. Sometimes it makes me feel tingly down there. It’s a nice feeling. Do I have to be embarrassed now? I wish I wouldn’t have told you this,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 209: Dale Explains, continued**

“I’m glad you told me this. It’s fun. Remember, I’m male. I like hearing about tingly sensations in your pussy. But besides that, I’m trying to get a better understanding. We need a better system. We have to combine our knowledge to find that better system, right?” said Nate.  
  
“I guess,” admitted Dale, somewhat meekly.  
  
“Stuff we figure out together, right?” After a pause he continued, “Here’s something I’ve wondered about. Is it a power trip for you? While you were handing out the candy, figuratively speaking, you had them all eating out of your hand. Is the power that a nude girl must wield over her audience part of this for you? Do you think about that?”  
  
“Power to do what?” asked Dale, not sounding like she understood the question.  
  
“So you don’t feel like you are in control?” asked Nate.  
  
“I haven’t really thought about that,” said Dale. “My first thought is that for me it has always been about risk, not power. Not about being in control; more about lack of control. For some reason, I love to worry…at least in retrospect…not always in the moment.”  
  
“That makes sense to me,” said Nate. “You seem to like to flirt with disaster.”  
  
“I guess that’s true,” said Dale. “It doesn’t make any sense, but I feel so very alive when I’m miles from my clothes and in a very bad predicament. I don’t want to get caught, but it is so very invigorating to be essentially on the verge of ruin.”  
  
“You know, forgive me for bringing it up,” said Nate, “but it is talk like that that made me think that you would end up liking the sheriff experience.”  
  
“I know. I know you did that because you thought that I might like it. You would never do that to a ‘normal’ girl,” said Dale. “It was terrifying. In retrospect, the best part was when I was shivering under the newspapers. That was the best part, because it was the worst part…that moment of being on the verge of being caught. The newspapers being taken off one by one. If only that particular moment could have gone on and on.”  
  
“Why that moment?” asked Nate, trying hard to gain an understanding.  
  
“I guess because there was still a sliver of hope remaining,” said Dale. “Once I was actually caught, then it was all over. Oddly, I felt a sense of relief. I felt a little at peace after I was caught.”  
  
“Why might that have been?” asked Nate, suddenly realizing that this was the first time they had talked objectively about that experience.  
  
“I guess because the uncertainty was gone,” said Dale. “I was in a lot of trouble, but I was no longer wondering IF I’d be caught or not.”  
  
“I want to talk about this some more, but later. Right now I’d like to focus on what will help us get a better arrangement figured out. I feel a sense of urgency to do that,” said Nate. “For that reason, I want to focus mostly on what is going through your head when you start behaving irrationally…or at least what looks irrational from my point of view.”  
  
“I’m your worst nightmare, aren’t I?” said Dale.  
  
“Actually, you are my dream girl,” said Nate, “but stop distracting me. Back to Halloween night. Were you really going to go to Dairy Queen?”  
  
“Oh, I’m pretty sure I was. I can’t really believe it now. But I was definitely headed there, just like I was headed back to the dance wearing just my crown and my sash,” said Dale. “I’m messed up, aren’t I?”  
  
“Sort of. But tell me, what were you thinking about at those times? Give me a peek inside your head,” said Nate.  
  
“It’s hollow,” said Dale.  
  
“No, it’s not,” said Nate.  
  
“I do have a theory, or a bit of an explanation,” said Dale. “If I get past a certain point, I experience a drastic and instantaneous drop in my level of concern. It’s like my self-preservation instinct evaporates. It’s terrible, huh?”  
  
“It seems like a pretty big problem,” said Nate. “You’ve obviously thought about it. What other thoughts have you had? You know, about why you ran toward danger that night in Prospect?”  
  
“Well, I have two theories,” said Dale. “The first you have already heard. That I am looking for the extreme experience. If I’m nude, I can’t get any more nude, but I still want to take it up a notch. So I want to go streaking…go find more people to be seen by…to make the exposure more extreme or to make it even riskier.”  
  
“I can picture that,” said Nate. “What is the other theory?”  
  
“This one might not make much sense,” said Dale. “It’s my Ika the cave woman theory. I just thought of it recently, so it’s only an initial, undeveloped theory.  
  
“I’m listening,” said Nate.  
  
“You’ve no doubt heard of the ‘Fight or Flight’ response,” said Dale. “”I’ve been reading up on it. It’s supposedly an instinctive physiological response to a threatening situation. The body’s resources are mobilized to deal with such circumstances. The adrenal glands are stimulated, and heart rate, breathing rate and blood pressure all rise. Animals get their hackles up.”  
  
