**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

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**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 260: Getting Dressed**

She lay there for a minute relaxing, but then she sat up and stretched her arms overhead. It felt good to move. She sat there for a minute in among the remaining towels. There weren’t really all that many, she realized, feeling around in the dark. She had survived, but her celebratory mood was limited. She was still in a bit of a pickle. At least all the naked high school boys were no longer part of the equation.  
  
She focused on taking stock. She was naked in a dark locker room. She didn’t know how she could find Nate’s locker and her clothes in the dark, nor did she have any idea how to find the light switch. She expected that the locks on the doors would not be a problem. For reasons of safety, they would probably allow her to exit.  
  
After sitting there for another minute or two, listening, she decided that it was probably safe to assume that she was alone and that Coach Maynard was not returning.  
  
She climbed out and stood next to the bin, trying to get her bearings. There was virtually no light, but off to her right where the coaches’ offices were, she could see a few small lights, presumably related to their computers or other electronics.  
  
She had been hot in the bin with the towels, but the locker room was humid and cooling down fast. She tried to decide what to do. Surely Nate was around, possibly just outside the building.  
  
She heard a door open, and she suspected that it might be Nate. As far as she knew, he still had a school key.  
  
She decided that the best course of action would be to hide…until she knew for sure that it was Nate. She thought about climbing back into the laundry bin. After all it had been a good hiding place, but she decided that she had had quite enough of that bin.  
  
Guiding herself by holding on to the low tiled wall, she entered the shower enclosure. She crouched behind the wall, just behind where the laundry bin was located. Peeking over the wall, she was able to observe the locker room.  
  
Someone was approaching with a flashlight, heading right for the part of the locker room where she was. She was now convinced that it was Nate. Anyone else would have turned on the lights, she reasoned.  
  
She turned and sat down on the tile floor right where she was, her back against the low wall that had the bin just on the other side of it. She was experiencing very mixed emotions. She knew she still loved Nate, and she would never again consider anything at all resembling a breakup. In her mind, they were together, period. Together, no matter what. However, at the very least he was in the dog house.  
  
She heard him stop at the towel bin, and she presumed that he was looking inside. A moment later she heard him call out softly, “Dale.” She didn’t reply. After listening for a few moments, he called out a second time, a little louder, “Dale.”  
  
She considered not answering, but then decided that she had to say something. Even if she was upset, she knew that she needed his help to get out of her current naked predicament. “Over here, Nate,” she said softly.  
  
Nate heard her and came around the wall. Initially he shined his light in her eyes, but realizing that he was blinding her, he quickly pointed it at the floor.  
  
“Oh, there you are,” he said, sitting down next to her and putting his arm around her.  
  
Instantly sensing that she was not warming up to his touch, he put his other arm around her and gave her a hug. He knew that she had just been through a trying ordeal.  
  
Dale didn’t say anything, so Nate said, “We should get out of here, Lover. It’s getting late. I’d thought I’d take you out to dinner, to talk and to celebrate.”  
  
“To celebrate?” asked Dale, surprise evident in her voice. “To celebrate what?”  
  
“To celebrate a successful little naked experience, of course,” said Nate.  
  
“You call that a success?” she asked in disbelief. “That was nearly a disaster. Fortunately my luck held. Without it I don’t know where I’d be right now.”  
  
Nate just held her. He knew that she needed a little time. It wasn’t very hard to see it from her perspective. At first she remained stiff, acting standoffish, but gradually she relaxed, leaning against him as he hugged her.  
  
“I’d wondered how you might react, Lover,” said Nate. “I thought that you might initially be struggling to come to terms with this experience. However, just so you know, luck wasn’t really a factor.”  
  
Dale stiffened and turned her face trying to see into his eyes in the darkness. “Oh, so now you’re going to claim that you planned for everything to go wrong like that,” said Dale.  
  
“You don’t believe me?” he asked.  
  
“You planned for me to get trapped under a pile of towels, within a few feet of where the whole football team was showering? I’m not that gullible,” she said.  
  
“Here, let me show you something,” said Nate, standing up. “Look in the other bin over here.” Nate led the way to the other bin and directed his light down inside. Dale walked over and looked to see what he was showing her. Continuing, Nate said, “See, clean towels. Remember, this bin was empty. Before I met up with you at the drinking fountain, I switched two bins. I put the empty dirty towel bin here, and I moved this bin, which was full of clean towels over against the wall where the used towel bin always sits. That’s why only one of these bins had towels.  
  
“That forced you into the bin on the left, and made it seem as if there weren’t nearly enough towels. Once you were hidden under the towels, I switched the bins back. There were always plenty of towels. I added a few towels on top of your bin to make you think I had found some more towels, but not very many. And of course to ensure that you were indeed safe.”  
  
“And I suppose that you arranged for some guys to come in the hall door and go into the locker area, so that I would feel trapped between them and the football team,” said Dale, still pretty sure she did not believe him.  
  
“You guessed it, Dale,” said Nate. “But that was just Kenny, making a little noise and talking to himself.”  
  
“I’m going to need some time, Nate,” said Dale. “Remember the part about how it is supposed to be fun for the naked girl?”  
  
Nate decided to just give her time. She obviously needed to think. He reached out and took her hand. She allowed him to take it, but he noticed that she didn’t reciprocate by squeezing his hand. Shining his light to indicate the way, he led her back to his locker where he instructed her to dress.  
  
Finally, once she was putting her shoes on, Dale said, “I caused this, didn’t I? Me and my big mouth.”  
  
“Pretty much,” said Nate. “I’m trying to make this fun for you by listening carefully to what you say. It’s gotten me in trouble in the past, but I still listen to everything you say. I have to. You told me how alive you feel when you are naked and in a bad predicament, essentially on the verge of ruin.”  
  
“I said that, didn’t I?” stated Dale.  
  
“You did, and you told me that the best part of the sheriff’s office experience was shivering under the newspapers,” said Nate. “I’m not sure I remember your exact words, but you said something like that was the best part because it was the worst part.”  
  
“I guess I still feel that way about that, but it wasn’t until much later that I felt that way. On the floor of your car it was the worst part because it was the worst part…only much later was it the best part because it had been the worst part. But this was terrible,” she said glaring at him in the dim light his flashlight threw off. “It was uncomfortable and I was so very close to panicking…absolutely horrendous.”  
  
“I’m sure it was,” said Nate. “I think you just need some time.”  
  
“And a lot of hugs,” said Dale taking a deep breath and letting it out very slowly. “I’m not sure I can stand much more of this sort of thing.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 261: Dinner**

“You need more time and more hugs. You need to feel loved,” said Nate, trying to be as understanding as he could be. “And you need to consider a little more carefully what you wish for. If you really don’t want experiences like this, then you need to not be asking for them. I didn’t trap you under those towels for my benefit. I had fun today, but from my point of view, the part when it was just you and I in the locker room was the most fun. I like being with you and talking to you. Naked girls are more fun and definitely more beautiful when they aren’t all balled up and shivering scared under a pile of towels.”  
  
As they exited and walked out into the parking lot Dale breathed a heavy sigh of relief and said, “Oh, my God, Nate. I really can’t believe you did that to me.”  
  
“I did. You need to come to terms with that,” said Nate. “And truth be told, there’s more where that came from. I seem to have two or three ideas of fun things to do with you or to you for every idea that I put into play.”  
  
Nate looked over at Dale and saw her looking at him with her big worried eyes. He loved that look. He knew she liked to worry, and he loved to make her worry. He was trying to keep his own feelings in check this time. It was quite a power trip to be able to tell her to strip, but he had every intention of not letting that go to his head. The whole arrangement was justified by his desire and ability to keep her safe.  
  
“I’m remembering more of what I told you in the car on our trip to State,” said Dale.  
  
“You told me a lot,” said Nate.  
  
