**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

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**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 248: Dairy Queen**

Nate carried his crutches in one hand as they walked toward the exit, his other arm around Dale. As they went out into the night air, Nate removed and wrapped his jacket around her shoulders. They ended up heading directly for the limo. It had gotten quite cold.  
  
Opening the back door of the limo, they were surprised to find Carly and Felipe inside.  
  
Carly greeted them jovially asking, “So, are you two ready for sloppy seconds?”  
  
Nate looked at Felipe, and knew in an instant that he had just gotten laid. Fortunately, they were both fully dressed.  
  
“What’s with you?” asked Carly, sensing that something was wrong. “Dale, are you okay?” she continued in a very concerned voice, looking deep into Dale’s red eyes.  
  
Dale fell into Carly’s arms crying as Nate explained what had happened. A moment later, he was physically blocking Carly’s exit. She was all fired up and ready to go and extract some revenge.  
  
“That bitch!” she yelled repeatedly.  
  
“Carly, please, no,” begged Dale, holding onto her arm.  
  
“But that bitch doesn’t deserve to live!” said Carly. “No one does this to you and gets away with it!”  
  
Nate was again impressed with the level of Carly’s commitment to her friend, as he worked to keep her in the car without himself getting slugged, or worse yet, kneed. Frankly, he felt the same way as she did. However, he felt that retaliating physically was a bad idea.  
  
Turning to Felipe, Dale said, “Felipe, whatever you do, don’t let her do anything. It’s not her battle and it would only make everything worse.”  
  
“Not my battle?” yelled Carly indignantly.  
  
Eventually they managed to get Carly calmed down, enough so that fifteen or twenty minutes later they did allow Carly and Felipe to return to the dance, Felipe promising to keep her away from both Michelle and Alexa. Nate tracked down the driver and a few minutes later they were headed out of the parking lot.  
  
“Where are we going?” asked Dale.  
  
“DQ,” answered Nate. “The DQ drive thru.”  
  
“Not naked,” pleaded Dale.  
  
Studying her for a moment he said, “I’ll take that as an unsolicited opinion, Dale.  
Even though I’m in a very compassionate mood right now, you still have absolutely no say. But no, not naked.”  
  
Fortunately the DQ drive thru was enough of a straight shot that the limo fit through. Nate went up to the small window to tell the driver to order them two hot fudge sundaes and to hand him some money. A little bit later, they were back in the school parking lot, eating their ice cream and attempting to recover from the Michelle inflicted emotional trauma. Dale was still wearing Nate’s jacket over her dress.  
  
Nate continued asking Dale about her jaw, her mouth, her neck, and the back of her head where it hit the floor, but she insisted that she was fine. She was sure that she was uninjured – at least physically.  
  
As it worked out, Dale was too upset to consider returning to the dance. Fortunately the Michelle event had come so late in the evening, that they already had gotten their pictures taken, danced together to their new ‘our song’, and socialized a little with most of their friends. He was sure that Dale would have enjoyed some more dancing, had things not occurred as they did, but they more or less had had a pretty full dance experience.  
  
A little later, all snuggled up together, they watched from the limo as people began returning to their cars and leaving the parking lot. Eventually Carly and Felipe came out as well, and they themselves headed for home.  
  
Nate realized, with some regret, that it was not to be his lucky night. He had gotten his hopes up earlier…that both he and Felipe might be losing their virginity on the night of the annual ladies’ choice dance…it had seemed ideally suited for the occasion. He and Dale were surely still destined to spend the night in each other’s arms, but it would not be a night of passion, of that he was quite sure. Instead he would be comforting her as she continued to deal with the latest chapter of her relationship difficulties with her ‘Nutshell’.  
  
Nate was a little surprised that Dale’s parents were still up when Carly and Felipe dropped them off, but he remembered that they had also been up after the Homecoming dance.  
  
Dale’s mother immediately figured out that something was up, given the sorry state of Dale’s makeup and her red eyes. “Dale, my Lord, what happened to you?” she asked.  
  
“I tried reaching out to Michelle, Mom,” said Dale sheepish.  
  
“Oh, Dale, not again! You have to give that up,” she said. “That never goes well. What happened this time?”  
  
“It didn’t go well,” admitted Dale shaking her head. “She decked me.”  
  
“You’re kidding,” said Mrs. Jordan putting her hand over her mouth in surprise. She then quickly inspected Dale for injuries. Giving her a big hug she continued, “You have to give up on her, Honey.”  
  
“I can’t give up on her, Mom,” said Dale through a new set of tears.  
  
Nate wondered what Mrs. Jordan knew. He suspected that there were details that she did not know, but she also seemed to know things that he had not heard about. She was apparently aware of other reconciliation attempts.  
  
A little later, he and Dale were lying close together in her twin bed. He had required full nudity, but he knew that bedtime activities were destined to be limited to snuggling and some quiet talking as he sought to support Dale emotionally as she continued to recover from her encounter with Michelle.  
  
Just after they had first climbed into bed, Nate had said to her, “I hope you’ll have good memories of this evening. I sincerely hope that getting slapped by Michelle is not all that you’ll end up remembering.”  
  
“There was more to the evening than that colossal mistake of mine. I should try and focus on the other things that happened,” said Dale. “To that end, why don’t you tell me the three things that you are most likely to remember?”  
  
“Okay, let me see,” said Nate, delighted to try and shift the topic away from Michelle. “First and foremost, I will remember the look on your face when you figured out in the limo that Carly had shot video of you from below. That was precious.”  
  
“Such a dirty trick, Nate!” she said, reprimanding him. “You two should be ashamed of yourselves, ganging up on me and doing that!”  
  
Nate could tell from the playful tone of her voice that she had already moved on from being truly upset about it. Indeed, she actually talked as if being double-teamed would become one of her fond memories. He smiled inside thinking about that. She did usually end up liking the nasty surprises. Not often ‘in the moment’, but afterwards. They almost always seemed to grow on her.  
  
“Carly’s video is amazing,” said Nate, trying to milk the opportunity for all it was worth. “You should probably see it sometime. But prepare to be beet red embarrassed. That’s the most excited that I have ever seen your pussy. All the elements of feminine arousal coupled with all the dynamics of a gleeful teen girl putting on a titty show…”  
  
“Nate…stop!” she said, putting a hand over his mouth to physically prevent him from finishing his sentence.  
  
Nate got her hand free and continued, “And your legs were hardly together, but I suppose that stance was you trying to balance in a moving car, feet apart, one quite a bit forward. That is one steaming hot pussy, in that video. And your squeals and shouts as you were waving to me…wow!”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 249: More to Worry About**

“I better not watch it,” said Dale. “It would be too embarrassing.”  
  
“Oh, but you will!” said Nate. “I’m just trying to think of when we’ll watch it. I think I’ll invite some people over, and then I’ll make you strip. You will strip in front of everyone, upon command, you know.”  
  
“I guess I won’t have a choice, if you tell me to, but I’m sure I won’t want to,” said Dale, worrying.  
  
“And then I’ll have you face the audience while we watch the pussy video on the big screen. Maybe we’ll watch my video first, for context, and then we’ll watch Carly’s video second. We’ll have to set it up so that you can see everyone’s reactions to seeing your pussy enlarged…many times bigger than life size. And of course our guests will all be able to look over at naked little you real time. I can just picture it…your cheeks will be so red,” said Nate.  
  
Dale was quiet for a minute. “You wouldn’t really do that, would you?” she asked quietly, the worry evident in her voice.  
  
“Well, probably not right away,” he said, attempting to sound like he was considering the details. “I’ll probably want to wait a little while…until more people at school know all about you. That way it can be a bigger party. A nice big ‘safe’ group. Maybe a couples evening.”  
  
“You wouldn’t, right?” said Dale, her voice full of desperate wishful thinking.  
  
“Couples would be good, so you and I. Let me think…Carly and Felipe, of course. Cody and Danielle, too maybe. You know you flashed them good tonight.”  
  
“I did?” asked Dale.  
  
“Yep, when you went down…as your legs slid apart, your flap went way up. The two of them were the first to reach you,” said Nate. “Actually, you owe Cody a debt of gratitude. As I was racing to be with you, I saw him cover your pussy by putting the flap carefully back into position. He was quick, but I saw him hesitate just long enough to get an eyeful. And there’s no way that Danielle could have avoided seeing everything. Mind you, they weren’t the only ones right there, but fortunately Cody had your best interests at heart.” And placing the tip of his index finger on her new little diamond, he continued, “I suspect they even saw your little sparkler. I know that Cody surely saw it. You can ask him when you thank him at school this coming week.”  
  
Nate heard a sharp intake of breath from Dale.  
  
Continuing, he said, “…so I’ll invite them. And then maybe Susie and Gage, possibly Kenny and Hannah, if they end up dating. And maybe another couple or two. We’ll just have to see how things develop.”  
  
Dale didn’t say anything more. Nate knew he had succeeded in getting her to worry. In reality, she was worrying even more than he was thinking that she might be. ‘What have I done, agreeing to this?’ she was thinking. ‘We’ve created a monster’. And yet she knew she would continue to obey his every command. All the tingling sensations throughout her body and her juicy pussy told her so, and deep inside she knew that somehow he would manage to keep her safe, just probably not by a large margin.  
  
Nate could feel little sensations rippling through Dale’s body as he held her. This had been the plan. Help her enjoy her hobby by using more than just the nudity-drug. He’d just given her a large dose of the worry-drug, and it seemed to be having the desired effect.  
  
Another thing he was thinking about was that Michelle now seemed to be the furthest thing from her mind. He was still interested in talking about what other memories from the evening would be the lasting memories, but he decided that that could wait.  
  
Unlike what typically happened, it was Nate who fell asleep first. Dale simply could not manage to get the scene that he had described out of her head. For some reason she just continued to imagine herself standing nude in front of a number of couples from her school, watching them while they looked at her and watched the video of her on the big TV. Imagining that happening was just too scary to even consider, and yet her mind was drawn to it like bears to honey.  
  
As she thought about it, she realized that her finger had found its way to her new jewel. Her pussy was already so very slippery, and she started to discover new sensations as she pressed on the jewel. It was rubbing something else further inside, something that seemed to really like the touches.  
  
She played with it a bit, but only ended up wanting to wake Nate. She was enjoying the sensations so much that she wanted him to be involved, to be helping. What was fun for one, would probably be a blast for two, she thought. After doing that for a bit, she somehow got a grip on herself and forced herself to take her hand away. Snuggling back into Nate, who was spooning her in his sleep, she eventually managed to fall asleep.  
  
She was surprised to wake up in essentially the very same position, wondering if she had not moved all night. She lay there for a while, listening to Nate’s steady breathing. She hadn’t thought about it before, but she realized that he didn’t seem to snore. That realization made her happy.  
  
As she lay there, she heard a soft knock on the door. She nudged Nate, and he started to stir.  
  
“Dale?” asked her mother quietly through the door.  
  
“What, Mom?” she replied.  
  
“Nate’s mother called.”  
  
“What did she want?” asked Dale. Nate had woken up and was listening.  
  
“She says that you made the cover of the Sunday paper,” said her mother.  
  
Shocked fully awake, Dale sat up in bed. She turned back and looked at Nate, her teeth clenched in a frightened ‘Oh, shit!’ grimace.  
  
“What else did she say, Mrs. Jordan?” asked Nate.  
  
“That was pretty much it,” she said. “She wants you to come and see, but she knows you guys were up late, so she said to take your time.”  
  
As they heard her walk away from the door, Nate asked, “You guys don’t get the paper?”  
  
“No, my parents cancelled our subscription a few years ago… Nate, I’m scared,” she said, snuggling back down into his arms. “For years I’ve worried about making the cover of the newspaper.”  
  
“I know you have, Dale. You’ve mentioned it,” said Nate.  
  
“Do you think someone got a photo of me last night?” she asked. “Maybe riding through town standing up in the limo…or while going across the bridge?”  
  