“I know about that,” said Nate, winking.  
  
“Well,” said Dale. “Under such circumstances, the typical nude girl should flee. She should run and hide. I do that sometimes: like on the clubhouse roof, under the newspapers, and from Carly and Felipe on the trail. The problem is that in very extreme circumstances, I seem to do the opposite, lately especially. It’s like I choose ‘Fight’ instead of ‘Flight’…as if I want to fight and win.”  
  
“You want to win?” asked Nate. “How can you win nudity?”  
  
I know, that’s what makes no sense,” said Dale. “That’s part of why I said it was just an initial theory.”  
  
“If the threat is getting caught,” said Nate. “Then fighting would never make sense. Fighting involves running toward the danger to defeat it.”  
  
“I know,” said Dale. “But it’s something I’ve been thinking about. Just because it wouldn’t make sense, doesn’t mean that it is not the explanation for behavior that doesn’t make sense. Come on Nate. Try and keep up. You’ve got to put your thinking cap on.”  
  
“I guess I’m starting to see a bit of a connection there,” said Nate. “Not that it helps us much. If that is the problem…that you are wired wrong in that regard, then I can’t think of a remedy. I don’t know how we go about getting you rewired.”  
  
Nate found his mind wandering, wandering to Kelly, to things that she had said and done. But more specifically to how Dale had reacted to her and what Dale had said and done.  
  
“Are you regretting hitching your wagon to mine, yet?” asked Dale.  
  
Nate did not respond, and Dale looked over at him. Recognizing that he looked suddenly far away, she said, “Hello! Earth to Nate! Did you even hear what I said?”  
  
“Oh, I’m sorry, I guess my mind wandered. What did you say?” asked Nate.  
  
“I said, ‘Are you regretting hitching your wagon to mine, yet?’” repeated Dale.  
  
“Of course not! You’re my dream girl,” said Nate, still thinking about Kelly and the sway she had held over Dale.  
  
“So what do you think about what you’ve learned about my thought processes?” asked Dale. “Do you think my IQ is lower when I’m naked?”  
  
Nate laughed.  
  
“That’s funny,” he said. “I don’t think it’s a matter of IQ, but neither do you. But I will say this: what makes ‘Good Dale’ tick, is different from what makes ‘Bad Dale’ tick.  
  
Nate thought that he might get another, ‘there is only one Dale’ response, but he didn’t. Dale just seemed to be in deep thought.  
  
Deciding to change the subject, Nate said, “Dale, I have something I want to tell you. There is something I have not told you about. Going forward, I want to err on the side of telling you too much, rather than too little,” said Nate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 210: Linked Hearts**

“Let me guess…you don’t want to wake up bobbitized,” said Dale.  
  
“It’s not that. We both know that was you trying to send me a wake-up call. With you that’s the last thing on earth that I have to worry about,” said Nate.  
  
“That’s probably true. I’d never hurt you. I’d never hurt your weenie. It may be feeling a little overworked at times, but I won’t hurt it,” said Dale. “So, Nate, fess up, who else did you tell what grave secret to?”  
  
“Nothing like that,” said Nate. “Something quite different. After Jodie’s party, I organized a Dale Jordan protection program.”  
  
While Dale listened, Nate outlined who was involved and what they were doing to try and keep her safe. In short, how they were watching her, how they would communicate if one of them saw something amiss, and what they were doing to try and intimidate the seven or eight girls so that they would forget whatever they might have been planning to do the night of the party.  
  
That’s a bit weird,” said Dale. “But I guess I don’t see a big problem with that. You don’t think that Alexa will try something again, do you?  
  
“I’ve decided that she falls into the unpredictable category. Her actions haven’t made sense in the past. Why should they in the future,” said Nate. “Better safe than sorry.”  
  
“Wait,” said Dale. “When did you organize this?  
  
“The first day or two after the party last week, why?” asked Nate.  
  
“You did this back when I was still being mean to you?” asked Dale. “Before we got back together.”  
  
“You weren’t being all that mean,” said Nate. “And me wanting you to be safe does not depend on if we are a couple or not. Remember, I tried to get you to safety when you were running around on the Fiji lawn, and when you were running through Prospect. I care about you.”  
  
“Nate, I love you,” said Dale. “Aunt Mary is right. You are a great guy.”  
  
“So I’m not in trouble for doing this behind your back?” he asked.  
  
