**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

by BPClavel

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 232: Crutches and a Knee Brace**

As the bus ride began, Nate half expected to be teased a little bit about having accepted a ride to the bus from a girl. That teasing, however, never materialized. If there was any reaction at all, it was pretty much the opposite. The most outward signs were a few fist bumps and a slap or two on the back.

He spent a little bit of time during the drive back to school trying to figure out what the other players’ thoughts on the matter might in fact be. He decided there were two primary considerations. In the first place, he had been injured in the course of a game. An injured player always received due respect and gratitude from his teammates. He thought it was similar to the military honors accorded to a fallen soldier.

And second, there was the Dale factor. He hadn’t received a piggyback ride from a girl; he had received a piggyback ride from Dale. It wasn’t because they were jealous, although he knew that they probably were. It was more a matter of the hallowed ground that Dale walked upon. In the eyes of his teammates, she could do no wrong. It was almost as if she were sacred in the eyes of the team.

He strongly believed that the reason that no one made light of him for accepting such a ride, is because that would be comparable to criticizing Dale. No one would do that, that he knew. Had he witnessed something similar a year ago, for example, Dale giving a ride to an injured Jason, he knew what his thoughts would have been. It would have only added to his respect for Dale. The last thing from his mind would have been that she might be doing it for show or to bring attention to herself. He, like everyone else on the team, knew that Dale had offered the ride out of an unselfish desire to honor him.

Ward and Jason had clued him in to how some girls viewed Dale, but he had never needed to be clued in to how the guys at the school felt about her. Sure, they all thought she was beautiful and desirable, but even more significant than that, he knew that everyone on the team had the utmost respect for her. He was reminded of some of the sentiments that Kenny had expressed to Dale. He knew that those sentiments were hardly unique. To a man, Nate felt that the team shared those same feelings for Dale. They would all be willing and feel honored to be asked to do her some service.

And what is more, he knew that some of it rubbed off on him. He felt that he received a great deal of respect from the team and from both students and teachers at school simply because Dale chose to associate with him. In his opinion, even people who hardly knew him, held him in high regard simply out of deference to Dale.

An hour or so later, when Nate came out of the locker room, Dale was there waiting for him. She had a small circle of his teammates around her, keeping her company, but they all went their separate ways as Nate emerged.

Dale had been prepared to give him another piggyback ride; however, Nate was on a pair of loaner crutches. He had been one of the last out of the locker room as they had taken the time to adjust the crutches to his height. Additionally he had been fitted with a temporary knee brace to get him through the weekend.

He explained to Dale, what the coaches had told him: that he was okay to walk on the leg with the brace on, but that he should use the crutches for longer distances. He was also supposed to elevate the leg and apply ice to minimize swelling. After discussing his knee, they started to walk to the car.

As they walked, Dale commented, “You know what makes me all warm and happy on the inside?”

“What, Dale?”

“These matching blue jackets. I just love it when we are both wearing them. Warm on the inside and warm on the outside,” she said. “Such a thoughtful gift, really.”

“I’m glad you like them,” said Nate. “It makes me feel good that you are willing to match me out in public.”

“Silly…I love matching you in public,” said Dale. “I want everyone to know that we belong together.”

Nate didn’t know if Dale knew how much such comments meant to him. They made waves of joy surge through his heart. She did have a selfish streak, but down inside she was also the kindest person that he had ever known.

The two of them headed home in Nate’s car, Dale driving. As she drove, she filled Nate in on how nice Susie had been to her. She told him specifically about what had gone on while they had been together, awaiting news on the nature and severity of his injuries.

Dale also mentioned other recent, smaller instances, in which Susie had been kind or somehow made her feel good. She didn’t mention it, but Nate was reminded as well of the instance in which Susie had missed her own fifth period class, trying to comfort Dale during a particularly trying day.

The more he got to know her, the better he felt about Susie. She was obviously a good soul. At one point, he had thought that she might have been acting nice towards Dale as a way of getting to know him, as a precursor to asking him out. For that reason, his respect for Susie had only risen since he had turned down the Sadie date opportunity. There was obviously a lot more depth to Susie, for she had continued reaching out to both of them.

He was struck by one more thing, as he listened to Dale talk. She was indeed a girl who was starved for friendly contact with her own gender. A lot of what she mentioned about Susie would never be mentioned by other girls. It was, after all, the usual way in which most girls related to one another. Only for Dale was it unusual to be treated in that way by a female of her own age. She largely got along fine with the other cheerleaders, but the relationships tended to be a bit businesslike and somewhat distant. At least, that was Nate’s view.

Only Susie seemed to be attempting to reach out to Dale in a genuinely friendly fashion. He loved seeing it, because he could tell how much it meant to Dale. ‘If only a few of the other girls would start treating Dale similarly,’ he found himself wishing.

Dale also talked again about how happy she was to be his Nudity Slave. How it somehow made her feel like she had a new lease on life. And he could tell that she really meant it. She had always been such an alive, happy person around him, but he knew he was witnessing an escalation of those aspects.

She even talked exuberantly about reaching out to Michelle. He wasn’t sure he was really so keen about that idea, but he could tell that it was something that was important to her, something that would make her very happy. She wanted so much to somehow get back on friendly terms with her ‘Nutshell’.

Additionally, Dale mentioned again the idea of going out for track in college, and for the second time he heard her talk about again pursuing her interest in piano. It was as if she was inspired to reconnect with everything that had once been dear to her. Based on her words and body language he could tell that it had everything to do with their latest agreement.

She did indeed seem to be coming out from under a cloud, a cloud she had seemingly been living under for a long time. As they talked, he came to realize that the cloud she had been living under was her belief that she would one day be caught naked in very compromising circumstances, and that her entire life would be ruined. And these concerns of hers went back years. They had not begun with his involvement that August.

Suddenly she felt that her life had changed. She no longer had to try and ignore her inborn need to get naked, she no longer had to try and behave. All she had to do was trust and obey. Somehow she knew that Nate would take care of the rest. For her a big weight had been lifted.

Once she had parked, she went about helping Nate get out of the car. His parents came out and helped get him into the house. Dale had called both sets of parents earlier, so they were all there.

They got Nate comfortable on the couch with his knee elevated. All six of them ended up sitting around the living room talking. Nate bragged about how his strong girl had carried him such a great distance to the team bus. Everyone was impressed, but they all already knew how strong she was.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 233: A Bra-Free Afternoon**

Dale didn’t want to go home and go to bed alone, but she forced herself to. That was what they had decided on in advance, and the injury didn’t seem to require that they change their original plans. Nate was supposed to try and sleep with his leg elevated, which might be difficult in a twin bed with two both of them in it.

They had decided to spend the night after the dance together, and that plan seemed as if it was still a ‘go’. Doing so was particularly important to both of them.

Saturday morning found Nate lying in bed, half-awake and half-asleep, when his phone went off. He was delighted when he realized that it was his ‘picture of the day’. He took a moment to study it in detail. For the first time, he noticed that Dale’s racing stripe was starting to show distinctly in the photograph. He scrutinized her little lady lips to see how she was doing in that regard. She was going to need to put a little more effort into that he decided, but he’d have to give some thought to how he might go about bringing that up with her.

Once he was up and dressed, he wandered out to the kitchen. To his surprise, Dale was there and helping his mother with breakfast. He was delighted to see that they were trying to surprise him by making ‘Acon and Begg Sandwiches, which were going to be just one part of a much bigger breakfast. His mother and Dale were obviously working on Cinnamon Rolls as well, but he tried to act as if he had not noticed.

Nate took a seat in the dining room and watched the two of them work on breakfast together. Suddenly it occurred to him that Dale was his mother’s future daughter-in-law. His mom, of course, did not know, but he and Dale did. He loved the thought of one day being married to this most precious person, so perfect and yet slightly flawed in the most endearing ways.

He observed her happiness, and he again thought about how being his Nudity Slave was turning out to be the ideal medicine for her. He knew that she wanted to be dealt with very strictly, and he knew that she very much deserved strict treatment.

Thinking about being the best Nudity Master a girl ever had, he sent her a text. It read, “Thanks for the pussy pic this morning. Are you wearing a bra and panties right now?”

A moment later, he saw that she had received his text and was reading it. She looked up at him and smiled. She nodded, ‘Yes.’

He sent her another text, “Dear Nudity Slave, the remainder of your weekend will be bra and panty free. You have 60 seconds to stow both items in your drawer in my room, and get back out here. Sincerely, your Nudity Master. GO!”

He hit send, and then watched Dale. She received the text, and started reading it. Suddenly she gave out what seemed like a little inaudible squeal. Jetting out of the kitchen, she seemed to skip around the corner into the hall. She very narrowly avoided a collision with his father who had just gotten up and was on his way out to the dining room.

“What’s gotten into her?” he asked.

“Spontaneous bathroom need maybe,” suggested Nate, trying to act equally surprised.

Nate had not started a timer, but in no time at all Dale was back, a big smile on her face. She walked over to him and gave him a friendly kiss on his cheek, while very discreetly taking his hand and placing it on her chest, offering verification. Her young titties felt luscious within her shirt.

Nate smiled and nodded approvingly as Dale turned and went back to what she had been doing in the kitchen. A moment later, a visibly cheerful Dale, turned and winked at him. She was sporting the cutest little smile. He felt his heart melting. He knew she was good for him, but the idea that he might be good for her was quite a concept for him to come to grips with.

He had always considered her out of his league. It felt good to be realizing that he might just have found a way to offer her everything that she needed in a guy. He sat there contemplating his various plans for getting her naked, but this time doing so in a safe and sustainable way. The last thing in the world he was willing to do was again burn the candle from both ends.

There would have to be strict commands, worry, and surprises for her, but he would have to avoid the mistakes. He knew it would be a tricky needle to thread, but he knew that nothing would be more fun than forcing her to strip when she wasn’t expecting it. He felt strongly that there would have to be nudity that seemed scary and risky to her. He wouldn’t be able to accomplish that without actually taking risk. But he thought he could make it work. He would just have to be very smart and a little bit lucky.

Without realizing it, she had again given him some ideas on their drive to State and back. For example, he had loved how she had talked about enjoying the moment when the newspapers were being removed one-by-one. Something like, ‘It was the best because it was the worst,’ she had said.

Slowly an idea or two had been forming in his head. How might he ensure that there were just enough newspapers to keep her hidden, while making her believe that the opposite was probably the case. He had fun considering the possibilities and imagining different scenarios.

Dale and Carly had arranged to cook dinner for their Sadie dates together at Carly’s house, so Nate knew that she would be over there all afternoon. That would give him the afternoon free, but he needed to mostly stay off his leg as he knew that he would be on it much of the evening. He wasn’t about to let it interfere with their date plans.

From speaking with Kenny, he had learned how taken he had been by Dale’s suggestion that they all study Spanish together. He had made a suggestion to Dale, and she had liked the idea, so he had made the arrangements.

Just after lunch, he and Dale drove together over to Kenny’s house. That gave the three of them forty-five minutes to study Spanish together. It turned out to be not only fun, but also productive. They sat around the coffee table in Kenny’s living room. Dale was dressed very casually, in T-shirt and sweats. She sat cross legged on the floor with her book in front of her on the coffee table.

Nate could tell that she was swinging free inside her shirt, but the T-shirt she had worn was somewhat substantial, so he was not positive that Kenny had noticed. At one point Dale made a trip to the restroom, so Nate made a point of mentioning it.

Kenny seemed very surprised that not only was Dale bra free, but that Nate knew about it, and in turn was bringing it to his attention.

Kenny said he had been wondering, but had not been sure. Nate told him to make sure that he ‘checked her out’ when she came back. He knew that telling him to do was hardly necessary. Nate also considered having Dale take off her shirt when she came back from the restroom.

He decided against doing that, mostly for Kenny’s sake, plus he didn’t want to risk ruining their little Spanish study group on its very first day. Besides, he thought, the dance was that evening. There was quite enough nudity to keep Dale happy just ahead.

When it was time for Dale to go to Carly’s, she took Nate’s car as planned, leaving him with Kenny. Just after she had left, Nate excused himself for a few minutes to give Carly a call. He wanted to make sure that their arrangements were adequately coordinated. Unbeknownst to Dale, he and Carly had been making their own arrangements for the evening while Dale and Carly had been planning the meal.

Once his phone call was done, Nate learned how astonished Kenny was that not only had Dale come over to his house to study, but that she had done so braless. Nate ended up deciding that it was for the best that he hadn’t had Dale study topless. Based on how he was talking, Nate started to think that Kenny might have lost it had he done so. His experience with girls was not very different from where Nate had been, prior to that summer.

Kenny didn’t live all that far from Felipe, so after a bit they walked over there to play some pool. Nate of course was using the crutches while at the same time wearing the knee brace. He decided that he needed to keep off his leg, so he parked himself on the couch with his leg up while Felipe and Kenny played a few games.

They had a good time. They were all in great moods. The prior year they had all gotten together on the night of the Sadie Hawkins dance and played pool. There had been four of them that night; just Mason was not here at the moment. None of them had had dates. This year was different. This year the three of them all had dates. And what was even better, they all had dates that they were very excited about. In truth they were celebrating the progress they had all seemingly made in the course of the year. They were still nerds, they all agreed, but nerds with dates. Somehow that was quite a bit less nerdy that being nerds without dates.

Nate started feeling bad, so he decided to give Mason a call. Mason was glad to hear from him, but the call was a little awkward. As suspected, Mason did not have a date. He, of course, presumed that Nate and Dale would be going to the dance together. Nate did not mention to Mason that he was with Felipe and Kenny and that they both had dates as well. It was awkward enough without bringing that up.

Quite a bit later, Dale came by after having done everything she needed to do at Carly’s. They weren’t in a hurry, so Dale came downstairs and they played team eight-ball. Dale and Nate ended up being stipes, and in the end they won the game. In part it was due to how competitive Dale was, but Nate knew that some of it was how very distracting she was. In the first place, she was Dale Jordan, and in the second place she was braless. Either element on its own would have been enough to throw the game to them, but taken together, the combination was unbeatable.

That she was braless had been the first thing that Kenny had told Felipe when Nate and Kenny had first arrived. Nate had ended up talking to Kenny, telling him that he needed to work with him on protecting Dale’s reputation. Nate didn’t know if he would draw the line at Felipe or not, so he felt it had to be discussed. Kenny, of course, agreed readily.

A bit later, as Nate and Dale drove home, Dale asked, “So, I’m still trying to get my head around how this is going to work. What do I wear to the dance? Do you decide, or do I get to pick? As I’m sure you know, I’m hoping to wear my new Shakira dress from Colombia.”

“I thought it was pretty clear,” said Nate. “I have absolute control over your state of dress. While I might someday, I’m not planning to micromanage what you wear. I already told you that it’s a ‘no bra, no panties’ weekend. Beyond that, you have complete freedom to pick what you’d like to wear; however, it can’t be nothing.”