“I know, but another thing I told you regarding when the newspapers were being taken off one by one…” said Dale.  
  
“…was, if only that moment could have gone on and on,” said Nate, completing her sentence.  
  
“That’s why you did this, isn’t it?” said Dale.  
  
“Pretty much. Ask and you shall receive,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, my God! I’m experiencing a lot of mixed emotions right now, Nate,” said Dale, laughing at herself.  
  
“I’ll bet you are, Love, but just so we are clear. I love you and my goal in life is to make you happy…keep you safe and make you as happy as possible,” said Nate.  
  
“So, Lover,” said Dale. “Still want to take me out to celebrate?’  
  
“Are you in a celebratory mood?” asked Nate.  
  
“Getting there,” said Dale. Looking around the parking lot as they walked, Dale continued, “So where are we going? Where is your car?”  
  
“Oh, I parked it down on the street,” said Nate. “When Coach Maynard shooed me out of the building, I couldn’t let him see me just hanging around outside, so I drove out of the school parking lot and walked back.”  
  
They walked in silence for a moment, but then Dale asked, “Was that really Kenny? If I called him right now, would he admit to helping you?”  
  
“I’m sure he would,” said Nate. “Give it a try, if you’d like. I told him not to lie to you, and I didn’t lie to you. But he’s so honest, he wouldn’t lie no matter what I told him to do. I got you into that laundry bin without lying to you. But I did trick you a little bit…like leading you to believe there weren’t enough towels. I was trying to Super-Size the experience for you. I wanted you to have the maximum experience, since that might very well end up being your only naked in the locker room with over fifty naked guys experience.”  
  
“What did you tell Kenny?” asked Dale.  
  
“I told him a lot. I told him that you liked being nude, and that I needed him to take photographs of you in the nude,” said Nate. “I told him that I wanted his help with that, because I wanted quality photography, like the photo of us on the cover of the newspaper.” Nate saw the look of worry in her eyes, so he continued, “I told him that I want classy photos, not porn photos. That everything would show, tits, pussy, butt, everything, but that he would still need to find a way to make the photos classy.”  
  
“You didn’t really tell him that,” said Dale, not wanting to believe him.  
  
“Why wouldn’t I?” said Nate. “I told him to study up on photographing nudes, if he didn’t mind helping with the project. Remember how excited he sounded when he talked about being of some service to you.”  
  
“Did he believe you?” asked Dale.  
  
“Not at first, but I convinced him,” said Nate. “I might have showed him pictures of you naked.”  
  
“You wouldn’t!” said Dale, stopping in her tracks.  
  
“Of course I would,” said Nate. “I can show him your naked body, any time I want. It was fun to give him a preview of what he’ll shortly be seeing live and in person.”  
  
Nate looked at Dale; she was standing there looking at him with her mouth agape.  
  
“I’m pretty sure you promised to keep my pictures private,” said Dale sounding a little flustered.  
  
“I’m sure I did,” said Nate. “But to quote a famous person, ‘that was then, this is now’.” Looking at her expression he started laughing, “Come on, Dale. We both know that it makes no sense that I can show people the real thing, Dale naked in the flesh, but not a picture of you naked. I thought you were going to trust me.”  
  
“Stop laughing at me, Nate!” said Dale. “I used to say that trusting you is complicated. I guess that hasn’t changed.”  
  
“I don’t know why it would,” said Nate. “I guess you have to look at the big picture, Lover.”  
  
“I’m quickly learning that it’s not going to be very easy to be your Nudity Slave. I have too strong of a personality to just roll over and play dead, you know that. This is hard for me,” she said hoping he would try a little harder to be understanding.  
  
“I know it is, Love,” said Nate with genuine sympathy. “But it’s your new reality. You’ll adjust.”  
  
“But I thought my job was going to be easy,” said Dale. “Just obeying orders sounds easy. This is harder than I thought it would be. You don’t think you’re going too fast?”  
  
“I don’t know about that. “How many football players saw you naked today?” he asked.  
  
“None,” answered Dale honestly.  
  
“Right, none. That doesn’t seem like too many,” said Nate.  
  
“But I was sure they all were going to,” said Dale.  
  
“I’m sure you were,” said Nate chucking.  
  
“Don’t be mean,” said Dale, starting to pout. Nate saw her lower lip sticking out.  
  
“I’m not being mean,” said Nate. “We both are enjoying the memory of what happened in the locker room. We are just each enjoying it in our own way.”  
  
“I’m not enjoying it,” said Dale.  
  
“Be honest,” said Nate.  
  
“Okay, I’m enjoying it a little bit,” said Dale quietly.  
  
“That’s more like it, Lover,” said Nate. “Tomorrow you’ll be enjoying it even more.”  
  
“Why do you have to be like this?” asked Dale in exasperation.  
  
“Like what?” asked Nate.  
  
“You’re not right about everything even if you’re probably right about this,” said Dale.  
  
Again Nate laughed.  
  
“Stop laughing!” insisted Dale stomping on the ground with both feet at once just as they reached his car.  
  
Nate grabbed her and started tickling her rib cage. She tried to fight him off, but ended up laughing as well. They ended up laughing and hugging. It was a therapeutic moment for both of them. Nate was glad that she had already worked through much of the shock and unhappiness that she had been feeling. He could tell that everything was going to be alright, sooner rather than later.  
  
Nate and Dale did end up going out to dinner that evening. First they stopped by Dale’s house so that she could change. She didn’t want to go to dinner in her sweats. They went to a local Mexican restaurant that was known for its authenticity, and they had a good time trying to converse a little in Spanish with the wait staff.  
  
It didn’t end up being a celebratory dinner, per se. Dale was still coming to terms with what Nate had ‘put her through’ – at least those were the words that she continued to use while talking about it. Nate spent much of the time trying to listen carefully as she mused about the experience out loud.  
  
He really did want everything to be fun for her, but accomplishing that was challenging given that there were always aspects with which she seemed to have a love-hate relationship. After all, how was he supposed to get this figured out when he could tell from listening to her that Dale herself did not have it figured out. Indeed, he thought, she had it less figured out than he did. She would say things that he knew to be untrue, such as, ‘I’d never enjoy this or that.’ ‘This or that’ of course being examples of things he knew that she did in fact enjoy.  
  
However, it was already obvious to him that the towel bin experience was growing on her. He could tell that she would have fond memories of it once all the dust had settled.  
  
As Nate contemplated the situation, he realized that he had a green light for more experiences of that very nature. That forced him to try and focus on which aspects were good and which aspects were to be avoided. Therein was the true difficulty, for as Dale had said, the worst was the best. In other words, he felt that he shouldn’t try to deemphasize the worst parts. The truth was that she really did like to be essentially traumatized. It was amazing, but the truth was there to be seen. That was their reality.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 262: A Princess Movie**

The next morning, Friday morning, Nate got a little worried when his picture of the day did not arrive. They had been popping up at almost exactly the same time each morning. ‘Was she rethinking her reaction to the towel bin experience; was she rebelling?’ he found himself worrying.  
  
He was glad to learn as he sat down next to her in Spanish that her phone had simply died that morning. It had had enough juice to take the photo, but then it had shut down before she could send it. He whispered to her that he would not have to spank her if he could verify that. That comment earned him a scowl and one of Dale’s signature punches. Kenny saw the punch, but he hadn’t overheard any of the conversation other than Dale saying that her phone had died.  
  
During Spanish, Nate had trouble keeping his eyes off of Dale’s legs. He thought it really said something about cheerleader dedication that they wore their miniskirts, even during the winter. Of course the buildings were heated, but the school was composed of multiple buildings so the school day was not entirely indoors. The trip to and from school had to be considered as well. At least they had sweaters to wear on top. Dale looked so very hot in her cheer sweater, in Nate’s opinion.  
  