“Well, you might have been, if you had done all this behind my back after our big commitment talk on Saturday,” said Dale. “But probably not. It shows that you care, but wait just a minute. Felipe and Carly, they already know everything. But Tyler and Cody? What did you tell them?”  
  
Nothing,” said Nate. “All they know about is what they saw in the bathroom that night. But that was quite a lot. You didn’t try and cover up at all. But I know there weren’t any towels there, I looked.”  
  
“So, who else did you say? Susie, Sydney, and Kenny, right? What did you tell them?” asked Dale, with a look of concern on her face.  
  
“I basically brought them up to speed. I had to,” said Nate.  
  
“What does ‘bringing them up to speed’ mean?” asked Dale.  
  
“What, not experiencing that drastically lower level of concern at the moment?” he asked.  
  
She just glared at him, so after a moment, Nate continued, “They pretty much know just what Cody and Tyler know. Actually, when we got together, I just had Cody and Tyler describe for everyone, Carly and Felipe included, what had happened. So everything is based just on the Alexa threat. I of course told them nothing about anything else, and I spoke to Carly and Felipe beforehand to make sure that they wouldn’t either.”  
  
Dale felt reassured. “Okay, thanks. I guess that is fine. I agree with you. That should be a safe group. If anyone has to know, it might as well be them. Sydney is for sure fine. Susie…I can’t imagine that she might be a problem, and Kenny. Well, I’m sure you know and trust him.”  
  
“I do,” said Nate. “Kenny is a rock. He’s a total nerd, but he can be relied upon completely. I really like Kenny. Probably one of my big regrets this fall is that I have been doing so much with you, that I haven’t done much with Kenny. He and I used to do so much together.”  
  
“Isn’t this our exit?” asked Dale.  
  
“Yep, better get dressed, Lover,” said Nate. A moment later on the exit ramp, he asked, “Why are you taking off your shirt?”  
  
“I have to. I can’t very easily get my bra back on without taking off my shirt,” said Dale.  
  
By the time they got to the stop sign at the top of the ramp, Dale was buttoning up her shirt, and a couple of blocks toward the campus, she had her pants on and was tying her shoes.  
  
“Are you glad you were naked on the drive?” asked Nate.  
  
“It was fine,” said Dale.  
  
“Just fine?” he asked.  
  
“No… Better than fine,” said Dale, with a coy smile. “You know me. I’m a happy girl when I’m naked. Maybe the pussy did need some fresh air.”  
  
Nate found the parking lot specified in the material he had been sent.  
  
As he shut off the motor, Dale unbuckled and quickly retrieved a small box from the back seat that she had carefully placed there when they had first climbed into the car that morning.  
  
“Lover,” she said, in a very endearing manner. “I made you a treat last night. I didn’t think I would be able to fall asleep very easily…alone, so I did a little baking. I made a sweet for my sweetie!”  
  
“That’s nice,” said Nate. “I like the idea of being your sweetie.”  
  
“You are my sweetie!” said Dale. “You’re sweet to me, and I love you.”  
  
She planted a tender kiss on his cheek and carefully opened the box.  
  
“Oh, cool,” said Nate as he got a peek inside.  
  
Inside were two pastries, each the outline of a heart. They were not separate, but rather were linked together.  
  
“I found this recipe on the Internet. It was really just for the heart shaped treats, but I had the idea to try and bake them linked together like this,” said Dale. “It was quite tricky, but I think it came out pretty well.”  
  
“It looks so neat!” said Nate. “It will be a shame to unlink the hearts and eat them.”  
  
“That’s okay,” said Dale. “My heart is forever linked to yours. That’s how I feel. That’s what counts. The linked heart treats are just a temporary representation of a love that will last and last.”  
  
She handed one of the hearts to him saying, “Here, let’s break them apart wishbone fashion.”  
  
Nate took ahold of one of the hearts, and on the count of three, they both pulled, breaking them apart.  
  
“Our hearts will never break apart like that,” said Dale, snuggling against him. “I hope you like your surprise!”  
  
Taking a bite, Nate said, “I love my surprise. Mmm…cinnamon sugar, right? You should keep this recipe.”  
  
“I did,” said Dale, reaching into the box she removed something else. “And I took a picture of the linked hearts for you, and printed it out last night. You can frame it if you want.”  
  
“I love it. I want to frame it and put it on my wall. It’s so sweet of you to bake for me,” said Nate. “How much sleep did you get last night, anyway?”  
  
