**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

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**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 213: Stripping Dale**

“I think we need to begin by deciding that you can’t and won’t be in charge of your own nudity…” said Nate.  
  
“But…” interrupted Dale, caught off guard.  
  
“Just hold on. You need to listen for a minute. I know what I’ve seen, and I know everything that has been said today, as well as in the past. This morning you convinced me that you have neither a workable plan, the ability to make good decisions about wearing clothes, nor the ability to abide by any promises you make to yourself, clothing related. I think that inside you fully realize that you are a disaster waiting to happen. I know that in your calm and collected state, you are actually quite scared about what will no doubt one day happen if your impulses are not controlled. I think we both know that the amazing thing is that something quite bad hasn’t happened already…” said Nate.  
  
“But…” said Dale, again interrupting.  
  
“This is how it has to be, Dale…how it is going to be. You are not going to have any say whatsoever about when or where you are nude. Just a few minutes ago, back on the on ramp, when I let you pick your state of dress for this ride…that was the last time. And for the record, I couldn’t even allow you full rein because of the shirt. I hope you enjoyed it, because you won’t be doing that again. That was the last time.”  
  
“Hold it right there, Buster! You’re getting way ahead of yourself. We figure out stuff together, remember!” said Dale, insistently.  
  
“That’s right, we do. Together we are going to decide that you will no longer have any say about your personal state of dress,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m not going to agree to that,” said Dale.  
  
“On the contrary, you will agree. You will agree because you love me, because you trust me, and because you are genuinely scared about what might happen to our mutual future if we don’t get a handle on this. At times I have been unsure if you were in fact scared about what could happen…your actions seemed to say otherwise. But now I have a deeper understanding. You are concerned, and yet you do things which involve considerable risk. Just now you were more than happy to do this daytime car ride completely naked…even after knowing what it is like to get pulled over while nude.  
  
“You stripped naked at the wheel and ran around outside the fraternity without the mask. You ran stark naked toward Dairy Queen on Halloween. At those moments, I was the only rational person present, but I was essentially powerless. All I could do was to attempt to talk some sense into you. We both know how futile that was. I also tried threatening a spanking. That didn’t work for me either,” said Nate. “After a little more consideration, I now think that I should have spanked you that night. You certainly deserved it.”  
  
Dale sat there for a minute processing what Nate had said. Finally she replied, “So you want me to agree to never take my clothes off?”  
  
“Dale, listen carefully…what I’m saying is that you WILL agree. You will agree that you will never take your clothes off without my permission, and you will never dress without my permission,” said Nate, firmly and confidently.  
  
“I’m not going to agree to that, and you can’t make me agree to that,” said Dale.  
  
“You WILL agree to it, and you WILL agree to it today…willingly,” said Nate. “Right away, before the next incident happens, we will have a new system fully up and running.”  
  
“Nate, surely you understand my position. You can’t again have such authority. We had our problem because you were in charge of my nudity,” said Dale, insistently.  
  
“Well, that may be, Dale. But we aren’t going to agree to this arrangement because of the past. You will have absolutely no authority over your state of dress because that is how we are going to set things up for a successful future together,” said Nate. “What I’m talking about has everything to do with stripping you, pun intended, of all authority. It has more to do with that than it does with giving that authority to me.”  
  
“What you are talking about,” said Dale, “sounds like you’d have even more authority than what didn’t work before.”  
  
“That’s true,” said Nate. “I’ll have absolute authority. You’ll never again have to waste any time thinking about if you should dress or undress. For you, your state of dress will be like the weather, something that you have no ability to control. You will be dressed or nude at my sole discretion.”  
  
“That’s ludicrous,” said Dale. “Do you know how ridiculous this sounds?”  
  
“Dale, I love you. I respect you, but I can’t trust you to keep your clothes on when they need to be on. Without a doubt, you will agree to this today, and once that is done it will no longer be in the category of things that we decide together. You will relinquish control of your nudity to me completely. If I say you are dressed, then you will be dressed. If I say you are undressed, then you will be naked. And of course, this applies to every state in between. If I say that it is a ‘no panties’ day, then it is a ‘no panties’ day. I will probably listen to your opinions, but you will not have a vote.”  
  
“You’ve lost it, Buster,” said Dale.  
  
“Have I?” asked Nate. “Think about it.”  
  
Even though Dale was offering verbal resistance, strong emotions were telling her that she wanted this. Suddenly Nate was showing a side of himself that she hadn’t seen before. He’d been in charge before, but he’d never really taken charge. As he’d said, he had always attempted to persuade her to be rational when he thought she was taking big risks. And in terms of getting her nude, he had typically employed tricks and surprises…even a falsehood or two.  
  
This was different, he was being assertive, and removing from her the ability to object. If she agreed to what he was proposing, then her honor and her stubbornness would force her to do whatever it was that he required of her, that she knew. She felt simultaneously scared and excited.  
  
“I haven’t lost it,” said Nate. “I love you, and this is how it has to be. This is how it will be. Your nudity will be completely out of your hands. It will be in the hands of someone who loves you and cares about you…someone who you love…someone who you will obey when it comes to the all-important matter of clothing. You won’t again dress or undress without my explicit permission.”  
  
Dale felt her already moist pussy getting even juicier. She also felt other thrilling sensations ripple through her body. Suddenly she found herself feeling the way that only one person had ever made her feel before…Kelly. Kelly had had her faults, but she had also had her number. In their private whispered conversations, Kelly had had her eating out of her hand.  
  
Sure Kelly was far from perfect, Dale realized, but on a few occasions she had known that she would unquestionably do whatever it was that Kelly might have required of her. Kelly had a domineering manner about her and a level of confidence that her less self-assured neighbor had never had. But now, all of a sudden she was seeing that trait in Nate, and she liked it. She liked it a lot.  
  
The more she thought about it, the less she knew what to do. Lots of things were going around in her brain, but she found herself also getting aroused. That was always complication for her, she knew, and she tried to fight it and stick to logic, but that was never easy.  
  
She had a true tempest in her skull made even more difficult due to how her emotions were mixing in. She tried to focus on the issues. In the past she had sought solutions, and made decisions, but they had usually been targeted toward making big changes…essentially changing who she was at a fundamental level. Her inability to succeed at that was something that she was well aware of.  
  
Her rational nature had forced her to look at the problem as a complex one, and her ‘solutions’, had been similarly complex. Maybe the direction that Nate was suggesting had merit, she found herself thinking. It was overly simplistic, and yet that gave it a certain elegance.  
  
“Dale, you and I will largely run our lives together as equals, but in the area of your nudity, you will be rendered entirely powerless, stripped completely as it were. I am going to make all decisions. You will experience the most firm and yet most loving control that you can imagine. There will be fun, scary nudity, but always under conditions that pass my personal test for safety. Go ahead and worry all you like, but you will have no say. We know you can’t trust yourself. You’re not sure you can trust me, but in your heart you know you have to,” said Nate. “It is the only answer. This is our salvation. Think about it.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 214: Nate Hits Dale Hard**

Dale remembered the switch that would suddenly flip in her brain whenever Nate would tell her that he had a letter from Kelly. It had always been the flipping of that switch that had inspired her to announce, ‘We’re going!” prior to having any information about the details of the letter. Something about Kelly had inspired that level of obedience, a desire to be completely subservient. She had felt incapable to resist Kelly’s wishes. Suddenly it seemed as if Nate had acquired that one specific trait from Kelly, along with ownership of her nipples.  
  
“But, Nate,” objected Dale. “It can’t work. I have to change clothes. I take showers. I have to dress and undress when you are not around.”  
  
“I’ve thought long and hard about that,” said Nate. “And I have the solution. I found it in an old Kelly letter.”  
  
‘Oh, my God,’ thought Dale. ‘He has been learning from Kelly.’ And then a crazy yet thrilling, exciting thought occurred to her, ‘Could this be the best of both worlds? The perfect combination of the boy she loved and the master she craved!!!’  
  
Taking something else down from above his visor, Nate handed her another piece of paper.  
  
“Dale, read the circled paragraph,” said Nate. “Read it aloud, if you don’t mind.”  
  
Hesitatingly, Dale opened the letter and read:  
  
“Before you leave for your drive, Carol should shave everything. By now you probably think that this goes without saying, but it doesn’t. Carol needs to know that while she is here, she is mine! And that includes her most intimate areas. While she would probably shave her pussy on her own accord, when she shaves it Friday, she will be shaving it because she is following my instructions, to please me. This must be clear and understood. Also, the nipples. Mine! I did not “give” her the diamond tipped barbells. I still own them. They are where they are and staying there, as a symbol of ownership. Pure and simple. In my private conversations with Carol, I’ve given her some inklings of where this is all going and what she needs to prepare herself for.”  
  
“You should know that I have been in contact with Kelly,” said Nate. “I don’t want you to be upset about that. Initially I got in touch with her in order to get her to relinquish rights related to the jewelry and your nipples. However, I had always been curious about this paragraph. Several things about it actually, but especially the last sentence. You should know that I am now privy to what she had been telling you. I of course observed how strongly you responded to her. But now I am fully aware of where things were, at that time, headed. I know even more than you know about where she was hoping to take things with you. Truth be told, things are now headed on a somewhat comparable path, only now Kelly is out of the picture. It’s just you and me, baby!”  
  
Nate glanced over at Dale and saw a look of disbelief on her face.  
  
Continuing he said, “And unlike Kelly, I love you and have the ability to make things happen quickly. Kelly never had your interests at heart and was dealing with a few complications, one of which had to do with the distance involved. Kelly’s plan was only based on serving her own kinks. But given the craving I have seen in you for an absolute and extreme surrender, I’m sure she would have managed to trap you in her net. Indeed she was using me as a pawn in that very scheme.  
  
“I imagined that I was using her to provide you with innocent little fun experiences, but I was naïve, so very naïve. Her take on everything was much darker, much more sinister. She was using me. She planned to have me drive you back and forth, and I was admittedly doing just that, but then at some point she was going to simply keep you and cast me aside. Ultimately she would have separated us, and you would have been on your own. And to keep me away…well, she was planning to have you do that. She was going to have you turn on me so that I would stay gone. I would have ended up with a broken heart, but you on the other hand…very bleak prospects for you. The permanent and complete nudity might have been to your liking, but the other aspects, I think not.”  
  
Nate looked over and saw Dale’s mouth hanging open as if in disbelief.  
  
Nate continued, “I frankly think that she would probably have been successful, and I know I don’t want that future for you. It’s not you. I know that you have a need to surrender, but you would have ended up suffering, suffering badly. I am the opposite of Kelly because I have your interests at heart. I love you. Kelly’s letters always promised, ‘no sex’, but that was only a stepping stone for her, as I’m sure you can imagine.”  
  
“I don’t know what to say,” said Dale, visibly shaken.  
  
“You don’t need to say anything, Lover. You just need to sit there and let it sink in a little,” said Nate. “It will be alright. I’ll take good care of you. You’ll surrender, but you’ll be surrendering to me, someone you love and can trust. Kelly is out of the picture. Like I said the ties are all completely broken. We can forget about her. You certainly should forget about her.”  
  
“How can I do that,” said Dale. “I wasn’t going to be able to forget about her before you told me all this, but now…how could I ever?”  
  
“Well, just think of her as a disaster avoided then,” said Nate. “Or as a stepping stone to our bright future. You’ll still surrender, you’ll still obey, but to me, and it will all be limited to your nudity. Unlike in Kelly’s scheme, you will live in the wide-wide world, go to college, marry, have kids, all of that. I’ll be in charge of the nudity, but you can be in charge of other things. Or we’ll work the other things out together. Our sex life, our college choices, everything else. Ideally, we’ll handle things as a loving team. However…your nudity. That important piece of the puzzle is mine! It has to be. You will agree because you have to agree and because you want to agree. I can see in your eyes how much you want to agree.”  
  
“Oh, Nate…it doesn’t sound workable,” said Dale.  
  
“There will be details to work out, but they won’t be a problem. As Kelly wrote in that paragraph, ‘…when she shaves it Friday, she will be shaving it because she is following my instructions, to please me,’ said Nate. “In other words, you will undress for showers when I am not around. But you will be doing so according to my instructions. In other words, you will not be making decisions of your own regarding your state of dress. You will shower in accordance with rules that you are well aware of, and your number one priority will be to please me.  
  
“Additionally, you will have permission to dress and undress provided that certain conditions are met, but you will not be participating in any of the decisions that are involved. In that regard, you will be handcuffed, so to speak.  
  
Nate took an exit, but parked on the shoulder before reaching the stop sign.  
  
“Why are you stopping?” she asked.  
  
“This is too serious of a discussion to continue having while driving,” he said. “Now please, tell me what you are thinking?”  
  
“I didn’t think I would agree to allowing you to again be in charge of my nudity, especially not anytime soon,” said Dale. “But now I find myself thinking about giving this a try.”  
  
“First off, Dale, there is no ‘try’. We are at the ‘commit’ stage. We had a trial relationship. It ended in a break up. Now we have a different relationship, a permanent relationship. Similarly we had a “trial” period in which I was in charge of your nudity. The trial period is over,” said Nate.  
  
“So what are you talking about then?” she asked, biting her lip. She had turned toward him and pulled one knee up onto the seat. Her pussy was fully on display as she spoke, the moisture quite evident.  
  
“I think you know what I’m talking about,” said Nate. “I know I’m hitting you pretty hard. You’re not the only one that can do that. I can hit hard, too.”  
  
“You don’t mean ‘forever’, do you?” said Dale.  
  
“I think ‘forever’ is the appropriate term for the big, important things in our relationship,” said Nate. “Just like our ‘no breakup’ commitment, this will be permanent.”  
  
“But what if there are problems?” asked Dale.  
  
“Then I’ll make adjustments,” said Nate.  
  
“Don’t you mean…we’ll make adjustments?” she asked.  
  
“No. I mean, I’ll make adjustments,” said Nate. “I am sure I’ll want to know your opinions and ideas. I DO love you, you know. But the decisions will be mine. We’ll agree to what I’m talking about today. We’ll shake hands. Thus ends your involvement in making decisions related to your nudity.”  
  
“Forever?” asked Dale.  
  
“Forever!” said Nate. “I know I’m hitting you pretty hard.”  
  
“Is this an ultimatum of some sort?” asked Dale.  
  
“No, it’s not an ultimatum,” said Nate. “But it doesn’t really matter. You have already decided to agree. I can tell.”  
  
“How can you tell?” said Dale.  
  
“A naked girl gives off a lot of body language,” said Nate.  
  
Knowingly, Dale looked down at her pussy. It was not only dripping juice, but engorged as well. Her inner flower was in full bloom. She snapped her legs together.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door 215: Dale Interrupts Their Talk**

“Come here, kiss me,” continued Nate. “And then let’s talk this through.”  
  
Dale quickly removed her seatbelt and in one motion pulled off her open shirt. Sliding over to him, she unsnapped Nate’s seatbelt. She kissed him, but then pushed him down so that he was lying across the front seat, his upper body away from the steering wheel. Nate was surprised by the sheer intensity of her kisses as well as her forcefulness as she sought to get their bodies situated. Very lustily she squirmed on top of him, hugging him and rubbing against him. She was obviously in a very aroused, passionate state.  
  
“Dale, did I say you could take off your shirt?” he said reprimanding her.  
  
“We haven’t agreed to anything yet,” she said. “And besides, this is sex. Remember, I get to have at least some say when it comes to sex. As much as I want, I think you said.”  
  
“Well, the boundaries might be a little blurred at times, but we’ll…I mean, I’ll figure it out,” said Nate.  
  
Dale continued to rub her body against his. She was on top of him, kissing his neck, and his face, all around his mouth. Her passion was at a fever pitch.  
  
“Dale, my God, you’re acting like you’re in heat,” said Nate. “What has gotten into you?”  
  
Suddenly Nate felt Dale attacking his fly.  
  
“Wait, wait, wait,” said Nate, trying to sit up. “We decided that the first time had to be special. I’m pretty sure that the front seat of a car on the shoulder of an off ramp does not qualify.”  
  
“That’s not what I’m doing, but I do have my sights set on your stiffy! And inside of a minute, I’ll have my lips on it. So please, don’t even try and stop me. Don’t turn down this blow job. Rejection can be traumatic. Been there, done that,” said Dale looking into his eyes pleadingly. “And besides, it’s hardly fair that only one of us has experienced oral sex. Your first blow job can be spontaneous, fun and naughty…in the front seat of a car, can’t it? Not everything has to be all romantic and special.”  
  
She looked at Nate and saw in his eyes that he had given in. Since he had relaxed, she slowed down a little, pulling his pants and underwear way down to his ankles. She shifted, kneeling next to Nate, on the floorboards of the passenger side of the car, her upper body angling down toward his legs. She spent a moment trying to find a comfortable position. Nate reached over, fondling Dale’s butt cheeks affectionately. Turning his head, he kissed her hip as Dale continued trying to find a workable angle of attack.  
  
“It will be special, wherever it happens,” said Nate. “Especially considering that my first blow job looks like it is destined to be from the hot cheerleader that I grew up admiring…the girl from the house next door.  
  
“And respecting, right?” asked Dale. “You’re not going to respect me less because I’m about to put a boy’s penis in my mouth, are you? Girls think about that, you know.”  
  
Nate watched as she held his boner in both hands. He wasn’t especially large, but in her small hands his dick did look pretty big, larger by far than it did in his own hand. He saw her eyeing it carefully. She was so close that he could feel her breath as she contemplated her next move.  
  
“In the first place, Dale, you know that I have always had an unlimited amount of respect for you. That won’t change. My respect for you only seems to grow,” said Nate. “And in the second place, one thing that girls must know is that a guy will say almost anything at this point. If a blow job is on the line, a guy will say whatever he thinks the girl wants to hear. So, yes, I will absolutely respect you in the morning!”  
  