“So, I can wear my Shakira dress and my black high heels?” asked Dale. “There might be better shoes for the dress, but I don’t have a closet full like some girls do.”

“Absolutely,” said Nate, trying to ignore the comment about the shoes, but secretly wishing that they had time to go shoe shopping right then. “I’ve been hoping and expecting that you will wear that dress. And you’ll need an outer layer. You don’t have to wear it, but at least have it with you. On top that dress is little more than a bikini top, and it’s November. Since I’m dictating state of dress, I can’t have you freezing.”

“Thanks, Lover. My mom said she’d do my hair. I’m going full tilt for the Shakira look in the ‘La Bicicleta’ video. Few at the dance will probably recognize the look, after all the video is in Spanish, but you and I will know,” she said with a sexy wink.

“And we’ll capture it for posterity in our official dance photo,” said Nate. “Besides, it’s ‘our song’. I hope you realize how fun you are making this for me.”

“It’s ‘our song’! Of course it should be fun, and I’ve been working on the dance. Hip shaking, gyrating and everything!” said Dale. “¡Puedo ser feliz!” (I can be happy!)

“¡Podemos ser feliz!” replied Nate enthusiastically. (We can be happy!)

**The Exhibitionist Next Door 234: A Present in the Limousine**

About an hour later, Nate was over at Dale’s house. They were ready to go, just waiting for the limo to arrive. Both sets of parents were there and had taken pictures of the happy couple in front of the Jordan’s fireplace.

As they had been posing for the photos, Nate had caught sight of Dale’s pierced nipples through her dress. The dress was bikini thin on top, made out of Lycra or something similar he suspected. He could tell that it had a lining under the triangles that covered her tits, and yet from his angle, nipple detail could be seen. The little bumps that were the ends of the barbells were evident to the sides of her protruding nipples.

He suspected that Dale had not told her parents about her piercings. He wondered if they had also seen what he was seeing. He decided to not worry about it. If Dale wasn’t worrying about it, why should he? After all, what could be done? He thought of bandaids, but then realized that they would interfere with the ‘tits on display’ plans that he had for later.

Nate had surprised Dale with a wrist corsage. Fortunately, he had seen the dress so he had done a respectable job of getting flowers with colors to match. It featured a black ribbon because he had wanted it to make sure it would look nice with her heels, as the two items were destined to be all that she would be wearing for a considerable portion of the evening.

He expected that she’d end up liking that, although he was a little unsure, given how attached she seemed to be to her dress. And yet, she was also pretty attached to nudity, so he could hardly go wrong in that regard, he figured.

This was destined to be their first outing involving nudity since their two ‘forever and ever’ commitments. He hoped it all ended up being fun…and did not involve any jail time…or other relationship straining issues.

He had tried to plan everything to be very safe, but heading out into the wide, wide world with a naked teenage girl was an inherently risky undertaking…no matter how much advance planning one did.

Shortly thereafter, Carly and Felipe arrived in the limousine to pick them up. They both climbed out of the car to say ‘hello’ to Nate’s and Dale’s parents who had all walked outside to see their kids off. The time spent on the greeting was quite brief. The outside temperature was in the fifties, but fortunately it wasn’t raining.

Once the four teens were all in the car and headed off, Nate said, “Carly, could you ask the driver to pull over in a block or two just like we discussed?”

“Just like you discussed?” asked Dale, speaking to Nate directly, as Carly leaned forward and spoke to the driver through the small window.

Nate gave Dale a mischievous smile. He knew that she had to be expecting a surprise or two, and indeed she was.

Dale knew that her dress was likely to come off during the evening. Given that both Carly and Felipe were in the know, and given that the ink was barely dry on their new Master-Slave deal, she had every reason to believe that her evening would include nudity.

She had no idea how or when it would go down, but she had tried to prepare herself for whatever would come her way. She had decided that her best course of action was to simply roll with the punches, or the changes in the weather, in keeping with the analogy that Nate had employed.

Above all, she was planning to be obedient and cheerful. That was her part of the equation…to not question Nate, follow his instructions, and to have fun. She had decided that she would trust him completely, and when given a command, she intended to do her best to perform it instantly.

She had the easy job, she felt. All she had to do was block any concerns out of her head and obey. Nate had the more difficult job; that she knew. He had to do all the planning, and he had to consider all that might happen, all that might go wrong.

She knew that now he would be trying to err on the side of caution. She also knew that there was still uncertainty. Things could always go wrong.

Nate responded to her question, “Yes, Dale…Carly and I have been getting along quite well of late. You’re destined to end up feeling a little double-teamed this evening. Poor you, right?”

Hearing that they had been working together did concern her, but looking back and forth between Nate’s and Carly’s mischievous grins she did manage a weak verbal reply, “Yep, poor me.”

Once the car was parked, Nate hopped out as Carly asked the driver to pop the trunk.

A minute later he returned with a rather large wrapped package, handing it to Dale. The knee brace slowed him down a little, but at least for short stretches, he could leave the crutches in the car.

On the one hand, she had decided to be agreeable, so she took it graciously, but on the other hand, she was quite surprised. She couldn’t figure out how a large present could have anything to do with nudity. However, she knew there had to be some connection. She glanced over at Carly and Felipe and noticed that neither of them seemed the least bit surprised that Nate had just given her a large package.

Nate nodded, indicating that she should open her present, so with a smile, she proceeded.

It turned out to be a very classy looking, medium-size blue suitcase. She opened it, half expecting that there would be something to wear inside, something risqué. However, the suitcase was completely empty.

She looked up at Nate inquisitively.

“I hope you like it,” he said. “I thought you could use a suitcase for future trips. See, it even has your name embossed on it.”

She looked and indeed it did. ‘Dale Jordan’ was embossed handsomely near the handle.

Nate continued, “Yep, it’s for future trips, but we can christen it tonight. Let’s see how well your dress fits inside, shall we?”

Suddenly things were clicking for Dale. She had expected, the dress would indeed come off, but it seemed as if she’d only just put it on. And the purpose of the suitcase was now clear; it was to keep the dress nice while it was off.

She looked at Felipe and then at Carly.

“Don’t worry about them, Dale. Everyone here but you has been fully briefed,” said Nate.

Dale looked back at Nate. She held his gaze, staring into his eyes. Without looking away or blinking, she gave him a tight-lipped smile and then lifted up off the seat while simultaneously hiking up her dress so that she was no longer sitting on it. She felt the smooth leather of the seat come into contact with her bare bottom. Attempting to maintain eye contact with Nate, she pulled the dress completely up and off over her head.

In seconds she went from dressed to completely naked, there in the back of the limousine with her three classmates. Nate looked forward and saw the driver’s eyes framed in the rearview mirror.

He reached over, taking the dress gently out of Dale’s hands. He folded it with appropriate care, placing it neatly in the open suitcase.

Dale watched him as he took her wrap from the seat beside her. Indicating to Carly that she should turn up the heat a few degrees, he folded the wrap and placed it in the suitcase on top of the dress.

“Best keep everything together,” he said, adding her clutch purse to the mix.

He then closed the suitcase, handing it to Dale.

“Here Dale,” he said. “All yours!”

Dale took the suitcase, but then examined the latch.

“A combination lock?” she said, a hint of surprise evident in her voice.

“Yep, your dress is safe,” announced Nate. “It’s your suitcase, but only I know the combination. I think we’ll get a lot of good use out of this suitcase.”

Dale tested the latch. ‘The dress might as well be miles away,’ she thought. Her level of concern and her feeling of dependence on Nate increased significantly as she came to grips with her nudity and her inability to do anything about it.

“Okay, so that’s how this is going to work,” she said, making every effort to be cheery and accepting. It didn’t take much effort. It was fun to be again trapped in a nude situation.

She placed the suitcase on the seat beside her.

“Okay Dale,” said Carly. “Now it’s inspection time. Nate tells me that you’re growing a landing strip…”

“A racing stripe,” corrected Nate.

Caught off guard by hearing that Nate had shared such a private piece of information, Dale started to get incensed. She turned to Nate with her mouth agape, but then she remembered pledging to herself to just roll with the changes in the weather.

“Okay then, a racing stripe,” said Carly. “Let’s see it, girl!”

“But, but…here in the car?” stuttered Dale.

“Just get a little creative,” said Carly. “Scoot your ass way forward and lean back.”

Dale didn’t like the word ‘ass’ but hesitatingly she did as instructed. She moved her butt to the very front of the seat and then lay back. As her head came into contact with the backrest, her knees inched apart. Nate suspected that happened without conscious thought. Dale’s attention was focused on her lower abdomen, the area above her slit where her racing strip was taking shape.

Dale looked down her body at her now raised mound. Her brand new ‘racing stripe’ was faint but indeed visible front and center.

“Is this what you had in mind, Carly,” trying to shift the blame for her lewd pose off onto her friend, but her embarrassment was obvious in her voice.

She started to sit up, but Nate said adamantly, “I think you’ll be holding that position until your face turns even more red.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 235: The Two Stars**

Dale lifted her hands to her cheeks. They were quite warm. She knew they were red.

Nate took a quick second to inspect in detail the racing stripe progress. He had to force himself to not reach out a hand to see how it felt. His eyes were, however, drawn down to Dale’s bare pussy just below…the smooth skin of the outer lips, the delicate inner lips just peeking out, the spot where he knew her elusive little pleasure bud hid.

He glanced along her clitoral hood, which transitioned seamlessly into the skin of her lower abdomen. He had always been fascinated that her slit actually looked as if it were two slits just below her lower abdomen. Prior to gaining so much intimate knowledge of female genitalia, an opportunity that his relationship with Dale had allowed him, he had not been aware of that specific detail of the typical female pussy.

He especially liked how soft the little lips and surrounding areas felt when he touched them. They were so very inviting. He wanted to reach out and touch them right then, in the limo. However, he was pretty sure that Dale’s interest in exhibitionism did not include such things. He had hints that when it came to sex, she was much more traditional and private.

All these thoughts flashed through his mind in just a quick moment, but looking over at Carly and Felipe, he noticed that they too had been taking the opportunity to study Dale’s most intimate area.

“That’s not a racing stripe, Dale. This is a racing stripe!” said Carly, hiking up her dress to her rib cage and sliding her butt forward on her seat, assuming the same ‘pussy up and out’ position on the seat just across from Dale.

Both Nate’s and Felipe’s jaws dropped, and Dale rose up on her elbows to get a good look at her friend’s pussy, now unexpectedly on full display.

“This is what you have to look forward to, Nate.” continued Carly, obviously referring to her more advanced landing strip, a feature that she was clearly proud of.

The very first thing Nate noticed was that there were two small star tattoos, one on each side of her landing strip. Carly had larger tattoos elsewhere that were at times visible, but these particular tattoos, he’d of course never known about them.

The stars weren’t filled in, but rather consisted of wide outlines. They were right down there close to her pussy, so close in fact that he realized that they would disappear if Carly were to stop shaving. He imagined the tattoo artist sitting between Carly’s knees, attempting to focus on the project at hand while working just an inch or so from the cleft of the teen girl’s pussy.

Given the invitation, Nate decided that it was safe to lean in and have a real good look. Carly was a brunette, and her skin tone was more olive than Dale’s. Dale had been evenly tan, but that had faded to a lighter, winter hue.

As Nate inspected Carly’s freshly unveiled pussy, the second thing he noticed was that the carpet was an exact match for the drapes. Both the long hair on her head and the hair just above her pussy were a beautiful auburn brunette color.

She had obviously just spiffed up her grooming. The borders of her landing strip were crisp and the little hairs all even in length. Elsewhere, her shaving had not missed a single pube. Down below, her lips were just as smooth and bare as Dale’s.

He glanced up at Carly’s face and suddenly felt as if he were somehow violating her privacy, even though she had been the one who had put herself on display in that manner. It was just a little awkward to suddenly be looking at the crotch of someone who you had known for a long time. Even though he had seen her tits, he had never expected to see her pussy.

“That looks absolutely elegant!” he told her, feeling the need to say something. However, what he had said was true; her pussy was gorgeous. He realized that that was the most pubic hair that that he had ever seen on a real live woman, but he knew that it was just a small fraction of what would be there if nature were allowed to take its course.

He looked over at Felipe. As usual, he was at a loss for words. Felipe had always had trouble finding his tongue around girls. The problem became acute when real live tits or pussies were on display.

He took another look at Carly’s pussy. ‘Why not?’ he reasoned. He might not get a second chance. He noticed that her lady lips were somewhat more meaty than Dale’s. Very attractive looking, just not at all identical.

Finally Dale spoke, “So, Carly, no panties tonight, I see.”

“Yep…commando,” said Carly. “I decided to grant Felipe’s wish. He’s such a good guy. So honest, so respectful of me, and so hilarious how he gets tongue tied. If I ever want him to shut up, all I have to do is flash my boobd. It shuts him up every time. Isn’t that right, Felipe?”

They all looked at Felipe. He had a deer in the headlights look about him as he looked them all in the face in turn. He still did not say anything.

Again Carly spoke, “I guess I shouldn’t have said, “This is what you have to look forward to, Nate. I guess what I should have said is that this is what Felipe has to look forward to!”

Carly looked directly at Felipe as she continued, “He doesn’t know it yet, but I’m going to make him a man tonight. Probably right here in this very limo. That’s a great American tradition, right? Losing your virginity in the parking lot during a school dance. After all, that’s where I lost mine. I was a freshman, and in comparison the quarters were quite cramped. Hardly luxurious like this limo.”

“Okay, Carly,” said Dale. “TMI! I think I’ve heard enough.”

“We can take turns, Dale,” said Carly. “That is, of course, if it’s Nate’s lucky night, too.”

“With all due respect, Carly,” said Dale. “That will be between Nate and I. Please understand, I have my own personal needs for privacy.”

“I can tell,” said Carly, scowling at Dale while indicating her naked body.

“Alrighty then!” said Nate, wanting to change the subject to diffuse the tension before it escalated.

Both girls sat back up, Carly pushing her dress back into position.

Nate looked forward, again noticing the driver’s eyes glued to the rearview mirror.

“Okay, Carly,” its high time we tell the driver that we’re ready to head to our first destination,” said Nate.

Carly leaned forward to the open window saying, “We’re ready to go to the bridge now.”

As they felt the driver put the car in gear, Dale said, “But we’re eating at your house, Carly.”

“Yep, we’re going to ‘the bridge’ not ‘The Bridge’,” she said.

“What?” asked Dale, completely confused.

As they started off, Nate saw Dale reach over and discreetly test the suitcase latch again.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“Just letting it sink in, I guess,” said Dale, looking deep into his eyes.

“Yep,” said Nate. “Your dress is right here. Not that it really matters. As far as you’re concerned, there is no dress.”

“Okay, Nate,” said Carly. “It must be time to try out the sunroof.”