“I doubt it, but let’s just get up and go see,” said Nate.  
  
“Or a Halloween picture, or…” said Dale.  
  
“Stop worrying, Love,” said Nate. “Let’s just go and find out what we are dealing with. They aren’t going to put a picture of a naked teen girl in the paper.”  
  
“I hope you’re right, Nate,” said Dale. “But if it’s not bad, then why didn’t she tell my mom more?”  
  
“I don’t know…to preserve the surprise, maybe,” said Nate.  
  
“That’s what I’m afraid of,” said Dale. “I don’t feel like any more surprises after last night’s surprise.”  
  
‘She’s still got Michelle on the brain,’ thought Nate.  
  
“At least we should be able to find out if we made the playoffs,” said Nate, climbing out of bed. “How’s your jaw feeling this morning? Anything sore?”  
  
“Everything’s fine, Nate,” she assured him.  
  
A few minutes later, they were up and dressed. Dale put her hair in a ponytail and added a baseball cap to be quick. They slipped out the front door and headed to Nate’s house. Dale looked back and saw her mom following. She didn’t really want her to follow, but she knew that if she had made the cover of the paper, that it was inevitable that her mom would see it.  
  
As they walked in, they saw the paper on the dining room table. They walked toward it, looking at the large photo dominating the top half of the front page. Dale immediately grabbed for Nate, hugging him and shedding tears of relief.  
  
“It’s such an amazingly beautiful photo,” said Nate’s mom, entering from the kitchen, dish towel in hand.  
  
Dale still needed a minute to recover, but with her face buried in Nate’s chest her heart rate started to stabilize. She had convinced herself that somehow the photo would be one that ‘outed’ her as an exhibitionist to the entire community. Nate wanted to tell her, ‘see, there was nothing to worry about,’ but he knew that such a statement would not be prudent with both of their mother’s there.  
  
As he held her, attempting to comfort her, he looked over and saw the headline. It read, “Mustangs in playoffs, first time in 11 years!”  
  
“Dale, we made the playoffs!” he said.  
  
“That’s why I’m crying Nate,” she said loud enough for their moms to hear. To Nate it seemed like a weak cover story, but he expected that it would fly. Her school spirit was legendary.  
  
Their two moms were exclaiming over the photo, as Dale settled down enough to let go of Nate so that they too could examine it.  
  
It was a wonderful image of Dale carrying Nate piggyback in the rain after Friday’s game. The photo was not cropped tight, as the paper had chosen to show how their path had been lined by others.  
  
They were both sopping wet, Dale’s stringy hair hanging down and plastered to the sides of her head. Nate looked giant in comparison to the cheerleader carrying him.  
  
The caption read, “Exemplifying the school spirit that took the Mustangs to this year’s state football playoffs is Dale Jordan, Prospect High’s Head Cheerleader, carrying Nathan Miller, Defensive End. Miller sustained a knee injury in the fourth quarter.”  
  
Nate loved the photo. It had ‘Dale’ written all over it. Her expression especially; just a hint of a cool, confident smile, and the look of utter determination in her eyes. For him she looked strong and sexy beyond all measure. She was a girl who could move mountains, and do it in style.  
  
“Jodie’s going to be pissed about this,” said Dale. “I hope she doesn’t think I told them that I’m Head Cheerleader.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 250: More Michelle**

Nate laughed, picturing Jodie being upset. “Look, Dale,” he said pointing in the corner. “Kenny took the photo. Here’s his photo credit.”  
  
“That’s cool,” said Dale. “It’s an awesome photo. I look like I took a shower with my clothes on. Do you think he got paid?”  
  
“I don’t know,” said Nate. “I’m not sure how such things work, but I’ll have to remember to ask him.”  
  
“You two are really something else!’ exclaimed Dale’s mom. “What a pair!”  
  
“Look at the legs on your daughter in the picture,” said Nate enthusiastically, indicating the musculature that Kenny’s photo had captured. Their eyes all returned to the photo to study what Nate was pointing out. The combination of Kenny’s flash, the mini skirt, and her rain soaked skin made Dale’s rippling muscles pop.  
  
“I’m going to have to get an actual photo from Kenny,” said Nate. “The newspaper’s not bad, but I’ll bet that this photo will look amazing professionally printed.”  
  
“Get one for me too!” said Dale’s mom.  
  
“You’ll have it, Mrs. Jordan,” said Nate.  
  
Nate’s mom suggested that they all go out to breakfast to celebrate. They quickly decided to do so, so Dale and her mom returned home to get ready. They took the paper next door with them to show to her father.  
  
As Nate was getting dressed after his shower, he received a message from Dale. ‘I really love photo of the day,’ he thought as he studied her latest photo. This time the labia minora were more pronounced than usual, and, as if by magic, a jewel had appeared. He wondered if that improved, or ruined his photo progression. He decided that he liked it, but he realized he could always have her shave and start over if he changed his mind.  
  
At Dale’s suggestion, they headed to the truck stop diner for breakfast. On their way in, their parents stopped at the newspaper vending machines. Both fathers stopped and bought half a dozen papers.  
  
“That’s the machine, Dale,”’ whispered Nate into Dale’s ear. She looked at him quizzically, so he continued, “You know, your clothes. Remember the newspaper you hid under…it came out of that machine, the morning paper vending machine.”  
  
She looked back at the machine, and then turned back to him. Giving him a shove, she said, “Trying to shift the blame onto an inanimate object now, huh?”  
  
Nate laughed, looking at their parents. He was glad that their parents seemed used to their playful antics.  
  
“Really Dale, it wasn’t me. That dang machine made me do it!” said Nate, playing along.  
  
They had a nice time at breakfast. Their parents all really loved the picture of Dale carrying Nate on the cover of the paper, and went on and on about it. They even showed the picture to their waitress, telling her the whole story.  
  
They were also all very excited about the playoffs, and had fun discussing Prospect’s prospects in the upcoming games. The matchups for the first games had been listed in the paper, and it looked as if the team’s next game would be another one that that they should win easily.  
  
The whole issue of the playoffs was a bit clouded for them due to Nate’s knee injury. He was going to have to try and get in to see a doctor on Monday. That visit would probably tell them if he was done for the season or not. It didn’t look very good; however, he had woken up with his leg feeling pretty good, especially considering how much he had been on it the evening before.  
  
Their parents were very interested to hear all about their date the night before. Nate and Dale tag teamed through the story, but the actual telling of the tale was quite awkward for them to manage. Dale had been nude the entire time leading up to the dance. And the nudity had permeated the evening. They did tell about the ride in the limo to The Bridge restaurant. Dale was going to leave out everything about the sunroof, but then Nate brought up Carly and Felipe standing up in the sunroof, so she mentioned them doing the same, letting their parents imagine that she was still wearing her dress.  
  
Neither one of them was sure that the visit to The Bridge made much sense once all mention of the photography was taken out of the story. Nate started to say that he had taken pictures of Dale, imagining that he could very well have done so had she been dressed; however, he caught himself in the nick of time. They would want to see the pictures, of course, and he didn’t have any at all from the limo ride without bare tits.  
  
When describing the dinner at Carly’s, Dale did mentioned that she had pretended to be their waitress for the meal. When her mother asked her why, she stumbled quite a bit on her non-answer. And then when it came to the tattoo parlor, well, neither of them brought that up at all. Instead they just made it sound like they had spent an extra-long time at Carly’s house, doing things like practicing dancing to Thriller. In the end, they didn’t think their parents had gotten too suspicious, but it was uncomfortable and awkward for them to both be involved in telling the tale and yet not trip each other up.  
  
The dance portion of the evening was much easier to relate because Dale had been wearing her dress the whole time. Dale’s parents already knew about the worst part, the Michelle encounter, so that was of course included in the narrative.  
  
Nate’s parents were understandably curious about what had gone on in the past between Michelle and Dale. That forced Dale to back up and tell the junior high potion of the story. As Nate had expected, her telling of the story did not include any nudity or any lesbian experimentation; however, it was still quite interesting to hear the ‘safe for the parents’ version of the story. He learned a few things that he had not heard before, but mostly just additional details that fit in with his overall understanding.  
  
As far as Dale’s parents seemed to be aware, the story of Dale and Michelle, was simply a strong adolescent friendship that unraveled spectacularly when one of the girl’s sexual orientation became a disruptive issue. They seemed fully informed as to Dale’s significant and awkward missteps, but laid all the blame for the falling out that occurred on inexperience not ill intent.  
  
The rest of Sunday was by necessity a study and paper writing day for Nate and Dale. Monday was destined to be an interesting day as Nate had to get his knee looked at as early as possible. Coach Maynard had called that evening to discuss some of the details with Nate’s parents.  
  
As it turned out, Coach Maynard himself came and got Nate out of Spanish that Monday morning. He had been able to arrange an appointment with an Orthopedist that very morning because the doctor was a Prospect High alum. He had even played football for Prospect back in the day. His office was not in Prospect, so the two of them had a twenty minute drive over to Riverside.  
  
The first thing the doctor talked about when they met him was the pretty cheerleader he had seen carrying Nate on the cover of the paper. He even made some off-color remark about how on field injuries might be more common if they all came with cheerleader rides…especially ‘rides on that little hottie’. Nate was used to locker room talk about Dale, but it was a bit surprising to hear it coming from an MD.  
  
“Careful there, Doc,” Coach Maynard said. “Best watch what you say about that particular young lady. She’s Prospect’s finest, and she’s like a daughter to me.”  
  
Nate looked at him curiously. He knew that Coach Maynard thought the world of Dale, but he was surprised by how his tone indicated that he would go to the mat for Dale. He sounded entirely prepared to take the doctor to task over what the doctor had surely thought was little more than a good-natured joke.  
  
After his MRI, he and coach Maynard again met with the doctor and heard his diagnosis. Nate shouldn’t play in the next game, but games after that, should they occur, were a possibility. The ACL, PCL and the lateral ligaments had not been torn. There was just some evidence that they had been strained, so the long term prognosis for Nate’s knee was excellent.  
  
He was given care and rehabilitation instruction sheets and the two of them then headed back to school to finish out the day. Coach Maynard was going to look into a different type of knee brace, one that might allow Nate to resume football practice sooner, a brace that could be worn during athletic activity.  
  
Nate was very glad to hear that his knee would be fine and that he was not going to have to undergo any type of surgery. The coaches had mentioned surgery as a possibility. He was not particularly surprised, because his knee had been starting to feel quite solid and stable again.  
  
Dale seemed quite relieved to hear the news, holding his hand tightly in both of hers as he recounted the details of what the doctor had said. Nate could tell by how she was listening that their bond had indeed grown strong. She was genuinely very concerned for his welfare.  
  
At lunch Nate twisted Dale’s arm until she approached Cody to thank him for ‘protecting her modesty under the awkward circumstances that she had found herself in at the dance’. She didn’t want to word it that way, but he had forced her to. She was glad that Cody made no reference to covering her pussy or her jewel. As Nate had known that he would, Cody was the consummate gentleman, and shifted the discussion to his genuine concern about any injuries she might have sustained.  
  
Nate thought about having Dale say something similar to Danielle, in his presence, but he decided to leave that alone. He didn’t know how Danielle would react. Instead, he simply reminded Dale that it might be classy to thank Danielle sometime for being so kind to her at the dance.  
  
Later that day, after the end of the last period, Dale and Nate were walking together toward the athletic building holding hands.  
  
Suddenly from behind them, they heard, “Hey, DJ.”  
  
They both turned and saw Michelle approaching. Nate was in a bit of a quandary as to how he should react, given how angry he was at Michelle for hitting Dale at the dance. He knew that Dale would be very angry with him if he treated Michelle like he felt she deserved to be treated. It took about everything he had to appear calm as she approached.  
  
“Hi, Michelle,” said Dale, in a surprised yet agreeable tone.  
  