Dale laughed at his little joke, but then that laugh transitioned to a cute little girl evil laugh, as she stuck out her tongue and gave him a first lick.  
  
Nate had wondered if the first contact of her mouth with his dick would somehow involve sparks or lightning bolts. He’d heard it described that way by someone. It was indeed a pleasurable feeling, but he didn’t feel sparks. Maybe he was trying too hard. But it did feel great. He’d been a bit apprehensive about this step, but he had grown to feel very comfortable around Dale.  
  
After a second, less tentative lick, once all the way around the head of his dick, she said, “You know me. I’m trying to figure out how to be good at this. I actually want to be very good at this!” she said.  
  
Her often unruly hair had fallen around her face, so Nate reached down and attempted to shift it out of his line of sight.  
  
“Why am I not surprised? And you know…that is something that I love about you, especially in this particular regard,” said Nate.  
  
“Another thing I’m thinking about,” said Dale, now conscious of Nate’s desire to watch. She paused what she was saying, taking a moment to gather up her hair and shift it all to the far side of her head. “Some girls love giving blow jobs, but I know other girls absolutely hate giving them. I want to be one of the girls who loves giving them.”  
  
“I love your attitude,” said Nate. “Except for one thing. It sounds like you might be putting too much pressure on yourself. It doesn’t have to be great, and you can’t force yourself to enjoy it. Stop thinking so hard and relax a little. I think I’ll just try and relax myself. Simply being ourselves and having fun together would be an appropriate goal.”  
  
Dale looked up at Nate and saw him close his eyes, trying to relax. He continued to caress her tush as she returned her attention to the dick in her hands. It looked pretty big up close. She didn’t think she could get much more than the head inside her mouth, but she knew she’d try.  
  
“Nate,” said Dale. “No thrusting please, at least not until I know what I’m doing, okay?”  
  
Nate mumbled his agreement.  
  
Nate felt her place her warm, wet mouth on his dick and seal her lips around it just below the rim of the head. He opened his eyes and looked at her. She moved very little, but he could feel her tongue massaging him, exploring his shape inside of her mouth.  
  
Looking at her, he was struck by the contrasts. He did respect her tremendously, but it seemed oddly strange, vulgar even to see his dick part way in her mouth. She had such an angelic face. She looked so young, so very cute. Her pretty innocent looking face looked quite out of place where it was just above his crotch.  
  
He saw her cheek go hollow, and he felt her tongue seal against his dick, squeezing it firmly against the roof of her mouth as she sucked forcefully and repeatedly, each time releasing the pressure. He also felt her warm breath around his balls when she exhaled. He again closed his eyes to focus on the exhilarating sensations.  
  
Next he felt Dale attempt to take more of him into her mouth. As she again sucked, drawing him in, her lips slid slowly down his shaft until he came into contact with the back of her throat or the roof of her mouth.  
  
Keeping his eyes closed, he allowed his thoughts to wander to the pretty girl who had always lived next door. She had been so far out of his league that he had hardly ever pictured himself even talking with her. And here – suddenly – they were both experiencing their first blow job…together. He couldn’t believe that his dick was in Dale Jordan’s mouth!!!  
  
She didn’t end up giving a particularly active blowjob, but he didn’t mind. He knew she’d learn. Just the warmth and wetness of her mouth would have been enough when it was combined with his thoughts of whose mouth it actually was.  
  
He allowed his hand on her butt to slide down, making its way between her legs. Initially he massaged her inner thigh, but then, as if it had a mind of its own, his thumb found its way up into her slippery slit. Gently, he began rubbing, returning the favor, tenderly probing the Promised Land…his thumb pinching from the inside against his index finger on the outside. In that position he tickled her inside and out for a minute or so, but then he felt the pressure rising in his shaft.  
  
He opened his eyes just in time to catch the look of surprise on Dale’s face as the first spurts hit the back of her throat. Gasping, she removed her mouth, taking the rest of his cum into a hand clasped over the top of his dickhead, just as Ika had done.  
  
With his right hand still gripping her pussy, he reached across with his left hand and using both hands, he pulled her body towards him, planting another kiss on her hip. He hugged her like that, his face firmly against her butt cheek. He again closed his eyes as he felt the pleasurable pulsing sensations subside.  
  
Eventually Dale broke the silence, saying, “Your jacket’s washable, you said.”  
  
He looked up and saw that she seemed to be engaged in a little bit of damage control.  
  
“I love you Dale,” said Nate. “How about a hug?”  
  
Dale climbed on top of him, snuggling her head against his chest up under his chin.  
  
“Did you survive?” she asked.  
  
“And how!” he said. “You’re a sweetie.”  
  
“But did I do okay?” she asked.  
  
“I’m happy, very happy,” said Nate. “And very much in love.”  
  
“Happy? In love? That’s it?” said Dale.  
  
“Yep, that’s it! What could be better than being in love? In my book, that would have to be the ideal outcome,” said Nate. He noted a subtle look of consternation on Dale’s face, and continued, “Okay, best blow job ever. Not that I’m an expert. Like that answer better?”  
  
“I’m sorry,” said Dale, changing her tune. “You’re right. Happy and in love IS perfect.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 216: Dressing Dale**

They held each other, reclining there until the front seat of the car started to feel uncomfortable. Eventually they sat up, and Nate got his underwear and pants pulled back up.  
  
Once he was dressed, Nate retrieved Dale’s clothes from the trunk, saying, “Here, Love. Time to get dressed.”  
  
“But we’re still a long way from Prospect,” said Dale protesting. “I don’t have to be dressed yet.”  
  
“Dale, dressing and undressing is not something you have a choice about,” said Nate. “Your last time has come and gone.”  
  
“But I haven’t agreed to your terms,” said Dale.  
  
“But you will, so put your clothes on. “You’re done with deciding your state of dress. I know you haven’t yet agreed, but that is just a matter of time. You might as well start facing your new reality,” said Nate.  
  
“But bottomless would be fine for now,” said Dale. “I know you like glancing over at the pussy. I’ve watched you.”  
  
“Dale, I’m not going to even say please,” said Nate. “Time to dress! Now get with it! Once you are dressed, we need to talk some more.”  
  
Reluctantly, Dale took her clothes and put them on. She made a point of sticking out her lower lip and acting sad to show her displeasure. Nate recognized the expression. It was one of her little girl faces; cute and very immature, but intentionally so.  
  
“Okay, Lover, I’m dressed,” she said, smiling, as if she had decided to take being forced to dress in stride. She kissed him and buckled her seatbelt, saying, “Should we be going now?”  
  
“Actually, Dale,” said Nate. “I originally stopped here to talk. Don’t get me wrong. I’m certainly not complaining; however, the blow job was an unanticipated interruption of an important discussion. Frankly, I think we still need to talk. This matter is just too important, and all three of us need to agree.”  
  
“All three of us?” asked Dale.  
  
“Yes. I can tell that I have Bad Dale’s buy in. She was obviously quite excited by my proposal. But now her more rational twin needs to carefully weigh the decision. She’s the one that calls the shots, as I recall. It’s an important decision, and I’m sure she needs more information before she is ready to agree to my terms,” said Nate. “And she needs to be sure because this is not a decision that we will revisit.”  
  
“Are you really serious about this, Nate?” said Dale, thoughtfully. “Do you really want absolute control?”  
  
“Dale, it’s not a matter of what I want,” said Nate. “It’s a matter of what I think will work. I’ve spent quite a bit of time considering this, and our talk this morning convinced me that this is the solution for us. What I have decided is that we will be best served by adopting what could be called a Loving, Consensual Master-Slave relationship…and it will be 24/7. I’ve tried to do my research, but this is a confusing area for me, so you’ll have to forgive me if I don’t have the terms quite correct. I think I do.”  
  
“Are you saying that I am going to be your ‘Slave’?” said Dale. “That’s a bit much, don’t you think? Slave doesn’t sound like, ‘Lover’. I think I’d rather be your lover.”  
  
“Initially, the slave thing will be limited entirely to just one aspect of our existence, your nudity,” said Nate.  
  
“What do you mean by, ‘initially’, Nate?” asked Dale, suspiciously.  
  
“I think we both know that it could grow,” said Nate teasingly. “We just need to start somewhere, so we start with nudity. That is what we need to get a handle on right away.”  
  
“If you talk me into this, are you going to try and make me call you ‘Master’?” she asked.  
  
“Certainly not. I like being called Nate, or Buster, or Lover,” said Nate. “I want a wonderful relationship with a marvelous lady. That’s all I’m really looking for. However, I happen to know that there will be significant benefits if the lady in question is dealt with on a very strict basis. As you know, I’m a bad actor. Fortunately, I’ve come to realize that I do, in fact, have a strict domineering side to my personality, a side that I have tried to keep under wraps. I guess what I’m saying, is that I will be able to be your strict Master, and it won’t really require any acting. You’ll do as I say, and you’ll do it because you love me and will want to please me.”  
  
“So, Mr. Master, what happens when I disobey?” asked Dale, in a jovial tone of voice. “Are you going to spank me?”  
  
“In the first place, when it comes to your level of dress, there will not be the need. You will follow my instructions to the letter. Punishments won’t be necessary. You will agree, heart and soul, and there will not be any rule violations,” said Nate.  
  
“What makes you so sure?” asked Dale.  
  
“I know you. You will obey me without fail. You will simply agree to obey…period. There are not going to be any infractions. Your commitment, and mine, will be complete,” said Nate.  
  
“But I broke my promise on the Wheel,” said Dale. “Why do you think I won’t similarly break promises in the future?”  
  
“That was a promise made to a neighbor when our relationship was in turmoil. Now our relationship is rock solid. And this won’t be a stray promise relating to one event. This will be a lifestyle commitment. I’m not sure if I can explain it, but I know that it is entirely different,” said Nate. “And part of what will keep you from departing from the straight and narrow, is that there will be so much in this for you. You’re going to love what I have planned for you. You will have no wiggle room, and you’re going to love it!”  
  
“That sounds unlikely,” said Dale. “I think you need to explain?”  
  
Okay,” said Nate. “Let me back up for a minute. If you don’t mind, I’d like to tell you a little about where I’m coming from. I feel like being an open book. I have decided that being completely open and honest is the best recipe for you and me…for us. That is why I told you of my contact with Kelly and all that I learned from her about her now fully derailed plans. Rather than undermine our Master-Slave relationship, I think complete honesty will allow us to trust one another. That in turn will solidify our bond, which will allow you to be comfortable in obeying me without giving the act of obeying any real thought. You will simply obey.”  
  
“I’m trying to be open minded about this proposal of yours, Nate, but it’s not easy,” said Dale. “Go on…this helps.”  
  
“Okay, going back to summer,” said Nate. “I had a great weekend with naked you on the mountain, and I was seriously interested in getting to know you better. Nudity seemed to be my one ‘in’…my ‘ace’ so to speak. I decided to gamble, to play my one card. I was the only one who knew your secret, so I chose to exploit that to get to know you better. In other words, I decided to feed your addiction for my own selfish reasons…but why not? I knew you’d have fun. I saw no downside. Provided of course that you didn’t end up behind bars. I didn’t really foresee your addiction growing. In short, I decided to try and use your interest in being nude to make you mine. Blunt, but true. I wanted you. You were out of my league, but I decided to shoot for the moon.  
  
“So now fast forward twelve weeks. Miraculously, you are mine. Mine forever. And now I have the opposite problem. I don’t want to lose you! I’m not going to take any chances with what I’ve got…no more gambling. Amazingly, I somehow got the girl. I still can’t believe it’s true, but when I pinch myself, I don’t wake up. But now things have changed. Nudity seems to have become the problem. It has gone from being my potential upside to being my potential downside. Again, I have to use it, but now in the opposite way. I have to use it to keep the girl.  
  
“So now I have to keep you out of trouble. But this is where the big contradiction comes in. How do I use nudity to keep you fully clothed and safe. Sounds contradictory, right?” asked Nate.  
  
“I’ll grant you that. And it doesn’t sound very fun,” said Dale frowing.  
  
“Bingo! We agree!” said Nate. “And you attempted a resolution to keep your clothes on, and we both know how well that worked. So I have concluded that it would be stupid for me to try and do the same. I’m not going to be trying to pick up where you left off and keep you fully dressed,” said Nate. “I’ve got other plans.”  
  
“Keep going,” said Dale, the tone of her voice betraying a keen interest. “I’m listening.”  
  
“Well, I know something about you,” said Nate. “It’s hardly a secret, but it is important, I think. You like being naked and you like being seen, but there is another factor that really enhances the experience for you. And I’m going to exploit that to keep you obedient and safe. In short, you like to worry. Well, you better start worrying, Lover!  
  
“Since you fired me three weeks ago, you’ve been in charge of your own nudity. You haven’t had the Nate-factor to worry about. My hypothesis is that you went crazy showing off your naked body in Eatonville and all around Prospect on Halloween because you were trying to get the full rush from the nudity drug alone. It is my belief that we won’t have to rely quite as heavily on nudity to keep you in the pink, if you’ve got the Nate-factor to worry about. If you surrender fully to the idea that you are my Nudity Slave, then you’ll have to be worrying all the time. Without me in change, you know that you have little to worry about. With me in charge, you’ll never be able to stop worrying. Your next naked experience could always be less than a minute away. That feeling will be especially acute if your surrender is full and complete.  
  
“Now I won’t have you streak a pep rally, at least not identifiable as Dale Jordan, because keeping you safe is my top priority. But you’ll always need to be worrying. I’m pretty resourceful, you should know that by now, so there will be surprises. It’s essentially winter, so the opportunities for nudity are a little limited, but to cut to the chase, we are going to have fun AND I’ll keep you safe. But don’t think for a moment that I’m planning to keep you safe by keeping you dressed…hardly. And come summer, you might just start to forget what it even feels like to wear clothes.  
  
“In short, I utilized nudity to get you, and now I’m going to use it to keep you. Your strategy to stay safe was to give up nudity. My strategy to keep you safe is to utilize nudity. Instances of actual public nudity may be few and far between, but by agreeing to this Master-Slave relationship, you’ll be kept on your toes.  
  
“You’ll be mine to strip whenever, wherever, and in front of whomever I choose. Without a moment’s notice, I can show the nifty nipples and the pretty pussy to anyone. Your obedience will be complete. Knowing that will make this exciting for you even when no nudity actually results,” said Nate.  
  
Nate looked over and noticed Dale squirming in her seat.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 217: A New Style**

“You want this, don’t you?” asked Nate. “Tell the truth.”  
  
Taking his right hand, she said, “You should just check for yourself.” She pressed his hand into her jeans covered crotch. “And that’s through two layers,” she said.  
  
Nate felt that the denim at her crotch was indeed damp.  
  
She forced his fingers even more firmly into her denim covered pussy, wiggling her pelvis a little to enhance the contact.  
  
Pulling his hand away, Nate said, “Dale, work with me! Work with me! How am I supposed to make an agreement with ‘Good Dale’ if you do that? How am I supposed to find out what your rational side thinks?”  
  
“I don’t know,” she said, shrugging her shoulders sheepishly.  
  
“Okay, let’s try driving,” said Nate, starting the motor and putting the car in gear. He continued, “Now give this some thought. Ask me anything.”  
  
As they merged back onto the Freeway, Nate looked over. Dale had her arms crossed over her chest, a hand on top of each shoulder. Her head was leaned over such that an ear was against one of her hands. He couldn’t see her face, as she was staring out the passenger window. Nate imagined that she was deep in thought. He decided to just let her think.  
  
After nearly ten minutes of silence, she turned to him and said, “Nate, I wasn’t going to let you again be in charge of my nudity…at least not for a very long time. And here I am, suddenly considering doing something even more extreme.”  
  
“This is indeed more extreme,” said Nate. “Before you had the ability to dress and undress. Going forward you will have been stripped of all authority. I will have all the authority. You will feel very owned, because you will be very owned. Make no doubt about it; that is one hundred percent intentional. I did give some thought to signing over ownership of your nipples to you. I won’t be doing that. I’m retaining nipple ownership.”  
  
Dale was experiencing very mixed emotions as regarding being such an open book. Part of her loved that her body had betrayed her, making it so easy for Nate to read her ‘body language’. Even through her clothing she felt that her feminine aroma had to be evident to Nate right then.  
  
However, there was another side. A side that felt that her thoughts should be private, and that she should be embarrassed that they weren’t. Shouldn’t she be making more effort to keep her true thoughts and emotions to herself, she wondered.  
  
The truth of the matter was that what Nate was saying, and the way that he was saying it, seemed to have a direct line to her emotional core. She had been trying to think about it rationally, but the truth was that she really couldn’t. It was almost as if what he was saying was triggering her ‘fight or flight’ response. She felt like running toward this, and no amount of rational effort might be able to intercede. She tried to focus her thoughts on the idea of him having title to her nipples. Indeed, he had a signed document that said that they belonged to him  
  
Nate looked over and saw that Dale still had her arms crossed, but she had shifted her hands down onto her boobs. She was gently feeling her nipples through her shirt, lightly with just her fingertips.  
  
Continuing, he asked, “What do you think about me owning your nipples, Dale?”  
  
After a considerable pause, she replied quietly, “I guess I want you to own my nipples. But you’ve gotten pretty good at reading me, so I guess you know that already. I must be an open book.”  
  
“I wanted to hear you admit it out loud,” said Nate. “I think that it will be easier for you to avoid rule violations if you don’t own the nipples. As a matter of fact, I will be extending my ownership well beyond the nipples. Are you in agreement that I now own your tits in their entirety?”  
  
He again glanced over and saw that Dale had a tit in each hand. She was gently holding them, gently squeezing them. She didn’t respond verbally to his question.  
  
After giving her a moment, he asked, “Dale, who owns your titties?”  
  
She mumbled something which he didn’t understand.  
  
“I’m sorry, I couldn’t hear you,” he said.  
  
Turning toward him and looking into his eyes, she said audibly, “You do.”  
  
“Good,” said Nate, nodding to indicate that he was pleased.  
  