As she said that, she operated a switch and the large sunroof started opening. They all felt a very cool breeze enter the car as it slid open.

Once it was open, Carly moved to the center of the car and stood up. The car’s roof ended up being at about the level of her bellybutton.

Nate again noticed the driver’s eyes in the mirror and pointed, bringing them to Dale’s attention. He wanted her to know that he was looking, given the position Dale would be in shortly.

Carly lifted her arms overhead and started yelling exuberantly, reveling in the occasion.

She stooped back down announcing, “We’re getting the evening off to a great start, aren’t we?” Grabbing Felipe and pulling, she continued, “Here, Felipe, join me.”

“Don’t mind if I do, Carlos,” he said.

Both Nate and Dale looked at one another upon hearing Felipe speak, raising their eyebrows.

“He speaks,” said Nate, as they watched their two companions enjoying themselves and disappearing up into the skylight, whooping it up.

Realizing that they suddenly had a bit of privacy, Dale launched herself across the car at Nate. Before he knew what had hit him, Nate found her straddling his lap, smashing her body against his and kissing him passionately…not that he minded. He quickly realized that the intimate nature of the hug meant that she was transferring some of that pussy moisture that he had observed to the front of his pants. He could live with that, he decided.

“Okay, your turn,” said Carly, as she and Felipe came down, catching them in the act.

“What?” said Dale, slowly coming to the realization of what they were expecting her to do.

Nate took her hand, pulling her toward the center of the car. He stood up in the sunroof, but Dale assumed a crouched position, looking out with her nose at car roof level.

“Do you think it’s okay?” she asked apprehensively.

“I think it’s fine,” said Nate. “We’re moving. Nobody’s going to get much more than a quick look. That is except for the driver.”

Dale instinctively pulled back down, suddenly realizing that she had probably been giving the driver a perfect view of her titties.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 236: The Bridge**

“Dale, stand up! Join me up here!” insisted Nate.

He could tell that she was reluctant, which in his mind was perfect. She’d get a rush out of the risk involved, and it was probably quite safe. The limo widows were quite dark, and given that it was Prospect in November, there weren’t all that many people out.

Pulling her up with an arm under her armpit, he continued, “Time to find out just how hard these nipples can get!”

He had already noticed that her nipple erection had reached eleven on a scale of one to ten…not that it ever seemed to go below about a seven since she had had her nipples pierced.

As she stood up, he grabbed her and hugged her tight, kissing her. He broke the kiss for a moment to say, “I love you beyond words, Dale.” Upon hearing that, Dale returned his kiss full force.

“I love you, too,” she replied with her face pressed against his.

The few people who were out in Prospect that evening, mostly just those in other cars, were treated to quite a sight: a limo heading through town with an embracing couple standing up, protruding through the sunroof, the lady apparently topless.

“That’s quite the pussy show you’re putting on down here for Felipe,” shouted Carly.

Crouching down, Dale responded, “You’re one to talk! You hardly have the right to complain. I saw you flaunting your ‘absolutely elegant’ pussy in my guy’s face.” Standing back up she spoke to Nate accusingly, “Absolutely Elegant! That’s what you called it, right?”

“It is nice,” he said. “What do you want me to say? You have a lovely friend, and you are kind to share her with me by setting up this double date, so don’t blame me. She has an elegant pussy and a wicked kick. I’m going to keep my eye out for both.”

“You do that,” said Dale, crouching back down. It was indeed cold on her bare titties. A moment later, Nate came down as well.

“That was indeed a ‘pussy in your face’ experience, wasn’t it Felipe?” said Carly.

Felipe didn’t respond, but Dale, remembering the talk she had gotten from Carly at the Windy Ridge lookout, apologized.

“Don’t worry about it, Dale,” said Carly. “I don’t really care. Felipe can only look at your pussy, but my pussy. He gets to have my pussy. Right Felipe?”

They all looked at Felipe. He obviously had no idea what to say, and they all ended up laughing. Everyone but Felipe, anyway.

“We’re here,” called back the driver.

Dale looked out and realized that they were indeed in the parking lot of ‘The Bridge’ restaurant.

“Now, why are we here?” asked Dale, looking at Nate, a most endearing level of worry evident in her expression.

Wanting Dale to continue worrying, Nate spoke directly to Carly, “Okay Carly, as agreed, follow me in five minutes. And whatever you do, don’t give my lady here any hints. But when the time comes, make sure she puts on a titty show. I’m shooting video.”

With those words, he opened the door and climbed out, taking the crutches with him. Closing the door behind him, he headed off at as brisk of a pace as he could manage.

As he went, Nate relived in his mind the expression he had seen on Dale’s face as he had said that last sentence or two. ‘That is what I should have been filming,’ he was thinking, kicking himself over not giving any thought to doing so beforehand.

Back in the limo, Dale was seriously concerned. She suspected that ten or twelve couples from the school would be having dinner in The Bridge prior to the dance. She knew that she, Carly and their dates were not having dinner there, at least she was more than ninety-nine percent certain that they weren’t. Carly wouldn’t have gone to all the effort to make dinner with her had the real plan been to eat out.

She looked at the suitcase, wondering if Carly had the combination and was planning to open it at the last minute. Nate had said five minutes, hadn’t he?

She couldn’t stand it any longer, feeling so very naked, and so very much on the verge of the unknown.

“Carly, why are we here?” she asked. “We aren’t going in, are we?”

Carly, who had been sitting in Felipe’s lap, kissing him like it was going out of style, ignored her.

“Carly, please…” pleaded Dale. “Not in a restaurant.”

Carly came up for air just long enough to look at her phone and check the time. She immediately resumed kissing Felipe. A minute later she looked over at Dale. After studying her almost frantic, worried expression, she laughed.

“When Nate suggested that we double-team you like this, I had no idea how much fun it would be,” she said. “And we’re just getting started!”

“It’s not fun!” said Dale, peering apprehensively out of the windows.

“Oh, yes it is!” said Carly. “I’m having a great time. Now, Dale, get ready to shake those titties. Make me proud!”

“Carly…” pleaded Dale.

Carly just leaned forward to the small window and spoke quickly with the driver.

To her surprise, Dale felt the car move, and looking out she noticed that they were leaving the parking lot. Dale breathed a sigh of relief asking, “Where’s Nate?”

“Didn’t you hear him?” asked Carly. “He’s shooting video. Now stand up and make me proud. It’s titty show time!”

Dale found herself liking this idea much more than what she had been sure was probably the plan…going into the restaurant…streaking the restaurant maybe.”

She stood up in the open sunroof. It was indeed chilly, but not too bad since the car was being driven below the speed limit. She realized that they were headed back across the bridge, back toward Prospect. Up ahead, she saw a lone figure standing on the bridge and realized that it was Nate. She noticed the crutches leaning against the bridge railing.

Enthusiastically, she raised her hands overhead and started waving wildly, even hopping up and down a little. She remembered the requested ‘titty-show’ and started swinging her rib cage to and fro, shaking the goods for all they were worth; the whole time yelling and screaming gleefully.

She found herself doing it, not so much because it was what Nate had requested, but more than that because she was having so much fun.

As they passed Nate, she turned, blowing him kisses with both hands in unison. She hoped he had seen that, but she knew that he would see it later in the video if he had missed it as it was happening. As they drove away from where he was standing alongside the roadway on the bridge, she continued to wave, still yelling and jumping wildly up and down.

As she lowered herself back into the car, Carly commented, “Wow! You take your titty-shows seriously, don’t you girl?”

“That was fun,” said Dale, wondering if she ought to be embarrassed about getting so carried away with the jumping and waving.

She noticed, that the car was turning, the driver preparing to go back across the bridge.

“Okay, now all three of us, Felipe in the middle,” said Carly, standing up.

As Nate watched from the bridge deck, he saw the three of them all emerge from the sunroof of the car just as he had discussed with Carly. They all started waving enthusiastically, giant smiles on their faces.

As Nate filmed, he again noticed the over-the-top glee on Dale’s face and her little titties bouncing wildly around on her chest. As she waved and jumped up and down, her cheerleader training and enthusiasm were on full display. ‘Just when he thought he’d seen it all!’ he found himself thinking. When her heart was into something, the results were over-the-top amazing!

‘Really nailed it this time!’ he thought as he started back to the parking lot to rejoin the group.

“You guys were so awesome!” said Nate as he climbed back into the car.

After he had taken his seat, Dale jumped into his lap, smothering him with kisses. ‘My God, is she ever fun when she is happy,’ he was thinking as he went about returning her enthusiastic kisses. ‘It doesn’t get much better than being attacked by a naked cheerleader,’ he was thinking as his mind cycled back to the Sherriff’s office debacle. There are definitely ways to do this right, and ways to do this wrong.

“Carly?” he asked. “What have you decided? Do you want to take a turn filming?”

Without her noticing, Nate started filming Dale’s expression.

“Oh, I’m good,” said Carly. “While you were filming from the bridge deck, I got plenty of great video…from my seat right here. If you’re good, real good, I’ll share it with you.”

Nate continued filming Dale’s expression, catching the very moment when she realized exactly what Carly had captured in her video.

After getting over the initial shock of what Carly had said, Dale yelled at her indignantly, “Carly! You better not have!”

Her expression was one for the ages, and Nate had it all on video!

“I did!” said Carly with a very smug look on her face.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 237: Another Game of Pool**

After indulging for a moment in torturing Dale, Carly said, “Okay, Dale, should we take these guys home and treat them to the wonderful dinner that we spent all afternoon preparing?” As Dale did not reply, she redirected her question to Felipe, “Are you hungry yet, Felipe?”

“Sure,” said Felipe, enthusiastically.

As the limo again left the parking lot and headed back across the bridge towards Carly’s house, Dale watched both Nate and Carly as they each watched their own video. From their expressions, she could tell that they were delighted with the results.

“Nate, you’ve got to see this!” said Carly.

There was all too much glee in her voice as far as Dale was concerned. She really liked that the two of them seemed to be getting along; however, they were now getting along a little too well for her taste. She was definitely feeling double-teamed. At first she had thought that it was a coincidence that she had been filmed top and bottom, but now it was obvious that it had been entirely premeditated.

Nate slid over next to Carly to watch the video on her phone. Dale saw his eyes light up and his jaw drop.

“Wow!” he said. As it finished, he looked across the car to where Dale sat, her arms folded as an obvious indication that she was in a huff. Turning to Carly, he asked, “What do you think a porn site would pay for that video?”

“Right!” she said enthusiastically. “I can’t wait to see it on a big screen!”

“You sure seem to have a good phone,” said Nate. “I think you captured every little feminine detail.”

“Right!” said Carly, obviously in full agreement.

“Every living detail I should say,” he said.

He looked over at Dale in the seat across from him, examining her expression. He hopped across, sitting next to her. He put his arm around her shoulder.

“Oh, Dale, don’t pout,” he said to her softly. “It’s fun. Admit it. You’re having fun.”

She looked at him, her lower lip protruding, “I was having fun.”

“Come on,” said Nate, encouragingly.

With a hint of a smile Dale said softly, “Okay, I’m having fun. Just don’t let her do anything with that video.”

“You probably have more pull with her than I do, Dale,” he said.

“I probably don’t,” said Dale, again sticking out her lower lip.

On the other side of the limo, Carly was beside herself with glee due to Dale’s facial expression.

“You were right, Nate,” she said. “Taking advantage of Dale is fun!”

Dale turned to Nate. Giving him the evil eye, she asked, “Did you really say that?”

Nate just shrugged.

Just then the limo arrived in front of Carly’s house. Because of the length of the vehicle, the driver chose to park along the street. It had gotten dark, but there were street lights and the distance to the front door was considerable.

Dale handed Nate the suitcase, in hopes that he would open it. He just shook his head, setting it back down.

Even before the evening had begun, Dale had expected that eating dinner in the nude was a distinct possibility for her. Now it looked to be a sure thing.

“So, naked then?” she asked, trying to make sure she would come across as quite amenable. Having fun and being as obedient and friendly about it as possible were her priorities, she reminded herself.

Nate nodded in the affirmative, confidently holding her gaze.

Turning to Carly, Dale asked, “So, Carly, you said your dad was out of town, right?”

“He’s out of town,” said Carly, but then with a slightly puzzled look on her face she continued, “I’m not sure when he’s getting back.”

Nate saw a hint of worry cross Dale’s face, but then she asked, “Okay, how do I get inside then?”

Carly laughed out loud asking rhetorically “How did you get in on Halloween?”

“That was different!” insisted Dale.

“Really? How?” asked Carly.

Nate knew the answer to Carly’s question, although he was sure that she didn’t. At the moment Dale was not particularly aroused. She was in her more rational ‘Good Dale’ state, and therefore very careful as regards taking chances.

“I’ll smuggle you in,” he said to her.

“Okay, how?” asked Dale in a very pleasant tone of voice.

Nate opened the car door and climbed out. He stood right next to the car in the door opening, facing in towards Dale.

“Okay, now stand on top of my feet, facing out,” he said. “I’ll wrap my sport coat around you. It will hide you a little, and I’ll share a little of my warmth with you.”

“But your crutches?” she asked.

“I don’t need them for short distances,” said Nate. Turning to Felipe he continued, “Felipe, can you bring them in for me?”

“Okay,” said Dale, deciding that she was willing to give it a try. It didn’t sound perfect, but it sure beat just making a mad dash for the house. “My high heels?” she asked.

“Here, kick them off and hand them to Carly,” instructed Nate.

A few moments later, Dale was snuggled part way inside Nate’s sport coat. He was limping slowly towards the Griffin’s front door, Dale standing barefoot on top of his feet, facing out. Carly and Felipe had passed them and gone on ahead.

Nate hugged Dale against him, holding her there with his hands which were simultaneously holding the front flaps of his sport coat. Her nipples were covered – almost – but her pussy was as visible as could be, but not from the sides of course. The sport coat didn’t go down low enough to hide her hips, but her arms were fully covered.

Initially Dale held on by reaching around behind Nate and gripping one of his buns in each of her hands, but as they made their way up the walk, he felt her shift one of her hands. Somehow it found its way into one of his front pockets.

Nate felt her feeling all around, and then he felt her fingers gently encircling the shaft of his stiff as could be dick. The next thing he knew, she grabbed him, holding on tight.

“Got cha!” she said gleefully.

Nate sucked in air, caught off guard by the sudden, unexpected and quite forceful intimate contact. Up ahead, Carly and Felipe were watching them from the open doorway, so he was trying his best to act as if nothing had happened.

As he continued to walk, Nate felt Dale stroking his member. It felt almost as if she were trying to see if she could make him cum before they reached the front door. It felt good, a little rough, but good. And she was squeezing him so very tight; actually using him as a handhold to not fall off as he made his way slowly along the walk.

Noticing that Dale seemed to be engaged in something suspicious, Carly said, “Dale, do I want to know what’s going on?”