Just after the pep assembly, Nate noticed that something about Dale’s attitude seemed slightly off. At lunch he finally got the chance to ask her.  
  
“Yes, I’m not too happy with you right now,” she replied.  
  
“What did I do this time?” he asked. “Reliving your time spent in the towel bin?”  
  
“No, not that,” she said. “The more I think about what you said in Spanish…about spanking me…the angrier I get. I mean, I’m supposed to trust you, right?”  
  
“Yes, I’d like to be trusted,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, would it be so wrong for me to expect a little bit of trust in return?” asked Dale. “What you said was that you wouldn’t have to spank me if you could verify that my phone had died. Do you really think I’d lie about my phone dying?”  
  
“No,” said Nate, fully understanding her point.  
  
“When have I ever lied to you?” she asked point blank.  
  
“I don’t think you have ever lied to me,” said Nate. “Wait…that’s not true. All the Michelle lies, the quitting track lies. You made a pretty big deal out of those.”  
  
“Other than that,” said Dale.  
  
“Other than that, I don’t think that you have ever lied to me,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, then why the snarky comment,” asked Dale. “You know I have feelings. I thought we were on the same team. I thought you loved me.”  
  
“Point well taken,” said Nate. “You’re absolutely right. That was my lips talking, not my brain. I’d like the opportunity to rephrase that statement.”  
  
“I think you’ll need to do a little better than to simply rephrase,” said Dale sternly.  
  
“Well, would you let me apologize and then replace the comment with one more befitting our relationship? More in keeping with the high regard I have for your character,” said Nate.  
  
“I’ll let you try, but no promises,” said Dale, acting as if she’d decide how open minded she felt like being after she heard him out.  
  
“Okay,” said Nate, pausing to consider what he should say. “I’m very sorry, Lover. I was out of line. My words were not in keeping with the profound level of trust I have for you…a very high level of regard that you have earned…through a most solid record of honesty.”  
  
At times Nate would be struck with certain aspects of their relationship. They had gotten to know each other so well and become so close; however, their entire relationship fit within the span of less than four months. In some ways they were still getting to know one another. And what is more, the unconventional nature of their relationship including their newest agreement, didn’t make things any easier.  
  
“You’re getting there,” said Dale. “So what would have been a better thing to say to me in Spanish this morning?”  
  
“Hmm…,” said Nate, wondering if he really needed to be completely serious. Maybe he had gotten to the point that he should just start joking about it, he thought. “Okay, I’ll tell you exactly what I was thinking when you told me about your battery. Honesty is the best policy, right?”  
  
“It might be,” said Dale acting noncommittal.  
  
“Well, my first thought was relief. In other words, I believed you about the battery dying. I was quite relieved that the missing photo did not mean that you were upset…having new thoughts about all that happened yesterday in the locker room. And second, I was seriously distracted at that moment by how gorgeous your legs looked,” said Nate. “You look so very hot in a short skirt. I should probably just blame my entire indiscretion on your skirt, because truth be told, I never doubted that your phone battery was to blame.”  
  
“Sometimes you sound just like a teenage boy, Nate,” said Dale ribbing him.  
  
“There’s something wrong with being a teenage boy?” asked Nate, reaching around her and tickling her.  
  
She tried to pull away, but he held on and kept tickling her ribs with his knuckles. As they transitioned back to being a fun loving couple, Nate did follow up with a serious comment, “Thanks for pointing out my abrasive comment to me, Dale. It’s much better to talk about things, much better than letting them fester. I am trying to be the Nudity Master that you deserve. Just as you said that being a Nudity Slave was not easy, I guess being a Nudity Master isn’t all that simple either.”  
  
“I still want to have my dignity, Nate,” said Dale solemnly.  
  
“I want you to have your dignity,” said Nate. “I’ll work at being strict without being condescending. I DO love you, so very much. I want to be with you and have a lot of safe fun together. I don’t want to change you.”  
  
“Okay, Nate, apology accepted,” said Dale. “By the way, what are you doing tonight?”  
  
“No plans,” replied Nate.  
  
“Want to go out on a date with me?” asked Dale with a cute smile.  
  
“I’d love to,” said Nate. “I’m all yours.”  
  
Nate expected that Dale probably had no idea how happy it made him; that she wanted to be with him. Getting asked out by the girl of his dreams was a dream come true in every sense of the expression. The nudity made it all fun, but it was the emotional connection that made it great, that made it special.  
  
“Even if I want to see the new Disney princess movie?” asked Dale.  
  
“Especially if you want to see that movie!” said Nate enthusiastically. He knew he’d go to any movie with her, just for the privilege of sitting beside her.  
  
“Why is that?” asked Dale suspiciously.  
  
“Just ‘cause,” said Nate. “If you want to, then I want to. Just don’t get jealous if I fall in love with the princess.”  
  
“Just don’t get jealous if I fall in love with the prince,” she teased him back with a smile.  
  
“I’m not worried,” said Nate. “I think our love can survive a Disney movie.”  
  
“If it can survive laundry bin torture, then I expect it can survive anything,” said Dale.  
  
“Yep…our relationship has been baptized by fire, that’s for sure,” said Nate. “What we’ve put ourselves through, right?”  
  
“What do you mean ‘we’, Nate?” said Dale. “What YOU have put us through!”  
  
“Hey, it’s not been just me,” said Nate. “I’ve had some help. You sure put me through the wringer during that tortuous breakup.”  
  
“Maybe…but now we’re breakup-proof!” said Dale with a frisky smile. “I should get the credit for that.”  
  
“You can have all the credit you want,” said Nate. “And all the Disney princess dates you want. And truth be told, I won’t fall in love with the princess. No matter how pretty she is, you’ll always be prettier.”  
  
“You’re such a cornball!” said Dale.  
  
When the bell rang, both Dale and Nate felt much more like making out than going to fifth period. Nate actually suggested that they skip class and go find somewhere to be alone so that they could hug and kiss to their heart’s content.  
  
Dale shut him down saying, “Don’t be greedy, Buster. We’ve got a lifetime of making out ahead of us. Right now, I need you to keep your grades up so that we can both go to college together.”  
  
Nate trudged off to class saying, “Okay, Boss.”  
  
That evening as they were getting ready to go to the movie Nate had Dale dress casually. Remembering how great she had looked in her cheer uniform sweater, he picked out a tight pink and grey sweater from her closet. Once he saw it on her, he knew he had made a good choice.  
  
For fun, for his own personal fun, he had her try it on with and without a bra to get a feel for how different it looked. It looked awesome both ways, but he chose to have her go braless. Even though the laundry bin experience was so recent that she didn’t need either the nudity drug or the worry drug, he felt he should still keep pushing her. She’d enjoy wondering about what anyone they ran into might be able to tell about her braless state, he thought.  
  
They enjoyed the movie a great deal. Just holding hands with Dale would have been enough for Nate. After it was over, they played a few games of air hockey in the attached arcade. Nate decided that air hockey was a wonderful thing to do with a braless date. Dale played her heart out trying to beat him, giving her titties a real workout within her tight sweater. Her titties gave Nate’s eyes, in their turn, quite the workout.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 263: Post Game Tears**

Nate decided that one day he was absolutely going to have to experience topless air hockey with Dale. He was positive that it would be an awesome show. He looked around the arcade and realized that it was out of the question for that particular evening, probably for that particular arcade. But there were a lifetime of evenings ahead. He knew it was simply a question of when, not if. And as he thought about it, he realized that somewhere he had seen an air hockey table. He was sure that he had noticed one in one of his friend’s houses, but he could not recall whose. He knew he’d have to give that some thought.  
  
In many ways, it was the most conventional date they had ever been on. They even talked about that in the car on the way home . . . about how fun it had been to just be together and do something as ordinary as go out to a movie, just the two of them. They had seen others that they knew at the theater, but they had made a point of keeping to themselves.  
  