He reached over, again placing his fingers firmly against her denim covered pussy.  
  
“Now we need to talk about the pussy, Dale,” said Nate. “Are you ready to talk about the pussy?”  
  
“Yes,” said Dale, softly yet audibly.  
  
“Good,” said Nate. “Who owns the pussy?”  
  
“You do?” she said questioningly.  
  
“That’s right,” said Nate, again nodding to indicate that he was pleased. “I own the pussy.”  
  
As he announced that, he continued to rub it lovingly through her jeans. Dale seemed relaxed and contented.  
  
“Will you be shaving the pussy?” he asked.  
  
“Probably, but I guess I don’t know. Will I?” she asked.  
  
“Thank you for asking,” said Nate. “That pleases me. Yes, you will be shaving the pussy. And each time you shave it in the future, you need to think about how you are doing it because you are following my instructions, and that you are shaving it to please me.” He paused, allowing her time to absorb that. Continuing he said, “However, it’s time for a new style.”  
  
“A new style?” she asked.  
  
“Yes, the eternally bare floor has never allowed me to find out if the carpet matches the drapes,” said Nate.  
  
“Bare floor?” asked Dale, sounding puzzled.  
  
“Yep…it’s time for a little carpet,” said Nate. “Just a small area rug really.”  
  
“How big?” asked Dale.  
  
“Small,” said Nate. “Make it the width and length of your little pinky finger, and start it just above where the slit starts. Leave a small gap.”  
  
“So, a little landing strip?” asked Dale, acting more agreeable than he had thought she might.  
  
“Well, yes,” said Nate. “But we’re going to call it a racing stripe. And each morning after you’ve shaved everything but the racing stripe, I want you to stand in front of the bathroom mirror and imagine that that racing stripe is your college track uniform. That’s why we’re calling it a racing stripe…to help you run fast.”  
  
“My track uniform?” said Dale, her eyes wide.  
  
Nate was very pleased to see her wide eyed expression. It wasn’t an expression that he had seen for a long time, and it made him happy. She was worrying, and he knew that deep down she was enjoying it. Here she was, fully clothed, and yet she was enjoying her hobby.  
  
“I’ll pick your actual track uniform at a later date,” said Nate. “Bare floor will certainly be in the running.”  
  
Nate could tell that he had her eating out of his hand. He continued, “And each morning after you’ve spiffed up your track uniform, I want you to snap a photo of it…a pussy close up. You’ll text that photo to me each morning.”  
  
“You want me to send you a pussy selfie every day?” asked Dale.  
  
“Am I sensing a hint of defiance in the tone of your voice, Dale?” asked Nate.  
  
“No,” said Dale capitulating. “Just surprise.” After a pause she continued, “You’ll have the photos.”  
  
“That’s more like it,” said Nate. “And try to make them all about the same. One day I’d like to frame up a series of these photos showing a progression. I’d like to enter it in an art contest in the near future.”  
  
“An art contest?” asked Dale, her eyes again very wide.  
  
“Yes, an art contest,” said Nate, confidently. “Nudes are standard fare in photography contests.”  
  
He continued, “As a matter of fact, you’ll take a test selfie tonight, with my help. It will be the photo you’ll try to match each morning. I’d like the pretty little petals to show in all the photos. I’m thinking that you’ll need to diddle a little to get them to bloom for these photos. And come to think of it, a hint of nectar should be evident in the photos as well. In addition to the photography contest entry, these photos will help me imagine how the pussy will look that day, should I decide to show if off.”  
  
“Diddle?” she asked.  
  
“Yes, diddle,” he said with a wink.  
  
Nate tried to get a read on Dale’s expression. It was difficult, but he saw both surprise as well as acceptance written on her face.  
  
“I’m so pleased that you have chosen obedience over defiance, Lover,” said Nate.  
  
Dale just smiled at him. He thought it looked like a contented smile.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 218: Clarifications**

After another short period of silence, Nate said, “Dale, my mom wanted me to invite you over for dinner.”  
  
“That would be fine,” said Dale.  
  
“I was glad she suggested it,” said Nate. “So here is what we are going to do. I’ll park in front of the house, and we’ll complete this discussion before we head in. You will agree to be stripped completely of all authority to determine your level of dress. Going forward, I alone will make all such determinations. We will shake on that, sealing the deal. We will then have dinner with my parents, and afterwards we will unfortunately need to study. Of course, I’d rather celebrate, have you over for a sleepover, but it’s a school night. I know I’ve hit you pretty hard with this. It is, after all, a milestone that we can cross just this once.”  
  
“I wish it wasn’t a school night,” said Dale.  
  
“I’d like to make an exception,” said Nate. “We’ve had quite a day, and these discussions have been very emotional and somewhat stressful. Even though we have to sleep in our own beds, I’m sure there will be a little time for snuggling. That would do us both a lot of good, and I’m sure that you will need some time to contemplate your new reality.”  
  
“I won’t want to sleep alone tonight,” said Dale.  
  
“I know,” said Nate. “I won’t either.”  
  
Nate had expected that she might ask questions or at least talk more about his proposal. It seemed as if she was coming around to believing that it was the only viable option, given her need for safety and her very suspect ability to achieve that without him playing a significant role. Finally he decided that he needed her to share her thoughts.  
  
“Dale, I trust that you fully understand that I am proposing this arrangement so that we can live happily ever after. I love you and this is how I think that I can keep you safe. As a couple, we can be a major success. The most solid and happy couple the world has ever known,” said Nate. “Please share your thoughts with me.”  
  
He heard Dale take in and let out a deep breath. She turned toward him, again bringing her knee up onto the seat between them.  
  
“Okay, Nate,” she said. “I AM struggling with the idea of again letting you have broad authority…”  
  
Nate interrupted, “Not broad authority. Narrow authority, but absolute.”  
  
“Okay,” said Dale. “I stand corrected. Absolute authority over my nudity.”  
  
Again Nate interrupted, “Not just nudity…everything about your state of dress. If I say, ‘skirt’, you wear a skirt. If I say you’re going to school in yoga pants and your blue bikini top, then that’s what you are wearing to school.”  
  
“You’d make me go to school in just a bikini top?” said Dale, clearly surprised.  
  
“Well, I did say ‘yoga pants’, but sure, why not? Bottomless with the bikini top. Just remember, it was your idea,” said Nate.  
  
“Just the bikini top?” asked Dale, obviously trying to picture being at school dressed in that manner.  
  
“I just want to be clear about what ‘absolute authority over your state of dress’ means. It's important to me to have clear and complete communication. Even though we will enter into a Master-Slave relationship, I respect you completely. You are a smart lady and I’m not talking down to you at all. I’m just trying to be very clear. On our hike to Windy Ridge, you could not dress because your clothes were miles away. Going forward, you will be able to neither dress nor undress because you will have been stripped completely of all authority in that regard.  
  
“If you are nude, it will be as if your clothes are a million miles away. If you are dressed, then it will be just as if your clothes are locked on you. As if you are locked in a pair of the Anti-Rape-Shorts I told you about when we were in Eatonville.  
  
“Okay, Nate, I understand. I’ll be your Nudity Slave, defined just as you have defined it…if I decide to agree,” said Dale. “Like I started to say, I’m struggling with the idea of again letting you have such authority…becoming your Nudity Slave. Can I call it that? I like the ring of that.”  
  
“I’m okay with the term, ‘Nudity Slave’,” said Nate. “Go on.”  
  
“Thank you,” said Dale. “I’m considering this. Why not? Frankly, I’d rather be your ‘full-time naked everything’. I’d love to say goodbye to clothes, but we both know I can’t. Maybe if we lived on an island, or if I never left the house. But that would be no fun. I’d feel like a prisoner. ‘Prisoner’ doesn’t sound fun at all. That sounds too much like what Kelly must have had planned for me.” After a significant pause, she continued, “Nate, I’m sure you remember, ‘Fight Song’.  
  
“I’ll never forget, ‘Fight Song’,” said Nate.  
  
“That was me announcing that I was ‘taking back my life’. Things got out of control, and I needed to again feel like I was in control. Well, this is probably going to sound mixed up and completely backwards, but I’m finding myself thinking that the way I take back my life is by agreeing to your terms. I mean, I need to be mature and admit to you and to myself that I was not very successful at taking back my life. Trying to do it my way all by myself didn’t end up giving me the feeling of actually being in control. I guess that was because I wasn’t actually in control. I was sort of out of control. So now I’m wondering if the way that I succeed at taking back my life is by doing it your way with your help. It will be me taking back my life by entrusting you with this important aspect that you, admittedly, can probably manage much better than I. Does that sound crazy?”  
  
“I don’t think it sounds crazy,” said Nate. “I’d agree that it does sort of sound backwards. But what could be wrong with being mature enough to understand one’s own strengths and weaknesses? I mean, arguably nudity is your Achilles heel.”  
  
“During my life, I’ve dealt with difficulties that have always seemed rather unique,” said Dale. “So, to me, it makes sense to deal with them intelligently and creatively.”  
  
“Exactly,” said Nate. “And as a couple, we face unique challenges. But I’m not about to let them defeat us. Combining our talents, we can accomplish anything. I say we turn weaknesses into strengths and make a beautiful life together.”  
  
“Okay then,” said Dale. “I think I might be ready to do this! And if the train again goes off the tracks, I reassert control, just like I had to do before.”  
  
“What?” said Nate, quite surprised. “Now that does sound crazy! Dale, we aren’t talking about a trial period. You need to get that idea out of your head. We committed to spending our lives together…forever. Not just until the train goes off the tracks. Managing your nudity is just as important to our success as our ‘no breakup’ commitment, so appropriately the term is also forever.  
  
“Maybe you need to give this some more thought. Remember infinity…the simple concept. This can work if we both have ‘infinity’ commitment, but if you are only ninety-nine percent committed then…we have a problem. Ninety-nine percent and one percent are not all that different because neither represents total surrender. If your surrender is not full and complete, then danger persists.  
  
“We are going to eliminate the risk through your complete and utter surrender which will in turn guarantee that there will be no infractions. I’m not going to have to think up punishments for you because you – say – went streaking without permission. Streaking is okay. Streaking without permission – it can’t happen,” said Nate.  
  
“But what if Alexa and her gang strip me again, and I have to run?” asked Dale.  
  
“In the first place, if that is about to happen, you need to run away before she strips you. I know she can’t catch you,” said Nate.  
  
“But Michelle probably could,” said Dale.  
  
“Okay,” said Nate. “If you get stripped, you need to do one of two things. First, you need to pretend that you are an ordinary girl. You didn’t do that in front to Cody and Tyler that night in the upstairs bathroom, but I know that you know how. You need to cover up, act embarrassed, and somehow you need to find a towel, a coat…something…or you need to hide somewhere…in the bushes, in a bathroom. I know that you know what other girls would do. You need to do that.  
  
“And second, you need to contact me or get to me. Wherever you are, try and find me. I’ll fix things, so get to me…if at all possible. I can and will be your knight again. So that’s the plan…if there is another Alexa attack. We’ve got people watching, so hopefully it won’t happen. But if it does, you need to stay the victim. None of this, ‘I’m a victim, so I’m going to have some fun and go for ice cream at DQ’ crap, got that?”  
  
“I got it,” said Dale. “Pretend I’m normal. Find you, right?”  
  
“Right!” said Nate. “But back to infinity versus ninety-nine percent. Think about that. I know I’m hitting you hard. So do this! Take back your life by agreeing. Become my Nudity Slave. Together we’ll have fun. It might be less wild, but I’ll keep you safe, and that is the important thing. It’s not fun if things come crashing down, right? So think about this, and find it within yourself to agree to a promising future. Take back your life!”  
  
“I’m getting there, I’m getting there,” said Dale. “But do I really have to stop shaving my pussy?”  
  
“Dale, you’re killing me. Who said anything about stopping shaving?” said Nate. “Okay – again – whose pussy is it?”  
  
“Yours,” said Dale, her head tilted down in resignation.  
  
“Right!” said Nate. “And how often are you going to shave?”  
  
“Every morning,” said Dale.  
  
“Right! So it’s still shaved. Just a style change,” said Nate. “Now we’re getting somewhere. And how often are you going to send me a picture of your track uniform – so I can chart its progress?”  
  
“Every day,” said Dale, capitulating.  
  
“Right! I knew you were listening,” said Nate.  
  
After an extended pause, Dale said, “Nate, I recently spent a little time researching exhibitionism – again – specifically female exhibitionism.”  
  
“You did?” asked Nate.  
  
“Yep, I did,” said Dale. “I didn’t much like what I read.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 219: Nudity Slave**

“Why not?” asked Nate.  
  
“I read that exhibitionism is considered one of a group of sexual problems termed paraphilias,” said Dale. “And I also read about ‘Apodysophia’. I don’t know how to pronounce it, but I know how to spell it. It is supposedly the feverish desire to rip one’s own clothes off.”  
  
“I have to admit that my own research also brought up those same terms,” said Nate.  
  
“I’ll tell you why I didn’t like what I read. I guess I’m not ready to admit that I have a sexual problem, but I also read that that sort of denial is typical. So I guess the diagnosis must fit. But even so, I see it differently. I just happen to like what I like. I don’t want to seek treatment. I much prefer your idea,” said Dale. “Having fun and staying safe sounds way better than seeking professional help.”  
  
I think we agree, Dale,” said Nate.  
  
“Maybe I should check myself into a mental hospital, but I much prefer the idea of simply living with my condition. I know I’m a bit of an addict. I’d really be a mental case if I couldn’t see that. But maybe with your help, I can be a social drinker rather than becoming an alcoholic who allows her addiction to ruin her life.”  
  
“I’ll stand by you, Dale. We’ll find heaven together. I know that. I’m convinced that your condition is manageable, and I’m sure I’ve made it worse. I know I’ve contributed to your addiction, probably a lot. It is my turn to be mature and admit that, to you and to myself. And I’m sure I’ll be continuing to contribute to your addiction,” said Nate. “But I like your ‘social drinker’ characterization. The trick will be to channel all the energy into harmless, victimless fun. I think it can be done. In my mind, we don’t need to launch ourselves into a futile effort to beat this. We simply manage it. More specifically, I manage it.”  
  
“You certainly are kind to me,” said Dale, looking deeply into his eyes. Sometimes she felt as if she were seeing his soul in his eyes. And what she saw was a person that really and truly loved her and had her best interests at heart. At times he made her feel so good about herself, and so wonderfully optimistic about the future, about their future.  
  
“I love you and we have fun together. Just obey me as we’ve been discussing, and the world is our oyster,” said Nate.  
  
As Dale contemplated what had been said, Nate thought of something he had forgotten to mention.  
  
“Dale, Lover, there is one more aspect of this Master-Slave relationship that I was meaning to bring up,” said Nate.  
  
“Sexual favors, right?” said Dale, half joking.  
  
“No, silly,” said Nate. “This is about nudity, and nudity alone. The other aspects of our relationship, sex included, lie outside of the terms of this most solemn pact.”  
  
“I was just joking,” said Dale. “What is the other aspect that you are talking about?”  
  
“Allowing you the option to back out,” said Nate. “That will not be part of the deal.”  
  
“Why is that?” asked Dale, taken aback.  
  
“I think it needs to be absolutely clear that you are completely powerless in this regard. If you have the option to back out, then that is tantamount to allowing you to option to not strip when I say strip. That puts you in a position where you will be thinking about whether or not you want to be dressed or undressed,” said Nate.  
  
“But…” she started to say.  
  
“Going back to my weather analogy, it is my belief that everything is undermined if you are allowed to have an opinion about the rain, and then somehow influence the rain. Our relationship will be pure…it needs to be pure. Think back to the Wheel. In future situations like that, I don’t want you even thinking about taking off your thong. I will decide. Truth be told, I was comfortable having you nude on the Wheel. That was the original plan. That was why safeguards, like the blindfold were in place,” said Nate.  
  
“You’re certainly not making this easy for me,” said Dale. “I’m still struggling with issues of trust.”  
  
“I know you are, and it’s understandable,” said Nate. “But one thing that we both know, is that you can’t be in charge of something so important. Replay in your mind, if you will, some of the things you told me this morning. Your impulsiveness. Your need to ‘Super-Size’ the experience. Your convoluted Fight or Flight theory. The drastic and instantaneous drop in your level of concern. How your self-preservation instinct supposedly evaporates. Those were your words.  
  
After pausing, Nate continued, “I’ve made mistakes. I’m planning to be more careful now. I’m not gambling, trying to win the girl. Now I’m the guy who is buying insurance, wanting to hold on to what he has…what we have. Think about it. This is what we both have to do.”  
  
Dale sat there is silence. Nate wished he knew what was going through her head. But before any more discussion took place, he was parking in front of his house.  
  
After shutting off the motor, Nate turned to Dale, “Okay, Lover, give me a kiss, and let’s do this. I think you’re ready, but your agreement has to be voluntary. This has to be of your free will, and what is more, you have to want it. If I end up in charge of something as important as this, it must be with your complete agreement. That’s how I see it.”  
  
He slid over next to Dale. She climbed astride his lap, a knee way out to each side. He loved it when she did the splits across his lap like that. She pressed her slender upper body against his in a tight hug and her tongue slipped between his lips searching out his tongue.  
  
He felt her pussy pressing against his rock hard dick. As drenched as her pants were, he suspected that his pants would show evidence of this hug as they went in. He didn’t really mind. It was a magical hug.  
  
Breaking the kiss, she asked, “Nate, are you really willing to do this for me?”  
  
“How do you mean?” he asked, surprised.  
  
“I mean –nudity – it’s either my hobby or my problem,” said Dale. “First, you adopted it, making it your hobby, too. That was nice of you. Now you are talking about making my problem your problem. That’s so very nice of you. I’m sure I’d be better off without it…without my problem. But I have no idea how that could be accomplished, and truth be told, I wouldn’t want that. I know it’s dangerous, but it is also fun. It’s who I am – unfortunately – I suppose. But I am who I am, and I like who I am.”  
  