“I call this overcorrecting!” said Dale, with a smile. After a pause she continued, “Actually, I had always heard of pocket pool, but being a girl, I’d never had the chance to play it…until now. You should try it, Carly. It’s really fun!”

“Given the expression on Nate’s face, I’m thinking that he might be having even more fun than you,” said Carly.

Upon hearing that, Dale tried to pivot to get a look up at Nate’s face, but by then they had reached the front door, so she stepped off, reluctantly letting go of his boner and pulling her hand out of his pocket in the process.

Nate felt a bit of a letdown at having the attention suddenly disappear, but in a way he was relieved. It would have been quite embarrassing to have cum in his pants like that, in front of his friends and right before the dance. He would have had to race home to change.

He took Dale’s high heels from Carly and handed them to her, indicating that she should put them on. Dale did so, also sliding the wrist corsage back down her arm into position.

Nate had her pose there in Carly’s entryway for a couple of photos. He thought she looked great: heels, corsage, nipple jewelry, racing stripe in progress, Shakira hair style, and the biggest most beautiful smile ever. That smile, more than anything, made the outfit for him. How he loved her smile! Her happiness and the beauty in her soul sparkled forth when she smiled like that. It was often the smile as much as anything that he hoped to capture in his photos!

Carly, took his phone and took a few more photos of the two of them together. Dale stood in front of him, reminiscent of how that had made their way up the walk together. Fortunately for Nate, she didn’t try to climb up onto his feet in her high heels, but she did pull his sport coat around her, not that it hid much from the front.

“So, Dale,” said Carly. “The double-teaming continues. I’ve got good news and bad news. Which would you like to hear first?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 238: Dinner at Carly's**

“The bad news?” asked Dale, trying to embrace the challenges of the evening good naturedly.

“Okay, sure,” said Carly. “Remember how I told you I was having our maid ‘Maria’ in to serve the dinner? Well, the bad news is that I lied. Tonight, you’ll be waiting on us. Of course you can join us at the table for the meal itself.”

“You agreed to this?” asked Dale, turning to Nate.

“Of course,” said Nate. “You’re way too pretty and way too naked to hide in a chair at the table.” Seeing the unhappy look on Dale’s face, he continued, “However, Carly will be helping you in the kitchen, neither she nor I wanted to turn you into a servant on date night. We just thought that the dining room portion would be fun…for you and for us.”

That did seem to meet with a little bit of approval, Nate was glad to see. After all, it was supposed to be fun for Dale. As always, there was a fine line.

Turning to Carly, Dale asked, “So then, Carly, what is the good news?”

“Right,” said Carly. “Remember how you told me that you were concerned that you might get some of the red sauce on your new dress during dinner? Well, the good news is that you have nothing to worry about. Problem solved!”

Felipe laughed, finally breaking his silence.

A few minutes later, Nate and Felipe were seated in the formal dining room while Carly and Dale worked on warming up dinner in the kitchen.

Dale came through the swinging door that separated the kitchen from the dining room carrying a bottle of red wine. Nate was struck by how elegant she looked, as she tried to assume the role of sophisticated sommelier in a high-brow restaurant, a towel draped over one arm.

She carried herself so well, and her high heels combined with the uninterrupted head to heels nudity, was simply stunning. Ignoring them initially, she set the bottle of wine down on the table and went about lighting the candles that were on the table.

As Dale got the candles lit, Nate caught sight of Carly’s arm, stealthily protruding through the door and adjusting the dimmable overhead lights.

Once the candles were lit, Dale proceeded to go about opening the bottle with the wine cork that she had brought in with her. Nate thought that she did surprisingly well at that given that she probably had about zero experience opening wine bottles. Once the bottle was open, she turned over Felipe’s wine glass, pouring in a small amount. She then stood by, waiting for him to take a taste and signal his approval or disapproval.

Felipe was obviously familiar with the drill, probably from movies, thought Nate.

After he had given his approval, Dale filled his glass to an appropriate level. Strutting elegantly around to Nate’s side of the table, she turned over his glass and began filling it.

Using his thumb and forefinger, Nate indicated that he wanted just a little, so Dale gave him about an inch in his glass. Nate didn’t have much experience with alcohol, and he knew that he needed his wits about him that evening, given that Dale was nude and he had to ensure that nothing went awry. After all, he was the designated Nudity Master.

Dale retreated to the kitchen, and Felipe and Nate overheard Carly congratulate Dale on an excellent first performance.

A couple of minutes later, Carly and Dale came out. Dale pulled out Carly’s chair and assisted her in getting seated. After she had poured Carly some wine, and about an inch in her own glass, she walked around the table, taking up the cloth napkins and placing each one in a person’s lap.

At that point, Dale retreated to the kitchen. She returned immediately with menus. Starting with the lady, she placed a menu very carefully into each person’s hand.

“Wow, menus even,” exclaimed Nate, quite impressed.

“They were the last thing I thought of,” said Carly. “I made them right after Dale left this afternoon.”

“Would anyone care to start with a salad,” asked Dale, speaking very precisely.

Nate looked down at his menu, and noticed that there was just one selection in each category. He started to reply, “I’ll have…” but Dale cut him off.

“I’m sorry, ladies first,” she said, looking at Carly.

Carly said, “Of course, I think I’d like the Lettuce hearts with grape tomatoes salad.”

“And your dressing selection, ma’am?” requested Dale.

Nate looked at the menu and noticed that there were indeed a few salad dressing options listed.

“Balsamic vinaigrette,” said Carly.

Dale went around the table getting the other salad orders, and then retreated to the kitchen. Nate had at first thought that she should have a pad to write on, but then he remembered that in fancy restaurants the wait staff had amazing memories, never needing to make notations.

Dale returned twice, each time carrying two salads. Once the first course was served, Nate stood up and pulled out her chair for her. For a time, things lapsed into a two couples’ affair, but then once the salads had been eaten, Dale stood back up and went about removing the plates.

While doing that, she chanced to look out the window, asking, “Guys, where is the limo?”

The all looked out the window and noted that the limo had indeed disappeared. Nate looked at Dale and saw the concern on her face.

“I told him we wouldn’t need the car for an hour and a half,” said Carly. “He was going to get dinner, and then come back.”

“But my dress? My I.D.?” said Dale, the tone of her voice indicating a heightened level of concern.

“Yes, your dress,” said Nate, also surprised that the car was not simply waiting outside. “Probably miles from here right now, but who knows?”

He was purposefully trying to take advantage of an unexpected development to add to her stress. If having her only clothes locked in a suitcase was good, then this was even better.

“Oh, Nate,” said Dale, obviously concerned.

“Nothing to worry about, Dale,” he said. “I’m fine, I’ve got all my clothes. You, Carly?”

He went around the table asking everyone but Dale if they had everything they needed for the evening, and they all agreed that they were fully dressed and didn’t need anything more.

Sticking out her lower lip in good fun, Dale returned to her role as waitress. She again distributed the menus to her companions and then went about taking their orders for their entrees.

Surprisingly they all wanted Chicken Cacciatore simmered in Red Wine and served on a bed of Tagliatelle Pasta. Dale committed their specific yet identical orders to memory, and then one by one brought out their plates from the kitchen.

Once the four meals were served, Nate again graciously pulled out her chair and she returned to being one of the group. As she began eating her Chicken Cacciatore entrée, she did find it nice to not have any concerns about getting any of the red sauce on her dress. ‘Nudity could be quite practical at times,’ she found herself thinking.

Just as she was taking up the plates, she heard Nate clearing his throat in a manner that sounded intentional. She looked at him, and noticed that he was trying to get Carly’s attention.

Looking up, Dale saw Carly’s dad standing just beyond the entrance to the dining room. He was wearing a long coat and holding a suitcase. He had a look of astonishment on his face. She froze, suddenly feeling so very naked. She felt her face turning bright red; she had known Mr. Griffin since she was a child.

“Dad!” said Carly, genuinely surprised.

“Well, isn’t this an interesting take on ‘date night’!” exclaimed Mr. Griffin, taking a couple of steps into the dining room. “When the cat’s away, the mice will play.”

No one knew what to say. They all just looked at Carly, but she just shrugged.

Finally Mr. Griffin continued, “I always knew that your friend had an amazing body hiding under her clothes, Carly. I find it delightful to learn just how perceptive I was.”

Nate had only seen Mr. Griffin on a few occasions, but he obviously wasn’t shy.

Dale started to take the plate that she was holding and head into the kitchen.

“Wait, where do you think you’re going,” said Carly, deciding to take the moment and run with it. “Set the plate down, Dale.”

Feeling like she should just keep going instead, Dale reluctantly obeyed, turning around and setting the plate back on the table.

“You’re right, Dad. She is a shapely as they come,” said Carly. “Here have a good look. Dale, step out from behind the table.”

Dale looked to Nate for assistance, but it was quickly clear that he was just planning to watch and see what happened.

“It’s too late, Dale,” said Carly. “The damage is done. Now model your waitress outfit for my dad. He’s safe.”

Dale just stood there, frozen in place.

“Come on, Dale,” encouraged Carly. “Turn around.”

Dale did as instructed, turning and showing Mr. Griffin her tush.

“I know,” said Carly. “Dad…say, ‘Trick-or-Treat.”

“Trick-or-Treat,” said Mr. Griffin.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 239: The Old Highway**

“Okay, now Dale. Pretend you are giving out the candy,” said Carly.

Dale just stood there. Again she looked to Nate to save her.

Nate moved his head in the direction of Mr. Griffin, indicating that she should get on with it. Her mouth fell open in indignation, but then she remembered how she had decided that she would embrace what came her way that evening.

Holding up her hand as if she had a candy bowl in it, she walked toward Mr. Griffin. She walked just as she had walked on Halloween night.

As Nate watched, he saw her swing her hips and bounce just a bit to jiggle her titties. It was Mr. Griffin’s turn to let his mouth fall open. Here was a beautiful teen, no older than his daughter – a girl he had known since she was little – strutting her stuff like she meant business. ‘What an unexpected development,’ he found himself thinking.

It was so very awkward, but Dale found herself blocking that aspect out of her mind, and she started to have fun again. First she pretended to give Carly’s dad some candy. And then after walking all the way around him very seductively, she returned to the table, picked up a couple of plates and took them into the kitchen.

Mr. Griffin was still standing there watching as she finished clearing the dinner plates and started preparing to take everyone’s dessert order.

“If I may ask, what exactly is going on here?” asked Mr. Griffin, understandably curious.

“It’s the night of the Sadie Hawkin’s dance, Daddy,” said Carly. “We’re going to the dance in a little bit. You already know Felipe, and I think you’ve met, Nate. He’s Dale’s date tonight.”

Leaning forward and shaking Nate’s hand, Mr. Griffin said, “Lucky man!”

“But…why is Dale naked?” he asked, standing back up.

“She doesn’t like to wear clothes anymore,” said Carly. “So tonight we aren’t letting her wear any. None at all, all evening.”

Dale heard that comment. She had been sure that she’d get the dress back for the dance, but she suddenly started to worry about what would happen if she didn’t.

“Well, invite her over more often,” said Mr. Griffin to his daughter with a wink. He then turned and headed up the staircase carrying his suitcase.

Dale breathed a sigh of relief once he had gone, and she began taking the dessert orders. Surprisingly everyone wanted to try the Molten Chocolate Cake. Her heart rate, however, didn’t really get back to normal until she was seated and enjoying her own dessert.

“Well, Dale,” said Carly. “I’ll guess you’ll have to come over more often, like my dad suggested. And we’ll just have to have a ‘no clothing’ policy for you when you’re here.”

Dale didn’t respond. Her eyes met Nate’s, some silent communication taking place. She knew that she would not be able to come over and remove clothing unless Nate knew and went along with it. That sort of thing was not an option she could consider, not any longer.

Eventually, the meal was finished, and the plates had all been cleared. Dale looked out the window and was glad to see that the car was again where it had been. She breathed a sigh of relief.

Nate didn’t know that the girls had things planned that way, but at that point he and Felipe were taken upstairs for another quick Thriller training session. The girls were obviously excited about finally having a chance to show off their dancing skills and that of their guys in the context of a high school dance.

Mr. Griffin, who was still upstairs, heard the music and came down and watched from the doorway. Nate couldn’t blame him. Dale was a good dancer, Carly too. Surely that was why he wanted to watch, thought Nate, chuckling to himself.

But he didn’t mind. Just like before he had the best seat in the house. He got to dance right behind Dale. It was his job to stare at her butt and follow her every move. It just didn’t get any better than that!

When it was time to go back out to the car, Nate was encouraging her to just make a dash for it. She didn’t want to, but she let him talk her into it. The driver held open the door to the rear compartment and they all ran and climbed in as a group. Instantly Dale knew that something was wrong.

“Nate, this isn’t the same car,” she said with alarm.

Everyone looked around and saw that she was right. The interior was a different color. That of course wasn’t what was concerning Dale. There was no blue suitcase.

Feeling as if she might panic, Dale said, “Nate, my dress!”

“I’ll go talk to the driver,” said Nate.

Both he and Carly got out of the car and walked around to where the driver was about to get into the driver’s door.

Dale managed to calm down a little, realizing that at least this wasn’t a Nate scheme…a trick that he was playing on her. But then as she thought about that, she got even more worried. Where was her dress? She started to worry that she might never see it again…not that night…not ever. She found herself feeling utterly naked and completely unable to do anything about it.

“So what did he say?” asked Dale after Nate and Carly had returned. She felt the car starting to move, pulling out and heading down the street. “Are we going somewhere to get my dress?”

“I guess he switched cars with another driver,” said Nate. “It seems that the other car is newer, so they tend to use it for the longer out of town trips.”

Dale’s heart sank. “You mean my dress left town?” she asked.

“I would seem so,” said Nate, seeing the deep concern in Dale’s expression. While this had hardly been planned in advance, it was turning out to be perfect, he realized. He had Dale right where he wanted her, naked and feeling as if she were in trouble. Hadn’t that been what she had described to him as one of her favorite feelings. Not always in the moment, but sometimes later, when she had survived and had it all to look back upon. Naked with no way out! This was much better than a locked suitcase.

There had been negative surprises, but this was certainly a positive one, at least from his stand point. He could tell how much she was worrying. He found himself smiling, thinking about how it must seem from Dale’s point of view. From the point of view of a naked girl, a girl with her tits and pussy out, probably all surprises were negative he realized.

“What are you smiling about?” Dale asked him suddenly.

“Sorry,” said Nate. “I was just realizing how bad this is looking for you. I even planned ahead and had you bring a wrap.”

“And then you put it with my dress,” she said sadly. “Oh dear, what will we do, Nate?”

“It’s not your problem, remember?” said Nate. “Besides, it won’t affect our plans. I wasn’t going to have you get dressed.”

“You weren’t?” asked Dale.

“No, at least not yet,” he said. “Haven’t you noticed where we are going?”