Nate felt that Dale should not be greeting her so pleasantly. At the very least, she should ignore her, he thought. Alternately it would be appropriate to confront her, and demand an apology. Michelle was quite a bit larger than Dale, and as the school’s star pole-vaulter she was somewhat musclebound for a girl, but he was there. It was obvious that Michelle would not get away with anything physical under the circumstances.  
  
“Why don’t you call me ‘Nutshell’? Everyone else does,” said Michelle gruffly.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 251: A Harsh Awakening**

“I’d really like to be friends,” said Dale. “I’m ready to make the effort.”  
  
“Oh, so now you’re ready to make the effort, are you?” said Michelle sarcastically.  
  
“It’s no good being mad…year after year,” said Dale in a very sincere voice. “Why don’t we consider what happened at the dance as the last salvo. Let’s call it even and move on.”  
  
To Nate that sounded very magnanimous of Dale, and she sounded quite genuine. In fact, he knew she was. It hardly seemed even to Nate. Michelle had been in on the stripping, and she had decked Dale. Both were recent occurrences. Anything Dale might have been guilty of had happened many years before, way back in junior high.  
  
Turning to Nate, Michelle said, “She’ll turn on you, Nate. She’s like that. Everything will be all rosy and then, Bam! Just when you least expect it, she’ll stab you in the back. Keep your guard up! But you guys broke up, so I expect you’ve already had a good taste of how she treats her ‘friends’.”  
  
Nate was having a very difficult time keeping his cool. He said, “For the record, Michelle, I want you to know that I intend to do everything it takes to protect my girl. So that slap of yours, it just better have been the last salvo.”  
  
Nate felt Dale squeeze his hand fiercely. Looking over he saw her glaring at him with an angry look in her eyes.  
  
He didn’t want to get Dale mad at him, but he couldn’t keep himself from continuing, “I’m not going to hit you. I don’t hit girls. And I’m not going to threaten you, but know this: nobody, male or female, is going to hurt my girl. I’m not going to stand by and let that happen.”  
  
He took his eyes off of Michelle to glance over at Dale. She was obviously quite mad at him now.  
  
“It looks like you two will be fighting with each other now,” said Michelle laughing at them.  
  
Nate decided to begin again in a manner that Dale might approve of, “I don’t really know you Michelle, but I’d like to. The past is the past. I’d like to be your friend.”  
  
“Oh no…not another guy who wants a lesbian friend,” interjected Michelle. “I get so tired of all the guys wanting to be my ‘friend’. What is it for you, Nate? Need a token lesbian friend so you can prove to yourself that you aren’t homophobic?”  
  
“Nothing like that,” said Nate, realizing that having a normal conversation with Michelle was probably impossible. “I just don’t see any benefit to not getting along, that’s all. I know that you and Dale were good friends.”  
  
“I suppose she told you that. What kind of a spin did she put on the story? Did she manage to come out smelling nice? Was I the bad guy? Or was she an evil wench? Was her version all about plotting to make my existence unbearable? Probably not. She was probably the young naïve girl making a few little innocent mistakes. Am I right?” asked Michelle.  
  
“Michelle, please,” pleaded Dale. “We can’t fix junior high. We almost can’t fix high school at this point. Let’s at least fix our senior year.”  
  
“You’re willing to talk to me after I decked you at the dance? That’s so sweet of you, but forget it! My salvation won’t come until I’m out of this stinkin’ town. Prospect is a hell hole,” said Michelle.  
  
“It doesn’t have to be,” said Dale. “Let’s make an effort. I could use a jogging partner. Why don’t we try going jogging one morning? For old times’ sake.”  
  
Nate looked at Dale surprised. ‘Was she out of her mind?’ he wondered. He couldn’t allow her to head out alone with Michelle. At a minimum, Michelle and Alexa were buddy-buddy. There was something there. The last thing he wanted to do was find her naked and hanging, bungee jump fashion, from her ankles somewhere like the flagpole in front of their school. Surely Alexa had had something like that planned for the night of the party.  
  
Nate was actually relieved that Michelle ignored Dale’s olive branch. She changed the subject saying, “I talked to Martin. He said he SAW you at the U, DJ.”  
  
Both Nate and Dale were caught off guard by that comment. And the comment seemed to include intentional emphasis on the word ‘saw’. It was a little subtle, but they both definitely heard it.  
  
“Oh, really? What did he say?” asked Dale, trying to hide her apprehension.  
  
“He told me you looked good, real good actually,” said Michelle.  
  
“Did he mention me?” asked Nate, trying to figure out what she knew. If Martin had mentioned both of them, then he might have just told her about their encounter near the gym earlier that day.  
  
“I can’t say,” said Michelle. “If he did, then I forgot all about that. But Dale, he thinks you’re smokin’ hot, and he thinks we should get back together. Crazy, huh?”  
  
She turned and walked away.  
  
‘Just great,’ thought Nate. ‘Now I even have Michelle’s brother trying to lure Dale away, back into Michelle’s arms. I guess Michelle is the only holdout on the two of them getting back together.’  
  
“I do want to be friends…Nutshell,” said Dale, calling after her.  
  
Michelle turned, giving Dale a glance like a poison arrow, but she turned back around and kept going.  
  
Once she was out of sight, Dale sought comfort in Nate’s arms.  
  
“Oh, my God, Nate,” said Dale. “Martin saw me in the fraternity, didn’t he? And she knows, doesn’t she?”  
  
“I’m not positive,” said Nate. “But I think so. After all, you WERE smokin’ hot that night! But you’re always smokin’ hot. However, I’m pretty sure she said it that way to make you worry. To make us both worry.”  
  
“What could she do?” asked Dale.  
  
“Nothing,” said Nate. “But she’s obviously already joined forces with Alexa, so we have to keep on our toes. I’m pretty sure Mr. McRoberts wouldn’t get involved, even if he were to get photos from that night in Eatonville. But again, they would have nothing to do with school or the town of Prospect.”  
  
Nate didn’t want to say it, but he was thinking that she mostly had herself to blame. Had the evening in Eatonville gone down as he had originally planned, there would not be nearly as much to be concerned about.  
  
Nate took a few minutes trying to convince Dale that she had to avoid being alone with Michelle. Unfortunately, he felt as if he had gotten nowhere. In spite of everything, Dale was convinced that Michelle was safe. He couldn’t believe how delusional she was when it came to Michelle.  
  
Nate did go to football practice, but he didn’t suit up. He needed to be there to keep in touch with the mental side of the game, but his physical training for that week was to be limited to the rehab exercises that the doctor had prescribed.  
  
That night, Nate was having trouble falling asleep. He found himself trying to remember what Tommy had said about how long Dale’s new jewel could be left in place. Since he couldn’t sleep, he decided that it was his turn to sneak next door and visit the love of his life.  
  
A little while later, Dale found herself startled out of a deep sleep only to find a hand clamped firmly over her mouth. Nate had tried to wake her as gently as possible, but he had felt the need to be prudent and keep her from crying out. He didn’t want her to wake her parents.  
  
Dale woke up in quite a state of shock, flailing wildly. She kicked her legs such that she slid all the way up in the bed until she was sitting where her pillow had been. Eventually she realized that it was just Nate, but she was very upset to have been woken up like that. She was in a state of shock having been certain that she was waking up only to witness her own rape or murder.  
  
Once she had started to calm down a little she said, “You’re in the dog house for that, Buster. How did you get in my room anyway?”  
  
“A long time ago you told me where you keep a hidden key, remember?” he replied. “You told me that you kept one on top of your porch light as a safeguard…to prevent yourself from being locked out naked.”  
  
“That was back in the summer, wasn’t it?” she asked.  
  
“Yes,” he said. “See how much self-control I have. I could have been in here climbing into bed with naked little you months ago.”  
  
“You do have a lot of self-control. I will give you that. You’ve always shown a lot of self-control,” said Dale. “But you sure scared the bejeebies out of me,” said Dale, still obviously upset at him, still trying to calm herself down after quite a fright.  
  
“Sorry,” said Nate. “I didn’t want you waking your parents.”  
  
“So you decided instead to make me think I was about to be raped or murdered…or both,” said Dale. “Good plan.”  
  
“Sorry,” said Nate again.  
  
“Well, now you have no choice. You’ll have to spend the night so that I’ll feel safe,” said Dale trying to say it in a way that made the statement drip with irony. She slid down and hugged him tightly around the torso. “Not that I’ll be able to fall asleep again for at least a week.”  
  
Nate of course didn’t mind spending the night. That had been his plan all along. Frankly his plan had been to bring Dale to orgasm, multiple times if possible. But he wasn’t going to tell her that. He wanted it to seem spontaneous.  
  
He peeled off his clothes except for his underwear and climbed back in bed with his deliciously nude girl. She was quite clingy due to the shock she had just experienced. At first he simply held her and comforted her. He was after all sorry that he had shocked her so badly.  
  
But in short order he was kissing her cheek and neck, while reaching over her belly to caress her opposite hip with his right hand. He pulled her toward him, rolling her enough that he could now reach and caress her bun.  
  
Even though the little jewel mounted magnetically front and center on her pussy was his target, Nate found himself enjoying the caressing of her butt cheek a great deal. What is more, he could tell from her response that Dale was enjoying it as well. He was glad that it seemed to be helping her relax after such a harsh awakening. He felt her breathing shift such that she was inhaling deeply and exhaling more completely.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 252: A Diamond is a Girl’s Best Friend**

He rolled her over onto his hip such that he was able to snake his left arm underneath her. In that manner, he was able to get one of his hands on each of her cute little love buns.  
  
He alternated rubbing his hands around, lightly creating a little bit of friction, with keeping his hands still and squeezing firmly, feeling her firm glute muscles within.  
  
He could tell that Dale was enjoying the attention. She snuggled against him. One of her arms was trapped underneath her, holding onto his shoulder, but with her free hand she was tracing light circles on his chest. He didn’t have a lot of chest hair, but to Nate it felt as if she was enjoying running her fingertips around in what little he did have.  
  
Nate also felt Dale nuzzling against his neck, her cheek resting on his chest. Her nose brushed along his neck as she trailed little kisses this way and that.  
  
‘This is what being in love is all about!’ thought Nate. It was indeed a moment of passion, and yet not an intense one. All the emphasis seemed to be on being together, being close, and simply enjoying that closeness.  
  
Nate knew that in a bit he’d be seeking out that little pussy jewel, and he knew that he’d be trying to use it to get her thrashing around in ecstasy. Barring any significant interruptions, that was what was on his agenda; however, the moment that they were currently enjoying was ideal. There was no reason to rush through this wonderful moment. Selfishly he thought, ‘who wouldn’t be happy with their hands on this scrumptious butt?’  
  
And the way she was nuzzling him and snuggling against him betrayed her profound love for him. He was so very happy. It was a moment that could go on forever as far as he was concerned.  
  
Dale finally broke the silence with a whispered question, “Why didn’t you assume ownership of my butt when you staked your claim to my tits and pussy, Lover? You seem to like it.”  
  
“Your butt?” replied Nate, caught somewhat off guard. “I do love it. It is the embodiment of feminine beauty…it looks so slender and sleek while also being so obviously round, strong and powerful… an amazing combination.”  
  
“But you don’t want to own it?” she asked again.  
  
“Oh, make no doubt about it, Lover, that’s coming. One day soon it will be mine,” said Nate. “But not until you’ve proven yourself worthy.”  
  
“Worthy?” asked Dale.  
  
“Hey, I’m not going to reveal all my plans for you. I think I’ve told you quite enough,” said Nate. “Let’s just say that there are things coming. Some of them you’ll have to earn, other’s you’ll have no choice about. One day your pretty little tush will be added to the list of things that I have taken ownership of; however, not until you are fully deserving.”  
  
He heard Dale emit a soft coo as he said that.  
  
“Deserving?” she asked.  
  
“Yes, deserving,” he replied.  
  