“I like who you are, too. I like you just the way you are. You’re fun. Life is fun with you. There is so much fun ahead,” said Nate.  
  
Looking into her eyes in the dim light, he continued, “And there is something I have to go on the record as having said. I’ve read about this being a paraphilias…a sexual problem. You most certainly do not have a sexual problem. You are a remarkably well-rounded girl. Clothes are society’s construct. We are the only species that hides much of our bodies. In my opinion, you are simply very comfortable in your skin. Just because you differ in this regard from the majority, it doesn’t make you the one with the sexual problem. Arguably it is everyone else. I mean, what is wrong with this world? Our movies are so full of blood and violence and yet showing the beautiful human body is taboo? They even seem to show actual screwing, as long as it is hidden under a sheet. Nudity should not be taboo, and you most certainly do not have a sexual problem.”  
  
“Do you really see it that way?” asked Dale.  
  
“Absolutely,” said Nate. “I’ve read that many paraphilias have been delisted, even homosexuality, which is supposedly now considered simply a variant of normal sexuality. I’m not wanting to make any comparisons, but exhibitionism is most certainly not a sexual problem. In my personal opinion, the need to cover ourselves underneath clothing is more unnatural than the desire to feel the sun and the wind on one’s skin.”  
  
“You’re just trying to be nice, right?” asked Dale.  
  
“I am not. This is exactly how I feel. What you enjoy is victimless, and it is most certainly not a sexual problem. I would not want to live my life with a woman with sexual problems. I wouldn’t…even if she were drop dead gorgeous like you. You don’t have a sexual problem. You are a lot of fun…that’s not a sexual problem,” concluded Nate. “You bestow your beauty on others…it’s a precious gift indeed!”  
  
As Nate said those words, his mind focused on the joy that a beautiful girl could bring to others. Just a girl’s smile could brighten a man’s mood, but the sight of a pretty girl in a short skirt or a tight top could make his entire day. He thought about the exponentially stronger impact that a nude girl could have on those lucky enough to see her, and he thought of himself. He expected to live his life at the side of just such a girl. A girl who would scatter pixie dust on others via the gifting of her beauty by showing them her naked charms. Actually it was his destiny to be the one who would choose when and where the pixie dust was scattered. What a thrilling future he had to look forward to, he realized.  
  
Dale hugged him very tight. She loved him. She felt comfortable around him. She had only allowed this one person to get to know her, and he accepted her. She had always been concerned about letting anyone find out the truth, fearing what they would think. Always expecting that no one would accept her for who she was. Nate was an oasis for her! His arms were a warm and comfortable haven from a world that was sometimes quite prickly.  
  
“It’s nice how you put up with me, Nate. How you accept me for what I am. Whether we call it a problem or not, it’s nice that you are willing to make my problem, your problem. I can’t really picture what it will be like to be your Nudity Slave, but I’m willing to give it a try. I want to give it a try.”  
  
“Dale…” interrupted Nate, scolding her.  
  
“Sorry, that just slipped out,” said Dale. “I don’t mean ‘try’. I mean ‘do’. I want this. I don’t know exactly why, but I want this. Rational me is still not convinced that I can trust you, that you are careful enough. But you’re right. You’re a hell of a lot more trust worthy than me, so I need you. I’m willing.”  
  
“That’s much better,” said Nate.  
  
“So, say the word, and all these clothes stay on!” she announced boldly.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 220: Twitterpated**

They shared a tight embrace, and a loving laugh. Dale nuzzled her face into Nate’s neck.  
  
“I sure love you,” she said, emotion evident in her voice, tears welling up in her eyes. “I like the idea of being safe and having a little bit of fun along the way.”  
  
“That’s good. Remember, everything won’t always go your way,” said Nate. “Sometimes you’ll want more, and you’ll have to run naked away from the crowd, or you’ll have to get dressed when you least want to. In short, you’ll obey, right?”  
  
“I’ll obey. It gets me all hot and bothered knowing that I’ll obey. I want to have no choice but to obey,” said Dale. “I want you to be my Nudity Master. Kelly was fun, but you’re funner! And I love you.”  
  
“Kelly was fun?” asked Nate.  
  
“Duh!” said Dale. “Why do you think that… Oh, never mind. I know that you knew that I was drawn to her.”  
  
“I knew there was something there. It was pretty obvious,” said Nate. “But I was always a little puzzled. And now I know that were playing with fire.”  
  
“You probably thought I was a lesbian,” said Dale.  
  
“Not at first,” said Nate. “You’re too pretty to be a lesbian.”  
  
“Nate,” said Dale with exasperation. “That’s so not cool! …so prejudiced sounding! Don’t disappoint me like that. Take Michelle. There’s probably not a more attractive girl on the planet.”  
  
“Yes there is – YOU!” said Nate.  
  
“You’re just biased,” said Dale. “And lucky for me, you seem to like little titties.”  
  
“I love YOUR titties! I don’t think of them as little. I think of them as ‘just right’. But you’re the biased one! You’re still in love with Michelle,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m in love with you! That’s who I’m in love with,” said Dale. “So are you ready. Are you going to make me shake on this? Are you going to make me your forever Nudity Slave?”  
  
“You can be my Nudity Slave. In fact you have to be my Nudity Slave. However, no one is forcing you. This first step you must choose freely…wisely and freely,” said Nate. “After this step, the choices will be made for you.”  
  
“I’m there,” said Dale, holding up her right hand and sliding back on his legs.  
  
Nate reached his hand between their two bodies and grasped Dale’s hand and they shook. Dale threw her left arm around Nate’s neck, and pulled herself against him. Their right hands, still clasped handshake fashion, were smashed between their bodies as they hugged.  
  
“I love you, Dale,” said Nate. “Now take off your shirt and bra.”  
  
Dale looked out the car windows as she immediately started unbuttoning her shirt.  
  
Once she was topless, Nate said. “Okay, now put your shirt back on.”  
  
Dale complied while Nate stowed the bra in his pocket.  
  
“But, Nate, your parents?” said Dale.  
  
“Yep, something to worry about,” said Nate. “I guess that conservative image you’ve worked so hard on all these years might take a bit of a beating going forward. As a matter of fact, I know it will. But don’t worry too much about my folks. These little titties of yours don’t look all that different braless. You’re funny…more comfortable topless than swinging free inside a shirt.”  
  
“No, I’m not. Not in front of your parents,” said Dale. “But I don’t have a vote, right?”  
  
“You got that right, Slave Girl. Let’s go in,” said Nate, smiling to himself at his success.  
  
As they walked toward the house hand in hand, Nate noticed Dale’s titties jiggling just beneath her button down shirt.  
  
“Dale, you might want to try and walk as smoothly as you can. It’s the jiggle that gives you away more than anything else.”  
  
“Now you’re worrying, aren’t you!” said Dale with a gleeful smile.  
  
“Not really,” said Nate. “What do I care if my parents think you’re beautiful…or loose.”  
  
“Nate, I’m going to tell them!” said Dale.  
  
“Tell them what?” asked Nate.  
  
“Anything I want!” said Dale, as they opened the door and entered the Miller living room.  
  
“Perfect timing!” called out Nate’s mom from the dining room.  
  
“Mom, dad?” said Dale, seeing her parents on the couch. “What are you doing here?”  
  
“The Miller’s invited us over,” said Dale’s mother. “Quite neighborly really, don’t you think?”  
  
“Yep, we’re celebrating!” said Nate’s mother.  
  
“Celebrating?” asked Nate.  
  
Celebrating an exceptional young couple!” answered Nate’s mom. “Now, why don’t you two wash up, and when you’re ready, we can sit down to dinner. You can tell us all about today’s college visit while we eat.”  
  
As they walked down the back hall, Dale whispered to Nate. “Do you think they noticed?” she asked, pointing her two index fingers at her nipples.  
  
“Probably not yet,” said Nate, pulling her into his bedroom by her hand. “Better be careful about that youthful bounce of yours, though. Try and walk as if you are balancing a book on your head.”  
  
Nate walked across his room and opened a dresser drawer. Placing the bra inside, he said, “Here’s your drawer. And look, now it has something in it. Not that you get to decide about putting it on. As a matter of fact, you can stock the drawer, but actually making use of what is inside will be an entirely different matter. Night gowns though. There will have to be nightgowns.”  
  
“Nate, I’m going to tell our parents,” said Dale again, a teasing smile on her lips.  
  
“I’m not worried, Dale. You’ll make good choices about what you tell and to whom,” said Nate.  
  
“Party pooper,” said Dale.  
  
Later, at the dinner table, after they had talked quite a bit about visiting State, Dale cleared her throat so as to get everybody’s attention. She looked over at Nate, giving him a teasing smile.  
  
Looking up she said, “Mr. and Mrs. Miller, I have something to tell you.”  
  
“What is it, Dear?” asked Nate’s mom.  
  
“I want you to know…that I am in love with your son,” said Dale. “He’s pretty great.”  
  
No one spoke, as the four parents all studied Dale’s expression.  
  
Nate gulped. He felt the need to chime in and break the silence, “And, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, I’m in love with your daughter. She’s pretty great.”  
  
“It’s nice you want us to know,” said Dale’s mother. “But we’ve known. We’ve all known. We’ve talked about it.”  
  
“You have?” said Dale, looking a little surprised.  
  
“We have. Parents are more aware than their kids give them credit for, I guess,” said Dale’s mom.  
  
“Yep,” said Nate’s mom. “The love that you two have for each other has not been very well hidden.”  
  
“You two started acting twitterpated a long time ago,” said Dale’s mom.  
  
“Twitterpated? Really, Mom?” said Dale, not all happy with her mother’s characterization. “This isn’t puppy love, Mom.”  
  
Nate laughed out loud at Dale’s tone of voice. Dale looked over at him, giving him an elbow to the ribs.  
  
“I know, Dear,” said Dale’s mom. “We can tell. “We’re just all so happy for you both. You’ve found something very special in one another.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 221: With a Chance of Bra**

At that point both Nate’s and Dale’s fathers, who had been holding back, added their congratulations to the chorus. All of their parents seemed truly delighted to see the young couple so happy and in love. Dale ended up feeling very good about having taken the conversation in that direction.  
  
She also found herself feeling quite self-conscious about being braless. A bra had been something that she had always worn. If she was dressed as she typically dressed, there had always been a bra. It was starting to sink in that she was powerless to do anything about that. She could no longer simply get up and go put a bra on.  
  
In the future bras would be, ‘like the weather’. That is what Nate had said. So tomorrow would be… ‘clear and cold, with a chance of bra’. She saw Nate look over at her as she chuckled to herself at that thought. It was funny, but it did have a serious side. Going forward, she would be wearing a bra or not wearing a bra based on choices that Nate would make, and she did not have a vote.  
  
And this was hardly going to be limited to bras. It was quite a departure from how things had been, and during pauses in the conversation she was working at wrapping her brain around that. Both in terms of the immediate change that it represented, as well as the ‘now and forever more’ aspect of this extreme agreement.  
  
As she thought about it, she realized that what she had agreed to meant that she could be having dinner right now with all their parents…in the nude, if Nate had so instructed. Did she really trust him that much? She thought she did, or at least she must have, because otherwise she would never have agreed to this, right? And thinking back on it, she had made the agreement while fully dressed. That had been important to her when considering her ‘no breakups’ commitment, so this new agreement had not violated that guideline that she had set for herself. Nate seemed to have made sure of that.  
  
Never again deciding to dress or undress? ‘Wow!’ she thought. How in the world had he talked her in to that? But then she looked over at Nate, and she felt much better. He was a cutie, and he wasn’t doing this for himself. He had agreed to it for her benefit. She knew that he had fun making her strip, but she was glad about that. It all felt better to her knowing that there was something in it for both of them.  
  
After dinner Nate and Dale spoke together about how nice it was that their parents all got along together so well. The Jordans had even invited the Miller’s to come next door and celebrate Thanksgiving with them later in the month. Nate’s parents had readily accepted the invitation, not having other relatives in the area to celebrate with.  
  
As Thanksgiving was being discussed, Nate’s mind wandered to a distant future in which he and Dale would host the family Thanksgiving celebrations and he would presumably carve the turkey. It was a thought that made him feel genuinely happy. She was a fun and beautiful teen, but there was so much to her than met the eye. She was a beautiful person through and through, and he had every reason to believe that she would become even more beautiful as her body aged.  
  
Both Nate and Dale had studying to catch up on, so Nate grabbed his books and headed next door with the Jordans when they returned home. The two of them studied together at the Jordan dining room table.  
  
After they had studied quietly for an hour or so, Nate stood up and without a word, he gently took Dale’s hand in his own. Pulling it gently and taking her phone from the table, he led her quietly into the back hall, slipping past her parents who were watching TV.  
  
Once in the Jordan’s bathroom, he quietly informed her that she should strip to take the ‘sample selfie’ that he had mentioned earlier. She looked into his eyes, acting a little reluctant, but then unsnapped her pants straight away.  
  
Moments later she was nude and standing in front of the mirror, studying the reflection of her pelvic region on her camera’s screen. Fortunately the bathroom included a full length mirror so that Dale was able to get the camera angle low enough to achieve the shot that Nate had in mind, one involving labia detail.  
  
Telling her that she would have to do it herself each morning, Nate went about diddling her to get her inner lips to their desired state. He knelt while doing so, taking a nipple between his lips and playing with it with his tongue. His mind drifted to their nipple emergency not all that long ago at Spruce Lake. There she had informed him that the nipples themselves were just part of the project…that the whole girl needed to get excited. He imagined that now the pussy itself was similarly just part of the project.  
  
Typically the little inner lips seemed to hide up between the outer lips, but when excited, they would descend and bloom slightly. He worked with her on modeling them to achieve a slightly open position, and he asked her to focus on ‘labia minora’ symmetry as well as ‘racing stripe’ symmetry for the photos. “No crooked or off-center racing stripe,” he had cautioned her.  
  
Once she had gotten the ideal shot, he had her send it to him as well as save it to her own phone. Her instructions were to look at it each morning, and to try and match it in terms of labia visibility and camera angle.  
  
“You’re the model, and the one holding the camera, but these photos are my work of art,” he had said. “In order to win the photography contest, I want the gradual progression of the budding racing stripe – your track uniform – to be the only variable.”  
  
He was glad to see both a look of obedience and deep concern in her big eyes as he had said that. It made him feel that his new plan did indeed seem as if it had a chance. As hoped, there did seem to be ways to cater to her hobby, ways that would be fun for both of them…ways that did not involve the taking of significant risks. The displaying of nude photos untraceable to Dale herself seemed like a fruitful avenue to explore.  
  
When they had completed their ‘chore’ in the bathroom, they returned to their books. They found themselves holding hands while they studied. That was something they did not recall having done before, but it made them feel closer. They worked on separate subjects along one side of the table, Nate’s hand on Dale’s thigh holding her hand.  
  
They both had gotten a little behind; however, later that evening they did carve out a little time for themselves. They went to Dale’s bedroom where Nate instructed her to undress completely, duly exercising his new authority.  
  
They spent over an hour like that on the bed, simply holding each other. It had been quite a day, a day filled with powerful emotions. Nate and Dale simply snuggled cheek to cheek. Nothing sexual transpired, and their kisses were not of the passionate sort, but rather the tender meaningful kind, and very few of them were mouth to mouth. With little forethought, they both found themselves simply giving each other delicate little kisses around the face and neck.  
  
They spoke to each other a little, but no actual dialog ensued. They spoke in little snippets, exchanging sweet nothings, simply reveling in being together. In each other’s arms they felt separate from the world, safe and happy.  
  
It was a very special time. A time that neither of them wanted to end; however, time was indeed passing and it was a school night. They couldn’t simply lose themselves in each other and forget about the outside world, no matter how much they felt like doing so. Even though it was quite difficult, they did eventually manage to say ‘goodnight’, and Nate went home to sleep in his own bed.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 222: Late Night Naughtiness**

After turning off his light, he lay there awake, reliving yet another amazing day. A day that had featured his first blow job ever. He found himself thinking back on that experience. About how truly intimate such contact really was – amazingly intimate – the mouth on the genitals. For some reason that he could not understand, seeing his own dick in Dale’s mouth seemed much more intimate than licking her pussy had seemed. He tried to figure out if that was a gender bias, or simply a matter of perspective…as in watching versus doing.  
  
He also found himself contemplating their agreement relating to Dale’s nudity. It seemed to be a very significant milestone, to say the least; probably a watershed moment after which nothing would again be the same. Mentally he had had it in the works for a long time, trying to figure out how he could protect his girl from her own crazy inclinations. Now he felt very good about the direction. To him it seemed as if it might actually succeed.  
  
Until he had thought of that specific direction, he had been somewhat at a loss to think of how he could keep her safe. Now he felt very good about his chances of keeping her safe. How ironic that the inspiration had come from Kelly.  
  
He was thinking about Kelly, and the important role she had played in their relationship, both positive and negative, when he heard a tapping. He got up, realizing that it seemed to be coming from his window.  
  
He looked out, but was unable to see anything. He switched on his desk lamp. That only made it harder to see out until he angled it down.  
  
Looking down where he had directed the light, he saw Dale’s face looking up at him. Their main floor was elevated such that Dale’s head was below his windowsill.  
  
He unlatched the window and slid it open.  
  
“Dale, are you okay?” he asked in a very low voice.  
  
“Can I come in?” she asked, grabbing the windowsill and starting to pull herself up.  
  
Nate assisted her, only realizing that she was nude once she was halfway in.  
  
“Dale, are you supposed to be naked?” he asked.  
  
“Nate, I just couldn’t take being alone. My bed felt so very empty after you left, and, as you know, I sleep naked,” she said.  
  
“I know, but you went outside naked.”  
  