Dale had been so worried, that she hadn’t even been paying attention to which way the limo had been heading.

“This is the old highway, Nate,” she said. “Why are we going out of town?”

“We’re not,” said Nate. “We’re almost there. Carly has a surprise for you.”

“She does?” said Dale. “I don’t think I need another surprise. I’m about ready to be a typical girl in a dress headed to a high school dance.”

“Alas, Dale, you’re not a typical girl, and you’re not in a dress, and we’re headed away from the dance.”

“Don’t rub it in,” said Dale sounding a little dejected.

“So, Carly, when are you going to tell Dale about your present for her?” asked Nate.

“I think I’d rather just see the look on her face when she sees where we stop,” said Carly, a devilish grin on her face. Nate took the hint and started filming Dale’s face clandestinely in the dim light.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 240: A Present from Carly**

Dale looked ahead, trying to see again where they were, or where they were headed. A minute later the car turned off the road and into a parking lot full of potholes.

Looking out the window and reading the sign on an older seedy looking building, Dale exclaimed, “Tommy’s Tattoo Temple! No way Carly!”

“You’re going to love Tommy!” said Carly. “He made me a star! Twice! You saw them earlier, I’m sure.”

“I’m not going to love Tommy,” said Dale, shaking her head.

“He’s the owner, obviously,” said Carly. “He’s working this evening as a favor to me. Let’s go in and meet him!”

“Turning to Nate, Dale said, “Nate, I don’t want to meet Tommy. Let’s go and try to find my dress. Actually any dress will be fine.”

“Dale, Carly is talking about this as a present. Surely you can be a little more gracious than that,” encouraged Nate.

Turning to Carly, Dale said politely, “Carly, thank you! No, thank you!” Turning back to Nate she continued, “Okay, can we leave now?”

“Dale, just be a little more open minded,” encouraged Nate, opening the door and stepping out.

They just about had to drag Dale out of the car, but eventually they were all standing in the parking lot.

After conferring again with the driver, Nate said, “Dale, the limo is going to leave us here for a while. When he returns he might have the suitcase with him.”

“Nate, let’s get back in the car. Please! We can ride along. We can help him get the suitcase,” said Dale.

“He doesn’t need any help,” said Nate.

“Dale, come on in and meet Tommy,” said Carly encouragingly. “He’s going to love your body.”

“I don’t want him to love my body,” said Dale.

“I don’t mean like that,” said Carly. “I just know he’ll think you are beautiful. I’m sure he’ll have just all kinds of ideas for you.”

“I don’t want him to have ideas for me,” said Dale obviously meaning every word.

“Just come in. Don’t be such a fraidy-cat,” said Carly.

“Carly, I don’t want a tattoo. Not at all,” said Dale.

“They do other things here…not just tattoos,” said Carly.

“Like what?” said Dale, not really wanting to know and definitely not wanting to go in.

“Ok, I was going to just show you, but you give me no choice,” said Carly. “So I’ll tell you.”

“I thought that you and I could be Twinners. We’ll get matching piercings!” said Carly, her voice betraying her excitement.

“I have enough piercings already. What kind of piercings?” she asked curiously, but again not really wanting to know the answer.

“Pussy piercings!” said Carly enthusiastically.

“No, way! No, way!” said Dale shaking her head.

“Yes, way! I picked out matching jewelry for us, Dale. Gold with diamond tips. We’ll match, and your pussy will match your nipples! How cool is that?” said Carly trying to be as persuasive as she could. The piercings that we are going to get are called VCH piercings. They’re quick and safe…and beautiful! It will show from the front. I know you’ll love that!”

“Nate, you need to help me!” pleaded Dale.

“Carly, why don’t you and Felipe go on in and let me talk with Dale for a minute,” said Nate.

“Okay,” said Carly. “See you inside in a minute, Dale. Don’t be too long. Tommy’s going to love your pussy. He loves mine!”

“I’ll bet he does,” said Dale sarcastically.

“Once they were alone, Nate said, “I think you can be a little more open minded about this, Dale. I can tell that it is important to Carly. Think of her feelings for a minute. I sense she is trying to make an effort to be closer to you.”

“Closer to me?” asked Dale.

“Yes,” said Nate. “She has no body piercings other than her ears. You do. She probably thinks she’s following your lead here. She’s trying to be more accepting of her best friend. My sense it that her decision to wear no panties tonight is part of this too.”

“You guys can’t make me do this,” said Dale, still all riled up.

“You’re exactly right, we can’t make you,” said Nate. “You will have to sign a consent form. No signature, no piercing.”

“Good, let’s leave!” said Dale.

“We can’t go. The car won’t be back for some time, and I can tell that you’re freezing. We need to go in, if for no other reason than to get you warm,” said Nate.

Dale snuggled up against him inside of his sport coat.

“But Dale, we need to continue to discuss this…this piercing idea. Inside or outside?” he asked, again trying to get her to go in.

“Outside,” she said.

“Let me ask you a serious question. Whose pussy is this?” he asked as he reached down and cupped it tenderly in his hand.

Dale did not respond.

“Let me ask you again, Dale,” he said, caressing her pussy lovingly. “Whose pussy is it?”

“Isn’t it at least a little bit mine?” she asked with a hopeful tone in her voice.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 241: Meeting Tommy**

“Dale, it was one hundred percent yours for over eighteen years,” said Nate. “It has been one hundred percent mine for just five days now. Don’t be greedy.”

Dale looked up into his eyes pleadingly. “Can’t this be ‘stuff we decide together’?” she asked.

“Dale, I told you that I would listen to your opinions, but then I will make the calls. And if I decide to do this, then you will sign the form. That is how this has to work,” said Nate. “Be aware that I don’t think I am in favor of this piercing, but we both need to be open minded. The pussy is beautiful. Similarly the nipples were beautiful. I think we both agree that the nipples are even more lovely now. It might be the case that we’ll both end up liking the pussy even more with this VCH piercing. You need to trust me.”

Snuggling against him, she asked, “VCH? Do you know what that stands for?”

“I do. When Carly asked for my help with this recently, I did quite a bit of research. It stands for Vertical Clitoral Hood piercing. It is one of the most common female genital piercings. It goes in about here,” he said, touching her with a fingernail along the outside of her clitoral hood so she would know where he was talking about, “and it comes out about here,” he said touching her just slightly lower down, the spot where the clitoris itself emerges. “I’m sure that Tommy will show you pictures. We both need full information. Let’s go in, okay?”

“Okay, Nate,” said Dale. “But what if I really don’t want it?”

“You need to trust me,” said Nate.

“Okay, I’m trying,” she said softly.

She did understand that she could prevent the piercing from happening by refusing to sign, but she didn’t want to have to do that. And she didn’t know if she would do that, if in fact, Nate told her to sign. She understood what ownership meant, and she didn’t want to mess things up. Similarly she also didn’t want to feel forced into a corner that would require her to do something that would damage their new arrangement.

Agreeing to Nate’s terms had been the magic bullet, as regards to her worries about how nudity was likely to one day destroy her life. Suddenly her life seemed under control and much less scary, and she didn’t want that to change.

It had been, indeed, a bit of a stretch to extend control of her nudity to the ownership of her tits and her pussy, but that did seem fine because it was linked to the obedience that was required to make it all work. She was still working at giving herself over completely to the whole concept, but she really wanted this…she was drawn to it. She liked feeling owned; however, the idea of getting a piercing down below had bright red warning signs flashing in her brain.

But, she WAS freezing, so she followed Nate into the small older shop. She hoped she wouldn’t regret going in. Suddenly her missing dress seemed like the least of her concerns.

Tommy looked very much like she had imagined. He looked like he was a Harley-Davidson guy, even from a distance. As it turned out he was wearing a leather Harley vest and had a Harley-Davidson tattoo, so everything seemed to fit. Also in keeping with the stereotypical image was his pot belly and his grey hair, pulled back in a ponytail.

As Carly had predicted, he did seem quite taken with Dale, but Dale did not find that at all surprising. Few guys reacted negatively to a teenage cheerleader – not dressed – especially not undressed. Something about having her titties and pussy out where they could be seen made guys as friendly as could be. She wasn’t surprised by it, but she noticed it.

As Dale talked to Tommy, Nate noticed her relaxing. Within ten minutes of entering the shop, Dale had stretched out on padded table so that the Tommy could inspect her nipple piercings. He noticed how glad she had been to learn that Tommy thought that they looked healthy and like they had been done by a very competent, skillful person.

Dale too had asked many questions related to her nipples, and Nate could tell that she was starting to feel quite comfortable with Tommy’s expertise. In response to one of Dale’s questions, Tommy decided to remove Dale’s barbells for cleaning. Nate observed the process which involved rubber gloves and sterile equipment. Tommy put retainers in her nipple piercings for the short amount of time that her barbells were out for cleaning.

Once her jewelry was back in place, Carly and Dale spent a little time looking at the jewelry that Carly had preselected. They compared it to Dale’s nipple barbells to ensure that it was really a good match. While they were doing that, Nate took the opportunity to get some of his own questions answered.

He had told Dale that he would make the choice, so he intended to be fully informed. He already had learned a great deal via his online searches, but Tommy turned out to have so much experience to draw from.

At one point, Nate noticed that both Dale and Carly were eavesdropping on his conversation with Tommy. He decided that he didn’t mind. He had done his homework on the topic of female genital piercing. He expected that overhearing some of the discussion would probably help Dale be more comfortable with what was happening. She would realize that he did have her best interests at heart and was going to make an intelligent, well-informed choice.

Dale did start to relax a little. She heard Nate asking questions about selecting the various styles of piercings, the diameter and lengths of piercings, as well as piercing methods. She could tell that safety seemed to be uppermost in his mind. Both she and Carly did end up feeling very good about having Nate involved in the process.

Felipe, on the other hand, seemed to be keeping to himself, Nate noticed. He spent a lot of time looking in large loose-leaf books filled with tattoo designs.

A bit later Tommy got Dale up onto an angled table, with her feet in retractable stirrups. Her legs were splayed widely. Nate listened and watched intently, occasionally asking a few questions of his own. However, he mostly just stood back allowing Carly and Dale the chance to get their own questions answered. To his mind, many of their questions were pretty basic as they had been covered by his online research.

It was a bit crowded. Both Tommy and Carly were in between Dale’s legs, as they studied and discussed the various small details of pussy anatomy from the standpoint of the various types of piercings that were available.

Nate thought it was quite interesting to see Dale, Carly, and Tommy all discussing and even at times touching Dale’s pussy. He noticed that Dale’s pussy was glistening, but that was certainly to be expected. At one point Tommy even told her not worry about it, that it happened to everyone. That acknowledgement only seemed to make it worse for Dale, and he saw her face and upper chest redden.

Much of the attention was focused on the clitoral hood area, but the inner and outer lips were also manipulated and discussed. Tommy told them that the VCH, HCH and the Christina piercings had the advantage of being the most visible from the front, if that was a consideration.

He explained how the VCH, the Vertical Clitoral Hood piercing, and the HCH, Horizontal Clitoral Hood piercing, were near the clitoris, but were not clitoris piercings per se. Similarly how the Christina piercing wasn’t even a clitoral area piercing, because it began where the labia majora met at the top of the cleft and went up toward the abdomen from there.

Nate noticed that Dale really disliked the idea of the Christina piercing because she thought that it would be a big problem for balance beam. Gymnastics’ season was now just around the corner. In Dale’s opinion, the VCH and HCH piercings were unlikely to be a problem as the jewelry would be lower down where the beam could just press against it without the pubic bone immediately behind.

Tommy also mentioned healing times and limitations on sexual activity during that period. No one asked follow up questions about that, but Nate could tell that it seemed to be the elephant in the room. He felt that they all seemed to be expecting to be engaging in sexual activity in the near future and that that was a factor. It seemed to Nate that Carly had been a little under informed on that particular issue when she originally conceived of her plan.

The big surprise for Nate came when Carly took her turn in the stirrups. Based on a need for ‘fairness’ Dale had required that Carly remove her dress entirely at that point. The reason became obvious to Nate a little while later.

Initially, the three of them discussed Carly’s pussy in the same manner in which they had discussed Dale’s. Indeed there were reasons to do so as Carly’s pussy was different enough that some of the piercing styles were more or less well suited for her anatomy…due to her more abundant external pussy tissue. Nate noticed that Carly seemed to be just as wet as Dale had been. He even caught a whiff of her scent; however, given that Dale was right there, it might have been a combination of the two girls’ scents he realized.

Nate noticed that Felipe had kept his distance a little when Dale’s feet were in the stirrups, but like a truly committed boyfriend, he came over and paid close attention once Carly was naked and her labia were the subject of conversation. Nate was feeling quite proud of him. He was quiet, but he was loyal and steadfast, exactly what Carly needed in a guy.

Once they had finished talking about Carly’s pussy, the reason that Dale had wanted Carly to take off her dress became apparent. She took Tommy up to Carly’s chest and redirected the conversation to nipple piercings for Carly.

Dale was no dummy, as Nate had always known. If Carly was interested in the two of them being ‘Twinners’, then one way to accomplish that would be to talk Carly into pierced nipples with barbells that matched her own.

Nate found himself enjoying himself immensely. Carly was indeed a sexy lady and watching her sit with her feet wade apart in the stirrups while they poked and discussed her pussy and then later pinched and talked about her nipples was certainly worth the price of admission.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 242: Choices Are Made**

Nate loved Dale’s titties. They were perfect in his opinion, but Carly certainly had it all going on. He remembered thinking that her boobs looked like rocket nose cones up at Windy Ridge, and seeing her nude again reinforced that opinion.

She was larger than Dale, and lying down her boobs strained straight up toward the ceiling. For Nate, it was definitely a good time watching them all as they pinched and prodded her nipples, explaining to her what it would be like to have jewelry mounted in them.

At one point he managed to have a quick conversation with Felipe to compare notes. It was hardly a surprise, but the whole evening had been quite enjoyable from Felipe’s point of view; all the way from seeing both girls’ pussies in the limo, to seeing them both under the bright lights in Tommy’s Tattoo Temple.

Nate looked out the door and noticed that the limo had returned. He went out and spoke with the driver quickly and found out that the suitcase had indeed been recovered. He was glad about that, but decided to keep that piece of information to himself.

With the driver’s complicity, he stowed the suitcase in the trunk. Doing so would give him complete control over what Dale would find out about it and when. If it came up, the driver agreed to tell the others that, “he was still hopeful” about getting the suitcase back that evening.

They had gotten an early start, so they weren’t doing that badly on time, but they couldn’t afford that much more time in the tattoo shop. When he got back inside, Carly was no longer on the table, and the girls were discussing things between themselves. Felipe was holding Carly’s dress, and it didn’t look as if Carly was going to have an easy time getting it back.

Nate cornered Tommy and had him start the paperwork.

Taking the form to Dale on a clipboard for her signature he said, “Okay, Dale. Here is the necessary consent form. I’ve made arrangements with Tommy and he is ready to go once this is signed.”