The next day was the first playoff game. Nate didn’t suit up, but he sat with the team on the bench wearing his jersey. It felt strange to be hanging out there with no possibility of being put in the game.  
  
The game ended up being very aggravating for everyone. Prospect High was favored to win, and in the end they did. However, the win they squeaked out was again by the narrowest of margins. At least this week there had been no overtime.  
  
The Mavericks would advance to the semi-finals, but for some reason team morale and crowd enthusiasm were very low. The cheerleaders especially felt it. They cheered their hearts out, but all their efforts seemed to be falling on deaf ears.  
  
Blake played the entire game in Nate’s Defensive End position. Nate was glad he was getting some game time. He ended up watching him quite carefully, thinking that he might pick up some pointers. When the offense would take their turn on the field, the two of them would discuss the position. In particular, they talked about the tight end that Blake was going up against, and ways to beat him so that Blake could get into the back field more quickly.  
  
After the underwhelming victory, there was essentially no post game celebration. Everyone was almost behaving as if they had lost the game; however, they had in fact won. And it had been an important win; they were still in the playoffs. Nate was very glad about that. He didn’t want to end his high school football career on the bench.  
  
His recovery was going well. That they had won meant that his season was most likely not over. It looked as if he’d be suiting up and playing the following weekend.  
  
Feeling like he had his own personal cheerleader was one of Nate’s favorite feelings; however, he only really felt that way when he played in the game. Knowing that he would be taking a cheerleader home for a sleepover was also a great feeling. It was the latter that kept his spirits up that particular evening.  
  
After arriving home, they went first to Dale’s room and Nate helped pick out some clothes for her drawer, quite a selection actually. It was quite a milestone to Nate. It felt just as if she were moving in. The idea that she’d have clothes in her drawer in his room was exciting, even if he might not actually allow her to wear any of them.  
  
He had her include two nightgowns in what she was bringing over. They were the ones that she had bought for their trip to Eatonville. He recognized one of them in particular, a burgundy one. She had been wearing it the night she had thrown the box of condoms at him. ‘All’s well that ends well,’ he found himself thinking as he recalled that particularly consequential moment.  
  
He was planning to have her wear a nightgown whenever she left his room, to visit the bathroom, for example. Somehow he would have to keep his parents from knowing that Dale was essentially always completely nude whenever she was in his room.  
  
It was fun to help her pack, but Nate was sensing something out of the ordinary. Dale was in a very quiet, very clingy mood. He found himself wondering if she might be having her period.  
  
Later when they were both in bed, she held him so very tight. He tried to talk with her, but she was not at all in the mood for conversation. All she seemed to want to do was to be as close as possible and to hug him tightly.  
  
Nate couldn’t figure it out, so he just lay there, holding her and comforting her. After ten or fifteen minutes of silence, he realized that she was crying silently. He felt the moisture of a few tears on his chest, but he knew that she was doing everything she could to keep him from noticing.  
  
“Dale, please,” he said. “You’ll feel better if you talk about it. I can tell you’re sad about something.” She didn’t reply, so he continued, “At least this time I’m not getting the feeling that it’s me. You wouldn’t be snuggling against me if it were me that you were unhappy with.”  
  
“I’m not mad at you,” she said, her sobbing more evident since she had spoken. “I’m just trying to block something out of my mind, that’s all.”  
  
“Oh, Honey, why are you doing that?” asked Nate feeling very concerned.  
  
“It’s one of my defense mechanisms, I guess,” said Dale. “Somethings are best dealt with by pretending that they don’t exist. For me, anyway.”  
  
“You’re worrying me, Love,” said Nate with a great deal of compassion. “Wouldn’t you feel better if you told me what is bothering you?”  
  
“Probably not,” said Dale. “But I know I’d feel better if I was successful at getting it out of me head.”  
  
“Well, let’s try a new way. Share the idea with me, and I’ll share your burden. Whatever it is, it doesn’t go away, even if you do manage to forget,” said Nate.  
  
“I guess I’ll give that a try,” said Dale. After a very extended pause she took a deep breath and continued, “Remember the mark you made on the cheer skirt at Jodie’s party?”  
  
“Did you see it?” asked Nate with heightened interest.  
  
“I had a real hard time finding it,” said Dale. “I didn’t want it to be too obvious what I was doing…and I had eleven skirts to search.”  
  
“It was Jodie, wasn’t it?” said Nate.  
  
“Not Jodie,” said Dale. “I checked her skirt first. I was sure it would be on her skirt, but it wasn’t. The reason that I didn’t find it during the assembly yesterday, the reason I didn’t find it until tonight’s game is that I was mostly searching the skirts that I thought would be most likely to have the mark.”  
  
“Erin or Vanessa then?” asked Nate wanting to get the answer out of her quickly.  
  
“Why would you suspect them?” asked Dale, but then she continued, “Nope, not them.”  
  
“Please, Love…just tell me,” pleaded Nate.  
  
“It was Tink, Nate,” said Dale, no longer trying to conceal her tears.  
  
“Tink?” said Nate in disbelief. “You mean Susie Chandler had the mark on her skirt?”  
  
“That’s why it took me forever to find it. Her skirt was the very last one that I checked. I never thought that it might be there. I looked at a lot of cheerleader butt tonight. I kept checking the other girls over and over,” said Dale.  
  
“Oh, Dale,” said Nate trying to comfort her. He kissed her tear soaked cheeks, one after the other. Now he understood why she was taking it so hard.  
  
“I didn’t want it to be Tink, Nate. I don’t want it to be Tink,” she said through her sobs. “I thought we were friends, Tink and I. Why does this always happen to me? Why are you the only one I can trust, Nate? Please don’t you abandon me, too.”  
  
“I’ll never abandon you, Dale. You know that. And there are lots of people that you can trust…but this just doesn’t make any sense. Tink would never do that – help Alexa with her malevolent costume,” said Nate. “She’s even on the Dale Jordan protection committee.”  
  
“Well, I guess you have a spy in your midst,” said Dale her voice trembling with disappointment. “Why do so many girls hate me, Nate?”  
  
“I just can’t believe this about Tink,” said Nate.  
  
“Now do you see why I was trying to block it out of my mind?” she asked.  
  
Ignoring her comment, Nate continued, “Maybe it doesn’t mean anything.”  
  
“Well, it means that she’s buddy-buddy with enemy number one, Alexa,” said Dale. “I’ve got that much figured out. And she would have had to have known about Alexa targeting me. She must have known in advance that it was my destiny to be attacked and stripped that night…while she was busy trying to steal my guy. Or do you think the timing was coincidental? Ask Nate out, steal his focus, and then strip his girl.”  
  
“You were my girl that night?” asked Nate. “You were there with Tyler.”  
  
“I’ve always been your girl. You called me your girl in the bathroom that night, remember? You were always my guy. Even before our first date. Even while we were broken up. Don’t you see? Even if you didn’t know it, ‘Tink’ knew it. That must be why she targeted you while Alexa was targeting me,” said Dale.  
  
Nate chuckled. “That’s quite a bit of revisionist history there, my Dear. When we were broken up, we were broken up. Tink asked me out because she thought I was available. I can’t believe that she was working with Alexa. It’s hard to wrap my brain around her loaning Alexa that skirt, but she wasn’t in on stripping you,” said Nate not wanting to believe that Susie was anything less than a true friend.  
  
“She might not have been in the bathroom right then, but that doesn’t mean that she wasn’t in on the plan. She probably knew all about it. She must have known what Alexa was planning to do with naked little me. She was probably even going to be helping with that.”  
  
They both had trouble falling asleep after discussing Susie and the skirt. Nate processed every memory of Susie back and forth through his brain. He was trying to see if there had been other clues that he had missed. ‘Who had he seen her talking with?’ he tried to remember.  
  