“I didn’t know what to do. I’m not supposed to have to make choices…that’s what you told me. I’m your Nudity Slave, right? I’m not supposed to dress. I’m not supposed to undress. That’s a bit confusing. I mean, how am I supposed to be dressed appropriately if I can’t change my state of dress. I’ll follow your rules. I just need to know what they are,” said Dale. “Please let me sleep with you? Please…can’t we just be together.”  
  
“Okay, but how are you going to get home?” asked Nate.  
  
“If you set your alarm for six, I’ll be able to get home the same way I got here,” said Dale.  
  
“Okay,” said Nate, changing the time on his alarm. “I guess I do need to write up some rules for you to follow. Leaving the house naked will definitely be on the no-no list.”  
  
“I’m sorry. I was just so lonely, lying in my bed awake,” said Dale. “I don’t think you realize just how emotional I’m feeling after today. I’m so very happy; my heart’s soaring. I’m so in love, and I just need to be with you. I’ll let you sleep. I know it is a school night and that we need our sleep. All I want is to lie here in your arms.”  
  
Nate took a moment to consider the situation carefully, “Dale, after giving this a little thought, I’m sure you knew you were being naughty. Just because you don’t yet know all the rules, doesn’t mean that you have a bulletproof excuse. As a matter of fact, today I did happen to tell you that, ‘Streaking is okay, but that streaking without permission – it can’t happen.’ I’m sure that crossed your mind.”  
  
“I guess,” said Dale meekly.  
  
“You guess what?” asked Nate.  
  
“I guess, I was naughty,” said Dale, looking away.  
  
“I didn’t plan on having to start off this way, Lover, but it’s time for your first real spanking,” said Nate, sitting down. “So, bring your naked little butt over here, and assume the position!”  
  
“Assume the position?” asked Dale.  
  
“Yep, assume the position! That is code for lie down across my lap, butt in the air,” said Nate. “And no screaming. My parents will probably sleep through this if it is only the sound of my hand on your tender cheeks.”  
  
“But Nate…I wasn’t streaking. It wasn’t about nudity. It was about being together,” pleaded Dale, her hands holding her bottom.  
  
“Sorry, but strict discipline is my number one priority,” said Nate. “The sooner you get that figured out, the better.”  
  
“I’m sorry,” said Dale.  
  
“Apology accepted,” said Nate. “You could have sent me a text, or called for clarification.”  
  
“But I did,” she said. “You didn’t respond.”  
  
Nate retrieved his phone. “I don’t know how I missed these,” he said. “they must have arrived when I was in the bathroom.”  
  
“See! I was trying. I’m planning to be your Nudity Slave, your obedient Nudity Slave. You can spank me if you still think I deserve that. I can give you a blow job,” said Dale.  
  
“Dale, that almost sounded like bargaining with sex,” said Nate  
  
“Nate, I’m offended that you would even think that. Bargaining with sex is definitely beneath me. I’m a mature woman in love with a man whom I respect and admire. I feel I should be able to expect that in return,” she said. “I guess I just have blow jobs on the brain today. I’d like to have a second chance real soon. I’ve got some ideas I’d like to try out.”  
  
“Oh, Dale,” said Nate, sighing. “That’s endearing, it really is. But discipline has to take priority over pleasure. Since you did try to contact me, I need to take that into account. I feel that you still need a spanking, but it can be just a sample spanking. Now, don’t make me ask again. Assume the position,” said Nate, patting his lap to indicate in a friendly manner that she should lie down.  
  
“Are you going to make it hurt?” she asked, reluctantly lying down, her body positioned across his.  
  
“Last I checked, that was the point,” said Nate.  
  
Nate looked down at the beautiful girl across his lap. Her legs and upper body were on the bed on either side of him, but her lovely feminine tush was nicely raised. The position served to open things up a little, and leaning to his right slightly, he saw that her pussy was in view. He ran his right hand all the way up her inner thigh and started caressing the juncture at the top of her leg.  
  
He slid his fingers over slightly and encountered the expected moisture seeping out. He really wanted to allow his fingers to strum her lady strings. He knew that they’d both enjoy that, but summoning all the discipline he could muster, he moved his hand back along her thigh, caressing it most lovingly. With his other hand, he stroked her back tenderly.  
  
He would have enjoyed a little pussy time, but he felt that he should keep the pain and the pleasure separate, for himself as well as for Dale. The last thing he wanted was for her to misbehave because she’d get some of both. His real goal was perfect obedience such that spankings and the like would never have to come into play.  
  
Even as it was, his hands caressing non-sexual areas, Dale relaxed and said, “This is nice. Not at all how I imagined a spanking would be.”  
  
“Dale, we have formed a Loving, Consensual Master-Slave relationship, you and I. While I will be very strict with you, I will never be mean. I love you, and from that love will flow the firm control that you require and crave. In a moment I will administer just a single painful swat to each of your cheeks, just a small fraction of the number that I had been intending to give you. You need to take your Nudity Master seriously, but I want you to know that he loves you.”  
  
She hadn’t seen him raise his hand, so the first smack caught her by surprise.  
  
Smack! “Oww!” she said instinctively, lowering her voice halfway through the exclamation.  
  
Nate leaned over and kissed her shoulder, hugging her. “Honey, we have to keep it down,” he said softly, reaching up he moved her hair so that it was not covering her face.  
  
“Sorry, I was just surprised,” whispered Dale.  
  
“Okay, so just one more,” said Nate.  
  
He saw her nod her agreement.  
  
Smack!  
  
Nate stopped. That was it, just two. He rested his hand on one of her cheeks, caressing it lightly, as he leaned down and again kissed her shoulder. He knew he had probably spanked her a bit too hard. He had been thinking that if there was going to be just one per cheek, he ought to make it count.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 223: A Date With Kenny**

“Were the spanks too painful?” he asked.  
  
“No. Next time hit me harder!” she insisted. “Pain is what your Nudity Slave needs, right?” she said with a hint of sarcasm.  
  
Nate felt that she probably could not be broken. She was too proud and obstinate for that, but breaking her was not the goal. Getting her to obey was the goal.  
  
“It’s not about pain, Lover,” he said. “It’s about the obedience that will lead to your safety, which will in turn lead to happy lives together.”  
  
Nate was glad that it was already over. And he felt a little regret that he had struck her so hard, but he knew that she’d be fine. Keeping her safe was bound to be a challenge, but it was a very worthy goal, and he planned to succeed.  
  
She didn’t move, so he again caressed her butt cheeks while leaning down and kissing her shoulder. “I love you, Dale,” he said.  
  
“Why aren’t you calling me ‘Mads’ tonight?” she asked. “Aren’t I naked enough?”  
  
“I guess I just don’t always remember,” said Nate truthfully.  
  
“Nate, I need to use the bathroom,” said Dale.  
  
“Okay,” said Nate. “Here, use my robe. We still don’t have any nightgowns for you over here.”  
  
When she returned, she said, “I’ve got bright red hand prints on my butt.”  
  
Nodding, Nate said, “I imagine so. I hope that we can avoid that in the future. Time for bed, Lover.”  
  
“So, do I sleep in the robe?” she asked. “I can’t just take it off right? I hope that I’m not in trouble for bringing it up.”  
  
“Of course not,” said Nate. “Asking, just as you tried to do with your texts is always appropriate. Take off the robe. Be my naked Mads.”  
  
“Okay,” said Dale sheepishly, hanging the robe back on its hook.  
  
Climbing into bed, Nate said, “Time to snuggle, Lover. Let’s put the spanking behind us now.”  
  
“At least take off your pajama shirt,” said Dale, untucking it from his waistband. “It would feel nice to be skin on skin.”  
  
Nate was glad that she did seem to be ready to forget about the spanking. He sat up, removing his shirt. For good measure he also took off his pajama bottoms, leaving his underwear in place.  
  
As he lay back down, Dale climbed into bed and hugged him close, intertwining her legs with his. He felt her mashing her pussy against his upper thigh as she pulled him into her body with the strength of her legs.  
  
“Nate?” she said.  
  
“Yes, Mads,” he said.  
  
“I can’t believe how much I love you,” she said, sounding exceedingly emotional. “It’s like my love for you doubled today alone. You know, I always hoped there would be a guy for me.”  
  
“I’ll be your guy,” said Nate.  
  
“You’re my guy,” she said. “I didn’t imagine that my guy would spank me, but I guess I thought he’d love me so much that he’d do whatever he thought was necessary.”  
  
“I love you,” said Nate.  
  
“Such a surprise to find your guy living right next door,” she said. “Pretty convenient sometimes…like if I’m lonely…like tonight.”  
  
“You can come over anytime,” said Nate. “I want you to know that.”  
  
“I can?” she asked.  
  
“Of course,” he said. “That spanking was because you went outside naked. It wasn’t because you came over.”  
  
“I know that,” she said. “But I’ll still try harder to sleep in my own bed tomorrow.”  
  
“You know, sleeping in our own beds on school nights was your idea, remember?”  
  
“I know, I know,” said Dale. “I guess this is why you have to call the shots.”  
  
“I guess it is,” agreed Nate. “But just when it comes to your nudity, right?”  
  
“Right,” said Dale. “At least initially.”  
  
“What do you mean by, ‘Initially’?” asked Nate.  
  
“I’m just doing to you, what you did to me earlier today, remember?” said Dale.  
  
“I remember,” said Nate. “You’re too much. You know that? No one could ever get the best of you.”  
  
“I hope not,” said Dale. “I do want to have a partnership in life, even if it is obviously my destiny to be your Nudity Slave.”  
  
“I’m glad,” said Nate. “I don’t want you to be a Slave-Slave. I want a teammate. I want a lover.”  
  
“I’ll be your lover!” said Dale.  
  
Eventually they did fall asleep in each other’s arms. They both slept soundly the whole night through.  
  
When the alarm went off in the morning, Nate checked that the coast was clear and then he let Dale out the back door. It was indeed frosty out. He wondered how she was able to manage. Her skin was covered with goose bumps and her nipples were cinched up tight. He could have loaned her his robe, but there seemed to be no risk in letting her streak home.  
  
He watched as she slipped carefully away into the early morning darkness, disappearing into her back door. Fortunately there had been just enough light for him to be able to enjoy the sight of her sexy little buns as she dashed home.  
  
Sometime later, while he was grabbing some breakfast, he received a message on his phone. It was from Dale. Initially he was surprised, but when he opened it, he saw that it was the requested pussy pic. ‘How great is this?’ he thought. ‘The photo of the day!’  
  
He studied it quickly, and found that he was unable to discern any evidence of the nascent racing stripe. Too soon to show, he decided. He also scrutinized the inner lips, to try and see if she had followed her diddling instructions. She might be able to do better, he thought, but at least it was obvious that she had tried.  
  
He’d cheated the night before by sucking her nipples. He’d seen pictures on the Internet of girls sucking their own nipples. He suspected that Dale would have little success at that maneuver. Her titties were just too small and too fixed in place. Sure she was flexible, but that flexible? He didn’t think so. He made a mental note to have her give it a try in the near future.  
  
He thought about sending a reply, joking about showing the photo to Ward. Indeed, Ward had shown him a somewhat similar photo, just from a much lower angle. He decided against such a joke. He decided that this time, if he expected Dale to obey and take him seriously, that he had better behave more maturely. Somehow he would need to find ways to be playful without coming across as an adolescent.  
  
He replied simply, “Beautiful! Thank you. XXOO”  
  
As anticipated, he next saw her in Spanish class. As he entered, she was already there, sitting with Kenny and saving him a seat. ‘It was so nice to have her again sitting with them,’ he thought, as he took his seat. He squeezed her hand tight, but then let go of it as the bell sounded the start of class.  
  
At the end of class, right after the bell, Kenny leaned over. Speaking to both Dale and Nate, he said in a slightly awkward sounding tone, “So guys, I’d like to take your picture for the annual. Just a casual picture, maybe with the Maverick.”  
  
Kenny was one of two student photographers on the yearbook committee, and the school’s mascot had always been a popular prop for photography of all sorts. Indeed, Nate had photos of Dale taken there the night of the Homecoming Dance, wearing just her crown and the sash.  
  
“Our picture, as a couple?” asked Dale.  
  
“Exactly,” said Kenny. “I felt like I had really screwed up when you two broke up because I had not gotten any photos of you two together. So when I heard yesterday that you guys were back together, I decided to jump on the opportunity.”  
  
“You don’t need to be in a hurry, Kenny,” said Nate. “We’re not breaking up again.”  
  
“I’m so glad to hear that, and I’m so glad that you two are back together. In my irrelevant opinion, you two belong together,” said Kenny, as they walked out of the classroom. “Nate has given all us little people a real sense of hope,” he said to Dale with an awkward chuckle.  
  
Dale just smiled. What Kenny had said was a little embarrassing, but she didn’t know what to say.  
  
“Okay, what are you thinking?” asked Nate agreeably.  
  
“How about we meet at the Maverick twenty minutes into lunch hour?” proposed Kenny. “That should give us more than enough time to get a few good photos.”  
  
Nate was nodding his agreement, so Dale said, “Sure, but there will of course be other students around at that time of day.”  
  
“I know,” said Kenny. “That fits the sort of photo I’m looking for. Not a formal portrait. Just a casual photo of high school sweethearts hanging out at school.”  
  
They agreed to all meet as Kenny had proposed, and then hurried off to their respective third period classes.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 224: Kenny’s Confession**

Nate and Dale ate their lunches quickly and arrived at the Maverick a few minutes before the arranged time. They found a quiet little corner in which to wait for Kenny.  
  
“Hey, Sweetie, thanks for letting me stay last night. It was nice, even considering the price,” said Dale, softly while rubbing her butt to make the point. Whispering into his ear she continued, “I’ve been in such a great mood all day…probably because we slept together…but also because I’m feeling great about our new agreement.”  
  
She knew she had to be careful to limit what she said to innocuous words in case they were overheard. No longer whispering she continued, “I’d like to talk more about that this evening, if we have the chance. And I have something to show you, if you can come over after dinner. It’s something that needs to be modeled, so you can consider granting me the necessary permission. It’s something pretty.”  
  
“Permission granted, Lover,” said Nate agreeably. “I’m looking forward to it already.” Changing the subject, he continued, “Before Kenny gets here, I wanted to mention an idea to you. Remember the High-T photo you suggested. I’d trust Kenny to take such a photo. Why don’t you give that a little thought?”  
  
“He’s a yearbook photographer,” said Dale, a hint of surprise in her voice. “Not for the yearbook, of course.”  
  
“Certainly not,” said Nate. “I’m sure he’d take a private photo for us, as a favor. The advantage would be his equipment and his skill. We’d get a professional quality photo. You saw the photos Jodie took with your phone. I mean, they aren’t terrible, but a night photo like that with the scoreboard behind is challenging. If we are going to go to the trouble, the photo ought to be worth having.”  
  
“I don’t know,” said Dale. “Quite a few students have already seen me – you know. But adding Kenny to the list? It’s, of course your call. That’s our deal, right? You’re probably just trying to make me worry.”  
  
“You need to be worried, but the photo was your idea, and it’s a good idea. I’ll make the call, but I did tell you that at times I’d ask you for your opinion. What better way to make you worry,” he said with a wink.  
  
Just then Kenny walked up, right on time.  
  
“Thanks for doing this, guys,” he said, setting his camera bag on a table, and opening it. “Have you given any thought to what sort of a photo we should take?”  
  
Nate shook his head ‘no’, but Dale answered immediately, “I have. I want to be stealing a kiss.”  
  
“That sounds fun!” said Kenny approvingly. “How might we best pull that off?”  
  
“Somehow I sneak up on him and kiss his cheek, catching him by surprise,” said Dale. “It might be hard. He’s not a very good actor. So maybe we are just hanging out, and I spontaneously kiss his cheek. What are you going to do with the photo, anyway?”  
  
“A little kiss on the cheek photo is a fun idea,” said Kenny. “It’ll just be for the annual, if it comes out good, and I’m sure it will. We’ll just put it in wherever it fits. Such photos bring back memories, and I guarantee you; everyone who went here this year will have fond memories of how a nobody landed a date with the Homecoming Queen.”  
  
“Nate’s not a nobody!” said Dale, coming to his defense.  
  
“Not anymore,” said Kenny. “But he was, that’s for sure.”  
  
“I’m pretty sure I still am,” said Nate, good-naturedly. “But now I’m a nobody with a cute girlfriend.”  
  
“I’m a nobody,” said Kenny. “But as of a few minutes ago, I’m a nobody with a date to the Sadie Hawkins Dance.”  
  
“Hey! Good for you!” said Dale enthusiastically.  
  
“Who’s the lucky girl?” asked Nate.  
  
“Hannah,” said Kenny.  
  
“Hannah?” asked Dale. “Which Hannah?”  
  
“I’ll bet I know which one,” said Nate. “The smart one, right? She’s in my calculus class. She’s a whiz with numbers. I tried to get her to study with me last year. Sadly, she wouldn’t have anything to do with me.”  
  
“Yep, that’s the one,” said Kenny.  
  
“She’s cute!” said Dale.  
  
“Aren’t you two just the stereotypical pair,” said Kenny, laughing. “I mention a certain girl. Nate comments on her brains, but you Dale; you comment on her looks.”  
  
“Sorry,” said Dale. “But she is cute, and I don’t have any classes with her. I guess I’m not as good with numbers. I earn my GPA in classes that require essays.”  
  
“Hannah…she sure caught me off guard,” said Kenny. “I probably sounded like an idiot, but at least I did manage to say ‘yes’. At least I didn’t screw that up.”  
  
“I’m sure you did fine,” said Dale.  
  
“And you’re right. She is cute,” he said to Dale bashfully, “Like you she’s smart AND pretty.”  
  
“I’m excited for you, Kenny,” said Dale, sensing his excitement.  
  
“But she did say one thing that I have been puzzling about,” said Kenny. “She said that she wanted to take me to the bridge.”  
  
“The bridge?” said Nate, clearly drawing a blank.  
  