Dale was surprised that things had jumped ahead to this point, but she didn’t say anything. Nate hadn’t even consulted her for her opinion, she realized.

“So you have a choice to make,” said Nate. “Do you want to know what I have selected for this pussy of mine before signing, or do you want to simply sign, based solely on trust.”

Dale took the form and studied it. Nate knew that it didn’t mention the selected jewelry or how and where it would attach. She seemed to be reading it, but on closer inspection he realized that she was just staring blankly at the paper while she considered all the ramifications.

Suddenly she signed on the line, and handed it back to him with a smile. “For you, Lover,” she said. Nate smiled at her warmly. They looked deeply into each other’s eyes for a long moment, but then Nate turned to Tommy, giving him the clipboard with the signed form attached.

Carly and Felipe were watching, but Nate was not sure how much they were grasping of what was happening. He suspected that they knew that Dale had just signed the consent form. That she had no knowledge of what it was that she had just consented to, that he thought, they probably did not realize.

Dale watched, almost without emotion as Tommy readjusted the stirrups for her slightly shorter legs. He then asked her if she wanted to use the restroom or if she was ready to climb up.

Dale decided to use the restroom quickly. She was shaking slightly, but she had made her choice and intended to get on the table in a minute. In the bathroom she inspected her pussy in its ‘before’ condition one last time.

When she returned, Tommy patted the table indicating that she should hop up. Dale wanted to know what the choice had been, but she knew that she’d look down soon enough and everything would be clear. She still didn’t want the VCH piercing, or any of the others that had been discussed, but she had decided to go along with Nate’s choice, in the interest of making the whole relationship work. She had decided that that was her priority.

Nate came over and sat next to her, holding her hand, as Tommy put on a new pair of rubber gloves and opened an alcohol wipe. As he started carefully cleaning off her pussy with the wipe, he started describing what he was going to be doing. To her surprise, it did not involve a piercing. There were sterilized stainless tools, but none of them were sharp.

Tommy described for her what he called a fake piercing. He would install a small rare-earth magnet inside of her clitoral hood, and then the faux diamond in its gold mount would go on the outside. The appearance would be essentially identical to an actual piercing, but it would just be temporary. There would be no pain, no blood, and essentially no chance of infection or complications.

Realizing that she wasn’t receiving a piercing, she looked into Nate’s eyes, tearing up. She was so glad that she had trusted him. He had proved himself worthy.

She looked up and saw that Carly and Felipe had joined Tommy. Everyone was leaning in, looking very intently at her pussy. Tommy, noticing her extreme flexibility, had moved the stirrups wider apart. She presumed he had done so to make it easier for him to get close and accomplish his task.

She tried to not think about how far apart her legs were or how splayed open her pussy was for the audience, but now that she knew that there would be no piercing, she was again thinking about such things. She was stark naked and the lights on her body were bright. She felt fortunate that no one else had come in the shop. She had worried about that earlier. She looked up at Felipe, a boy she didn’t really know all that well. He was always so quiet. There he was, staring at her bare pussy; Carly, too.

Dale wondered what Carly would do in terms of her own planned VCH piercing now, given that she was receiving something involving an alternative, temporary method of attachment.

Dale was again feeling very aroused. That had come and gone a little during her time in the tattoo shop. She hoped that her audience might think that all the moisture was due to the wipe, but she suspected not. Like Nate had told her, a naked girl gives off a lot of body language. She had every reason to believe that she was indeed giving off a lot of body language.

She glanced down at her nipples. They were definitely at full tilt. She realized that a naked girl had no secrets, especially not this one, and certainly not in this legs-splayed-wide position under the bright lights.

She felt Tommy’s large fingers grasp her clit concealing skin firmly. He stretched it up and out. He might not know it, she thought, but right inside where he was pinching, her most tender little bud was lurking. His grip was causing it to fire sensations out to the rest of her pelvic region. As they grew in number and intensity, she found herself glad that she did not achieve orgasm easily. However, that was by her own hand. Nate had not needed much time at all to get her to orgasm. She thought about how embarrassing it would be to experience an orgasm there, right there in the tattoo shop with an audience.

She saw Tommy pick up his tool with the small magnet located on its tip. It disappeared from her sight and then she felt cold metal on her skin, right near where Tommy’s other hand held her, stretching her clitoral hood.

Tommy let go with his fingers, and she realized that only the metal instrument tucked inside that little flap of skin was touching her pussy. She saw Tommy pick up the tiny jewel and place it carefully on her pussy. She felt a small tap as it found the magnet that would hold it in place.

Tommy leaned in, prodding and inspecting the location. He looked up at her with a smile and asked if there was any pain or discomfort. When she shook her head ‘no’, he stood up, removing his gloves in the process.

Dale lifted herself up on her elbows, arching her back and tilting her mound up to get a good look at her new little jewel. There, right on top of the little strip of skin that extended down into her pussy from her lower abdomen was the diamond in its little gold mount. It did look pretty indeed, she thought.

She looked over at Nate and their eyes met. With her feet still in the stirrups and her audience watching, she leaned over, throwing both of her arms around his neck pulling his face to hers.

“I love you,” she whispered into his ear. Nate didn’t say anything, but the way he held her clearly indicated the depth of his feelings.

They continued to embrace in their own little world, but eventually they noticed that Carly and Tommy had retreated back to the counter where they were now also taking care of some paperwork.

A few minutes later, Carly’s feet had replaced Dale’s in the stirrups, and the process was repeating itself. Dale found herself listening very intently as Tommy again explained everything to Carly. She was overjoyed to learn that Carly had opted for the same exact jewelry, attached in the same exact way. Even though Nate had made the selection, Carly’s wish to be Twinners was going to be fulfilled. Dale beamed as she contemplated that.

Nate had noticed that Dale had discreetly placed the tip of her middle finger on top of her new little jewel. As he observed her, she was wiggling it almost imperceptibly back and forth. He wondered if the magnet, just inside was putting pressure on her clit. He suspected that it was, but possibly she was just enjoying having something new to touch and fiddle with.

She caught him looking and pulled her hand away. He wanted to reassure her that he didn’t mind so that she would resume what she had been doing, but he doubted that she would. He allowed his attention to return to Carly and her clitoral hood, now being stretched and pinched by Tommy’s gloved fingers.

It wasn’t that easy. Dale’s head kept getting in his way. She was obviously very curious about the process which she herself had just experienced.

As Tommy finished, he remembered something that he had forgotten to do in Dale’s case. His liability insurance, he said, required that he photograph all procedures upon completion. Carly did not seem too surprised as Tommy went to retrieve his camera. Nate suspected that she had had her tattoos photographed in just this manner, but he was not convinced that Tommy’s motivations were entirely business related.

In a moment Tommy was back and focusing in on her pussy. He took a number of shots, and once that was complete, he asked Dale to hop back up so that he could photograph her. Nate could see the reluctance in her eyes as she hesitated, but a moment later she again had her feet in the stirrups.

To make it all just a little worse for her, Nate took a little liberty, reaching in and touching her inner labia. He had noticed that they looked stuck together and were a bit to one side. He spread them apart, trying to achieve symmetry. Dale had initially jumped at the surprise of his touch. She had even reached down and grabbed his hand, but then had relinquished.

“Just wanting you to look your best,” he had said to reassure her of his noble intentions.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 243: Arriving at the Dance**

Dale kept a suspicious eye on him as Tommy began photographing her pussy.

“For internal uses only,” he had said, but Nate had noticed that one of the shots was probably wide angle enough to show Dale’s face as well as her titties situated just above her pussy in the image. He tried to get a quick look at the camera screen, but Tommy pulled the camera back before he was able to see the actual image.

The pussy photography session led into a Twinners’ photography session. Nate made sure that Tommy was no longer taking pictures as he himself went about getting pictures of Dale and Carly side by side, both of them stark naked. Since the main point of the photography was the new pussy jewels, neither of them minded when he zoomed in to get a photo focusing on their pussies. For those photos they stood hip to hip, even tilting their pelvises up to show off their new sparklers to best advantage.

Nate even managed to get a few photos of Carly, nude all by herself. He had no plans for those pictures, but thought that he might as well have them. After all, they might one day be useful as blackmail material, he thought.

Nate had a creative idea and was quite surprised that the two girls went for it. He lay on his back on the floor, and they stood next to him. One of them standing on each side of his head. From that vantage point, he photographed straight up their legs. The perspective was quite distorted of course, but it showed everything; pussies, jewelry, tits, even their smiling faces as they put their heads together looking down at him.

The Twinners’ photography led to couple photographs which led in turn to group photos. For those Tommy did the honors using Nate’s phone. But finally it was time to get going.

As Nate had suspected he might, Felipe tried to hang on to Carly’s dress. It was his opinion that she should ride to the dance nude in the back of the limo, just like Dale. However, Carly had the opposite opinion and Felipe eventually relinquished the dress.

A moment later, three of them were dressed and the four of them headed out into the cold night air to get back into the limo. Nate noticed that Dale was holding onto his hand tightly as they dashed for the limo together. They were all delighted to discover that the driver had done a good job of keeping the passenger compartment toasty warm.

As Dale climbed in, the first thing that Nate noticed was that she was frantically looking around for the suitcase.

“Oh, Nate,” she said, her voice full of concern. “My dress, it’s still missing?”

“No, Love, it’s safe,” he said. “The suitcase is in the trunk. We’re back on plan. We’re going to the dance now, and shortly you’ll be wearing the pretty little dress from Colombia.”

Dale breathed a happy sigh of relief, snuggling against him.

Nate’s first idea had been to hide the suitcase and keep her worrying about it; however, on further reflection, he had changed his mind. He had decided to level with her. He didn’t need to play games or trick her. What would be the point? He was holding all the cards, for only he knew the combination. He could keep her naked and in a constant state of worry without any trickery whatsoever.

It felt good to be straight with her, and he realized that he was already benefiting from his decision. A most loving and contented Dale was snuggling against him at that very moment. Everything about the tender way that she was holding him seemed to flow from a heightened level of love and respect.

He knew that he might be imagining things, but he felt as if his well-considered choices relating to the fake piercing jewelry as well as telling her the truth about the suitcase had made her happy. At that moment, the two of them, the naked cheerleader and her boyfriend on crutches, felt so very close to one another.

He loved her and he felt so warm and happy inside as she pressed her body against his as the limo pulled out onto the old highway headed back toward Prospect.

Approaching the school, Carly again leaned forward and started communicating with the driver, verbally as well as by pointing.

At the flagpole ‘T’ intersection, the car turned right and headed straight for the gym where the dances were always held.

Dale crouched down low realizing that they were going to pass right in front of the gym. Nate thought it was comical because it was completely unnecessary. The windows were tinted; they could see out, but no one could see in. Dale saw couples hanging out just outside the entrance, and she saw others walking, crossing the wide drive toward which they were headed.

To Dale’s horror, Carly again opened the sunroof just as they got close enough for Dale to start recognizing people, Jodie, Alexa and their dates among them.

“Nate, no,” pleaded Dale, shaking her head.

Nate looked at her and saw a grave level of concern on her face. He had not planned on having her stand up in the sunroof at this point, but she didn’t know that.

“Carly, please tell the driver to go as slow as he can,” instructed Nate.

Carly again leaned forward and Dale felt the car slow to a crawl. Carly and Felipe stood up through the opening and waved to those outside. Everyone watched, but only one or two people returned the wave.

Nate pulled Dale up onto his lap, pinning her arms to her sides. That brought her into a position where both her face and her tits were at window height. She struggled slightly trying to turn her body away from the window.

Nate expected that she knew that she could not be seen, but somehow her subconscious seemed to be telling her that if she could see them then they must be able to see her. Nate loved that it was working exactly as he had envisioned. She was experiencing the emotions of being seen topless by a good number of their classmates, and yet she was, in all actuality, hidden from their view.

As they completed the pass, and Nate felt Dale relax, he said, “Ok, now once more for the history books! Carly, ask the driver to loop around and do that again. She did, and they all felt the car speed up a little as the car followed the parking lot perimeter around.

Once they were in the lonely back part of the parking lot, Nate spoke into Dale’s ear, “Okay love, are you ready?” He gave her a big bear hug, and then stood up in the sunroof. He felt Dale’s arms grip him tightly, and she buried her face into his neck.

Nate could tell that she probably thought that he intended to hold her there, her upper body exposed above the car’s roof in the chilly night air. As he steadied himself, he felt her legs wrap around him as her hug transitioned to one involving all four appendages.

She didn’t speak, but he was conscious of a little quiet whimpering as her level of concern started to get the best of her. With quite a bit of difficulty, he forced her to turn in his arms such that her tits were facing away from him, right into their direction of travel. They turned the last corner and again headed slowly for all those loitering outside the gym, her bejeweled tits this time on full display.

Just then he heard her say softly, “Oh, Nate, should we?”

Nate didn’t reply, wanting her to worry. Once Nate thought they were getting close enough, he lowered himself down slightly, taking her with him.

When they got to the level that he was aiming for, he whispered into Dale’s ear, “Let’s wave, Lover.”

Dale looked down at her chest and realized that she was at the level where just her shoulders would be visible. Had she been wearing a strapless dress, it would not be visible to observers with her in that position. She breathed a red-faced sigh of relief and joined Nate in an enthusiastic wave to the crowd, trying to be very careful to not rise up and flash the crowd.

It did end up being fun, but Dale found one aspect of the whole thing distasteful. To her it felt like they were flaunting the limo that Carly’s dad had arranged and paid for.

Suddenly Dale’s level of concern again shot way up as the limo came to an abrupt stop and the back door opened. She and Nate quickly pulled their heads in as Carly and Felipe climbed out saying that they’d see them inside.

At that point, the driver found a parking spot and Nate retrieved the suitcase. Once back inside the car, he opened it and removed her dress carefully, saying, “Here, Lover…all safe and sound!”

She took the dress and set it aside on the seat. Grasping Nate’s head with a hand on each side, she looked deep into his eyes.

“Thank you, Master,” she said, planting a gentle soft lipped kiss on his mouth.

“Your welcome, Slave Girl!” he said. “Now let’s go have some fun of a different sort.”

“I love you,” she said, and guiding his hand down to her brand new jewel so that he could feel it she continued, “And I love your choice for the pussy.” She couldn’t quite bring herself to say ‘your pussy’, but she didn’t say ‘my pussy’ either.

“We only get one,” he said with a most sincere smile. “We have to take good care of it. Maybe someday…a piercing…but decisions like that should not be rushed.”

Dale hugged him again as he kept a finger pressed against the jewel. He looked for the driver’s eyes in the rearview mirror, but they weren’t there. Looking outside her saw him a few paces away from the car, seemingly allowing them their privacy.