Nate slid his right hand around to the other side of her hip and let it find its own way in between their bodies. As he had guessed, she was a very juicy girl between the legs. It had hardly been a guess, given the feminine bouquet that filled the room.  
  
Using the lightest touches imaginable, he allowed his fingertips to reacquaint themselves with the wonderful contours of her delicate pussy. Everything felt so soft and slippery to his ever so gentle touches.  
  
With his left hand, he continued to fondle her buns, while his right hand enjoyed itself sliding all around her moist crevices from the front.  
  
Dale was relaxing. As their heads were right together, he couldn’t see it, but he imagined her mouth open in a preorgasmic expression. Her breathing seemed to have stretched out into one long extended sigh, and he sensed that she was putty in his hands.  
  
Sliding his hand up onto her mound, Nate took measure of her racing stripe.  
  
“How’s the uniform coming along?” he whispered into her ear. She again cooed. He continued, “I think it’s about ready.” He paused, hoping that that comment would make her curious. He realized that she was holding her breath, listening, so he continued, “Yep, this uniform is just about ready to make its on track debut. Won’t that be a lovely sight!”  
  
He heard her breathe in sharply.  
  
“Yep, shoes and this teeny-tiny stripe…that’s surely all a girl needs…nothing more…except the jewelry. You’ll have to wear the nipple rivets, of course. You’ll be so fast, and, oh, so very butt naked. Butt naked! Pussy naked! Titty naked! Nipple naked! Naked naked! Fast and naked! Naked and fast!”  
  
He was doing his best to make her worry, but he suspected that she thought that he wasn’t serious about testing out her uniform on the track, so he added, “Yep, no need to wait until track starts up in the spring to take this little uniform outside for a spin. Actually, the only difficulty that I can foresee is snow, so we’ll have to have our first trial run pretty soon, won’t we?”  
  
He paused to see if she would answer. She didn’t, so he reiterated, “Won’t we, Slave Girl?”  
  
“Yes, I guess,” she responded in a worried tone.  
  
“What do you mean by, ‘I guess’ Slave Girl?” asked Nate reproachfully.  
  
“I meant…yes, absolutely,” said Dale, attempting to sound more confident than she felt.  
  
“That’s more like it,” said Nate in a tone meant to reward her for her positive attitude.  
  
He removed his fingers from her stripe, sliding them back down between her legs, again enjoying her squishy wetness. Gently, he pushed her part way over onto her back and then reached down, grabbing her left leg and lifting it up. Slowly he raised it all the way up until her shin came into contact with her face.  
  
Speaking softly into her ear, he said, “Here Lover, will you hold this for me?”  
  
She looped her arm around her leg, grasping it and holding it as requested. As Nate ran his hand slowly down along the back of her thigh to her now stretched wide open pussy, he contemplated her ‘splits’ position. It was just as if she were in the standing splits position, yet she was horizontal next to him in bed.  
  
‘Flexible is fun! Why haven’t I done this before?’ Nate found himself thinking as his hand once again came into contact with her slippery silken folds. ‘This is so very cool!’  
  
Nate indulged himself, taking a minute to refamiliarize himself with Dale’s pussy, now stretched lewdly open. No need to hurry he thought to himself. ‘Take the time to smell the roses along the way,’ the thought, inhaling deeply. Even more than before, Dale’s bouquet seemed to fill the room, enticingly so.  
  
“Now where is our new little jewel?” he said quietly, as if he was thinking out loud. He poked around clumsily, deliberately acting as if he was having trouble finding it. “Oh, here that pretty little gem is!” he whispered victoriously once he had his finger on it.  
  
He shifted fingers, placing his middle finger on the stone, and then he began wiggling it gently but rapidly back and forth. Just as he had expected, the magnet just inside her clitoral hood seemed to be in direct contact with her clitoris. Dale had already been in a heightened state of arousal, so the manipulation of her clit had an immediate effect.  
  
He felt her arch her back, extending her neck along her lower leg. As he continued to manipulate the little button, he felt her turning her head slightly from side to side, as if trying to stretch her neck even further.  
  
He turned his head toward her and kissed and sucked on her neck. He thought about giving her a hickey, but he didn’t think she would appreciate it.  
  
“Stretch that pussy!” he said softly into her ear.  
  
He heard her emit a soft moan and she pulley her leg down to her ear. He also felt her push her hips up away from the bed. That forced her pussy even more firmly against his hand, his middle finger still working the jewel. At the same time she shifted grinding her hip even more firmly into his rock hard dick. He tried to pull away a little, but that only encouraged her to press even more forcefully against him.  
  
With his finger he was attempting to be a human vibrator, attempting to raise her excitement level. He contemplated her splits position, which was a little past the one hundred and eighty degree mark.  
  
“A little further,” he whispered.  
  
As she again pulled harder, stretching wider. He sensed her licking her lips. He had his own lips pressed gently against her neck. After licking her lips, she again opened her mouth wide, arching her neck a little further. Slowly she resumed turning her head a little bit, first to one side, and then to the other.  
  
Nate had come to recognize these little head movements, the neck arching, the deep breathing through a wide open and relaxed mouth. He knew that she was experiencing intense pleasure. She was climbing the mountain towards an orgasm. He loved the idea that he could bring her pleasure that she herself could not replicate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 253: Spending the Night**

As he nuzzled his nose into her neck just below her earlobe, he felt her pussy pressing up against his hand. He responded by giving her what she had to be seeking, firmer contact. He continued pressing on the gem, knowing that it in turn was pressing against her still just barely hidden clitoris.  
  
He felt Dale’s excitement build even further. He felt a few tremors, a few shudders pass through her like waves of pleasure. He was in love with this process. He couldn’t get enough of it. He could tell that she was completely at his mercy, relaxed, putty in his hands. It always seemed as if her pleasure must have reached its maximum level, and then she would go higher, and then yet higher still.  
  
Her breathing deepened and hidden within her exhaling he heard a few quiet sounds, simply, “Oh, oh, oh.”  
  
He adjusted slightly, sliding his left hand that had been continuously fondling her butt, further down. Those fingers joined those of his right hand on her pussy, pressing into her wetness from a completely new angle. The additional attack from an unanticipated direction surprised Dale, sending her over the edge.  
  
Her hips seemed to rise off the bed as the volume of vocalization increased. She again increased the pressure on her hips was putting against his crotch. He found himself wishing he had a free hand to stifle her, “Oh, oh, oh my God…” noises, but there wasn’t one. He had just the two hands, and they were busy. He wasn’t willing to let up on his efforts at pleasuring her pussy knowing that her orgasm was just beginning and that it would continue to intensify. He was also unsure what she’d think of having a pussy juice soaked hand clamped over her mouth, especially given how he had woken her up.  
  
She turned her head toward him, whispering into his ear, “Cum with me, Nate.” Simultaneously she ground against him. Nate had been doing his best to stave off his own orgasm, but the combination was too much for him. As he heard the volume of her moans increase, he felt the pressure in his balls begin to force its way up through his shaft. He knew it would be messy to deal with, but there was no going back. Spurt after spurt rocketed into his underwear as they experienced their first simultaneous orgasm.  
  
“God I love you,” he said softly, realizing that her parents were surely awake. He hadn’t been conscious of it, but he knew that in addition to Dale’s moaning, that the bed had surely been making a little noise of its own.  
  
“Did you make a mess in your pants?” she teased.  
  
Nate chuckled, “No, you did. Don’t tell me you weren’t trying to make that happen.”  
  
“Of course I was!” she whispered. “Why else would I have said ‘Cum with me’. That was the best ever, Lover. You are such a keeper.” Looking into his eyes in the dim light she mouthed, “WOW….” And then audibly she said, “Hold me, Nate.”  
  
Nate rolled onto his back to try and keep her sheets from getting any wetter. They held each other close for a minute or two, quietly savoring the experience. It was a very happy, late night moment. School and all their other cares seemed so very far away.  
  
Suddenly, Dale hopped up onto her knees and pulled Nate’s wet underwear down and off. Using them, she cleaned up his belly and his now limp dick. She played with it momentarily in fascination. “What happened to this?” she asked teasingly. “It’s always so hard. Don’t you want me anymore?”  
  
“Give me a minute,” Nate sighed.  
  
“Sorry, time’s a wasting,” she said climbing way up, bringing her pussy near his face just in case he felt so inclined.  
  
Nate had meant to give her multiple orgasms, but as pulled her the rest of the way to his mouth and started to kiss and lick her pussy, he realized that it was late and that his energy was spent. He played with her jewel a little with his lips and tongue, but then he decided to proceed with his plan. He had originally planned to wait until he had given her a few more orgasms.  
  
Using his lips to hold her clitoral hood in position, he bit with his teeth behind the jewel, separating it from her skin.  
  
“What the hell,” she said in surprise, lifting up off of his mouth.  
  
She reached down to try and locate the magnet still located within her folds. Her hand came into contact with Nate’s hand as he was doing the same thing. Dale located it first and removed it.  
  
“Why did you do that?” she asked. “I was getting pretty fond of my new little nubbin. And whatever you do, don’t swallow.”  
  
Nate reached up and took the little gem out of his mouth and immediately started laughing.  
  
“What’s so funny,” she said collapsing down on top of him.  
  
“Swallowing is a blow job thing. It’s not something that guys sometimes do after licking pussy,” said Nate.  
  
“Ha, ha,” said Dale. “You know very well that I mean the magnet. You remember what Tommy said about never ingesting the magnets.”  
  
“And I remember what he said about not leaving it on too long as well,” said Nate. “We’ve only got one pussy. We take care of it.”  
  
“But he said a week would be okay. I’m going to miss my little diamond,” said Dale sticking out her lower lip.  
  
“He said a week MIGHT be okay,” said Nate. “But since then, I’ve done some more checking on the Internet, and a week would be pushing it. It’s MY pussy remember. I’m taking good care of it.”  
  
“Okay,” said Dale still acting pouty.  
  
She took the two halves of the jewelry and put them together. She got up momentarily to stow them safely in her nightstand.  
  
“And as I said, I researched this type of jewelry on the Internet,” said Nate. “I’m pretty sure I can put it back on…very carefully.  
  
“I was really enjoying it tonight,” said Dale softly climbing back into bed and again snuggling against him.  
  
“So was I,” said Nate.  
  
She hugged him close pulling a sheet over on top of them. With one hand she reached down and cupped his balls. Very gently she fondled both his nut sack and his still relaxed dick. She seemed to know that she needed to be gentle because of the sensitivity of such things after an ejaculation.  
  
She kissed him, exploring his lips and searching out his tongue with her own. Down below, she continued to tenderly explore the details of his genitalia. Nate was in heaven.  
  
A little later, they both got up to use the restroom, but shortly thereafter they were back in bed, naked together under the covers, Dale again caressing his dick and nut sack. He allowed himself the luxury of simply enjoying her touches without reciprocating. He simply held her. Dale seemed very content with that.  
  
As they fell asleep, Dale was holding Nate’s semi-erect dick firmly in her small hand. For his part, Nate had half his middle finger inside the moist warmth of her pussy, his palm resting solidly against her narrow racing stripe running down the middle of her baby butt smooth mound.  
  
Before falling asleep, Nate had said, “Dale, I love you.”  
  
Dale had not replied. She had already fallen asleep.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 254: Deserving to be Spanked**

The next day at lunch Dale told Nate about something that she had been thinking of doing that evening. She wanted to head into the ‘lion’s den’ as she called it, and she hoped that he would accompany her.  
  
“You want to do what?” he asked very surprised.  
  
“You heard me,” she said. “I want to go to Michelle’s house and speak with her mother. Just as with track, it makes no sense that I dropped piano.”  
  
“Can’t you just call her or find a different piano teacher?” he asked.  
  
“I’m afraid not. At my level, there are no other options in Prospect, and she’ll want to hear how rusty I’ve gotten. Sitting down at the piano will be an inevitable part of this. Even if she only has me play scales and arpeggios, she’ll want to see where I am,” said Dale.  
  