“Yeah, what could that mean?” asked Kenny. “Should I be worried?”  
  
“Probably, but I think that’s the name of the new restaurant that just opened right across the river,” said Dale. “It’s in that old brick warehouse right next to the you-know-what. We should go there sometime, Nate.”  
  
“Sure,” said Nate. “Maybe we could double date with Kenny and Hannah. But I know it’s not a possibility for Sadie. You’ve already got things all set up.”  
  
“Yep, we’re booked,” said Dale. “But another time. After Sadie, maybe. Okay, Kenny?”  
  
“Sure,” said Kenny, delighted that Dale would even consider double dating with him.  
  
It was high time that they got down to business. They tried a variety of poses. Initially they tried having Dale sneak up on Nate while he was leaning against the school’s mascot.  
  
Next, they tried having Dale sit on the horse, Nate standing by with a hand on her thigh. She would then lean over and give him a little peck on the cheek or forehead. They tried a small variety of poses, each including a little kiss.  
  
Once they felt that they had taken enough shots, Dale thought of something that she wanted to ask Kenny. “Hey, Kenny,” she said. “I have something I’d like to ask you about. Can we all step outside for a little privacy?”  
  
“Sure,” agreed Kenny. “Let me get my camera case all back together.”  
  
The three of them walked out the school’s front door and as luck would have it, end up finding the privacy that Dale had requested at the base of the flagpole.  
  
“Kenny,” began Dale. “Nate recently told me about a Dale Jordan protection detail that he formed. He told me that you are involved.”  
  
Looking at Nate, as if for guidance, Kenny replied, “I didn’t think that he was planning to tell you.”  
  
“It seemed only right to let her know,” said Nate. “She should be fully in the loop. You can, of course, answer any questions that she may have.”  
  
“So, Kenny, what did you think about that? You probably thought it was really strange, right?” asked Dale, concern evident in her expression.  
  
“I’ll tell you what I thought about it,” said Kenny. “Do you want the short answer or the long answer?”  
  
“Let’s go with the long answer,” said Dale. “I’m trying to decide if I’m ‘okay’ with having other students involved in my problems like this.”  
  
“Well,” said Kenny, obviously struggling to talk sensibly given the subject at hand and the presence of a pretty girl. “Here’s what I have to say. I’ve always been a nobody, someone that most people in school hardly ever notice. Especially all the somebodies. They don’t see me. Somehow you were always the exception. Even years ago, you would occasionally say ‘Hi’ to me…acknowledging my existence. It was typically just the one word, but it always made me feel good. And a few times you did say, ‘Hi Kenny,’ so I know that you knew my name. That especially made me feel like a real person.”  
  
“You are a real person,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, I doubt the other cheerleaders know that I exist,” said Kenny. “But I have really enjoyed getting to know you a little better in Spanish this year. I always held you in such high regard, but truth be told, my respect for you has increased so much this fall…as I’ve gotten to know you…because it’s allowed me to learn what you are really like. I don’t think I’ve missed a day of school this year, and you are part of the reason.”  
  
After admitting that to Dale directly, Kenny cast his eyes downward in embarrassment.  
  
“Oh, Kenny, that’s so nice,” said Dale, obviously caught off guard by the sincerity of what he had just said.  
  
“So, when Nate told me about what those girls had done to you at that party,” he continued. “Well, at first I felt physically sick. But then I felt mad, so very mad. The next time I saw Alexa in the hall, I wanted to hurt her.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 225: Dale’s New Dress**

“I’m glad you didn’t,” said Nate. “That wouldn’t accomplish anything.”  
  
“Well, I’m not one for fighting, and I’m not nearly as big and strong as Nate here, but she messed with something I care about,” said Kenny, turning his back, obviously embarrassed by where his confession was going.  
  
Dale laid a hand tenderly on his shoulder. “That’s nice, Kenny,” she said.  
  
“I’m sorry,” said Kenny, turning slowly back around. “These are things I thought I’d never say. At least not to you, Dale,” he said, his eyes still cast downward.  
  
“I’m glad you have Kenny,” said Dale. “And I’ve enjoyed Spanish more this fall myself. I’ve enjoyed so much sitting with both you and Nate. Maybe the three of us should be studying our Spanish together.”  
  
That comment surprised Kenny, but he continued, “So, when Nate asked me to participate in keeping you safe, I had never felt more honored in all my life. The very idea that I might be able to do you some service. I don’t think I slept the entire night after we all met at Carly’s house. My mind was just going ninety miles an hour.”  
  
“You’re too nice,” said Dale, giving him a hug.  
  
Nate watched with interest as Kenny received a hug from Dale. If he hadn’t been flustered before, then the kind gesture of the hug put it over the top.  
  
“Well,” said Nate. “Unless you have any more questions for Kenny, Dale, I think we are running out of lunch hour.”  
  
“You’re right. We need to be going,” said Dale. “But Kenny, let’s exchange cell phone numbers. I’d like to be able to call or text you whenever I’d like.”  
  
To Nate’s eye, Kenny looked completely dumbfounded to be asked by Dale to exchange phone numbers, but after taking a brief moment to get over the shock, he complied.  
  
As they raced off to their fifth period classes, Kenny promised to print out his one or two favorite photos to give to them in Spanish the next morning.  
  
That afternoon, Nate received a text from Kenny, “Wow…Dale! She’s something, isn’t she?”  
  
Nate responded, “I’m telling you! And you were so very nice to her. I expect you made her day.”  
  
Nate didn’t hear back from Kenny, but he knew that Dale had made his day. Kenny and Dale had both made each other’s day.  
  
That evening, at the prearranged time, Nate knocked on Dale’s front door.  
  
As she let him in, she said, turning to her mother, “Mom, will you entertain Nate for a few minutes while I change. I want to show him my you-know-what…my new dress.”  
  
Nate was curious, but surprised and a bit disappointed to not be invited back to watch her change. He expected that it might be for appearances sake, given that her mother was home.  
  
“Have a seat, Nate,” she said after Dale had excused herself. “Be aware that Dale’s pretty excited about this dress, but I know that you’d never say anything negative, even if you don’t like it.”  
  
“I’m sure I’ll love it,” said Nate. “Your daughter has excellent taste in clothes. But you’re right, I try to avoid saying things that might hurt her feelings.”  
  
“Oh, I know. That’s one of the things I love about you,” she said. “You’ve done wonders for Dale’s self-esteem.”  
  
“I have?” he replied, somewhat surprised.  
  
Thinking back, Nate could recall very few instances in which he’d talked one-on-one with Dale’s mother.  
  
“Absolutely!” she replied. “Dale’s a curious girl. She has always had so much going for her, but until you came along, she was often mopey. For such a popular girl, her father and I could never understand why she was as much of a loner as she has been. She even has dealt with self-esteem issues.”  
  
“I guess I have a hard time picturing Dale as mopey,” said Nate.  
  
“That’s because she’s not when you’re around,” said Mrs. Jordan. “But like I said, she’s excited about the dress. She’ll probably tell you, but she ordered it long ago. Well before your breakup, but it just got here. Barely in time for the dance. It came from out of the country…South America, I’m pretty sure.”  
  
“Really?” said Nate, surprised that Dale had had the dress in the works for that long.  
  
“And I haven’t yet seen it on her, but she showed me pictures of it back in the fall when she ordered it. I’ve never understood Dale’s penchant for conservative clothes, but this particular dress is hardly conservative. Don’t get me wrong, it’s absolutely decent. It’s just not her usual thing,” said Mrs. Jordan.  
  
Just then Dale entered the room. Looking back and forth between their faces, she asked, “Were you guys talking about me?”  
  
“Of course we were,” said her mother, taking it upon herself to bail them out of a slightly awkward moment. “You, my Dear, are what Nate and I have in common.”  
  
Acting satisfied with that answer, Dale strutted barefoot into the middle of the room where she executed a graceful spin to show the dress from all sides.  
  
Nate had not had anything specific in mind about how the dress would look, but given that Dale was excited about it as well as what her mother had said about it coming from out of the country and not being conservative, he had been expecting something more flashy. Given what he knew about Dale’s willingness to show skin, he had even imagined that it might be see-through or have large cut-away sections, very strategically placed.  
  
However, his over-the-top expectations aside, it was indeed a very sexy dress. But it was sexy within the limitations of what one could wear to a high school dance.  
  
It looked to be made of a very light weight slinky fabric. That observation made him glad that she was so very warm blooded. It was, after all, November, and it was clear that the dress itself was not going to be keeping her warm.  
  
The fabric pattern seemed to involve a mixture of animal skin prints, zebra among them. The predominant color was green, although brown, blue and black were also in the mix.  
  
It was a halter style dress, so on top she was covered by just two triangles, about how a bikini top would cover her. From there the light material hung all the way down to her ankles. Its predominant feature was two slits that extended up the front of each leg, all the way up to about the level of her hip bones. This meant that the front of the dress was essentially a loin cloth like panel just six or so inches wide, hanging all the way down to ankle level.  
  
“What do you think, Mom?” she asked.  
  
“Amazing what you girls wear these days!” she said without a hint of disapproval. “I’m actually jealous. I would have loved to have worn a dress like that when I was your age.”  
  
“Mom!” said Dale. “This isn’t what us girls wear. Nobody else will have a dress like this…that I can guarantee you. How about you, Nate? What do you think?”  
  
“It’s amazing, Dale,” said Nate. “You’re amazing. I’m going to be the most envied guy at the dance. It’s pretty on you, but I think you’ll need a cover-up to stay warm.”  
  
After a little more discussion, Dale took Nate’s hand, saying, “Mom, Nate and I will be back in my bedroom.”  
  
She led him down their back hall. After she had closed her bedroom door, she turned to him saying, “I love this dress, Nate. I hope you do, too.”  
  
“It’s pretty slinky, that’s for sure,” he said. Not really knowing what else to say, he added, “You, my Dear, are gorgeous in it!”  
  
“There’s a story that goes with this dress,” she said. “I’ve been dying to share it with you…waiting for just the right moment. I actually found and ordered this dress right after Homecoming. It took forever to come. I spent the rest of my clothes budget for this semester, and almost half of my clothes budget for next semester on it. It wasn’t really that expensive, but with the exchange rate, shipping and import duty from Columbia, it added up.”  
  
“Wow, Columbia?” said Nate.  
  
“It’s kind of funny. When I ordered it, it was supposed to be for our date to Sadie. But then we broke up. But the dress took so long to get here, that we are back together, so now I can wear it to Sadie with you as my date, just as originally planned! Cool, huh?” said Dale.  
  
“Destiny, I guess. It was meant to be!” said Nate. “How did you ever come across a dress that you liked from Columbia?”  
  
“Remember the dance I was trying to show you the morning you made me ‘Acon and Begg Sandwiches at Mary’s? Well, this is the dress that goes with that dance,” she said.  
  
“I really liked that dance dressed just as you were that morning,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, wrong answer,” said Dale, giving him her signature punch, but then she pushed him down on her bed and dove on top of him, kissing him.  
  
“So, I want to tell you the story of the dress,” said Dale, rolling off of him and lying next to him on the bed.  
  
“Please,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, you and I have an important need to fill. We need an ‘our song’. Every couple needs an ‘our song’, right?  
  
“Absolutely,” agreed Nate.  
  
“Well, I’ve now got two possibilities in mind. Do you have any suggestions?” she asked.  
  
“I’ve thought about it, Dale, but truth be told, I was a little more focused on getting to a point where an ‘our song’ would again be needed,” said Nate. “So, ‘no’, I don’t have a specific song to propose. I am, however, quite excited to hear which songs you have in mind.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 226: La Bicicleta**

“Great! First, the one that doesn’t go with the dress,” said Dale, getting up and going to her computer and opening YouTube.  
  
“Rachel Platten. She did ‘Fight Song’, as well as the song that you brought to my attention on the way back from Eatonville, ‘Stand By You’,” said Dale. “By the way, I’m sure you liked her dress in that video.”  
  
“I loved it,” said Nate. “I couldn’t help but picture you in it, sans bra and panties of course.”  
  
“I would so love to wear that dress that way,” said Dale. “You find the place, and we’ll get the dress. College maybe, right?”  
  
“You could totally wear that dress in the Fiji house,” said Nate.  
  
“I didn’t have to wear anything in the Fiji house!” said Dale. “I want to pledge the Fiji house!”  
  
“I think they’d take you,” said Nate. “Even though I’m sure their charter limits them to male members.”  
  
“But her dress, with it’s one slit all the way up the middle to her belly button would be scandalous without the panties,” said Dale.  
  
“And the top without the bra underneath!” said Nate.  
  
“So, I decided to try and find a Rachel Platten song to be ‘our song’,” said Dale. “And I found a nice one. It’s called, ‘Better Place’. It’s a nice love song. Here, let me show it to you.”  
  
Together, holding hands, they watched the video as the song filled the room.  
  
I'll tell the world, I'll sing a song  
It's a better place since you came along  
Since you came along  
Your touch is sunlight through the trees  
Your kisses are the ocean breeze  
Everything's alright when you're with me  
  
And I hold my favorite thing  
I hold the love that you bring  
But it feels like I've opened my eyes again  
And the colors are golden and bright again  
There's a song in my heart, I feel like I belong  
It's a better place since you came along  
It's a better place since you came along  
  
I see the whole world in your eyes  
It's like I've known you all my life  
We just feel so right  
So I pour my heart into your hands  
It's like you really understand  
You love the way I am  
  
“That is very nice, Dale,” said Nate. “From my point of view, it IS a better place since you came along. I do see the whole world in your eyes.”  
  
“You’re so corny, Nate,” said Dale. “But two can play that game. It's like you really understand. You love the way I am!”  
  
“I do. I love you exactly as you are,” said Nate, leaning in and kissing her.  
  
“Hard to imagine a better ‘our song’, right?” said Dale.  
  
“And yet you have a second song to show me, and it has something to do with this hot little dress,” said Nate.  
  
“Bingo!” said Dale. “But first I have to tell you something.”  
  
“Tell me anything,” said Nate.  
  
“I haven’t even been your Nudity Slave for twenty four hours, and already my life is different. You haven’t even made me dress or undress,” said Dale.  
  
“I made you take off your bra for dinner last night,” said Nate. “And I spanked your bot-bot.”  
  
“You did. But that’s not my point,” said Dale. “Suddenly a giant burden has been lifted. I’m not worried that my life is a house of cards that might come crashing down at any moment. You’ve got my back, and now I can be me. I can be Dale Jordan again! I feel so good, and I feel so happy. I don’t feel like I’m living on borrowed time. That is how I was feeling before yesterday.”  
  
“It makes me feel so good to hear this, Dale!” said Nate, enthusiastically.  
  
“It is great. We’re going to conquer the world, together. And I’m not scared,” said Dale. “I’m going to do exactly what you tell me, with a single track mind, and life will be good.”  
  
“It’ll be great,” said Nate. “Your enthusiasm is so catching!”  
  
“I’m going to reclaim the old me. I’m going to go out for track, in college anyway. I’m going to take up piano again. I’m going to get a motorcycle. I’m going to make up with Michelle. We can be buddies again . . . maybe. And I’m going to be with you every single day!” said Dale, her enthusiasm higher than Nate had ever seen it before.  
  
“Michelle even?” he asked.  
  
“Of course, Michelle, “said Dale. “But don’t look so worried. Just unfinished business, you know.”  
  
“You sound like a different person,” said Nate.  
  
“I am,” said Dale. “You changed my life, and then you changed it again. We are going to have so much fun!”  
  
“We are going to have so much fun!” echoed Nate. “I love seeing you like this.”  
  
“I hope you love kissing me like this!” she said, pulling him back down on the bed and attacking him.  
  
After a few minutes of passion, Dale sat up saying, “But before we wreck my dress, I do have another video to show you.”  
  
“I knew we’d get there eventually,” said Nate. “But with a girl like you, what’s the rush?”  
  
“With a guy like you!” she said. Pausing, she continued, “So, Nate. Any guesses on the dress yet?”  
  
“As if I might figure it out?” he asked.  
  
“Yep, you’re always talking like you think you’re getting me all figured out,” she said. Dale saw the blank look on his face, so she continued, “Nate, where is Shakira from?”  
  
“I don’t know, Columbia?” he guessed.  
  
“Right!” said Dale. “I knew you’d figure it out if I gave it away.”  
  
“Ha, ha,” said Nate. “But I know how much you like Shakira. So that dance you were doing was a Shakira dance?”  
  
“Right again!” said Dale. “You’re good!”  
  
“Ok, so show me,” said Nate.  
  
“Here’s the video,” said Dale. “It’s called, ‘La Bicicleta’. It’s actually a duet with Carlos Vives. He’s also from Columbia. Well known too, I guess. Just watch!”  
  
She cued up the video and then hit play, turning up the volume a little.  
  
In the first few seconds, a night scene came on. Shakira swinging her hips to a ‘Shakira’ chant.  
  
“That’s the dress!” exclaimed Nate. “God, she’s got great thighs!”  
  
Dale paused the video and punched him. “You’re supposed to think that I have great thighs.”  
  
“I do, I do,” said Nate.  
  
“Just watch the video,” said Dale, clicking to restart it.  
  
Nate watched the video, making an effort to not talk. He wanted to. He recognized the dance she had been doing nude at Mary’s. Throwing her knees way apart, spreading her thighs in such an obscene manner. It was a lot less obscene with the dress panel hanging down between her legs, that was sure. He liked it both ways.  
  
The words of the song filled the room:  
  
Nada voy a hacer rebuscando en las heridas del pasado  
No voy a perder, yo no quiero ser un tipo de otro lado  
  
A tu manera, es complicado  
En una bici que te lleva a todos lados  
Un vallenato desesperado  
  
Una cartica que yo guardo donde te escribí  
Que te sueño y que te quiero tanto  
Que hace rato esta mi corazón latiendo por ti, latiendo por ti  
La que yo guardo donde te escribí  
Que te sueño y que te quiero tanto  
Que hace rato está mi corazón latiendo por ti, latiendo por ti  
  
Puedo ser feliz, caminando relajada entre la gente  
Yo te quiero así, y me gustas porque eres diferente  
  
As the video ended, Nate announced, “That’s the one!”  
  