Dale returned her attention to the dress and a few moments later she was pulling it down into position. The passenger compartment included a vanity, so Dale next fished a few things out of her clutch purse and went about freshening up her hair and makeup. Nate just observed contentedly, thinking about how lucky he was and how pretty she was.

A few minutes later they were making their way across the parking lot toward the entrance to the gym. Nate was on cloud nine; he had the loveliest lady in the school at his side as he made his way steadily along on the crutches. For him, she was the ideal companion, dressed or undressed.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 244: A Tale of Two Dresses**

As soon as they were through the entrance doors into the foyer, Nate had people approaching him asking about his knee. The crutches seemed to be reminding everyone of his injury.

He suspected that few people would have even realized that he was injured during the football game, but for all the attention his relationship with Dale had received around school that fall. That was what he felt he was known for. However, everyone’s concern for his well-being did seem quite sincere.

As he and Dale had been expecting, there was a lot of talk related to the Mavericks making the playoffs. It was of course just talk. Games were taking place that evening around the conference. The teams that would advance to the playoffs would not be known until the next morning.

“Well, if it isn’t Date and Nale!” they heard female voices behind them exclaim.

Turning around, they both saw Erin and Vanessa along with their dates. A time or two they had heard their names mixed up like that by accident, but Erin and Vanessa had been going out of their way to call them that on purpose since they had gotten back together.

Dale greeted them warmly. She had told Nate that she liked them. Nate, for his part, had been paying more attention to the two seemingly inseparable girls since his conversation with Jason and Ward at the party. If what Jason and Ward had said was true, then they were indeed good at hiding their hatred of Dale. So good in fact that he wondered if the two guys might be mistaken. However, he had every reason to believe that they were correct and that Erin and Vanessa were simply talented actresses.

After exchanging pleasantries with Erin and Vanessa and again discussing his knee, Dale wanted to have their picture taken. As she had at Homecoming, she wanted to get that out of the way early.

They caught a glimpse of Susie and Gage and went over to speak with them. Dale proposed that they all go together to have their pictures taken. She was interested in having the chance to talk with them while they waited in line.

Nate enjoyed the way that Dale was able to work the crowd. For his part, he was too shy to approach people as she seemed to do so effortlessly.

Once in line, the girls complimented each other on their respective dresses. Nate saw Gage looking at him and rolling his eyes. Nate and Gage both knew that any two girls meeting at the dance would say nice things about each other’s dress, no matter how ugly they actually thought that they were. But while that was true, these two were certainly very pretty girls and they both had on exceptionally beautiful dresses.

Susie’s dress was quite captivating in Nate’s opinion. It was a solid medium blue, and the fabric had a metallic shine to it.

For Nate, her chest was especially hard to take his eyes off of. The dress was strapless, and the upper most edge of the cups flared away from Susie’s bust like the top of a flower vase. He pictured it catching rain and channeling it right down her front. In a way it was a cross between a push-up dress and a serving tray for tits, thought Nate.

It was of course completely decent. The upper slopes of Susie’s boobs were visible, but no more so than those of other girls. It was just that the neckline seemed to be such a magnet for the male eye, at least that was how it was working for Nate.

Nate was, of course, completely happy with his own date and thought her dress was superlative. However, he couldn’t help but think that this particular girl in this particular blue dress could have been his date that night…not that he would trade Dale for any date in the world.

It was simply a situation that involved a dress and the pillowy tit flesh just above it that his eyes were drawn to. He ended up having to force himself to not look at Susie at all lest Dale catch him in the act of staring where he should not be staring.

He was very glad once they had gotten their photos taken. He liked Susie’s personality every bit as much as her dress, but he didn’t want to get in trouble with Dale. He didn’t know if she would be jealous, but things like that are simply best to avoid.

The more he thought about that, the more humorous the idea seemed to him…that Susie was catching his eye. Dale was every bit as lovely in the tit department, a little smaller than Susie, but in quality she was unsurpassed.

And what made it even funnier was that he had just spent the last three or more hours looking at Dale’s naked titties…Carly’s some as well. Why then would Susie’s enticingly covered chest be attracting his eye? It didn’t really make any sense.

He thought about mentioning the curious phenomenon to Dale later, but then decided that on second thought that doing so would be a bad idea. It was likely to be taken wrong. He needed to only have eyes for Dale. He knew that, and it hardly seemed like it represented any kind of a compromise on his part. After all, it was more or less the case…when push came to shove, he really only had eyes for Dale.

As soon as they were done with the photography, the girls headed to the restroom leaving he and Gage with a minute to talk. Nate was recalling Dale mentioning how much she was enjoying Susie’s company, so he started off by asking Gage about his interest in the double date that had come up in conversation that night at the pizza parlor.

That night Gage had not sounded all that sure about a second or a third date with Susie. Understandably he hadn’t even had the first one yet, but as it turned out, he was very interested in pursuing future dates with her.

They decided to try and put something together exactly two weeks from that night. That would be the Saturday after Thanksgiving.

Once they had that figured out, Nate decided to bring up Susie’s dress.

“I was struggling with Susie’s dress, Gage,” he told him. “The cut of the top was just reeling my eyes in.”

“It’s a f\*\*king great dress, isn’t it,” Gage said. “I’ve been imagining that with one yank, I could have the dress a couple of feet lower. There’s no bra, so it would be tit-city! That girl is mere seconds away from being topless, isn’t she?”

“Gage, tell me you aren’t thinking about doing that,” said Nate.

“Oh, I’ll get her top off, don’t doubt that,” said Gage. “But I’ll go about it the socially acceptable way. It’ll take a bit longer, maybe a few weeks, but it will happen.”

“I’m glad to hear that,” said Nate approvingly. “Yanking a girl’s strapless dress down sounds fun, but us guys are supposed to know better.”

“I hear you,” said Gage. “But “strapless” must exist for a reason.” Nate laughed as Gage continued, “But Dale’s dress! Wow! Talk about an eye magnet. The twin slits on that puppy…they go right up there don’t they?”

“They go pretty high, that’s for sure,” agreed Nate.

“Yep, if Dale was wearing panties, I would have seen them by now,” said Gage. “I was sure Susie was going to catch me looking at the bare skin at the top of those two slits. It was tough, but I was doing everything I could to force my eyes up to the girls’ eyes.”

“Me, too!” said Nate laughing. He thought it was seriously funny that they both had been eyeing each other’s dates.

“So, panties…is she wearing any?” asked Gage. “Tell me… The curiosity is killing me.”

“I know what it looks like, buddy,” said Nate. “…beyond that, you’re on your own. However the night is young, and that girl’s hips have a mind of their own. You just might want to keep your eyes peeled. You might yet get confirmation, one way or another.”

As soon as he had said that, Nate was kicking himself. He did want to fit in and get along with the other guys on the football team, but he couldn’t believe that he had just essentially encouraged Gage to try and look up Dale’s dress.

When the girls returned, Nate surprised everyone by asking if he could have a minute alone with Susie. Dale was quite suspicious, but she stepped aside and talked to Gage while Susie followed Nate along the hall so that they could have a private conversation.

“First off, Susie,” began Nate, “This isn’t what I wanted to talk with you in private about, but I have to tell you how beautiful you are tonight in that dress. Had things worked out differently, such that I would have been here tonight as your date…well, suffice it to say that I’m sure I wouldn’t have been able to keep my eyes off of you. And I know we would have had a lot of fun together.”

“That’s sweet, Nate,” said Susie, her eyes cast down as she looked as if she were blushing. “In my opinion, you are looking very handsome this evening yourself.”

“Thank you, Susie,” said Nate, acknowledging the compliment. “Actually there are two things that I wanted to tell you. First, I don’t want to make a big deal out of it, but I’ve been wanting to thank you. Dale mentioned to me how much it meant to her that you were there for her, comforting her, just after I injured my knee. She’s not used to such friendly treatment, from girls I guess, but it meant the world to her. And it means the world to me. I thought you should know.

“That’s nice, Nate,” said Susie, reaching out and squeezing his hand. “Dale is a wonderful person, once you get to know her. Some of the girls don’t like her very much, but in my opinion, they just base their opinions of Dale mostly on what they have heard.”

“Well, all that makes little sense to me, but I just wanted to take a moment and thank you for being you. I’m so glad to be getting to know you now…even if graduation is starting to seem like it’s just around the corner.”

“That’s nice, and for what it’s worth, I’m finding a friend in Dale…and I’m enjoying getting to know her guy, even if he dumped me before our first date,” said Susie, attempting a little humor, but then immediately acting as if she wished she hadn’t.

“And the second thing I wanted to talk to you about Susie, is your nickname,” said Nate.

“Nate, you know I don’t like my nickname. Please don’t bring that up,” said Susie, turning away.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 245: Tink**

“Susie, hear me out,” said Nate. “I even chanced to hear someone refer to you as ‘Pebbles’ this past week in the halls.”

“I know,” said Susie. “No one forgets it. It never goes away.”

“Well, I think I might have figured out how to make it go away,” said Nate. “It’s probably a long shot, but it’s worth a try.”

“Well, I’m curious to hear your idea, Nate,” said Susie.

“In my opinion, the reason that ‘Pebbles’ never dies is that people think nicknames are fun, AND it doesn’t have any competion,” said Nate. “So my idea is to replace it with a fresh nickname, and maybe people will switch to the new name.”

“I don’t know if that will work,” said Susie. “If you were to call me something different, why would that catch on?”

“The name I have in mind, Susie, is ‘Tink’,” said Nate. “Half the school already saw you dressed up as Tink at Jodie’s party, and that was the perfect costume for you. You are the perfect Tinkerbell. Even in blue and with no wings, you still look like Tinkerbell. Please don’t take that wrong and be mad at me.”

“I’m not going to be mad; I dressed up as Tink because I’ve always loved Tinkerbell. As a little girl and even still today,” said Susie.

“Well, as I said, it might be a long shot, but if I call you that, and Dale and Gage do, too,” said Nate. “Well, others might start using the nickname, too. Everyone who saw you that night will instantly know who we are talking about. Pebbles is old and stale, people like what is new and fresh.”

“I do think it would be fun to be called Tink,” said Susie. “But I doubt it will work. I’ve just figured that I’d always be stuck with Pebbles, until I leave town for college anyway.”

“I just wanted your permission to give it a try,” said Nate. “After all, Carly single handedly managed to bestow the other nickname on you. Possibly with Dale and Gage helping…and a few others, we can pull this off.”

“That’s nice, Nate,” said Susie, again squeezing his hand.

“Okay then,” said Nate, quite pleased that she had agreed. “Let’s go and tell the others.”

As they walked back toward Dale and Gage, Nate noticed that Dale had her arms folded and was looking rather cross at him.

“My, aren’t you two looking rather chummy this evening,” said Dale, her nose seemingly out of joint. “I even saw you two holding hands.”

“Don’t worry, Dale,” said Nate. “Tink and I are just friends.”

“Oh, so now she’s ‘Tink’,” said Dale.

“Absolutely,” said Nate. “She’s ‘Tink’. Let me explain.”

Nate went on to explain the plan to the two of them, and they all agreed to give it a go. Gage especially liked the idea of dating Tinkerbell, so he started calling Susie ‘Tink’ right away. Dale, too, liked the idea. They all agreed to give ‘Tink’ a go.

Later, when they were alone, she said, “Nate, you and Tink were holding hands. You really were.”

“We weren’t holding hands, Dale,” said Nate. “It’s just Susie…Tink, I mean. This nickname thing isn’t going to be that easy, is it? But when I talk to her, she has this way of reaching over and touching my arm or squeezing my hand. She generally seems shy, but she isn’t shy when it comes to informal touching like that.”

“I didn’t think that I was losing you to her,” said Dale. “But like I said, you two looked mighty chummy while you were talking.”

“She just liked the idea, and that is I guess how she was letting me know,” said Nate. “But on a completely different subject, Dale. I’d like to talk to you about your sexy little dress. More specifically, about that long flap in front. I’m a bit concerned that it will take on a life of its own once you get out on the dance floor. I love what you can do with your hips, but I think you need to be careful this evening.”

Dale winked at him and laughed. “Nate you get to pick ‘state of dress’. Aren’t you content with that? You saw the ‘La Bicicleta’ video. I’ve spent weeks working on this dance. I can’t let Shakira down,” said Dale, pausing. She teased, “You’re not suddenly scared of a little beaver are you?”

“Certainly not,” said Nate, not really knowing how he should react to what seemed like bold defiance.

“I mean,” said Dale. “What’s a little flash on the dance floor compared with all the nudity on the way here this evening?”

Nate didn’t reply. She did have a point he had to agree. On the one hand, it made him realize that their pact wasn’t the panacea he had hoped it might be. And on the other hand, he was secretly delighted that their deal hadn’t quenched her spirit.

She was just as feisty as ever, and that made him happy. It was, after all, his hope to keep her safe, not to change her. He was glad that Dale was still going to be Dale. He knew that he might have to spank her now and then to keep her in line. For him that was okay, as long as they managed to limit that sort of thing to her nudity. He really didn’t want to get carried away and allow the Master-Slave thing to grow beyond what it needed to be to keep her safe.

He knew that letting the power go to his head was a real danger, one that he had fallen prey to before. Around the time of their breakup, as he’d done some soul searching, he’d come to realize that putting her through the wringer, catering too excessively to her kinks, had become his own hobby, his obsession even.

Indeed that power trip had become intoxicating for him. She wasn’t the only one who needed to keep things at the social drinker level. He too could have fun, but he had to make sure he kept that in perspective. Establishing what worked for the long term was much more important than short sighted fun.

He loved Dale, and a lot of what he loved was her ambition, the obstinate way in which she pursued her goals, and especially her inner spirit. Somehow he hoped to make her his obedient Nudity Slave without fundamentally changing the girl he loved so dearly. He knew that that might end up being his biggest challenge of all.

He wanted to bend her, not break her. He almost started to give her a little lecture about the need to stay safe by not flashing pussy on the dance floor, but he fortunately stopped himself. Trying to talk some sense into her had been a part of his old modus operandi, and he knew that it had never been effective.

And, he thought, she was probably right. A beaver flash or two was unlikely to have any serious repercussions. If it started to become a problem, he’d just buy her granny panties and make her wear them. Or he could make her wear spankies. She could flash in those to her hearts content. In other words, he was realizing that having control over her state of dress should be enough. He didn’t need to attempt to take charge of her behavior too.

Dale was ready to dance, so they headed out onto the dance floor. Dancing was pretty awkward for Nate given the brace and the crutches, which he had decided to try and be good about using given the length of the dance.

He was delighted to see that Dale seemed to be having a good time. He had been worried that his injury might put a damper on things for her as well; however, she seemed to be taking things in stride. But he realized that he shouldn’t be surprised. She loved to dance, and as he watched her, she was having a great time relating to everyone else out on the dance floor.

After a great many songs, they finally took a break to get some refreshments. While they were drinking their punch, Nate spotted Kenny and Hannah.