“Couldn’t you just start practicing on your own?” said Nate.  
  
“I could, but I’d probably end up acquiring or reinforcing bad habits,” said Dale. “A good music teacher is invaluable. If I didn’t think I needed one, then I could have been playing all along. Frankly, that is what I should have been doing.”  
  
“Okay, I’m more than happy to go with you,” said Nate. “I’ll be your bodyguard.”  
  
“I don’t need a bodyguard, Nate,” said Dale. “Come with me for moral support. I need that, and I just like being together.”  
  
Nate could tell that she did seem to have quite a bit of anxiety about going to see Mrs. Thompson. He expected that it mostly related to concerns about seeing Michelle again. Indeed he had concerns about Dale being around Michelle.  
  
As it turned out, they didn’t even happen to see Michelle at all, and Mrs. Thompson was very friendly. She seemed genuinely glad that Dale had called her and made the appointment. The two of them did seem to enjoy reminiscing about the good old days; however, he noticed with curiosity that Michelle was never mentioned in their discussion.  
  
As Dale had guessed, Mrs. Thompson did have her play scales and arpeggios, but then she also had her play a few pieces of music. As Dale explained to him later, they were pieces that had been part of her repertoire, but pieces that she had stopped playing because at some point they were no longer challenging.  
  
Nate did overhear Mrs. Thompson tell Dale that her posture as well as her finger mobility, dexterity, technique and strength all needed work. As they left, Mrs. Thompson gave Dale some printed material that related to finger exercises to help her with finger flexibility, and strength.  
  
After saying goodbye to Mrs. Thompson, Dale was in a particularly celebratory mood. She had finally made progress on one of her goals. As far as track and Michelle were concerned, she was still at square one, but in terms of piano she had made a start.  
  
When they got back to her house that evening, she sent Nate home for a bit so that she could speak with her parents about the issues that piano lessons raised. In short, she had to figure out where the money for lessons would come from as well as to find a way to get access to a good quality piano for practice. In that regard, she was hoping to be able to use one at school, although those were typically out of tune. Her piano had been sold a few years earlier because it was not being used and was taking up space.  
  
Dale told Nate that she thought she might fill out applications to try and get a job at the mall. Nate was very impressed that she was assuming most if not all of the responsibility for figuring out how to make things work without impacting the family budget.  
  
After dinner that same evening, Nate and Dale were studying at the Jordan dining room table when Mrs. Jordan came in.  
  
“Nate,” she said. “Earlier today I had a call from Luke.” Handing him a slip of paper she continued, “He’s been wanting to get back to you, but he said he lost your number. He wanted me to give you his and ask you to give him a call.”  
  
Nate glanced across the table at Dale who was listening intently.  
  
“Did he say if he and Tess are coming to Prospect for Thanksgiving?” asked Nate.  
  
“No, he didn’t,” replied Mrs. Jordan. “I tried to pin him down, but I guess they are still deciding. They are of course invited.”  
  
“Okay, thanks,” said Nate, putting the slip of paper into his shirt pocket. “I’ll give him a call.”  
  
Mrs. Jordan left the room as Nate considered how unfortunate the conversation had been. He hadn’t wanted Dale to find out that he was in contact with her sister’s husband, especially not like that.  
  
He looked across the table at Dale. She had her head tilted down, but her eyes were staring straight across into his. She was glaring at him. He held her gaze, but she immediately closed her books and piled them up. Without saying a word, she stood up, took her books and went back to her bedroom. He heard the door close behind her.  
  
He knew she was jumping to conclusions, but that wasn’t his fault. She was also being rude. He presumed that she expected him to follow and start explaining or apologizing. The more he thought about it, the more he felt like she needed to be taught some manners.  
  
He put his own books into his backpack. After saying goodnight to Dale’s mom, he left to go home. He knew that Dale would not be expecting him to simply get up and leave.  
  
A little while later he received a text from Dale that read, “Where did you go?”  
  
He considered not replying, but then sent, “I didn’t feel welcome, so I came home.”  
  
He expected her to reply, but instead a few minutes later he heard a knock on their front door. He let his parents answer it, and a minute later Dale walked into his room without knocking.  
  
He decided to try and let her do all the talking. He was seated on his bed, his back against the headboard, a book open on his lap.  
  
Dale closed the door and then just stood there with her arms folded, again glaring at him. The silence lasted so long that eventually Nate went back to reading his book. Obviously they had both decided that the other should speak first.  
  
Finally, Dale gave in saying, “You sure don’t make very good choices, Nate. After all that has happened, I find it really hard to believe that that you are conspiring with Luke.”  
  
Knowing that she was all wrong about why he had called Luke, he decided to not reply.  
  
Eventually Dale continued, “You know very well that mixing my hobby with my sister is a recipe for disaster.” Again Dale paused giving Nate ample time to reply. When he didn’t she continued, “If you think you can have me strip in front of my sister and my brother-in-law, well, I have news for you: no way am I stripping in front of them!”  
  
Sensing that he was not going to talk, Dale turned and started to leave. Nate decided that he didn’t want a breakdown in communication. ‘Who knew how long it might last?’ he thought.  
  
“Dale, come and sit on my bed and we can talk about this,” he said in a calm, mature voice.  
  
Dale paused, obviously considering what to do. Deciding to be less than completely agreeable, she pulled out his desk chair and sat there instead. ‘Well, at least she met me part way,’ thought Nate.  
  
“First off, Dale, I too have news for you. You are my Nudity Slave, and you will strip upon command, no matter who you are in front of, no matter where you are. My job is to decide. Your job is to strip; all you have to do is trust and obey. It’s that simple,” said Nate matter-of-factly. “And second, you’ve earned yourself a spanking – a real spanking this time – for insubordination – for saying that you won’t strip upon command.”  
  
“But…” said Dale.  
  
“But, nothing,” said Nate confidently. “Now stand up and show me that you know how a Nudity Slave behaves. Take off all your clothes.”  
  
At first Dale felt incensed that Nate was suddenly sounding so bossy. He should probably be the one getting the spanking, she thought…for talking with Luke; however, Nate’s tone of voice quickly reminded her of all that she had agreed to. She found herself wishing she had not said what she had said, about not being willing to strip in front of Tess or Luke. She knew that she wouldn’t want to strip in front of them, but she also knew that she did trust Nate. She was fairly certain that he would never require that she do that.  
  
She still found it very inappropriate that he had called Luke; however, she still liked the idea of being his Nudity Slave, and she knew she would never consider going back on her word. She was his Nudity Slave, and in her mind, that was that. It had just been such a surprise, hearing from her mom like that…that Nate was talking with Luke behind her back. It had simply provoked an emotional response.  
  
While she had been thinking through these details, she had been undressing.  
  
As Nate watched her undress he found himself thinking about how great his life had become. He used to be so very happy just because he lived next door to Dale, the prettiest girl at Prospect High. Later he felt like he was the luckiest guy alive because it was his lot in life to watch her head out on her fully nude ‘nocturnal missions’. But now he had the ability to make her strip down to nothing whenever he so desired. He didn’t know how he was going to keep from letting the power go to his head. He didn’t know how he would manage to keep from abusing so much power over such a desirable treasure, but he knew he had to.  
  
As she took off her last piece of clothing, her panties, Nate said, “Okay, now fold your clothes and place them in your drawer.” Once the clothes were all in the drawer, Nate continued, “Okay, see that hasp I’ve added to the drawer…take the padlock from the top of the dresser and lock your drawer.”  
  
Dale caught her tongue as she almost started to protest.  
  
Nate saw her hesitation saying firmly, “Trust and obey, Lover. Lock the drawer and then bring your naked self over here and sit on my bed like I told you to do the first time.”  
  
Dale decided to go ahead and do exactly as instructed.  
  
“Okay, good,” said Nate, as it now seemed as if Dale had clearly chosen obedience over rebellion. As a matter of fact, her options for disobedience were now much more limited because her clothes had been removed from the equation.  
  
“Are you going to spank me now?” she asked meekly.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 255: Nate's Scheme**

“No…later,” said Nate. “I think my parents would hear. Some aspects of our relationship should be kept private.”  
  
Dale did not respond, so Nate continued, “I think you should apologize for jumping to conclusions about why I might be talking to Luke. I know that there are sore feelings there, justifiably so. I’ll be the first to admit that I have made my share of mistakes; however, now we are a team…an unbreakable team. We both need to focus on talking things through. It hurts my feelings to have you just assume the worst about me.  
  
“And after you apologize, you need to reaffirm your promise to dress and undress upon command. That is absolutely essential…you’re commitment to being my Nudity Slave must be complete. Once those two things are done, I will tell you what I am arranging with Luke’s help…that is if you ask politely…just like you should have done in the first place. We are a team; we talk things through. I absolutely can’t abide insubordination on matters related to your willingness to strip,” said Nate. “So the spanking stands. Six painful swats per cheek.”  
  
He could tell from the look in her eyes that she didn’t like the idea of the spanking. He was glad that he had been able to turn the encounter around. Dale had come into his room expecting to take him to task, and here she was, nude and obeying his every command. She was so loveable, and he loved her heart and soul.  
  
Dale did exactly as instructed. She apologized for jumping to conclusions. She knew that doing so had not been fair to him, but she was still not at all happy about him calling Luke. She knew him all too well. She knew that he was probably arranging something dastardly just like when he had arranged things with Carly for the night of Sadie. And yet she knew that as his girl, she needed to give him the benefit of the doubt.  
  
When Dale completed her reaffirmation of her commitment to being his obedient Nudity Slave, Nate had expected her to politely inquire about why he was talking to Luke. To his surprise, she did not. Instead she simply fell silent. As he thought about it he decided that she had either decided that it was none of her business, or possibly she was still jumping to conclusions. Maybe she thought she already knew and had decided to just leave it at that. He, however, decided that it was time to fill her in.  
  
“Okay, Slave Girl, come here” said Nate holding out his hands to her, inviting her up to his end of the bed for a little snuggling. He wanted her to know that his strictness had everything to do with his love for her. After they had hugged and kissed a little, Nate started to notice the lovely bouquet that Dale gave off under such conditions. She was obviously aroused, but they still needed to talk.  
  
“Okay, Dale, so here’s the deal,” he began. “The Jordan family is indeed an interesting one. My family is smaller, but we all pretty much always get along. You Jordans are a little more hot headed.” Dale pulled away from him at that remark, her body stiffening. “See what I mean,” he continued.  
  
Dale, supposing he was probably right, relaxed and leaned back against him. She didn’t expect to like what he was going to say, but she did want to hear it…even if it seemed as if it were going to be something that might upset her.  
  
Nate continued once it was clear that she was planning to listen, “I am very glad that my family has been invited over for Thanksgiving. And I know that Mary and Carly are invited as well. It occurred to me that this might be the perfect time for your father and Mary to get over their differences. It is probably nothing that I should concern myself with, but I have decided to see what might be able to be done about that. Well, as we both know, that all ties back into the Carly-Tess haircutting incident of long ago.  
  
“Well, as I started investigating, I found out something that you probably do not know. Well, what Tess did to us by giving me the Blow Job Raincheck reopened old wounds for Carly. According to Luke, Carly has been threatening Tess. She has told her that if she came to town for Thanksgiving, that she won’t be leaving with any hair still on her head. As you know, Tess is deathly afraid of Carly,” said Nate.  
  
“I know she is,” said Dale. “Carly used to be smaller, but not anymore. Did Carly really call and threaten her?”  
  
“Yep, and not just once,” said Nate. “But you know she is just looking out for us. She feels, probably rightly so, that Tess was just trying to mess up our relationship when it was at an early fragile stage. Carly is rooting for us now.”  
  
“I know she is,” said Dale. “She’s always looking out for me.”  
  