He thought that he might have seen her talking to Alexa a time or two, but he wasn’t even sure about that. But the more he thought about it, the more he realized that he didn’t really know Susie, much less who her best friends were, male or female. She talked to everyone, some, but no one a lot. At least that was as good as he could recall.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 264: Susie Talks**

The next morning, Sunday morning, he and Dale got up and made themselves breakfast together in the Miller kitchen. Their mood was far from upbeat, and Susie didn’t come up in their conversation. They had talked that through the night before; there just wasn’t anything more to say. They both, however, had it uppermost in their minds. Nate was still in a state of disbelief regarding Dale’s discovery of Alexa’s costume’s skirt turning up on Susie.  
  
Nate didn’t discuss his plans with Dale, but after they went their separate ways after breakfast, he got in his car and headed for Susie’s house. Dale might tend to go into denial when confronted with distasteful information, but that wasn’t Nate’s style.  
  
Keeping his girl safe and happy was job one. He intended to get to the bottom of this, and doing so was too important for a phone call. He intended to ask Susie about it himself and in person, face-to-face.  
  
Just after lunch Dale was home alone when the doorbell rang. She glanced out the window as she went to answer it. It was Nate, but he had Susie with him.  
  
‘Come to beg forgiveness, has she?’ thought Dale as she unlatched the door. She let the door open a few inches, so that they could come in, but instead of opening it herself she retreated back into the living room. She sat on one end of the couch in an upright fetal position, her arms wrapped around her legs, holding them together and pressing them against her chest.  
  
After seeing the door open just a little, Nate waited. He expected that Dale or her parents would open the door the rest of the way and then greet them in the conventional manner. When that didn’t happen, he stuck his head in looking around.  
  
Seeing Dale sitting on the couch, he said, “Oh, there you are, Dale. I brought Tink over so that we could talk.” Dale just stared at him blankly, so he motioned to Susie for her to come in. She did so, her hands in her jacket pockets.  
  
Susie and Nate allowed their eyes a moment to adjust. Dale just sat there emotionless, observing them while they in turn looked at her, trying to decide where to begin. Nate recognized Dale’s mood from her look. This was her, ‘I’m fine and I don’t need anyone else in my life to be happy’ posture. He’d seen her go into this mode before; it was essentially a self-defense mechanism of hers. Her ‘Fight Song’ persona.  
  
Finally, Susie went and sat right next to Dale on the couch. She put an arm around her shoulders, but Dale pulled away, turning sideways, angling toward the wall. Given the obvious rebuff, Susie removed her arm, placing it in her lap.  
  
“It’s not at all like you think, Dale,” began Susie.  
  
Dale, still looking in the other direction, showed no sign of having heard.  
  
“Dale, I was just going to tell you what I had found out myself,” said Nate, “but Tink insisted on coming and talking to you herself.”  
  
Dale glanced over at Nate, but then turned her emotionless stare back to the wall.  
  
“Dale, it’s not like you and Nate were thinking,” continued Susie. “I didn’t loan my skirt to Alexa. I was just as surprised as you to see her dressed up like that at Jodie’s party. You and Nate were right about Jodie. She is the one who loaned Alexa her skirt, and last night at the game, I was wearing that very skirt…Jodie’s skirt.”  
  
Dale was pretty sure she didn’t believe what she was hearing. How gullible did Susie think she was anyway? She glanced back at Nate. Had Susie really gotten him to swallow this line? She knew he had a weak spot when it came to Susie. She knew they’d really hit it off the night of the Halloween party.  
  
Susie continued, “As I’m sure you’ve noticed, Jodie has put on a few pounds this fall. My skirts weren’t tight on me, so I helped her out. She said that she had thought about asking Erin, but knew that she’d be teased, so she asked me instead. She knew I wouldn’t tell anyone. Recently we’ve done a little mix and match with our uniforms.”  
  
Dale turned her head and looked into Susie’s eyes, trying to decide if she might be telling the truth. Nate thought about saying something, but he decided that it was best if Dale heard it all from Susie directly. She could ask any questions that she might have, and of course she needed time to think.  
  
After pausing to see if Dale would say anything, Susie again continued, “I had no idea that the skirt I was wearing was the one that Alexa wore at the party. You and Nate are pretty tricky. I hadn’t even noticed the small mark on it. Nate asked to see it, and I let him inspect it. He’s sure it is the skirt, but like I said, it’s not my skirt and I didn’t let Alexa borrow it. I steer clear of Alexa. I don’t want to be on her radar. She would never ask to borrow anything from me, and I doubt I would ever lend her anything…at least nothing personal like a skirt.”  
  
Nate saw Dale, still facing away, angle her head down. He saw her close her eyes tightly. He knew that she was processing everything, and probably feeling quite relieved, maybe a little emotional. He could tell that she was doing her best to act detached, but what Susie was saying was getting through; that he could tell.  
  
Susie again reached out and again tried putting an arm around Dale’s shoulders. This time Dale didn’t pull away.  
  
“You’ve noticed that Jodie has gained a little weight, right?” asked Susie.  
  
Still looking in the opposite direction, Dale nodded.  
  
“It really wasn’t me, Dale,” said Susie, pleading her case. “I haven’t lied to you about anything – not about this – not about anything. I know you’ve been hurting. High school is tough for us girls, but I very much want to be your friend.”  
  
To Nate’s surprise, Dale started giggling. “What’s so funny?” he asked.  
  
“I guess I’m not the only one who’s noticed that Jodie’s got a bit of a booty lately,” she said. Both Susie and Nate laughed and it helped drain some of the tension out of the room.  
  
After a moment, Dale turned to Susie and asked, “So, Tink, what’s up with you? Did you put yourself on a diet?”  
  
“I didn’t want to tell anyone. I just wanted it to be so gradual that no one noticed, but I have been trying to lose a little bit of my baby fat,” said Susie. “You know, I need to keep the hook baited. You caught the best fish, but maybe there is a Nate out there for me.”  
  
“Yep, stay away from MY Nate…you’ll have to find your own. He almost got away, but between you and me, it won’t happen again. He stays with me,” said Dale, acting as if she were warning Susie in very businesslike manner.  
  
“As you should,” said Susie. “I’ve become quite a Nate fan, that’s for sure, but you did find him first, and I respect that. For the life of me, I don’t know how the rest of us managed to overlook him all these years.”  
  
“If you only knew how much effort it took to get his attention!” said Dale laughing.  
  
Nate had taken a seat opposite the girls in Dale’s father’s recliner. He was very glad that their concerns about Susie had turned out to be unfounded. Dale really did need all the friends that she could get, and it had been quite a shock to find out that they might have a turncoat in their inner circle. He now felt assured that Susie was as represented, but he knew that he’d be keeping an eye on her just the same.  
  
Trying to think of ways to firm up the friendships, he asked, “Hey, Tink, since you’re here, do you know how to play Settlers of Catan?”  
  
Susie didn’t know the game, so Nate and Dale decided to teach her how to play. Fortunately no one had anything urgent that they needed to be doing that afternoon. And Nate and Dale were glad to have someone else to play the game with. It worked as a two player game but was much better with three.  
  
The three of them ended up spending a nice Sunday afternoon together in the Jordan living room. Nate was a happy camper. A year prior he never would have pictured himself next door playing a board game on a Sunday afternoon with two pretty blonds. And what made it even better was that they were intelligent ladies. He knew he’d take a smart girl over a not so smart girl any day of the week, no matter how pretty she was.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 265: Nate's Election**

In the end, Dale won. She had quite an in depth understanding of the game, and was able to quickly switch strategies as opportunities shifted. Susie had done quite well, but had finished last. Nate knew that she’d do much better the second time she played. There was too much to the game to do well the first time.  
  