“Enough,” said Dale. “Almost. But I had fun thinking of how much in love I was, while I tried to make something special for my Lover!”  
  
After enjoying their treats, they indulged in a little kissing, but then began their day by walking to the admissions office. Their first activities were a campus tour followed by a short video prepared for perspective students.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 211: University Visit**

As before, it had been prearranged for Dale to attend a class and meet with a professor. Nate thought about sitting through the class with her, but instead opted to again wander around the geology department.  
  
After eating lunch, as they were walking away from the cafeteria, Dale said, “Nate, you know, nudity isn’t the only thing in the ‘stuff we figure out together’ category.”  
  
“Oh, I know that,” said Nate.  
  
“Right now I’m thinking about college,” said Dale. “You said before that you wanted to make me happy…well…I would be very happy if we came to an agreement about something college related.”  
  
“Okay,” said Nate. “What are you thinking about?”  
  
“I really want us to go to the same college. It’s kind of important to me,” said Dale. “I don’t want to even think about what a long distance relationship might look like. Can we agree on making it our mutual goal to find a place that works for both of us? It would make a girl very happy to not have to worry about being apart. Nudity, I like worrying about that. Being separated from you…I don’t want to worry about that.”  
  
Nate found himself thinking, ‘What did I do to deserve this?’ This girl was his dream girl in every way. She had even baked for him! How great was that!  
  
“Well, Lover…if I’m willing to commit to a life with you, I am more than happy to commit to spending college with you. Besides, the colleges we’ve visited all seem to have competitive geology programs. Shake?” said Nate, extending his right hand.  
  
They shook, and Nate reeled her in for a hug. He hugged her very tight, lifting her feet off the ground. Dale tilted her head way back, letting her hair hang down behind. As Nate started spinning, the girl in his arms laughed gleefully.  
  
Those walking by couldn’t help but notice the cute young couple in matching blue jackets sharing a moment of sheer happiness.  
  
“You’re so fun, Nate. Now put me down!” said Dale, in a stern yet joyful voice.  
  
“I’ll put you down, but I’ll never let you go,” said Nate.  
  
“You better not!” she said. “Our hearts are linked, you know.”  
  
They continued their campus stroll, holding hands. At one point, Dale started skipping, pulling Nate along with her. Nate loved the sense of happiness that she seemed to be emitting from her every pore. She had such a gorgeous addictive smile, and he was enjoying it immensely.  
  
“I think you’re the fun one,” said Nate.  
  
“We’re fun together, Lover,” said Dale, grabbing Nates cheeks in both hands and planting a big rough kiss full on his mouth. “Mary was right, I am so happy with you!”  
  
“Where have you been all my life?” asked Nate.  
  
“Right next door!” said Dale. “What took you so long to sweep me off my feet?”  
  
“I just never thought that you’d be open to actually getting to know me,” said Nate.  
  
“I sure had to wave the goods under your nose a lot to get noticed,” said Dale.  
  
“Is that how you remember it?” said Nate laughing.  
  
“That’s how I’m going to remember it,” said Dale. “I’ll tell our kids about how I went past your window…stark naked…like a hundred times…trying desperately to get your attention.”  
  
“Sure you will,” said Nate, tickling her.  
  
“Hey, I felt that. Don’t be trying to get a feelsie in public!” said Dale. “That didn’t feel accidental.”  
  
“Who me?” said Nate. “I’m the well behaved one here.”  
  
Their playful, loving banter continued, but eventually Dale decided that they should get serious and visit the athletic department.  
  
“Nate, do you think I could run track in college?” asked Dale. “I haven’t been on the track team for so long, but talking about it recently has gotten me thinking about it again. Now it seems really stupid that I gave it up – and not for just one year, but year after year – just because of Michelle.”  
  
“You mean, Nutshell?” asked Nate.  
  
“You’re just trying to get a rise out of me, aren’t you?” said Dale. She was on to him. “Of course, I mean Nutshell. Nutshell, Nutshell, Nutshell! Happy now?”  
  
Laughing, Nate said, “I think it would be great if you went out for track. You should do whatever you want, whatever makes you happy…within limits, of course.”  
  
“What does that mean?” asked Dale. “You think I’d run track naked, don’t you?”  
  
“I’m just about positive that you would, given the opportunity,” said Nate. “Even without the opportunity, I expect you’d try and figure out a way. You look so amazing in a full-blown sprint stark naked…muscles rippling, titties pounding! The titties are simply breathtaking when you go into overdrive. I shouldn’t be the only one that gets to see that action. It’s completely unfair for me to keep that to myself.”  
  