“And so I found myself thinking that this Thanksgiving might be the perfect opportunity for your dad and Mary to put all that behind them, but then all of a sudden it looked as if all the old wounds were going to be reopened,” said Nate. “I can imagine it being even worse than before. Carly and Tess in a physical fight, Luke jumping in, your dad and Mary getting involved, again taking sides. Ugly, right?”  
  
“So you weren’t calling Luke to arrange for me to do an embarrassing strip show for him and Tess?” asked Dale.  
  
“Give me a little credit, Dale,” said Nate. “I can’t promise that I won’t make new mistakes, but I’d like to think that I am at least smart enough to not make the old mistakes again.”  
  
“So, by now I’ve mostly given up on a grand reconciliation. All I’m hoping for now is to make a few arrangements so that everything does not devolve into a new gruesome chapter. I’m hoping to arrange some sort of safe passage for Tess. It might be too much to hope for, but I’d like to see Tess, Carly, your dad, and Mary all sitting around the same table having a nice meal. And then afterwards, Tess and Luke will leave town with all of Tess’s hair intact.”  
  
“You’ve gotten Carly to agree to that?” asked Dale. “She has agreed to not follow through with her threat?”  
  
“No, I didn’t think I would be successful at talking her out of that, so I’m not planning on trying,” said Nate. “I’m interested in your input, but at this point my best plan is to trick her.”  
  
“You’re going to trick Carly?” asked Dale. “That doesn’t sound wise.”  
  
“If all goes according to plan, she won’t know that I was even involved,” said Nate. “What Luke and I have discussed is for he and Tess to come. Everyone is supposed to think that they will be here all weekend. Even your parents will be expecting that they will stay through Sunday. That will hopefully make Carly think that she can pick her best opportunity to carry out her evil plan. Hopefully we can have a nice meal together, and then Tess and Luke will up and leave town right after dinner.”  
  
“But what if you’re wrong? What if Carly attacks Tess before they leave?” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, I’ve told Luke that I will physically intervene to stop Carly myself if worse comes to worse,” said Nate. “That is the last thing that I want to have to do. I’m sure I can hold my own against Carly, but I don’t think it will come to that. I don’t think she’ll ruin Thanksgiving dinner for everyone. I think that Carly will want me and my parents to have a nice experience in your home, so I think she’ll wait until dinner is over. And Luke and Tess will only be in town during dinner.”  
  
“So they are coming all this way and then turning right around and heading all the way home, same day?” said Dale.  
  
“Actually they are coming a little early,” said Nate. “But no one else is supposed to know about that. There is the matter of a Raincheck that needs to be redeemed.”  
  
Dale sat up quickly, and turned to try and see if he was kidding or not.  
  
“You tore that up,” she said. “You don’t even have the pieces.”  
  
“Yes, but she and Luke don’t know that. Why else would she be expecting me to go to so much effort to protect her from Carly?” asked Nate rhetorically.  
  
“You better not be planning on having my sister blow you,” said Dale.  
  
“Why not?” asked Nate. “The last time this subject came up, you were encouraging me to accept that blow job. I think you even said that I should make her give me a blow job.”  
  
“So…” said Dale.  
  
“So…what has changed?” asked Nate.  
  
“Everything…duh!” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 256: Dale’s Punishment**

Nate cracked up.  
  
“Why are you laughing?” asked Dale.  
  
“Sometimes you sound so mature, but then other times you sound like such a teenager,” said Nate.  
  
Dale punched him on the shoulder, but then snuggled up against him pleading, “Nate, please don’t let my sister do that to you.”  
  
“Oh, Dale, I hope you know I would never do that. Not when you weren’t my girlfriend, and certainly not now,” said Nate. “Even though you did encourage me to, I knew that you wouldn’t like it…and I knew that I wouldn’t enjoy it. However, your sister may need to think that it is part of why I am willing to help ensure safe passage.”  
  
“I never wanted you to allow her to give you a blow job, even though I know what I said,” said Dale.  
  
“I know you didn’t, Lover,” said Nate. “At least I hoped that you were just saying that. I was really hoping that you didn’t mean it.”  
  
“I don’t know why I was saying that,” said Dale. “I was a bit mixed up right then.”  
  
“We both were, I suppose,” said Nate. “But it’s all good now, and I won’t let Tess anywhere near my dick.”  
  
As he said that, he felt Dale unzipping his pants. Nate contemplated how apparently talking about her sister’s raincheck had inspired Dale to proceed with a blow job of her own. Nate laughed to himself while remembering that in the past he had turned such things down. On this occasion, he made no effort to stop her as she went about getting his dick out and then engulfing it in her mouth.  
  
Nate relaxed, enjoying her warm and wet mouth as her head started bobbing slowly up and down.  
  
Pausing what she was doing, she said, “But what I could do is I could talk to Tess. Maybe she’d give me some tips. Possibly in that way you could benefit from some of her expertise without her actually laying her lips on you.”  
  
She returned her mouth to his member and resumed her efforts at pleasuring him.  
  
“That’s an endearing thought,” said Nate, struggling a bit to talk under the circumstances. “But how about not doing that. I think our relationship works best with as little Tess involvement as possible. And besides, from what I hear, Alexa is who you should be getting your blow job pointers from.”  
  
“You’re not serious, Nate,” said Dale, again putting the blow job on pause. “As you know, she and I don’t really speak to one another.”  
  
After saying that, she again sealed her lips around the head of his dick.  
  
“Well, then I’ve got my own piece of advice for you, Lover,” said Nate.  
  
“What is that, Honey,” said Dale, again removing her mouth from his dick to speak, but then again resuming what she had been doing.  
  
“Mister Dick is wanting me to advise you that we should have the rest of this conversation a little later,” said Nate. “I guess he feels that blow jobs and conversations are not the idea combination.”  
  
As if deciding to torture him, Dale again stopped what she was doing to say, “Okay, we can talk later.”  
  
Nate rolled his eyes as Dale laughed, but she did return her mouth to his dick to proceed with the plan that she herself had obviously chosen. She glanced up at him, her playful attitude evident in her eyes as she explored the veiny shape of his member with her tongue.  
  
As Nate relaxed allowing himself to enjoy the sensations emanating from his dick, he again found himself wondering, ‘Why another blow job when it seemed like high time that they take the plunge and make love to one another.’ Indeed he had condoms within reach.  
  
Dale had said that her virginity was his for the taking. Her only wish had been that the first time be special, so he had suggested that they stick with the original plan: the Dale Jordan Virginity Lottery. He was still okay with that decision, but he had hoped that the ideal circumstances might be found within a matter of days.  
  
Dale, however, was obviously not in any hurry. And as the days had ticked by, the topic had become one that now seemed difficult for him to bring up. Everything was in her court again. He of course knew that she had not forgotten, and he was resolved to let her play it out as she saw fit. He just hoped that she would find the perfect moment sooner rather than later. As nice as a blow job was, he was more than ready for their physical relationship to go to the next level, the ultimate level.  
  
He had expected that the night of the Sadie Hawkins dance had probably been destined to be ‘the night’, but Michelle had derailed those hopes.  
  
And yet he was quite content. It was his destiny to make love to the most desirable teen in the state. How great was that? She was certainly worth waiting for, and in the meantime he could suffer through a few more of her blow jobs. ‘Life was good!’ he thought. And it was especially wonderful because they were in love. The physical side, the sexual side of their relationship was really just the icing on the cake.  
  
A few minutes later, Nate found himself blowing his load into her mouth. He did notice that Dale made it a priority to keep her mouth in contact with him throughout, swallowing everything straightaway. It occurred to him that she had most likely been studying up, one way or another, on how to give an exceptional blow job. She sure seemed to be learning fast.  
  
Once everything had calmed down, Dale slid back up and snuggled against him. They lay there like that for a bit, holding each other, but after a few minutes, Nate got up to check on his parents. They had gone to bed, so he decided that he needed to proceed with Dale’s spanking.  
  
He knew that it was going to seem like an awful way to follow up a blow job, but she deserved a strict Nudity Master, so he had to follow through. He wanted to do right by her.  
  
After turning on some music for masking noise, he sat down and in no uncertain terms instructed Dale to ‘assume the position’. Her reaction was about exactly what he had been expecting.  
  
“What? You get a blow job, and I get a spanking?” she exclaimed.  
  
“The spanking is not for the blow job, Slave Girl. You know that,” said Nate trying to keep his voice down. “Tell me in your own words how you earned this spanking.”  
  
“For being naughty…for saying I wouldn’t strip…in front of Tess and Luke,” said Dale meekly.  
  
“Thank you,” said Nate. “Now let me ask you a question. Answer honestly. Do you think you deserve a spanking?”  
  
“But I got mad…” said Dale stopping abruptly midsentence.  
  
“That’s not what I’m asking,” said Nate.  
  
“Okay then, yes, I was out of line. I shouldn’t say I will or won’t strip. I need to be a good little Nudity Slave,” said Dale cutely, but also resignedly.  
  
“Very good answer,” said Nate. “Now, let’s get on with this!”  
  
She only hesitated briefly before lying down across his lap in the same position as before.  
  
Dale moved her hair to the side and turned her head so that she could look back over her shoulder to watch.  
  
Smack! “Oww!” she said, not loud but not that soft either. It hadn’t really caught her off guard. She had known it was coming, but Nate obviously was not planning on going easy on her.  
  
Nate leaned over and kissed her shoulder, hugging her. “Honey, we have to keep it down,” he said softly. “Remember always, I love you.”  
  
“I know you do. I’ll try to be quiet,” whispered Dale.  
  
“Okay, why don’t you count…quietly,” said Nate.  
  
He saw her nod her agreement.  
  
Smack! “Two.” Smack! “Three.” Smack! “Four.” Smack! “Five.” Smack! “Six.”  
  
Nate paused, noticing that her voice was cracking just a bit as she counted the last two swats. He rested his hand on one of her cheeks, caressing it lightly, as he leaned down and kissed her shoulder. He had been alternating cheeks, so each cheek was half done. He knew he had probably been hitting her a bit too hard.  
  
“Have the spanks been too painful?” he asked.  
  
“No. The harder the better!” she insisted. “Remember, this is what your Nudity Slave needs,” she said obediently but with a hint of sarcasm.  
  
He decided to resume the spanking with the swats at about the same intensity. He had planned to spank her a little less hard, until she had instructed him otherwise.  
  
Smack! “Seven.” Smack! “Eight.” Smack! “Nine.” Smack! “Ten.” Smack! “Eleven.” Smack! “Twelve.”  
  
Nate was glad when it was over. He knew that it had been painful, but he knew that she’d be fine. Her obedience was key. He obviously could not tolerate comments about not being willing to strip if commanded to do so. Her commitment had to be complete. After all, she no longer had the option of backing out.  
  
She didn’t move, so he caressed her cheeks tenderly. They were now quite red. He continued to stroke her buns affectionately as he leaned down and kissed her shoulder. “I love you, Dale,” he said.  
  
As before, Dale asked to use the restroom, so he again sent her down the hall in his robe. This hadn’t been a planned in advance visit, so they still didn’t have any nightgowns in her drawer.  
  
When she returned, she said, “That was difficult. Someone made my butt sore. I had to stand to pee.”  
  
“You can do that?” he asked surprised.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 257: Naked at Prospect High**

“Not really,” she said, purposefully leaving him wondering. Nate took his robe off of her shoulders and returned it to its hook.  
  
Even though it was a school night, Dale spent the night. Nate set his alarm for six and Dale fell asleep quickly while they snuggled. Dale was on her side. That was more comfortable for her as she had said that her butt was indeed sore. Nate lay awake for a bit, going over things in his mind. That hadn’t been how he had intended for Dale to find out that he had been in contact with Luke, but it had all worked out.  
  
Dale still seemed to be working through the hurt feelings that their breakup had inspired. She still had a somewhat short fuse, as she had demonstrated by jumping to conclusions earlier. Now at least they were able to put such moments behind them fairly quickly. That represented real progress, in his opinion.  
  