Nate was really happy to see Dale enjoying herself in Susie’s company, especially after the shock that the skirt had caused. Dale was very adept socially; much more so than he, in his opinion. It still made so little sense to him that she had had difficulty getting along with her peers. It all had to go back to petty teenage jealousies, he was sure. He hoped that it was that, because he thought that that would mean that it would be less of a factor in college. Surely girls in college were less petty and more mature, he hoped.  
  
Nate’s Monday picture of the day arrived right on time. Thinking that Dale needed a little dose of the worry drug, he replied, “Track uniform looking good. It will be perfect for its debut, now just 3 days away.”  
  
He pictured her calculating the days on her fingers upon reading that. “On Thanksgiving?” she inquired in her next text.  
  
“Yep, lots of sporting events on Thanksgiving. Mostly football games. But this year’s Thanksgiving will also feature the ON TRACK debut of your RACING STRIPE!” he replied.  
  
After a minute he received a reply. It read, “I don’t know what to say. I’m soooooo excited!” As he read that, he imagined Dale’s voice dripping with sarcasm, something that was nearly impossible to convey in a text.  
  
“Funny thing, me too!!!!!” he replied.  
  
The Thanksgiving shortened school week started off with a whimper at Prospect High. The semi-final football game had been scheduled for the Friday after Thanksgiving, the Friday that had come to be known as Black Friday.  
  
In Nate’s and Dale’s now overlapping social circles there was a certain level of excitement about the game. However, there was quite a bit of trepidation as well. Two of the other remaining three teams had beaten them during the regular season, and given how the team had performed during the prior two games, expectations were pretty low. The whole school had the feeling that the Mavericks were the undisputed underdogs.  
  
Nate actually felt good about the team’s ‘underdog’ status. Not being expected to win removed a lot of pressure. That for some reason often tended to inspire a lot of effort. He himself felt the vibes. After sitting on the bench during the last game, he was ready to get back on the defensive line and kick some butt.  
  
His rehab had been going well. He was not sure that Coach Maynard would play him, but he already knew that he would be practicing that week full-contact, wearing his brace. He would at least have the chance to show the coaches that he was ready to play and all fired up.  
  
He and Dale had been planning to get together that evening after dinner, to study a little but also just to hang out. However, when Nate knocked on their door, her mother explained that someone had come by and picked Dale up a little earlier.  
  
He went home quite curious about where she had gone without a word. He sent her a quick text asking what was up.  
  
He received a short reply, “Top secret ‘emergency’ cheerleader meeting. We’re not supposed to tell anyone, not even boyfriends.” Dale’s response only served to make Nate even more curious, but he tried to get a little studying out of the way while he waited for her to return.  
  
About a half hour later Dale called him. She was whispering into her phone, which was quite disconcerting. “Where are you, Dale?” he asked.  
  
“I’m in Jodie’s bathroom,” whispered Dale. “The very same one you and I climbed out the window of on Halloween.”  
  
Nate stood up at the dining room table where he was studying so abruptly that his chair fell over backwards. His parents looked in from the living room to see what was going on, but he was oblivious to that. He was wondering if he had to race off to try and extract Dale from another terrible situation.  
  
“No, everything’s fine,” she assured him, sensing the alarmed state of his voice. “I’m not naked. I just don’t know what to do. Jodie, Erin and Vanessa all have a plan. They’re talking about how the football team isn’t going to win any more games unless we cheerleaders do something drastic. I like the attitude, but…”  
  
“But what?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, I’m not supposed to be talking to anyone. They are talking about how you guys aren’t motivated. That being State Champions must not be enough. To cut to the chase, they are saying that guys will do anything for tit,” said Dale.  
  
“That might be true,” said Nate, standing his chair back up and trying to act normal enough that his parents would again ignore him.  
  
“Well, they are trying to get the rest of us to all agree to some nudity to motivate the team. Nate…” said Dale, her voice trailing off.  
  
“Yes, Love,” said Nate.  
  
“They’re getting mad at me,” said Dale still whispering. “They’re mad that I won’t commit. They think I’m a nudist, so they think I should agree to their plan. But I’m your Nudity Slave, so I can’t agree to being topless without your say so.”  
  
“That’s right, Dale. Don’t agree,” said Nate. “It sounds like it might be a set up. Are they targeting you?”  
  
“I don’t think it’s a setup, Nate. It sounds like a real plan,” said Dale. “It’s about all of us being topless if the team wins the title.”  
  
“Well, don’t commit to anything until I have a chance to find out more, okay?” said Nate.  
  
“Okay, but it’s uncomfortable…the peer pressure. Especially when they want me to do something that sounds fun,” said Dale. “I better go. They’ll get suspicious. Bye.”  
  
Nate thought he heard her phone click off even before he said ‘goodbye’. He sat there trying to recollect what he had just heard. It had been a very brief phone call, but it had raised more questions than it had answered. The cheerleaders were all at Jodie’s; that much he knew. They were hatching up a plan to help the team win via a motivation plan that involved titties. He couldn’t quite picture how that might work, but it certainly did sound fun. Tits, especially cheerleader tits, were certainly a force to be reckoned with.  
  
He knew that his team was already planning on doing everything that it took to win, but if there was ‘tit’ in it for the team, he expected that the guys would all be even more motivated. He tried to focus on the dangers for Dale specifically. He had to keep her safe. That was even more important than winning a game. In the end, he decided that he didn’t know enough yet to know what to do.  
  
He was too keyed up to go back to studying, so he put himself into a state of readiness to race off to Jodie’s on the outside chance that a rescue situation might develop. He didn’t think it would, but he didn’t know what to do with himself.  
  
About fifteen minutes after her call, he got a text from her that read, “When I call pretend that you know nothing.”  
  
Just then the phone rang. It was Dale. “Hi, Nate. It’s me. Jodie Parker wants to talk to you, so I’m going to hand her my phone.”  
  
This was an odd development thought Nate, but then Jodie’s voice came on. “Hi Nate,” she said. “We’ve just held an election, and you won.”  
  
“Who elected me?” he asked.  
  
“The cheerleaders…the Varsity cheerleaders. No sophomores,” she said.  
  
“Can you come to my house right now?” she asked.  
  
“Okay… What can you tell me about why I’m coming?” he asked.  
  
“We’ll tell you everything when you get here, okay? Just don’t tell anyone anything. Don’t even tell anyone that you are coming here. This is Top Secret,” replied Jodie.  
  
“Okay,” said Nate.  
  
“You have to promise, Nate,” she added.  
  
“I promise,” he said. “I’ll be there in ten.”  
  
Nate already had his coat on so he walked out the door saying, “I’ll be with Dale, Mom.” He didn’t wait to hear her reply.  
  
All the way to Jodie’s he tried to puzzle out what was going on. He had been elected and it had to do with twelve cheerleaders and their tits. ‘It could be worse,’ he realized. He did the math…twenty four tits. ‘Wow! Not bad!’ he thought. ‘Quality and quantity!’  
  
The door swung wide open almost before he had finished knocking. Inside he quickly recognized more than half a dozen faces peering out. As he stepped inside, Dale came out of nowhere and hugged him tightly around the mid-section.  
  
From the living room Jodie called out, “He’s all yours after the meeting, Dale, but for right now, contain yourself.”  
  
Dale released her hold on Nate saying quietly, “Thank you.”  
  
Nate was not sure what he was being thanked for as he went on in and sat where Jodie indicated. He felt seriously outnumbered. He was surrounded by twelve beautiful girls and they were all staring at him. They weren’t the only pretty girls at Prospect High, but they were all very attractive and very intimidating. Any one of them was intimidating, but taken together…Nate knew he was going to have to concentrate to keep his brain from locking up.  
  
“Okay, Nate,” began Jodie. “This is going to be difficult. I’m going to say things that I have never before said to the opposite species…”  
  
“Gender,” yelled a few of the girls.  
  