“I’d probably be even faster naked, wouldn’t I?” said Dale, acting as if she were starting to figure out how she might rationalize it. “I’d be very aerodynamic – very low wind resistance.”  
  
“Oh, my God, we’ve created a monster!” said Nate.  
  
“YOU created a monster!” said Dale. “I was content with my nocturnal missions until you came along and showed me that the world was my oyster!”  
  
“So, now it’s all MY fault?” said Nate. “I think there is enough blame to go around.”  
  
They ended up touring the athletic department. They even chanced to meet a girl who was on the gymnastics team, so in addition to a great tour, Dale was able to get a real feel for what it would be like to be on the State gymnastics team.  
  
Eventually they decided that they had seen enough of the school and were ready to hit the road for the drive back to Prospect. Nate opened the passenger door for Dale, spreading his jacket out on her seat.  
  
“Nate, your new jacket?” she asked.  
  
“Don’t worry,” he said. “It’s washable.”  
  
As they started down the on ramp, Nate pulled over onto the shoulder.  
  
“Okay, Dale. Lady’s choice; how do you want to be dressed for the drive back to Prospect?” said Nate.  
  
“I was hoping you’d ask,” said Dale, unhooking her seatbelt. Kicking off her shoes and removing her pants and panties, she exclaimed, “Ta da, bottomless!”  
  
“So…is that it?” asked Nate.  
  
“Just getting started!” said Dale, still as happy as could be. “Now it’s titty time!” she exclaimed with exuberance.  
  
As Nate watched, Dale removed her jacket, her shirt and then her bra.  
  
“Ta da, topless! Ta da, naked!” exclaimed Dale, stretching her arms overhead and shaking the titties around for emphasis.  
  
“I love naked, but are you sure?” asked Nate. “It is light out, and there is some traffic.”  
  
“What’s the worst that could happen?” she asked.

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“Exactly!” said Nate. “I think you should have the shirt on your shoulders again…just in case.”  
  
“But I’ve got the jewelry covering a little bit of my nips,” said Dale.  
  
“Funny! Very funny!” said Nate. “We both know those barbells don’t hide anything. Personally, I think you look even more naked with them.”  
  
“They’re hot, aren’t they,” said Dale, looking down and cupping her tits in her hands.  
  
“So very hot, but I’m going to have to insist on the shirt, Lover. But you can have it all the way open,” said Nate.  
  
“Don’t be acting all in charge, Buster!” said Dale with a smile as she reluctantly complied, and then rebuckled her seatbelt.  
  
“Dale, what would you think of me putting your clothes in the trunk?” asked Nate. “I know you enjoy the feeling that comes from not having clothing within reach.”  
  
“Absolutely…the shirt too, right?” said Dale, acting as if she was going to take it back off.  
  
Nate frowned at her, shaking his head. She stuck out her lower lip like a little kid, but kept the shirt on.  
  
Once Dale’s clothes were safely in the trunk, and they had gotten up to speed on the freeway, Nate said, “Dale, I was waiting until this particular drive to bring up a certain topic.”  
  
“Oh really, and what topic would that be?” asked Dale.  
  
“I’ve received another letter from Kelly,” he said.  
  
“Oh, my God, Nate! This has to be a joke…a bad joke,” said Dale. “Self-deprecating humor, right?”  
  
“I’m afraid not. An actual letter,” he said, retrieving an envelope from above his visor.  
  
“Are you really this incapable of learning?” asked Dale, acting quite incensed and speaking very brusquely.  
  
“Dale, settle down. Are you really this incapable of having an open mind?” said Nate, attempting to imitate her tone.  
  
“I’m supposed to have an open mind about Kelly?” asked Dale.  
  
“About me, at least,” said Nate.  
  
“It looks as if we must be destined to be one of those middle-aged couples that argue about everything,” said Dale.  
  
“Nope, not us!” said Nate.  
  
“There you go, arguing with me!” said Dale.  
  
“We still have a little bit of work to do, don’t we? In order to reestablish the solid trusting foundation that our relationship was originally built upon,” said Nate. “Here, please read the letter.”  
  
“I’m not touching that!” said Dale.  
  
“Come on, I can’t read it to you while I’m driving,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, we’re not going, that’s for sure,” said Dale as she reluctantly took the letter and opened it.  
  
She looked it over, and read it to herself.  
  