“You think so?” asked Dale, excitedly.  
  
In the first place, the dress had been a BIG giveaway, not to mention that she was learning the dance. It had been way too obvious which her favorite was, and he knew how much Dale loved Shakira. But he liked it the best anyway, so even basing it solely on his own opinion, he would have picked ‘La Bicicleta’.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 227: Slave Rules**

“Why do you like it?” asked Dale, somewhat suspiciously.  
  
“Well, I like them both,” said Nate. “But the Shakira/Carlos Vives song is young, fun, full of life. Everything about it reminds me of us, but especially of you. You look quite a bit like Shakira actually…her hair is longer. But she is full of energy and seems to love life! That more than anything is why this song is perfect.”  
  
Dale hugged him excitedly. He knew instantly that he had nailed it. There probably hadn’t been a wrong answer, but she had put him on the spot and he had nailed it! Good feelings surged through him. How great was it to have a beautiful lover, and make her happy, too?  
  
“I feel so full of life, Nate. Especially this last day. I want to be your Nudity Slave forever!” said Dale.  
  
“Good!” said Nate, smirking.  
  
“I mean it. Don’t act like I’m not serious!” said Dale. “Now I only have to worry about what I enjoy worrying about. There are definitely things that I don’t enjoy worrying about.”  
  
“You, Dale…you are an odd duck,” said Nate. “But which song do YOU prefer?”  
  
“The same one, for the same reasons,” said Dale. “But you probably guessed that. But so what! As long as you are being honest with me. And I think you’d tell me if you liked the other song better.”  
  
“The other song is appealing because it is, and because it relates to the songs of our breakup,” said Nate. “But frankly, for me, I don’t really want ‘our song’ to commemorate our breakup. Maybe that breakup will end up being what made our relationship bulletproof, but at this moment in time, I’d rather forget about it. It was hard on me. You aren’t the only one who cried.”  
  
Dale hugged him, and he continued, “The Shakira song on the other hand, reminds me of learning Spanish with you. It reminds me of your ‘Suerte’ hula hoop show. It reminds me of you dancing naked while I cooked breakfast. And given the dress, it will remind me of the memories we’ll make this weekend at Sadie. In short, it reminds me of the very things I want to remember when I’m old and grey.”  
  
“And it’s going to remind you of one other thing,” said Dale. “But you’re not going to learn what that is for a while yet.”  
  
“Now you’re making me curious,” said Nate.  
  
“Too bad,” said Dale, sticking out her tongue quickly and pulling it back in just as quick. “And in a way, you remind me of Carlos Vives. But not because you look like him. Just because he looks like a fun guy to be around. You’re a very fun guy to be around!”  
  
“I presume you’ve got the lyrics all translated,” said Nate.  
  
“Mostly, and they mostly fit,” said Dale. “Something about keeping a small letter, but then the part that they sing together goes,  
  
Que te sueño y que te quiero tanto  
Que hace rato esta mi corazón latiendo por ti, latiendo por ti  
  
Which means,  
  
That I dream of you and that I love you so much  
That for a while now my heart has been beating for you, beating for you  
  
And I like a part that just Shakira sings which includes,  
  
Puedo ser feliz, caminando relajada entre la gente  
Yo te quiero así, y me gustas porque eres diferente  
  
Which means,  
  
I can be happy, walking relaxed among people  
I love you the way you are, and I like you because you are different  
  
She continued, “I like that a lot. It fits what I feel. I DO love you the way you are, and you are different. I’m glad you’re different. Different is fun!”  
  
“And you’re learning the dance! And you’ve got the dress! It’s too perfect,” said Nate.  
  
“I’ll show you the dance another time,” said Dale. “When my parents aren’t home. My bedroom is too cramped, and the dance is a bit too provocative, even dressed, to do in front of them. But I will do it at Sadie. They’ll be playing both songs for us. I’ve got that locked and loaded.”  
  
“How’d you manage that?” asked Nate.  
  
“I’ve got friends in all the right places, you know that,” said Dale with a wink.  
  
“And I’ve got Slave Rules for you, Miss Nudity Slave,” said Nate taking a couple sheets of paper out of his back pocket and unfolding it. “I can give you an unwrinkled copy later. I just didn’t want your parents to see it, so I folded it up.”  
  
Dale started skimming through her new rules.  
  
“Rules to live by, huh?” she said. “At first glance, this looks like a pretty boring existence.”  
  
“Yep, I pretty much described therein how a normal girl lives. Undress for your shower, get dressed after your shower. Leave the house dressed, return dressed,” said Nate.  
  
“It never says that I get naked. It only says that I don’t get naked,” said Dale, her disappointment evident in her voice and expression.  
  
“Of course it doesn’t say that you get naked,” said Nate. “The nudity will be the exceptions. Those will be mostly one of a kind events that will happen when I am with you. Those instructions will mostly be verbal. This document tells you what to do all the other times. But this needs to be crystal clear; you won’t be getting dressed after your shower because you have decided to get dressed. You will be getting dressed then because you are obeying me! And you will be obeying me because you are my Nudity Slave, and you want to make me happy!”  
  
“I guess it makes sense. I DO want to make you happy…very happy,” said Dale. “I want to be your Nudity Slave.”  
  
“It doesn’t really matter what you want,” said Nate. “Now you ARE my Nudity Slave, so now you have to obey. That’s your reality. And about the dress. Are you wearing underwear?”  
  
“No,” said Dale. “Underwear doesn’t really work with this. There might be panties that are cut high enough on the leg, but all of mine would show at the top of these slits. Or flesh colored panties might work. But bra wise, forget about it.”  
  
“Will your pussy show by accident when you dance?” he asked.  
  
“No, I don’t think so,” said Dale. “Trying to swing her hips wildly to see what would happen.”  
  
“It looked to me like they cut one of Shakira’s clips abruptly because the flap probably flew up such that she flashed the camera,” said Nate.  
  
“I saw that too,” said Dale. “But I think it will be alright.”  
  
“Okay, then,” said Nate. “No bra or panties for Sadie.”  
  
Dale had been expecting him to say please, or ask her if she agreed, but he didn’t. At first she was surprised, but then she decided that she liked it better this way. It was her new reality, and deep down inside it worked for her. A ‘please’ would have implied that the choice was hers. She knew that it was not.”  
  
“What if I get my period?” she asked.  
  
“You’ll need to keep me informed about that,” said Nate. “I’ll have to incorporate that into your Slave Rules sheet. I should have already taken that into account.”  
  
“You probably should have,” said Dale. “Periods have been a part of my old reality, and they will be a part of my new reality.”  
  
“Okay, Dale. As much as I love the new dress,” said Nate. “It’s time to take it off and hang it up. I’d like to keep it fresh and unwrinkled for the dance.”  
  
As she started to remove it, Dale said, “I’m only taking it off for the dress’s sake?”  
  
“Not just for the dress’s sake,” said Nate. “If you must know, I like how you look and feel naked. Get naked and come here.”  
  
As instructed, Dale slipped off the dress, and the two of them enjoyed a little romantic quiet time together.  
  
A bit later they managed to say goodnight and retreat to their respective beds. It was, after all, a school night. Unlike the night before, Dale actually managed to sleep in her own bed.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 228: The Principal’s Office**

Wednesday was a very ordinary day at Prospect High for Nate and Dale, all the way through lunch, but that was to change quite drastically. About half way through fifth period, Mrs. Shepherd, the Cheer Squad Advisor, suddenly opened the door of Dale’s English class, telling Mrs. Barnett that she needed to have ‘Miss Jordan’ accompany her.  
  
Dale instantly experienced strong feelings of déjà vu. It had been the very same class that Mrs. Shepherd had come and gotten her from after the bungee jump photos reached the faculty’s attention. The déjà vu was only going to get worse as Mrs. Shepherd again headed straight for the Principal’s Office, walking purposefully, saying nothing, and looking straight ahead.  
  
As they walked into the outer office, the door to Mr. McRoberts’ office opened. Dale, already in a state of anguish, was very surprised to see Nate standing just inside the Principal’s inner office. Mr. McRoberts dismissed Nate, and as he exited Mr. McRoberts called out to them, “Dale, Janice, please come in.”  
  
Dale looked searchingly into Nate’s eyes as they passed each other. She so much wished there was a chance to confer, but in an instant he was gone, and she was alone in the Principal’s office with Principal McRoberts and Mrs. Shepherd with the door closed.  
  
Mr. McRoberts stood and indicated a chair. Dale took a seat. As she had done before, Mrs. Shepherd went and stood leaning against the window sill, looking at Mr. McRoberts with her arms folded.  
  
Dale felt her phone vibrate, and glanced at it quickly. It was a text from Nate, so she decided to risk reading it. Mr. McRoberts and Mrs. Shepherd seemed distracted, looking at each other, as if trying to decide how to begin the discussion.  
  
Nate’s message read, “Stick with the victim story. It’s true and they’ll believe it if our stories match. I gave them Alexa’s name. Try and not give them any other names. Let Alexa rat out the others. Love you!”  
  
Bravely, Dale looked up, asking, “So, who’s going to tell me why I’m here, and why Nate was here?”  
  
“Dale, we don’t want to be here. I don’t want to be disappointed in you,” said Mrs. Shepherd. Speaking to Mr. McRoberts, she continued, “Show her the photos.”  
  
Without saying anything, Mr. McRoberts swiveled his monitor so that Dale could see it. In the first full-screen image, she saw herself crouched down nude on a small roof. She instantly realized that she was looking at a photo of her escape from Jodie’s party.  
  
The second photo included Nate. The two of them were making their way along the narrow roof. She was of course nude, and Nate was in his green costume. This second photo was particularly sharp and detailed. She was no longer crouching, and her angle was such that her completely bald pussy was visible in great detail. Similarly her nipple jewelry was quite evident, especially to Dale’s trained eye.  
  
She found herself feeling somewhat violated. That night she had been the victim. She wasn’t going to have to play the victim, she WAS the victim. Mr. McRoberts had clearly been looking at nude photos of her, exceptionally detailed photos, and the photos had nothing to do with school. Just because she was a student there, hardly gave him the right. Her shock at seeing the photos was quickly replaced with indignation.  
  
The third image was similar to the second, very explicit. Mr. McRoberts continued clicking through the photos. The fourth and fifth images showed Dale and Nate climbing down. The sixth and seventh images showed them from the rear, running away down the street. There might have been another image or two of them disappearing into the distance, but by then Dale had seen all that she needed to see. She looked down, again at her phone. She reread Nate’s message, but not because she needed to…just to try and focus her mind.  
  
“So, Janice, you don’t want to be disappointed, you say?” said Dale, purposefully calling her by her first name. “What should I be? Why are you two looking at naked photos of me? Why are you standing by while HE,” she said pointing at Mr. McRoberts, “…looks at such photos…of a teenage student’s private parts. Doesn’t this cross the line for you? Shouldn’t you be trying to protect me from this sort of thing? This would seem like a huge invasion of privacy, at the very least.”  
  
Mr. McRoberts clicked, and his screen went black.  
  
“Dale, why don’t you tell me what was going on in these photos?” said Mr. McRoberts.  
  
“Why don’t you tell me why my naked photos belong on a Principal’s computer screen?” said Dale, trying her best to come across as if having her privates seen really bothered her. “Who else have they been shared with?”  
  
“Now, Dale, calm down,” said Mrs. Shepherd. “You know very well that we’re on your side. We helped you after the Bungee photos were circulating. These photos are not circulating. Only Mr. McRoberts and I have them, right?” she said turning to Mr. McRoberts as if suddenly unsure. Turning back to Dale she continued, “As you can tell from the resolution, they’re not cell phone photos. They were taken by an adult with a quality camera. They have not been seen by students. They were taken by a neighbor of the Parker’s. This neighbor is delighted that this was supposedly the last Parker Halloween Party.”  
  
“That’s exactly right, Janice,” said Mr. McRoberts. “She has told us stories about what has gone on at that party. This is not the first year that she has complained to me, every year she sends me photos, but this is the first time that she has shared photos with us involving nudity. To her the party is a major problem for their neighborhood”  
  
“Dale, what happened that night? We want to help you,” said Mrs. Shepherd.  
  
“You can ask lots of people,” said Dale. “I went to the party in a costume, a homemade ice cream dress. I made it myself…a rather nice costume for homemade, I thought. Tyler asked me, so he was my date. But then some girls at the party thought I would be better off without my dress, without my shoes, without my underwear. I don’t know why they hate me. Why do they hate me, Janice? Why are they so mean? What did I ever do to them? It was hardly my idea to be naked and escaping out an upstairs bathroom window. Nate helped me get away. That’s pretty much it, so what more do you want to know?”  
  
“Dale, you sound upset. You sound mad. Please don’t be mad at us,” said Mrs. Shepherd.  
  
“How would you react? First that, now this. You say you’re on my side, but it feels more like you’re on their side,” said Dale. “It was terrible. You’re making it worse.”  
  
“Who were the girls, Dale?” asked Mrs. Shepherd.  
  
“Janice…I’m sorry…Mrs. Shepherd, I can’t give you names. I’ve got enough trouble without ratting out the girls who did this. I don’t know why they hate me, but the last thing I want to do is make everything even worse,” said Dale. “If you want to help me, then delete the photos, and forget all about this. This did not happen at school or even a school event. Mr. McRoberts, don’t make this your problem…it’s not. It’s my problem. It’s embarrassing enough without any more people finding out about what happened…or especially…seeing the photos.”  
  
“Where’s your dress, Dale?” asked Mrs. Shepherd, trying to redirect the conversation.  
  
“Someone must have it. I sure don’t have it, but I’d like it back. My shoes, too. It’s not very easy to get home naked and barefoot on Halloween night. Give it a try sometime. Mrs. Shepherd? Mr. McRoberts?” said Dale, pleading for their understanding.  
  
“Dale, I’m willing to believe your story…that you were stripped and escaped. However, we need names. We can’t have students running through town naked and we can’t have students doing this sort of thing to other students. You know who was involved. You need to tell us,” said Mr. McRoberts.  
  
“I’m sorry, but I can’t give you any names. I’d love to see a little justice, but they’d only retaliate. My life is tough enough without that. You couldn’t protect me. Please, just forget about this,” pleaded Dale.  
  
“We have to have names, Dale,” reiterated Mr. McRoberts.  
  
Dale maintained her silence, so Mrs. Shepherd added, “Dale, help us help you. Who did this to you? I’ve got some good guesses, but we can’t do anything with guesses.”  
  
“Do we have to get your parents in here?” asked Mr. McRoberts.  
  
“I don’t care if you do,” said Dale. “I’m willing to bet that you won’t do that. You’re not going to show my mom and dad the naked pictures of their daughter that you have on your computer…that you’ve been looking at. Somethings wrong with that. Mrs. Shepherd? This doesn’t offend you?”  
  
“I don’t want to feel like I am in a position in which I have to punish you for failing to cooperate,” said Mr. McRoberts. “Don’t force me to consider that.”  
  
“What?” said Dale, taken aback. “Are you saying that you might punish me for being stripped at a private party? How could you? Why would you?”  
  
“Not for being stripped,” said Mr. McRoberts. “For not cooperating, for withholding information.”  
  
“Go ahead and punish me for that,” said Dale. After a pause to consider the possibilities, she continued, “I wonder what the girls who were involved would think if they knew that I chose being punished over ratting them out. Would they be appreciative, and leave me alone? Or would they feel safe…emboldened…and come after me?”  
  
They continued to push Dale to give them names, but she continued to refuse. Finally she felt fatigued with the whole matter. She started to break down.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 229: Alexa**

Mrs. Shepherd moved to the seat next to her, attempting to comfort her, but Mr. McRoberts called her out of the office to confer, leaving Dale alone. Dale wiped her eyes and congratulated herself on her performance. ‘Surely she deserved an Oscar for that,’ she thought. ‘Too bad it hadn’t been recorded,’ she thought, but then she wondered, looking around the office for any hints of hidden cameras.  
  
Within a couple of minutes, Mr. McRoberts and Mrs. Shepherd were back.  
  
Mr. McRoberts said, “Dale, we are both so very sorry for what happened to you that night. Just because we feel an obligation to get to the bottom of such things, please don’t blame us for what happened. We are not trying to make a difficult situation worse. I’ll tell the attendance office that you are excused for the rest of the day.”  
  
“But will you delete the photos?” she asked. “It doesn’t seem appropriate that you have them…with all due respect.”  
  
“Yes, not right away, but when appropriate. After I’ve gotten all the facts,” said Mr. McRoberts.  
  
Dale doubted that he would ever delete the photos. ‘Why would he?’ she thought.  
  
As she walked out, she saw Alexa sitting and waiting in the outer office. Mrs. Whitaker, the Drill Team Advisor was there as well. Mr. McRoberts was obviously going to be speaking with Alexa next, and she obviously had her faculty apologist in tow.  
  
As Dale passed by her, Alexa looked up, giving her a wicked squint-eyed look. Under her breath she said venomously, “You bitch!” Dale continued on past, avoiding eye contact. Just out in the hall, Nate was waiting for her. She fell into his arms, finally allowing the tears to flow.  
  
“Let’s get out of here, Dale,” said Nate, sympathetically.  
  
Dale nodded, burying her face in his chest. Together they made a beeline for the door, and minutes later were driving out of the school parking lot. Nate turned up a side street and found street parking within a few blocks.  
  
“Wow,” said Nate. “That caught me off guard. One minute I’m in class, the next minute I’m in the Principal’s office looking at about the sharpest pussy pictures I’ve ever seen.”  
  