Dale and Nate watched them from a distance for a minute. They looked to be struggling a little. Nate suspected that they might be running out of things to talk about, so he and Dale went over to say ‘hi’. Nate decided to break the ice by asking about The Bridge restaurant.

Kenny replied, “It was good, but you guys ate there as well, right?”

“No, we actually went to Carly Griffin’s house for dinner,” said Nate. Dale and Carly made dinner for Felipe and me. They made Chicken Cacciatore.”

“That’s funny,” said Kenny. “So then, why did you guys go to The Bridge? Hannah and I saw you getting into your limo there in the parking lot as we were ourselves parking.”

Nate looked over at Hannah and saw that she was looking at him and nodding. As he was struggling to think up a cover story, he realized that if they had arrived at the restaurant right then, then they must have narrowly missed seeing the limo on the bridge, narrowly missing seeing a topless Dale doing her titty show through the sunroof.

“Actually we were there,” said Nate pausing and looking over at Dale. She was looking directly at him and biting one side of her lower lip. “Well…since we had the limo for the entire evening, we were just driving all around, all over Prospect. Since that restaurant is new, we had the driver stop. I popped in to have a look and check out the menu quickly…for another time.”

Dale was delighted to see that both Kenny and Hannah seemed satisfied with Nate’s little fib, but she started to wonder who else at the dance might have been on the bridge during one of her two titty shows; either her solo one or the one with Carly and Felipe.

“Well, it’s a pretty nice place,” said Kenny. “We both had the Mardi Gras Cajun Symphony.”

“How was that?” asked Dale looking back and forth between the two of them.

“Too spicy for me,” volunteered Hannah. It was the first thing she had said. Nate could tell that she was needing to make an effort to be herself around Dale. Many students who did not know Dale found her intimidating at first.

“For me, too,” said Kenny.

“We both had the Black Bottom Pie,” said Hannah. “It was really good.”

Nate was thinking about them both ordering the same entrées AND the same dessert, wondering if one of them had simply copied the other, when they heard the first strains of Thriller. As Nate would have expected, Dale jumped excitedly. He thought that she would grab his hand and pull him out onto the dance floor.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 246: The Talent Show**

Instead, probably not wanting to be rude, Dale asked Hannah if she knew the dance steps. To his surprise, Hannah nodded in the affirmative, so Dale grabbed her hand and pulled her toward the dance floor. He and Kenny followed, as Dale had surely assumed that they would.

With Hannah in tow, Dale made a beeline for where Carly was. Nate had the foresight to make a quick detour and lean his crutches against the wall along the way. He could do without them for the one song, he knew.

Even before the Vincent Price intro was done, they were all lined up with a great number of other students who were all excited to dance to the Michael Jackson classic. Nate was surprised to see how many students had lined up, but based on what Dale had told him, he figured he shouldn’t be. She had said that Thriller was the best-selling album of all time and that over thirteen thousand people had all danced at once to the song in Mexico setting a Guinness World Record in 2009, twenty-seven years after the album was introduced.

Nate looked over and saw that Kenny looked like a fish out of water. “Just fake it,” he told him. “No one will notice.”

Kenny hardly looked reassured, but Nate noticed that Hannah was smiling at him. The two of them were hitting it off pretty well, it seemed, but it was obviously too early to tell for sure.

Nate enjoyed dancing to Thriller a great deal. For him it was fun to dance next to Dale and at the same time to feel like he knew what he was doing.

Nate noticed Michelle dancing over at the edge of the group. He pointed her out to Dale, who nodded. She had of course already noticed her there.

Once the song was over and they were again seated, taking it easy on Nate’s leg, Dale told him another thing that he probably should have realized. He had assumed that dancing to Thriller had always been a Dale and Carly thing.

Dale set him straight. She and Michelle had worked out the steps together, the hard way without an instructor, just watching videos and mimicking the moves over and over. Later, she had taught the dance to Carly. That was a much easier way to learn a dance, she had explained, the way that he and Felipe had also learned.

“Doesn’t Michelle look great tonight?” said Dale out of the blue, pointing her out. Nate looked in the direction that she had indicated. Michelle was standing all alone, leaning against the wall. “She looks so very handsome in that suit. I think she’s pretty in a dress, but I really like it when she dresses up like a guy.”

Nate took a deep breath, and reluctantly studied Michelle across the gym. He was trying to be open minded, but he didn’t know why Dale couldn’t just observe Michelle without putting him through this torturous exercise.

And yet he had to agree with Dale, she did look nice in the dark suit. With it she was wearing a white shirt with a thin dark tie. Her collar was turned up, and she had her long hair all tucked up under a very classy looking men’s hat; a few long strands had fallen out and were hanging down.

“She comes to these dances all alone,” observed Nate.

“I guess she still has not found her special someone,” said Dale matter-of-factly.

Nate tried to read Dale’s expression as she continued looking at Michelle.

They were taking a break in an area of the gym where folding chairs and tables had been set up. Dale lifted up and held Nate’s leg across her lap, thereby elevating it. Dale caressed his leg lovingly, asking him about how it was doing, given all the time he was spending on it.

After a bit Dale mentioned, “I hope you are back to almost full energy, Lover. We have our two songs coming up after another two or three songs.”

“Our two songs?” asked Nate.

“Well, ‘our song’, La Bicicleta, and the runner up, Better Place. They’ll play them back to back, Better Place, the slow song will be first,” said Dale. “I’ll hold you up for the slow dance so you don’t need the crutches, okay?”

“I should be okay,” said Nate. “But, Dale, about the Shakira song. The night we picked it, you told me that there was something else that the song would remind me of, but that you weren’t going to tell me what that was for a while. How long do I have to wait to find out what that other thing is?”

“I guess I could tell you now,” she said. “If you are ready.”

“Why wouldn’t I be ready?” he asked.

“Well, you might not like the idea, but just remember who is boss,” she said.

“Nobody’s boss, right?” said Nate. “Except that you are my Nudity Slave, but other than that, I think we are a team.”

“That’s because I let you think that,” said Dale with a wink. “Because I want you to think that.”

“Okay, whatever,” said Nate, purposefully rolling his eyes. “I DO want to know. Please tell me.”

“Okay, but we’re already committed. I signed us up,” said Dale. “So don’t even think about trying to back out.”

“Tell me what you’re talking about, and then I’ll decide,” said Nate, quite curious and a little bit worried.

“I signed us up for the school talent show!” said Dale, obviously quite excited.

“You did what?” asked Nate, not at all liking the sound of that.

“Yep, it’s in January, so we have plenty of time to practice. You and I will be singing and dancing the La Bicicleta song!” she announced with enthusiasm. “You’ll do the Carlos Vives lines and I’ll do the Shakira lines. We’ll probably even be able to get extra credit from Señora Flores.”

“We don’t need extra credit in Spanish,” said Nate, hoping to think of an out.

“It will be so much fun,” said Dale. “It’s the sort of thing I used to do. You know how much I love to dance.”

“Oh, Dale,” sighed Nate, not liking the idea of going up on stage one little bit.

“It will be fun,” said Dale.

“But I don’t sing. I don’t dance,” said Nate.

“I’ll teach you!” said Dale. She was pleading. Nate could tell that she meant to have her way. Continuing, she said, “Football will be over. We’ll have all of Christmas break to work on it,” said Dale. “It will be so much fun!”

“For you, maybe,” said Nate.

“For us both! You just need to let it sink in. Relax and let it sink in.” said Dale, repeating the last words, making Nate think that she was trying to remind him of the time he had recently used those very words in a conversation with her.

Nate knew he was going to lose. Practicing singing and dancing with her would indeed be fun. She was right about that, but getting up on stage and doing it? He was pretty sure he’d never be able to do that. ‘I thought I was supposed to be in charge,’ he found himself thinking. And then it was time to get back to the dance floor for the two songs.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 247: Reaching Out to Michelle**

Nate wasn’t expecting to like ‘Better Place’ all that much, but then Dale embraced him in the semi-darkness of the dance floor. She angled her head up and her lips found his. They ended up kissing for a good portion of the song. Suddenly the moment became one of the high points of the evening for Nate; the meaningful lyrics, caressing her bare shoulders and back in a tender embrace, the friendly kisses. It felt as if they were two lovers alone in their own little world, which they were. He didn’t want the moment to ever end.

But that wonderful moment transitioned into a wonderful moment of a completely different sort as ‘La Bicicleta’ came on and Dale came to life. She stepped back from him a few steps, and then staring into his eyes, she widened her knees and placed her hands on her hips. Just as it had done in the Shakira video, the flap of her dress fell between her bare thighs making it look almost as if she were wearing a bikini bottom.

She started rocking her hips in quick bursts, tilting her head back in an infectious laugh.

‘God, she was beautiful…and, Oh! ...so very goddam hot!’ thought Nate, as he stood there trying to remember how Carlos Vives had danced in the video. In the end, he realized that he had little memory of him dancing at all. Shakira had stolen the limelight nearly completely, at least for him.

He glanced around at the other dancers on the floor. By and large, they all seemed to be staring at Dale. There wasn’t a spotlight on her, but there just as well might have been for all the attention she was getting. But, he realized, the song was not well known to anyone else, so they were all caught off guard and doing their best to dance to it at all.

On the other hand, Dale had practiced and learned the steps that went with the music. Nate did his best, but he mostly just wanted to watch Dale swing her hips and shake her little titties in the thin top. He knew she’d do the dance for him nude again soon. He couldn’t wait. She’d obviously gotten much better at it since the first time she had showed it to him that morning at Mary’s. What a morning that had been…the morning she had hit him with the ‘forever’ commitment in the park.

He looked around at the other girls dancing, and he saw one or two annoyed looks. He looked at the guys in that area of the dance floor, and it was obvious why the girls were feeling annoyed. The guys had forgotten about their dates; all their attention had shifted over to Dale.

Nate looked back at Dale, her hips in particular. ‘How could she move them like that?’ he wondered. ‘She could even give pointers to Shakira!’

As he watched the dress flap between her legs, wondering if it would keep things covered, he wondered if that night would be his lucky night. He wondered if he’d finally win the lottery. He started to imagine his dick in her pussy with her hips gyrating around like that. ‘I better put on about three or four condoms,’ he thought realizing that he’d last all of about two seconds under those conditions.

Just as with ‘Better Place’, he didn’t want the song to end. But it did, and she closed the gap between them, holding him tight. Her happiness created an aura around her and he was delighted to find himself enveloped by it as she hugged him.

Assisting him, they made their way back to where they had been sitting and where he had left the crutches.

Once they were again seated, Dale asked him, “Lover, would you mind very much if I danced with someone else?”

“Most certainly not,” said Nate graciously as he tried to figure out who she might have in mind. He noticed her again looking at Michelle across the gym as he continued, “Given our no more breakups commitment, I presume I’m the one you’re going home with tonight.”

“For a sleep over!” she said enthusiastically in her sexy voice.

“Go ahead,” he said, reluctantly. “I don’t know how it will go, but I know it is important to you.”

Dale stood up, and Nate watched as she took a slow and circuitous route to where Michelle was again standing all alone.

He saw Michelle turn towards Dale as she approached, and he saw them talk for a moment before heading to the dance floor, Dale in the lead. He was glad that Michelle had apparently decided to accept Dale’s olive branch. He knew Dale would be so happy about that, and he continued to observe the pair keenly.

Once they were in the middle of the floor, Dale turned and started dancing. He found himself feeling so very proud of her. Indeed it seemed to show a profound level of acceptance and friendship to do this in front of the entire school, he thought.

But then he noticed something else. Michelle’s first moves didn’t look like she was starting to dance. With horror, he saw her right arm swinging wide. The flat of her palm hit Dale’s cheek so hard he even heard the sharp impact above the music. It caught Dale completely unaware, he could tell, for she had not tightened up any of her muscles. Her head spun nearly one hundred and eighty degrees on her neck, the rotation even translating down and pulling her shoulders part way around with it, her hair flying wildly.

As Nate stood up, he saw everyone on the dance floor freeze. Dale teetered there, appearing limp and off balance, unsteady on her high heels. With great anguish he saw one ankle twist and then that foot slide out as the other leg crumped beneath her. In disbelief and shock he saw her go all the way down, first landing on her butt, but then collapsing backwards bringing her head into contact with the floor.

He was off and running to her assistance, crutches forgotten, almost before she hit the floor. Half way to her, he saw Cody, who had been dancing nearby, kneel down next to her. The dance floor had been crowded, so there were others nearby. As he approached, he observed Cody lifting and straightening Dale’s dress flap as his date, Danielle, lifted up and supported Dale’s head.

Danielle was one of the Junior Cheerleaders. Nate only knew of her, but Cody had told him that she had asked him to the Sadie Hawkins dance the night of Jodie’s party. Moments later, Nate was on the floor across from Danielle. They were both attempting to comfort and talk to Dale.

“I’m okay, I’m okay,” said Dale, not all that convincingly.

“Are you sure, Dale?” asked Danielle.

Dale nodded. She had tears in her eyes. “I’m fine. Help me up, Nate.”

Nate gave her a hug, but then after she started trying to get up on her own, he assisted her with Danielle’s help, first to a sitting position, but then eventually on up.

Just as Dale was almost on her feet, Nate saw rapid movement in his peripheral vision. Turning his head, he saw an angry Alexa barreling in, her hands clenched in fists.

Luckily Cody was there, because he himself wasn’t well situated to stop Alexa’s momentum. Cody took a step and intercepted Alexa’s attack, stopping her in her tracks with a hand on each of her shoulders.

“Leave Michelle alone, you f\*\*king whore!” screamed Alexa at Dale, who was still working to regain her footing. Fire seemed to be shooting out of Alexa’s eyes as she continued to shout obscenities at Dale.

Fortunately, Ward, her date had caught up and grabbing Alexa by an arm, started pulling her away. She was fighting him. “Sorry, sorry, sorry,” apologized Ward on behalf of Alexa. Hearing that, Alexa spun around and slapped him. Then she turned and stormed off, Ward in hot pursuit.

As Nate started to help Dale walk back to where they had been sitting, he looked around the room for Michelle. She was nowhere to be seen. The music had stopped, and everyone was just standing, watching them as they passed by.

Once they were again seated, the dance atmosphere slowly started to return. The DJ put on another song. Nate was doing his best to comfort an obviously shaken Dale.

“I guess she’s not ready,” he heard Dale say between sobs.

“I guess not,” agreed Nate, comforting her.

“I thought it was all going so well, at first,” continued Dale after she had relaxed a little. “She smiled at me…she really did. It felt so good to see her smile like that. She said she liked the idea…how perfect it would be, in front of the whole school…everyone watching. She said it would be all the more meaningful to her now that I was Homecoming Queen.”

Nate hugged her, trying to comfort her.

“I thought she was talking about dancing with me, Nate,” she said.

“I know,” said Nate. “Let’s get some fresh air.”