“Right…gender,” said Jodie. “…lame attempt at humor.” After pausing for a laugh that didn’t come, she continued, “First off, as I said on the phone, we elected you. We elected you to represent the football team.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door 266: The Cheerleaders' Proposal**

“Jodie,” interrupted Nate, holding up his hand. “I can’t represent the football team. I’m just an end. Ward’s the Team Captain. I’m not even one of the pallbearers. You should give Ward a call.” The pallbearers were of course the four team representatives, so called, because their principal role was moving the school’s mascot, the Maverick, during assemblies.  
  
“Well, Nate, I respect that, but this isn’t official team business. Everything we’re talking about tonight is off the record.” Pausing she continued, “…okay then. Let’s do it this way. We elected you to represent us.”  
  
“But seriously, Jodie,” interjected Nate again. “Why me? Why not pick one of the pallbearers.”  
  
Nate looked over at Dale. He wanted so much to live up to her expectations, but he felt so uncomfortable outnumbered like he was. Looking at her helped a little. She was smiling at him. She had a contented, proud look on her face.  
  
“Nate, I can tell how nervous you are,” said Jodie. “In your shoes, I’d be nervous. I know how scary this must feel to be surrounded like this. Someone get Nate a glass of water so he can relax a bit. Dale, come comfort your guy for a moment, but don’t tell him anything.”  
  
Nate saw Susie scurry off to the kitchen for water while Dale walked over and sat sideways on his lap.  
  
A minute later, Jodie said, “Thanks Dale,” indicating that she should go back to her seat. “Okay, now let’s try again. First, Nate, let me try and answer your ‘why me’ question. Anybody else on the team that we considered has one or two ex-girlfriends in the room. What we need your help with is a delicate matter…a very delicate matter. None of us felt comfortable entrusting this to an ex-boyfriend. So I guess what I’m saying is that you were uniquely qualified because you have been so unsuccessful with the opposite sex that you don’t have a single ex-girlfriend in the room.”  
  
“Hey, Jodie,” objected Dale. “That’s not fair to Nate. He doesn’t deserve to be treated like that.” There was a mumble or two of support for what Dale was saying.  
  
After a moment of consideration, Jodie continued, “Okay, okay. I’m sure you’re right. What I just said is indeed a factor; however, it is probably true that the real reason that you won our little election is that everyone here seems to think that you can be trusted. Even the girls in the room who don’t really know you believe that you are trustworthy. And we’ve all seen how you treat Dale.”  
  
Nate looked over and saw that Dale was beaming. She was obviously much happier with this explanation than the prior one. She had given him quite a hint about what the cheerleaders had been planning, but he knew that he wasn’t supposed to know anything. Jodie seemed to be waiting for him to respond, so he said simply, “Okay.”  
  
“I guess I should start off what I have to say by explaining the Prospect High cheerleader perspective on the current situation,” continued Jodie. “In case it’s not obvious, we like for our team to win. Football season has been fun for us this year because you and your teammates have managed a winning season. We cheer our hearts out hoping it will make a difference. And it is seriously fun to cheer and feel a part of a win.  
  
“Well, this year the Mavericks can do something that hasn’t been done in over fifty years. Your team…OUR team, can take home the state title. We can be the State Champions. There’s hardly anyone alive in Prospect that remembers the last time that happened.  
  
“As cheerleaders we want that! We want it so very bad! We want it for the team. We want it for the school. We want it for the whole town. As you know, nearly everyone in Prospect graduated from Prospect High. This would mean so much for so many.  
  
“But something strange is going on. Our team seems to be in a funk. The skill and the talent to do this are there, but not the energy or the enthusiasm. All of us have talked to quite a few football players…we’re all baffled. Everyone wants to win, but the excitement and optimism is lacking. We’ve done all we can – at school and from the sidelines – these past two weeks. But it hasn’t made any difference. The amazing thing is that we haven’t been eliminated. Well, we’ve concluded that ‘business as usual’ isn’t going to get it done. That much is certain!  
  
“We’ve been brainstorming about what to do. In short, we’ve decided that we’re not going to spend the rest of our lives wondering if we could have made a difference. We’re going all in!” said Jodie.  
  
With that statement, she grabbed the hem of her shirt and yanked it up under her chin. She wasn’t wearing a bra, so suddenly her well-endowed chest was on full display.  
  
Nate was caught completely off guard. He hadn’t expected Jodie’s large boobs to suddenly come out of hiding. He almost pulled a muscle in his neck snapping his head around to get a good look. He was hardly an expert on cup size, but something told him that the knockers bouncing before his eyes were D’s. He suspected that Dale was a B, and Carly was a C. If Carly was a C, then Jodie had to be a D at the very least. Unlike some of the other cheerleaders she was quite curvy. She had a booty, but my God did she ever have boobs. He knew his mouth was hanging open, but he couldn’t help himself.  
  
He had always considered Dale’s titties ideal, but the truth was that his exposure to the opposite sex was pretty limited when it came to seeing them topless. He hadn’t picked Dale’s tit size out of a line up in which all sizes had been represented. He’d just fallen in love with a girl, his neighbor, his streaking neighbor, so of course her endowment in the chest department seemed ideal. He knew that his preferences wouldn’t change, but he did find that Jodie’s boobs were quite something…big, full, and round with giant areolas. They were simply amazing.  
  
As he stared, Nate became aware that all the girls in the room were laughing. He turned his head to look at Dale. She wasn’t laughing. She looked a little dejected as their eyes met.  
  
“See girls,” said Jodie. “What did I tell you?” She lowered her shirt back down and adjusted it into place.  
  
“Like I said, Nate, we’re ready to go all in!” continued Jodie. “Some of us got to talking. It’s baffling, but for some reason the desire to be state champions is just not getting the job done for this this team. But one thing that we girls all know about guys is that they are attracted to boobs. In our experience, guys will stop at nothing if there is tit in it for them.  
  
“So we’ve come up with a little incentive plan for the team. Call it a social experiment if you like, but guys like tits. We’ve got tits. Just maybe our tits can play a role in getting us that state title.”  
  
Jodie stopped talking as if she thought that he might respond. Nate decided that the prudent thing to do was to say nothing. He knew they’d only laugh or ridicule him if he tried to defend his gender.  
  
Eventually Jodie did continue, “Now we’re not prostitutes, so don’t get your hopes up. We’re not offering sex, we’re not even going to let guys touch our boobs, but if the team wins, all the guys get to see all of our boobs. But we did decide that we could do a little better than just taking our tops off and putting the goods on display. That sounded a little boring, even if we did a cheer or two while topless.  
  
“And there are two games that still have to be won to make the title happen, so here’s what we want you to help us offer to the team. They of course have to all know about this ahead of time. Everyone on the team has to know before the game so that they will feel motivated, but they can’t tell anyone. That’s probably the most important rule of all. Everything’s off if the word gets out. Some of the girls don’t think that that many guys will be able to keep their mouths shut. I’m not positive, but I’m optimistic…the stakes are high…maybe that will be what makes this work.  
  
“Okay, so here is what we are offering. We’re offering a Varsity Cheerleader – Football Team dance. If the team wins the next game, the semi-final game, then the twelve of us will attend wearing only bras and panties…plus high heels, of course. But if the team wins the final and becomes state champs, then the bras will come off and stay off…so panties and shoes, that’s it.  
  
Nate looked around the room, his eyes darting from face to face. All the girls were looking at him. They were all trying to gauge his reaction. He was sure that his face gave away his keen interest in the idea.  
  
“So, you’ve all agreed to this?” he asked. “A few hours of toplessness with the team, I should think.”  
  
“Funny thing, Nate,” said Jodie. “I’ve succeeded in getting eleven of the girls to agree. Susie struggled with the idea, she vacillated for quite a while. Shy I suppose, but she has now caved. So eleven girls are in. Only your pretty little girlfriend is holding out on us.” Continuing in a more spiteful tone of voice, she said, “And not only won’t she commit, but the little two-faced nudist thinks that the first dance ought to be topless and the second dance should be fully-nude.”  
  