“Thanks for your text, Nate,” said Dale. “Without it, I might have been lost, initially anyway. With it, I think I nailed the performance. Too bad there aren’t Oscars for such things.”  
  
“Well, I’m glad to hear you sounding so upbeat,” said Nate. “What did you tell them?”  
  
“Whatever came to mind,” said Dale. “I tried to make them feel like they were in the wrong, especially Mr. McRoberts, for looking at a teen girl’s privates. I tried to not overdo that, but I might have. Your words from our drive to State came to mind, ‘Act like a normal girl’. I tried to do what I thought an ordinary girl might do. I think I told them that I felt like they were helping the girls who stripped me, by continuing to torture me. Not in those words. I was pretty flustered. I forget my exact words. ”  
  
“That was indeed bizarre,” said Nate. “I felt the same way. That they shouldn’t be looking at the photos, or showing them to me.”  
  
“Wait, they showed them to you, didn’t they?” said Dale.  
  
“Yes,” said Nate.  
  
“Then they lied to me,” she said. “They told me that no students had seen them. I’ll bet they are even showing them to Alexa right now.”  
  
“Maybe, but I should hope not. They could take her to task without showing her the evidence,” said Nate. “But the bottom line is that your luck is holding.”  
  
“My luck?” asked Dale.  
  
“Of all the naked pictures that might have made their way to Mr. McRoberts, it happened to be the ones that can do you the least damage,” said Nate. “And the ones that create problems for Alexa.”  
  
“Oh, she was mad!” said Dale.  
  
“I know,” said Nate. “She had some choice words for me. I hope she tattles on all her accomplices, and that they go after her.”  
  
“Michelle could beat Alexa to a pulp, but Alexa is probably too smart to give up any names,” said Dale.  
  
They continued to share notes about their respective experiences in the Principal’s office, but eventually decided to go for a walk on the seasonally closed golf course. The walk ended up helping them both regain their emotional footing. And it helped them feel like a team, a rock solid team, ready to roll with the punches and confront their new challenges…together.  
  
“You know, Nate,” said Dale. “I was caught off guard today, but not nearly as badly as Janice and Mr. McRoberts.”  
  
“How so?” he asked.  
  
“Even though you had told them that I had been stripped, I could tell how surprised they both were by my reaction,” said Dale.  
  
“They probably didn’t believe me,” said Nate.  
  
“Maybe not. They acted like they expected this conversation to pick up right where the last one had left off. I’m sure that they thought that I’d again be pleading the fifth. Last time involved Alexa and Mrs. Whitaker feeding them photos, trying to hang me out to dry. This time the tables were turned.”  
  
“Most obviously,” said Nate.  
  
“What do you think they’ll do to Alexa?” asked Dale.  
  
“Probably very little,” said Nate. “It might depend on if she tattles on her co-conspirators or not. But I doubt they can or will do much. Like you pointed out earlier, this was not at the school nor at a school event. They could hand it over to the police, but I can’t imagine them deciding to do that.”  
  
The next thing that happened that related to the photos of Dale escaping from the Halloween party occurred the next day. Again during Dale’s fifth period English class, a runner delivered a note. Mrs. Barnett held it at her desk until the end of class, handing it to Dale on her way out.  
  
The note informed Dale that she needed to visit Mrs. Shepherd in her classroom after the last class of the day. That ended up being a nasty trick. On the one hand, she figured that it was not a meeting of great importance as it was not in the Principal’s office and could wait until the end of the day; however, it made it very hard for her to concentrate during her remaining two classes.  
  
She exchanged texts with Nate, asking him to be with her at the meeting. He was more than willing to accompany her.  
  
Mrs. Shepherd was a little surprised when they came into her classroom together, but it wasn’t a problem. She had mostly sent for Dale so that she could return her dress and shoes to her. They had required Alexa to bring them to school so that they could be returned to Dale via intermediaries.  
  
There was no underwear with the dress, which seemed slightly strange to Dale, but she figured that Alexa had just not bothered to keep them that night. While she did expect that they had just been lost or thrown away, she did derive a little bit of secret amusement out of the idea that Alexa might have kept them as a trophy of one sort or another.  
  
She tried to get some information out of Mrs. Shepherd about what had been said in their discussion with Alexa, but Mrs. Shepherd was pretty tight lipped. It was her opinion that she couldn’t share such information as it would violate Alexa’s privacy.  
  
‘So Alexa has privacy rights, but not me,’ thought Dale.  
  
Mrs. Shepherd did mention, however, that Alexa was an exceedingly persuasive talker. And how at certain points she had almost started to believe that Dale had in fact deserved what had been done to her.  
  
That comment caught both Nate and Dale off-guard. They were very surprised to hear such a statement, especially coming from a faculty member who was such a loyal friend of Dale’s. To Dale it seemed to indicate how someone, who she hardly knew, like Mrs. Whitaker might end up siding with Alexa. It also helped to explain why Alexa had been able to recruit accomplices so effectively.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 230: The Last Game**

Nate had to hurry to football practice, and Dale and Mrs. Shepherd had to be on their way to cheer practice. These were important practices, as the last game of the regular season was the very next day, Friday. The Sadie Hawkins dance on Saturday was destined to be the celebration of a victory, or to be a subdued melancholy occasion, at least for the football team and their ladies.  
  
If the Mavericks won the game, their chances of making the playoffs were good, but not a sure thing. It would come down to how other games in the conference went that weekend. As there were games on both Friday and Saturday nights, the list of teams making the playoffs would most likely not be known until Sunday.  
  
The cheerleaders had the luxury of practicing in the gym, but the football practice would be outside as always. Normally that wasn’t much of an issue, but it had been cold and rainy. Everyone was destined to be wet and muddy.  
  
It didn’t end up being quite as bad as Nate had feared. Even though the field was a mess, the coaches did not pursue a very rigorous practice. Instead, they focused on the mental aspects of the game. They worked on tailoring a few plays, both offensive and defensive, to the team they would be facing.  
  
Coach Maynard had decided that their old standby defensive play, affectionately known as the I.U.D., would be the most effective. For that reason, they spent a lot of time lining up in the I.U.D. formation and discussing the various assignments of all positions based on how their opponents plays might be seen to be developing just after the ball was hiked.  
  
It was a difficult play for Nate, because he would usually rush the quarterback, either trying to make the tackle if it was a pass play, or to force the pitch. However, in certain instances, he was supposed to cover short passes to the tight end. He had to make the right call and adjust, usually even before the ball was hiked. Many casual observers of football only saw the physical aspects of the game. It did, however, involve a lot of quick thinking.  
  
That evening after dinner, Nate wanted to watch an oldie, the Matrix. Dale wasn’t too excited to see it again, but she hadn’t seen it in years, so she went along with Nate’s choice. She could tell that he was keen on seeing it.  
  
They didn’t need to study. As the game was so critical, teachers had not scheduled tests for game day. There was a pep assembly late morning, and the football players were all wearing their game jerseys.  
  
Similarly, the cheerleaders were wearing uniforms. Kenny grabbed a quick photo of Nate and Dale in the Spanish classroom right at the start of class. They even took one after the bell rang, with the two of them talking to Señora Flores at her desk. Kenny thought it might end up being a great photo…two students speaking with a teacher on game day.  
  
Nate and Dale were disappointed that the cheerleader uniforms that had been scheduled in advance to be worn for that game were not the uniforms that included the skirt of the style that Alexa had worn at the party. They would not be able to find out who had loaned Alexa the skirt for at least a another week, and only then if Prospect made the playoffs.  
  
Dale realized that finding out whose skirt it had been was likely only a very insignificant piece of information, as well as a piece of information that they wouldn’t be able to do anything with; however, it gave her a mental boost. It made her feel like a sleuth, and it made her feel like she was doing something. Feeling as if she were doing something to combat Alexa, albeit something small, helped her to not feel completely defenseless.  
  
Realizing that it might be his last pep assembly as a Prospect High football player, Nate tried to concentrate on storing a few memories away in the recesses of his brain…particularly memories relating to having his own personal cheerleader.  
  
He also indulged in taking a few photos during the assembly – all of them of Dale or including Dale. At one point, she did ‘the needle’ while looking directly at him. It brought back so many memories, and Nate was delighted to have had his phone up and on camera mode. He hoped that that particular photo would come out. All the others he didn’t really care that much about, but he really wanted that photo of Dale doing ‘the needle’ and looking at him to be perfect.  
  
Just after the assembly, he spoke with Dale. She was in a similarly nostalgic mood. They took a few selfies together, and in one of them she did ‘the needle’ at his request. It would be Nate’s consolation prize if the photo during the assembly was not completely sharp and suitable for framing. That was the one he wanted…the photo in the course of a live assembly.  
  
Dale found it touching that he was so keen on that particular photo. She knew that he had a vast collection of nude photos, and yet this one of her dressed was important to him. She found it a bit surprising, but it made her feel good.  
  
They both hoped that the team would make the playoffs, but they both knew that the football season might end for good that very evening.  
  
They knew their relationship would go on, but somehow it would be different come the end of football season. So far, their relationship had only existed in the context of football season. Football practice had governed how they met after school, and games had punctuated all of their weekends together and had determined when their weekend trips had been taken.  
  
For Nate, another aspect had been very significant…the feeling that Dale was his own personal cheerleader. That would be gone with the start of basketball season. She would still be a cheerleader, but he would be in the bleachers with his friends. She would still be cheering for the Mavericks, but it would be entirely different.  
  
Unfortunately the football game that evening was an away game. They would not have home field advantage; however, it was in one of the closer towns. That meant that they would change in their own locker room and travel to the game suited up. For the more distant games, it was necessary to pack their gear and suit up on site, usually in the girl’s locker room. Most schools used the girl’s locker room for visiting teams.  
  
Nate did not like away games much because he would generally see very little of Dale. They had to ride in separate buses. Typically, he could say ‘hi’ to her briefly on the sidelines, but that was usually about it.  
  
The team that they were playing had had a poor season, so the Mavericks were expected to win easily. Nate did not like games under those circumstances. The players had difficulty motivating to play their best, and there was little glory in a win when it was the expected outcome. Largely there seemed to mostly be downside under those conditions.  
  
Friday had also been rainy, so the field was quite muddy. They were ten points up at half time, but by the start of the fourth quarter, Prospect’s lead had been cut to three points. Making everything worse, it started raining again in the fourth quarter. Just playing on a muddy field had been bad enough.  
  
Dale was trying to watch the game as best she could from the sidelines. It was hardly an ideal viewing angle; it helped to be up just a bit in the stands. The other team had the ball, which meant that Nate was in the game. She was very devoted and enjoyed trying to follow him on the field.  
  
At the end of third down, she became aware that a player was down on the field. As usually happened under such circumstances, the coaches jogged out onto the field to attend to his needs.  
  
The announcer informed the crowd that the player was, “Prospect number seventy-nine, Nathan Miller, Defensive End.”  
  
Upon hearing that, Dale moved along the sidelines, trying to find a spot where she would be able to see what was going on out on the field. In the back of her mind, she knew that it was unlikely to be a serious injury, but a serious injury was always a possibility.  
  
She didn’t realize it at first, but tears were starting to fill her eyes, tears of concern. She felt a sympathetic hand on her shoulder and turned to see Susie, who offered her a comforting hug.  
  
“I’m sure he’ll be fine,” said Susie with genuine empathy.  
  
Dale was so glad to not feel alone at that moment, and she held on to Susie for reassurance. Together the two of them, in a close little huddle, continued to watch the coaches kneeling on the field, talking to Nate, who was lying flat on his back.  
  
“Thank you, Susie,” she said.  
  
“He’ll be alright, I think,” Susie continued. “He’s tough. I sure hope he’s not hurt badly. We need him.”  
  
Dale didn’t respond. The entire crowd was focused on the small group in the center of the field. Dale tried to watch calmly, wiping her eyes and taking solace in having Susie’s arm around her shoulder. ‘Why had she not gotten to know Susie better earlier?’ she found herself wondering. Everything about her was so genuine.  
  
It seemed to be taking forever, but in what must have been less than a minute, they had Nate up and were assisting him off the field.  
  
The crowd gave a big cheer. Nate hopped along on one foot, Coach Maynard on one side, Coach Neal on the other. Dale knew that leg injuries could be serious, but she was relieved that whatever had happened did not have anything to do with his head or his spinal column. There was at least some comfort in that. Such injuries did happen, and they were typically the worst.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 231: Carrying Nate**

As soon as they could manage, the football game resumed, Blake taking Nate’s position.  
  
Even though she wasn’t officially supposed to, Dale went up behind Nate where he was seated on the bench. She threw her arms around him, letting him know that she was there and that she cared.  
  
Nate had been quickly forgotten by the coaches and the rest of the team as play resumed. They had a game to win. Even the crowd seemed to have forgotten him.  
  
“I think I felt something pop,” Nate told her. “The quarterback got rid of the ball, so I’m not supposed to crash into him. I stuck out my leg to try to stop my momentum…that’s when I felt it. Coach Maynard says I must have hyperextended my knee.”  
  
“Will it be alright?” asked Dale.  
  
Nate didn’t have any idea, but Coach Maynard joined them as the Prospect offense took the field.  
  
“He’ll probably need an MRI,” said Coach Maynard. “I don’t think it’s his ACL. It doesn’t seem bad enough to be his ACL, but we won’t know until he gets in to see a doctor.” Coach Maynard went on to quickly explain the importance of both the ACL and the PCL, but then he had to leave.  
  
Dale lingered a few moments longer, making sure that Nate was comfortable and knew of her concern, but then she also had to get back to her duties. Cheerleaders were critical in winning games, at least that is how Dale felt. Deep down inside she truly believed that she could make a difference.  
  
She wanted to be with Nate, but she knew that she couldn’t do anything for him, and the game was close. The team needed her.  
  
She felt that she had a real bond with the team, a bond that went far beyond what they had with the other cheerleaders. It was a bond that she had spent years nurturing, and to her it was of the utmost importance. She couldn’t really explain it, but she loved her team. She felt a part of the team, the football team especially. When she thought about it, she knew that that was probably what she would miss the most after graduation.  
  
Unfortunately, the other team scored a field goal, tying up the score just shortly before the end of the fourth quarter. The game went into overtime.  
  
It was a stressful end to an important game, but the Prospect Mavericks scored their own field goal. They won the game by those three points, and the players carried their kicker one lap of the field on their shoulders to celebrate.  
  
It felt good to win, but the enthusiasm was limited. It shouldn’t have been a close game. The rain was also continuing to come down. That too put a damper on the celebration, and yet it felt good to conclude the season with a game in the ‘win’ column.  
  
When it was time to get to the buses, several players, Felipe among them, showed up to assist Nate. However, Coach Maynard held them back.  
  
“I’m sorry gentlemen,” he told them. “Tonight I have agreed to a special request.”  
  
Just then, Dale emerged from the crowd. She stepped in front of Nate. Turning around, she said confidently, “Hop up, big guy. It’s time for me to repay a favor.”  
  
Nate placed his wet hands on her wet shoulders. Leaning forward, he asked, “Are you sure, Dale? The buses are two, maybe three hundred yards from here. I’m heavy. Not quite twice your weight, but still…”  
  
“I’m sure, Nate. I really want this. You know how strong my legs are. Please don’t deny me this honor,” she pleaded.  
  
Everyone stepped back, making room. They were all observing the petite cheerleader who was insisting on giving the big football player a piggy-back ride.  
  
“Okay, if you’re sure,” said Nate, handing his helmet to Felipe and wrapping his arms around Dale’s shoulders.  
  
A cheer went up as Nate got both of his legs up and supported, Dale’s hands under his thighs.  
  
Turning her head slightly so he could hear her over the noise, Dale said, “I love you, Nate. It’s time for me to show you just how much.”  
  
She took her first steps in the mud, bearing their combined weight of nearly three hundred pounds. She felt her shoes sinking into the muddy grass.  
  
The volume of the cheer increased as more people became aware of what was going on. The crowd parted, making a path for the two of them, their hair and uniforms completely soaked.  
  
Quite a few people took their picture as Dale trudged her way through the semi-darkness to the parking lot. Due to outdoor, overhead lighting they passed through bright areas but also shadowy areas.  
  
Their marked difference in size caught most people’s eye. Nate’s football gear, especially his shoulder pads served to accentuate the extent to which he dwarfed Dale.  
  
But that wasn’t all that people were noticing. Dale’s expression was also so very memorable: concern, mixed with sheer determination, mixed with a clear sense of purpose. And Nate’s expression, hard to read exactly, but also one conveying deep emotion.  
  
Kenny, too, was there with his camera. He had been photographing the game, but now he was attempting to record what was unfolding in front of his eyes. Several times, he ran ahead to gain another chance to photograph the pair as they passed by. He couldn’t remember ever having had the good fortune to photograph a more moving, more emotionally charged event.  
  
Suddenly, he thought he was getting a glimpse of what it must feel like to be presented with an opportunity to photograph something that had Pulitzer Prize potential. That very thought inspired him to make as good a use of the opportunity as he possibly could.  
  
For Kenny, it was all the more meaningful, because not just one of these individuals, but both of them were his good friends. Although he knew that few would believe him, he felt that Dale and he had actually become good friends over the course of that semester, and he had her cell phone number in his phone to prove it.  
  
It took a little while, but just as she knew she would, Dale succeeded in getting Nate all the way to his bus without needing to take a single break. She was, after all, ‘The Little Engine That Could’. The mud had been as much of an issue for her as had been Nate’s weight. On a few occasions she had slipped, almost going down, but every time she had managed to recover her footing.  
  
Dale had wanted to stay with Nate and ride back on the team bus, and Coach Maynard had wanted to let her. However, ‘no girls on the football team bus’ was a hard and fast rule, so it couldn’t happen. They both knew that.  
  
The last thing Nate had said to Dale before she got back off his bus had been, “I’m so sorry about the dance, Lover.”  
  
“Don’t worry about the dance,” she had replied. “We’re going! Even if I have to carry you!”