It read:  
  
Bill of Sale  
  
To whom it may concern:  
  
I, Kelly Chapman, hereby sell one pair of diamond tipped gold barbells (jewelry) to Nate Miller (of Prospect) for the agreed upon sum of one dollar ($1.00 US), receipt of which is hereby confirmed. Above mentioned gold barbells are currently mounted in the pierced nipples of Ms. Dale Jordan (also of Prospect), signifying ownership thereof. Along with the jewelry, I hereby release to Mr. Miller any and all rightful claims I have to the ownership of said nipples.  
Signed,  
Kelly Chapman  
  
“Nate, you have got to be kidding me!” exclaimed Dale indignantly once she had finished reading.  
  
“About what?” asked Nate.  
  
“I don’t know what I should be more shocked about: that my nipples are being bought and sold, or that their fair market value is apparently just one dollar,” said Dale. “You just never learn, do you?”  
  
“Now hold on a minute there,” said Nate. “You’re completely in the wrong here. I went to quite some effort. I thought you’d like being free of Kelly. I’m not saying that she ever actually owned your nipples, but she did buy the jewelry and pay for the piercing. Now at least it is completely clear that she owns neither jewelry nor nipples. If you buy into the concept, maybe the nipple nightmare can become a thing of the past.”  
  
“Or maybe now you’ll be the one holding the remote control and lifting me off the ground by ‘said’ nipples. I guess I should say, by ‘your’ nipples, right?” said Dale.  
  
“Maybe,” said Nate. “So, if you want to keep your feet on the ground, you might want to rethink your reaction to this letter. I thought I was doing you a favor. I can probably unwind the transaction, should that be your preference. Kelly will probably buy them back.”  
  
Dale scowled, but then took a deep breath. Looking down, she read through the ‘Bill of Sale’ a second time.  
  
“Okay, Nate. You’re not making things easy for me, but I’ll try,” said Dale. “I want to make the effort…so that we can be together and be happy. I so very much want for us to be happy. So let’s start over. Put your spin on this for me, if you don’t mind. How should I view the fact that my nipples are apparently being bought and sold?”  
  
“Okay,” said Nate. “Here’s the spin. It’s twofold. First, I’m breaking ties. I want it to be just you and me, baby! Best case, Kelly was always a third wheel. I didn’t want this nipple thing hanging out there. I want you to understand and appreciate that we are both completely done with Kelly. Second, for God’s sake, where’s your sense of humor? Don’t you think it’s a little bit funny?”  
  
To Nate’s surprise and delight, Dale did start laughing. It was hardly a full belly laugh, but at the very least a good sized chuckle. Her mood seemed to have shifted.  
  
“You’re right,” she said, “It’s pretty funny.”  
  
After Nate smiled, they both shared a good laugh, and its healing effects filled the car. Dale reached over, again taking Nate’s right hand. She pulled it toward her and gave it a kiss.  
  
Continuing, she said, “You know, I was never nipple fixated until Kelly came along. But with her it seemed that everything was about the nipples…first one kind of nipple jewelry, and then the other. But I guess it has had a lasting impact. Now, with these little beauties attached, I can no longer forget that I have nipples.”  
  
“Do you want to forget that you have nipples?” asked Nate.  
  
“Hell no! I like being constantly aware that underneath my clothes I have a shaved puss and pierced nipples. It’s a fun reminder that just beneath a thin layer of respectable clothing, there is another side of me – a side that few know about – wanting out,” said Dale. “Sometimes, even at school, I think of ripping everything off. Even in the middle of the gym during assemblies, wouldn’t that be something? Being nude at an assembly or during a football game would be the ultimate experience! Can you imagine…nude in front of the entire school. It’d be so awesome! Alas, it is something that can never happen. There would be no going back.”  
  
“Wow! You, my dear, ARE a disaster waiting to happen! You should just hear yourself,” said Nate. “And that is what we need to talk about now.”  
  
Nate looked over at Dale and their eyes met. He glanced back at the road, but then returned his gaze to her to take in the image of her lovely nude form, her legs, her flat stomach culminating in her pretty mound, always so impeccably shaved. After another quick check of the road, he took in the sight of her upper body, always so beautiful, in part due to her upright athletic posture. He again looked into her eyes. She seemed to simply be waiting, allowing him the opportunity to enjoy her beauty.  
  
Finally, she said, “Ok, what do we need to talk about?”  
  
“Frankly, we have to discuss your nudity. Stuff we decide together, right?” said Nate.  
  
“Ok, we can talk about that,” said Dale, trying to sound agreeable.