The next day was Wednesday. Dale wasn’t to be found at lunch, so Nate sent her a text designed to make her worry, and to keep her informed. It read, “In just a little more than 24 hours, you’ll be butt naked!”  
  
He received a reply, “Really? Where? Not here at school.”  
  
“Yep, here at school. This is where we’ll be tomorrow,” he replied. He knew that that would have her worrying. He wondered if she would reply.  
  
“Remember, Lover. There’s just one of me. Take good care of me,” she replied a couple of minutes later.  
  
“Yep, you are unique! That’s for sure,” he replied.  
  
He thought about sending her an additional reply indicating his intent to keep her safe…naked, but safe. He decided not to. He was trying to make her worry, so it made little sense to send her a text telling her not to worry.  
  
Instead he sent her a text that read, “Meet me at the drinking fountain just outside the locker rooms tomorrow as soon as cheer practice is over.”  
  
That evening she pressed him for more information, but he avoided telling her anything. She was worried, that he could tell. The prospect of being naked at school had to be especially unnerving, he expected. He felt good about what he was doing, knowing how much he had to have her worrying. It didn’t seem nice, and yet he knew his girl.  
  
He had not planned for Dale’s next nude adventure to happen so shortly after all the nudity during their Sadie Hawkins date, but several factors forced the issue. It was essentially a now or never situation from his point of view.  
  
First off, given the way that playoffs worked, football season would come to a sudden and immediate end as soon as they lost a single game. His window of opportunity for what he had planned would expire with football season.  
  
And second, his knee injury had given him an idea that he just had to take advantage of. He still needed to be at practice each day, but not taking part on the field meant that he had some flexibility to come and go, from the field to the locker room, at least.  
  
Dale knew to meet at the conclusion of cheer practice. From the field he had been watching the time carefully, and he saw the other cheerleaders depart. As planned, he went through the boy’s locker room to meet up with her.  
  
Fortunately, she was there waiting for him when he peeked out. He waved to her, indicating that she should follow. “Quick,” he said.  
  
With trepidation, she followed him into the boy’s locker room.  
  
“In here?” she asked as she entered, looking around with a deep level of concern.  
  
“Yep, the coast is clear,” said Nate. “But we don’t have all day. Football practice will be over before you know it.  
  
“When do I get to know why I’m here?” she asked, worry evident in her voice.  
  
“As soon as you’re naked,” said Nate. “Here’s my locker. We’ll put your clothes inside for safekeeping.”  
  
Dale was wearing loose sweatpants and a hoodie. That was what she often wore for cheer practice, now that it was cooler.  
  
“So undress?” she asked.  
  
“Yep, all the way, Slave Girl,” said Nate.  
  
Dale had never told him, but she secretly liked it when he called her that.  
  
As she pulled her shirt off over her head, she said, “This seems pretty dang risky, but I know that you won’t again take any crazy chances with your girl.”  
  
“Nope,” said Nate. “She’s way too precious. As a safeguard, Felipe smuggled his phone out onto the field. He’s watching the entrance for me. The coaches always call the team together for announcements before everyone heads in for showers. We’ll have adequate warning, but when it comes, we’ll have to hurry and get you out of here.”  
  
After removing it, Dale handed Nate her bra. He hung it in his locker as she pulled her sweats and panties down in one quick motion. She could dress and undress quickly when the need arose.  
  
After handing Nate the last of her clothing, Dale struck her giant X pose saying, “Ta Da! Naked!”  
  
“Wow!” said Nate, clicking his phone into camera mode. “I’ve got to get a shot of that.” After taking a few photos of her in the spread eagle position, Nate continued, “Okay, so here’s the plan. It might be a bit boring, but it is what it is. I just thought we’d take a series of photos around in here. In ten or fifteen minutes this place will be full of naked guys. So this is definitely enemy territory for a cheerleader, especially a naked one.”  
  
“What do you mean boring, Nate? It’s hardly that. Feel my heart racing,” she said, taking his hand and pressing it into the top slope of her left breast. “We’re breaking two big rules right now. First rule: no girls in the guy’s locker room. See…titties, pussy,” she said pointing at her parts with her two index fingers as she named them. “Obviously a girl; definitely breaking that rule.”  
  
“Yep, no argument there,” said Nate. “You’re a girl.”  
  
“And rule number two,” continued Dale. “Except in the girl’s locker room, girls aren’t supposed to be naked at school. See…titties, pussy,” she said again pointing at her body parts. “Obviously naked; definitely breaking that rule. It’s fun to break rules, so clearly not boring. Actually, to be completely honest, I’m almost scared stiff that the room is going to fill up with guys that I know…at any moment.”  
  
“That could happen, but it won’t without the needed warning. I even made sure Felipe charged his battery,” said Nate. “I’m very glad you aren’t bored. Neither am I. So, let’s go over the ground rules quickly. Plan A: have fun, stay safe. Okay, what’s my jersey number?”  
  
“Number seventy-nine!” answered Dale enthusiastically.  
  
“Right,” responded Nate. “And the locker with your clothes in it…also seventy-nine, see? Easy to find, and it’s not locked. You have my permission to dress at any time. In fact you have my explicit instructions to dress and get out if you suspect that things are going south. So if you think someone is coming…get dressed…get out! Got it?”  
  
“Yes, Sir!” she said, saluting. “Now what?”  
  
“Just pose for me! Somewhere here…so it looks like you are naked in the football team’s locker room,” said Nate. “Not that they’ll ever see the photos, but anyone on the team would instantly recognize our locker room and realize that the photos had been taken during practice. This room will look much different in an hour once all the helmets, shoulder pads and other gear are back and stowed.”  
  
“Take a picture of me with your helmet on,” said Dale, taking his helmet off of the shelf and putting it on her head. She again struck her X pose standing on the bench.  
  
After taking a group of photos, Nate said, “I know. With the helmet on, do a scorpion and a needle.”  
  
As instructed, Dale did those poses, standing on one of the benches. Nate found it beyond cute, the fit teen doing all kinds of standing split like poses wearing just the oversize helmet. She smiled at him from within his helmet as her bare labia smiled at him from between her legs.  
  
Taking down Nate’s shoulder pads from there shelf, Dale said, “These are huge!”  
  
“They’re my size,” said Nate. “On the inside anyway.”  
  
“Nate, you’re huge!” said Dale, winking. She then asked, “Okay, now what?”  
  
“Time to hit the showers!” said Nate.  
  
“Okay,” said Dale. “Are we still doing okay on time?”  
  
“We’re golden,” said Nate, taking Dale’s hand and heading toward the showers.  
  
After they entered the low wall tile enclosure, Dale asked, “Should I really shower, water and all?”  
  
“What do you want to do?” asked Nate.  
  
“Shower! I want to be able to brag that I took a shower in the boy’s locker room during football practice,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 258: The Locker Room**

“Who are you going to brag to about this?” asked Nate.  
  
“No one,” said Dale. “I won’t tell a soul, but I could. Maybe at a reunion someday. Maybe at our tenth year reunion I’ll tell people. Maybe then I’ll be ready to let people know what crazy things I – I mean we – did back when we were seniors.”  
  
“And you can show them the pictures!” said Nate.  
  
“Hmmm…I’ll have to think about that,” she said, turning on the water and adjusting the temperature.  
  
Nate photographed her adjusting the water, and continued to do so once she had a temperature she liked and stepped in.  
  
“Mads, how fast do you think the football team would be in here if they all knew that you were showering here in the nude?” asked Nate.  
  
“Pretty fast, I suppose,” said Dale. “It probably sounds stuck up, but I do think that most of them would enjoy seeing me naked.”  
  
“It doesn’t sound stuck up,” said Nate. “To me the comment that most of them would enjoy seeing you naked is the understatement of the year.”  
  
“Okay if I keep my hair dry?” she asked.  
  
“It’s your shower, Lover. Do what you like,” said Nate. “But I do have one suggestion. I brought you a razor and some shaving cream. I snooped, so they are exactly the same as what you use at home.”  
  
“So…let me guess. You want me to shave my pussy,” said Dale.  
  
“I think it would be way cool,” said Nate.  
  
“I’ll go you one better,” said Dale. “I’m going to do it in style. Prepare to be amazed, Nate.” Taking the razor from him and applying shaving cream generously to her crotch, she continued, “Camera ready?”  
  
“Ready,” said Nate, wondering what could be better than pussy shaving.  
  
As he watched, she placed her left hand around her left instep. She then straightened her leg until her pointed toe was pointing directly at the ceiling. Balancing there like that, in the standing splits, she went about the task of shaving her pussy.  
  
Nate was indeed amazed. In the first place, it was a spectacular pose. In the second place, it had quite the ‘walk and chew gum’ quality to it. She definitely seemed to be doing two things at once, and both of them looked extremely difficult. He knew he would be able to do neither. ‘She was actually doing the standing splits and shaving her pussy at the same time!’ he thought as he went about the task of recording the moment for posterity with still pictures.  
  
“You’re right, Dale” he said. “This is hardly boring.”  
  
She just looked up at him and smiled for the camera. “We’ve come a long way from those first naked pictures that you let me take,” he said. “The photos in and out of the blue dress on that first trip to Spruce Lake.”  
  
While he watched, she removed her hand from her foot. Her foot stayed where it was as she shifted into the tilt position. She now had both hands free. He watched as she used the left hand to stretch her skin taught, while she used the other hand to maneuver the razor. He could tell that she was an accomplished pussy shaver.  
  
Once she had covered all the territory between her legs, she moved up to her mound, placing both feet again firmly on the ground. She carefully did the perimeter of the racing stripe, spiffing it up.  
  
“Yep, great track uniform,” said Nate. “Can’t you just imagine what it will be like, lining up in the blocks wearing just that and your shoes?”  
  
Dale didn’t reply. She had indeed spent quite a bit of time picturing herself in track meet settings dressed exactly as he had just described. She thought that it would probably never happen, but just the thought made her head spin. If she needed her pussy to feel tingly and get all juicy, all she needed to do was think about any variation on that scene. Being the only one naked at a track and field meet, and competing in just her ‘track uniform’.  
  
Nate got a lot of great shots from all angles. He didn’t move in for many close-ups, preferring to concentrate on photos that clearly placed her in the context of the boy’s locker room. He knew that the showers in the girl’s locker room were much different. For whatever reason, they incorporated dividers and curtains for privacy.  
  
No sooner had Dale rinsed all the shaving cream off, than she suddenly froze.  
  
Speaking softly she said, “Nate, I heard something.” Nate turned in the direction that she was looking. “Nate, there’s someone in the locker area,” she said, crouching down low and making herself small.  
  
“That’s impossible,” said Nate. “They would have had to come in the door we came in.”  
  
“Why would that be impossible?” asked Dale quietly, moving silently over to the waist high tile wall that served as the shower enclosure.  
  
“I’ll go check,” said Nate, walking toward the locker area. As he passed a big plastic laundry bin on wheels, he grabbed a towel and threw it back to Dale so that she could dry off.  
  
While Nate was investigating the voices that they were both now hearing, Dale peered into the large laundry bins. She was familiar with them because the girl’s locker room had an identical set up. One bin was for used towels, it was empty.  
And another bin held folded, clean towels.  
  
A second later, Nate was back, “Yep, and they’re in the same aisle as my locker.”  
  
“Oh dear,” said Dale, starting to panic.  
  
“And I just got the signal from Felipe,” said Nate, looking at his phone. “The team is headed this way. Quick, what should we do?”  
  
They both looked around. Other than the bins, there was no place to hide. Dale was naked and trapped between the guys in the locker area and the door through which the football team would be entering at any second.  
  
“Quick, the bins,” said Nate.  
  
Dale dashed to the one full of clean towels, hopping up and in. She landed on top of the towels.  
  
“Help me, Nate,” said Dale, quietly but with a sense of urgency. “Bury me.  
  
Dale started tunneling her way down towards the bottom of the bin by going down along the side. She succeeded in getting essentially all the way to the bottom. There she curled up in a ball, lying on her side. Nate worked to put the towels back in some order such that the bin looked more or less like it had when viewed from the top.  
  
Once Nate was satisfied that it looked pretty good, he whispered down to Dale, “Somethings wrong, this isn’t nearly enough towels for the whole team. Keep quiet, while I look for more. The other bin shouldn’t be empty.”  
  
‘Did Nate really just tell me to keep quiet,’ thought Dale, as she quickly tried to get a little more comfortable so that she would be able to stay still for a long period of time. She realized that, if she wasn’t discovered, she would be there for quite a while. For comfort sake, she would have liked to have had towels under her; however, comfort was the furthest thing from her mind. She definitely wanted all the towels on top of her.  
  
Feelings of panic welled up inside her as she heard the first voices indicating that the football team was entering and momentarily would be passing right past the bin in which she was hiding on their way to the lockers. A moment later she could tell that the entire locker room was packed with guys; they were all so loud and boisterous.  
  
Her heart was pounding in her chest. It seemed so loud, but she knew that it would never be heard above all the noise that the guys were generating.  
  
Twice she felt more towels being added to the bin. She was glad about that, but she could tell that it had only been just a few. There were still not as many towels in the bin as there were players on the team and there clearly needed to be a lot more for her to have the margin of safety necessary to remain hidden.  
  
She knew that up above, Nate had to be working on finding more towels. As it was, the amount of towels on top of her was not even enough to block the light. She could see the plastic surface of the bin in front of her face because some light had a path down through gaps along that side.  
  
She started worrying that some of her skin might be visible from above, but she had no way of knowing. She knew that Nate had worked to cover her, so she was probably okay, but she still couldn’t help but worry about that. All she could do was stay still and hope for the best.  
  
Still working at keeping her feelings of near panic in check, she heard the first shower turn on. She knew that it wouldn’t be long before the towels on top of her would begin being taken away, one by one. She tried to keep still, but fear was causing her to tremble knowing that she would be visible and be seen long before the last towel was removed.  
  
In her mind’s eye, she started picturing the inevitable outcome…that she would be discovered. Nate’s plan for taking photos around the locker room had seemed okay, certainly risky, but okay. However, it had obviously failed. He had forgotten to take the other door into account. Surely he should have considered that the locker room was not the exclusive domain of the football team. Others obviously used it. He should have known that, even if he was always on the field when it happened. If that was his excuse for not taking that into account, it was a very poor excuse.  
  
As she lay there fretting, Dale was wondering where Nate was and what he was doing, when she felt another arm load of towels being added on top. She felt some movement as if they were being spread around a little. ‘Oh good, he’s still here and he’s still working the problem,’ she thought, breathing a sigh of relief.  
  
Just then she heard a voice call out, “Hey Miller…Coach Neal wants to see you in his office.”  
  
Dale’s heart sank. She knew he would be forced to leave her there, at least for a while. She felt very alone and doomed as she felt someone remove the first towel, and then a second in short order.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 259: The Locker Room continued**

Trying not to give herself over to despair, she tried to focus on what she should do. She knew that trying to come up with a plan would make her feel better. However, it was no use. Clearly all she could do for the present was stay as still as possible and hope for a miracle; hope that Nate would come up with a way to rescue her.  
  
But since a rescue seemed as if it were very unlikely, she started to think about what would happen when someone discovered her. She knew everyone on the team, so her discoverer would be someone she knew. He would be standing there nude, dripping wet as he removed the towel that would reveal a patch of her skin to his eye.  
  
Would he yell out, she wondered. Would others come to investigate? Would he poke her to see if she were real? Should she stand up? Hop out of the bin? That would place her naked in the midst of dozens of nude and partially nude guys. She wondered if she’d look at their faces or at their dicks. She wasn’t sure, but she knew they’d all be looking at her.  
  
She could cower in the bin, after being discovered, trying to conceal her nudity and/or her identity. That would run its course quickly, she realized. She could throw a towel around her head and try to run. Hiding her head, her identity, might be the logical priority. Maybe they would see her nudity, but be left wondering who the naked girl had been. But where would she run to? To locker seventy-nine to get her clothes? Hardly!  
  
Nate had told her to act like a normal girl, if she suddenly found herself naked like that. She tried to figure out what a normal girl would do. She thought she knew, but she wasn’t sure.  
  
As she thought about it, she found her worries subsiding a little. These guys were her friends. They wouldn’t take advantage of her or harm her. She was pretty sure of that. They might even protect her, help her. It would be awkward to be naked among them, but they would probably hide her from the coaches. She wasn’t scared of them, even naked. There weren’t any Alexas among them.  
  
Her thoughts continued to come in short bursts. She started to wonder if this had been Nate’s plan all along…to ‘out’ her nude to the entire football team. He had said that her conservative image would be taking a hit. Outing her to the team would be quite a hit to her image indeed…expanding exponentially the number of students who knew about her relationship with nudity in one fell swoop.  
  
She contemplated that possibility as her worry increased with each towel she sensed being removed. Steadily the pile of towels hiding her grew lighter and thinner. Her margin of safety was evaporating by the moment.  
  
‘Would he do that? Would he expose her to this many guys all at once?’ she wondered. She decided that that was indeed a possibility, but an unlikely one. There were well over fifty guys on the varsity football team. News of what had happened would be impossible to contain. Showing her to Carly and Felipe had been bad enough, but in that case he had been able to talk to both of them before and after to ensure that they would keep what they had witnessed to themselves.  
  
But no, that wasn’t what was going on she decided. She knew the truth, the simple truth; she had agreed to be the Nudity Slave of someone who had sworn to protect her, and he had good intentions, but he was still Nate. He was trying to change, but just as before, his plans were, as always, too ambitious…and he was still reckless.  
  
She didn’t want to go back on her word, and yet, as she felt towel after towel being removed, she realized that she had made a mistake.  
  
She lay there shivering, not so much out of fright, but rather in anticipation of the inevitable. She found her skin feeling tingly, as she tried to picture what was about to happen.  
  
Suddenly she heard a loud voice that she thought she recognized say, “Hey Ward, is this your pink pussy razor?”  
  
“Not mine,” she heard Ward say. “I keep mine in Alexa’s shower. It must be yours.”  
  
“And here’s your girly shaving cream. Hmm…Mango Tropical Tease,” said someone else.  
  
“Yep, not mine,” replied Ward. “Sounds delicious, though.”  
  
‘Oh, my God,’ thought Dale. Now they know a girl was in here. Now they’ll be looking for me. And if they find me here, they’ll all know that I was shaving my pussy in the guy’s locker room. How embarrassing! Word of that will spread like wildfire. Even if the guys don’t turn me in to the administration, the news will get out and by tomorrow all the Jodies, Alexas and Michelles in the school will be making jokes at my expense.  
  
It wasn’t expulsion, but it almost sounded worse…to have everyone think that she had snuck into the boy’s locker room to shave her pussy during football practice. She knew she’d never be able to live that down.  
  
Just outside the towel bin, Nate was experiencing somewhat similar concerns. He kicked himself, ‘How could he have forgotten about the razor and the shaving cream?’ He should have grabbed those as soon as he’d gotten Dale hidden. He hoped that no search for their owner ensued, but it seemed inevitable. He tried to think of something he could say to prevent such a hunt from taking place, but everything he could think of would only serve to focus everyone’s attention on the razor and cream, and why they might have suddenly appeared in the boy’s showers.  
  
As she lay there in terror, Dale felt the number of towels on top of her continue to dwindle. Her logical side knew that it was unlikely, but her less than logical side started to worry that the guys might even notice the feminine scent that she knew her juicy pussy had to be emitting. ‘Why did it have to do that,’ she started thinking…and at the worst of times. Surely hiding under towels like this was not exciting. It was scary. Did her female body really imagine that it needed to prepare for sex just because she was scared? But then she remembered that she was naked in a confined area with dozens of nude men, young virile men. She couldn’t see them, but she knew they were there, and she could hear all that they were discussing. Some of it boring, but some of it was exactly what she had always imagined that guys talked about when there were no girls present.  
  
But the aroma of an aroused woman, surely there were too many smells in a locker room for that to stand out…she hoped. But thoughts of that did add to her level of panic. Just possibly it was something that men could sense subconsciously. And then it made her think again about her inevitable discovery. Would they then be able to smell and see her arousal? The thought of that was even worse than the thought of simply being discovered there nude. Before standing up, she thought, she should take a towel and try to dry herself off. She knew that the moisture would return, but she tried to remember to do that.  
  
To her dismay, she started to realize that the noise from the showers was decreasing. She decided that it now sounded as if just two or three guys might be showering. There was less water noise and very little talking.  
  
She tried turning her head just slightly and to her horror, she realized that she could peek through a small gap when she looked up. She could even see just a tiny bit of the ceiling.  
  
She felt another towel being removed from those covering her legs. It seemed as if the number of layers covering her there must be two at the most. Surely skin was visible from above somewhere, if someone were to look closely.  
  
But then she heard the last shower go off. Suddenly the possibility of surviving the ordeal without being discovered seemed like a possibility that might actually exist. She realized that if this last guy took just the right towel, her discovery would not be imminent. If he took the wrong towel, then…she didn’t want to think about that anymore. ‘First, dry the pussy,’ she forced herself to think…after that, just play it by ear.  
  
She dared not breathe. Nothing could move. She felt a towel being taken, right out of the middle. She waited, listening, in a state of utter panic…to learn if she had been seen.  
  
But she heard nothing. That last guy must have taken his towel and now be headed to his locker. How was this even possible she thought. Nate had commented on how he thought that she was lucky, but this was too much to believe. Was she really going to survive without being discovered?  
  
She realized that she had been holding her breath. She needed to breathe. She opened her mouth wide, and very slowly allowed herself to let out the breath that she had been holding. Now that there was not the noise of the showers, she again became conscious of how rapidly her heart was pounding away in her chest. It seemed as if it might be loud enough to be heard.  
  
She hadn’t noticed it before, but she noticed that her cheeks were wet. Her mind had been so occupied with other thoughts that she hadn’t realized that she had been crying. She thought that her eyes had been closed much of the time, but the strong emotions and all the stress that she had been dealing with had resulted in wet eyes, that much was obvious as she tried to stabilize her breathing rate.  
  
Again she wondered if no more towels would be removed. That would mean that no one else would look into the bin, reaching down as they selected a towel. That would mean that she had indeed survived. She knew that it was premature to start celebrating. The locker room was still full of guys. She couldn’t follow conversations, but she could hear them talking.  
  
She started wondering about what had happened to Nate. She knew that he would never abandon her there like that. She suspected that he was there somewhere, but he hadn’t seemed to have been helping her at all, but what could he have done? She’d felt so utterly alone. She realized that he had probably been in a position in which anything that he might have done to help her might have only served to draw attention to the bin.  
  
As she started to relax a little, she started to feel angry at Nate. Mostly because of how careless he had been, but also because she had felt so alone… so utterly alone, shivering there in a state of near panic on the uneven floor of a large plastic laundry cart…so uncomfortable…so scared.  
  
As she continued to listen, she heard lockers being slammed. She could tell that guys were finishing up and leaving. The din from all the talking was diminishing. She started to realize that she now seemed destined to survive the ordeal. How was that even possible? Only minutes ago she wouldn’t even have given herself one in a hundred odds of not being discovered.  
  
A few minutes later she lay there listening, realizing that she hadn’t heard anything for more than a minute when suddenly she heard coach Maynard shout, “Miller, what in the hell? It’s time to go home. I’m locking up.”  
  
So Nate had been there, just as she had suspected. He’d probably been the last one; surely standing by to help her once everyone else had gone. But now he had been forced to leave. All the lights went out and a few moments later she heard the sound of a door being closed and locked.