“So, two dances?” asked Nate ignoring Jodie’s unkind comment about Dale.  
  
“No, just one dance,” said Jodie. “It will probably have to take place during Christmas break. If the team wins just the first game, then the dance happens with the twelve of us wearing our bras for the whole dance. If the team wins both games, then the bras come off early…maybe we’ll do an unveiling. And then they stay off.”  
  
Nate again looked from face to face. He could tell that some of the girls were bolder than others. A few of them were looking particularly shy…like they would have a hard time with that ‘unveiling’. Susie’s face was especially red. She had been able to look him in the eye earlier, but not at that particular moment. She had her arms folded and she was staring at the floor. She looked a bit like she had seen a ghost. It was pretty obvious that some arm twisting had taken place.  
  
As Nate studied Susie, Jodie continued, “Do you think it’s enough, Nate. Will the guys go for it? I mean, there will be lots of rules. We aren’t offering an orgy. There will be a ‘no touching’ rule. You guys will have to remain fully dressed. Absolutely no sex of any kind will be allowed, and all relationships will have to be put on hold. In other words, Nate, you’ll have to share Dale. Nobody will be allowed to pair up. That would not be fair to the guys who don’t have a girlfriend here in the room. Every guy should get to dance with every cheerleader, or nearly so, depending on how long we decide the dance should be.”  
  
“Where will this dance take place?” asked Nate, struggling a bit to find his voice given that he had been unable to avoid undressing the girls with his eyes.  
  
“We’ll have to rent a hall somewhere…somewhere out of Prospect. Everyone will have to pitch in, but it should come to less than twenty dollars per person. Maybe the American Legion hall in Fairview or the Holiday Inn in Riverside,” said Jodie. “But again, Nate, do you think it’s enough?”  
  
Once again, Nate glanced around the faces in the room. Such beautiful girls, he thought, but he also saw hints of insecurity on their faces. They were looking for a little reassurance. He knew that their offer would fall short in the eyes of some of the guys, but he wasn’t one of those guys. These were nice girls, nice girls from the Intermountain West. They weren’t city girls, and as Jodie had said, they weren’t prostitutes. He, personally, would have been disappointed in them, disenchanted even, if their proposal had involved sex. He was glad it didn’t, and he decided to answer honestly.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door 267: Proposal, continued**

“Well, Jodie,” he began. “For me it’s enough. You girls are all so beautiful…that’s a big factor. And the guys we’re talking about love dancing with you when you are wearing dresses. And seeing your boobs just now… Well, I only have eyes for Dale, and my loyalty to her is complete; however, I’m sure my expression betrayed me. I personally was planning to do everything it takes to win these two football games…if coach puts me in. That won’t change, but if the dance that you have mentioned is on the table, then I know that I will be leaving it all on the field. Absolutely every ounce of energy, every fiber will be on that field. I’m pretty sure that most of the guys will be on that same page.”  
  
He looked around the room and saw a few smiles. Susie still looked shell shocked, but the rest of the girls seemed pleased with what he had said. He added, “We do have a few assholes. I’m sure a few guys will think that ‘topless’ is holding back. They’ll no doubt suggest fully-nude and one or two will surely want blow jobs as part of the arrangement.”  
  
“Our offer is as good as it gets, Nate. Like I said, we already had someone pitching fully-nude,” said Jodie. “Not happening. I guess this might be where you come in. Shut down any suggestions of blow jobs and the like, or we retract the proposal entirely. There are girls in the room who are quite concerned about their reputations. It was hard enough to get eleven girls to agree to topless. If you think that is not difficult, then you give it a try.”  
  
“Excuse me, Jodie,” interjected Nate. “Can I have a word with Dale? Alone?”  
  
“Sure, why not?” consented Jodie. “There’s the foyer, and down the hall is the kitchen. Take your pick.”  
  
Nate stood up, and taking Dale’s hand he led her down the hall to the kitchen. Once they were alone he said, “This doesn’t sound like anyone is targeting you for embarrassment. This sounds legit. That’s what I was worried about when you called, but I’m okay with this. I know that you told me on the phone that you didn’t think it was a setup.”  
  
She hugged him saying, “I thought that you’d think that this was my idea…but it wasn’t. It was probably Erin’s and Vanessa’s. They surely talked Jodie into it so that she would call the meeting. And I didn’t even nominate you, but I did vote for you. I can’t begin to tell you how proud it made me feel to hear how some of the girls were talking about you. I almost cried. It meant so much to me. I think the world of you, but to hear other girls saying nice things about you…it made me so very happy.”  
  
“Yeah, but it’s surprising. Most of these girls don’t really know me…only you and Tink,” said Nate.  
  
“But they pay attention,” said Dale. “They see how you treat me. Someone mentioned how you were saying respectful things about me right after I had just broken up with you. Someone else mentioned the nice things that Jason has said…about how you lied to protect him when he was clearly in the wrong for giving you that shove in the bleachers.”  
  
“Well, I probably should have asked to speak to you alone earlier. Give me some advice here. What do you want me to do?” asked Nate.  
  
“You’re doing great! I’m so proud of you. You say that you have trouble talking around girls, but…look at you,” said Dale. “I can tell you’re nervous, but who wouldn’t be. You’re doing absolutely awesome.”  
  
“Well, I’m doing my best. This seems important, and in a way, this is familiar territory for me. I guess that I have some experience when it comes to naked cheerleaders and talking through all the details. I’ll have to remember to put that on my college applications.”  
  
Dale laughed as Nate continued, “So, you do want me to agree to help with this? You do want me to agree to do what Jodie is requesting, right?” he asked.  
  
“Of course, this idea, the topless dance…it’s right up my alley,” said Dale. “I want the team to win so very much! Getting naked, I mean, topless, will be no sweat for me…especially under these terms. If the others are topless as well, then I don’t see much risk. However, I’m your Nudity Slave, so it’s your decision. That’s of course why I wouldn’t let Jodie pin me down, even when it got a bit nasty.”  
  
“Okay then, Love,” said Nate. “go ahead and tell Jodie that you’re in…just make it sound like it was your decision. The Nudity Slave thing needs to remain our secret, okay?’  
  
“Okay,” said Dale turning to go back to the living room.  
  
“Dale, wait,” said Nate. “Before you go…you did real well. I’m proud of you for not letting them talk you into this without me. And I love you so very much.”  
  
They shared a quick hug and a meaningful kiss, but then they returned to the living room hand in hand.  
  
As they reentered the room, Dale said to Jodie, “Nate talked me into taking part in the dance on your terms. I still think that nude would be fun, but topless is fine.”  
  
“Great!” said Jodie. “So, we’re twelve for twelve as long as Susie doesn’t change her mind again.”  
  
Nate looked at Susie. She still looked very apprehensive. She was biting her thumb nail and her eyes had a glassy look to them.  
  
“No, we’re past that point, Jodie. Don’t give her another chance to reconsider. Tink said she was in, so she’s in,” said Dale. “I’ll help her. She’ll do fine.”  
  
“Okay, you’re right,” said Jodie. “With Tink and Dale, we’re twelve for twelve. Right where we need to be. And, Nate, we’ve got more details to discuss.”  
  
“Sure,” said Nate. “And I need to know what you want my role to be.”  
  
“Well, we have to finalize the terms and the rules,” said Jodie. “But mostly we need your help with telling the football team and getting them to agree to our terms.”  
  
“How do you picture that happening?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, the team list that I have has fifty-four names on it,” said Jodie. “What we’ve talked about is doing this in stages. Stage one will be a bit like this. We want you to get eight guys together. We made a list; the four pallbearers and four other guys who we think have a lot of influence. We believe that if we get them on board, they’ll convince the rest of the team. So that is stage one, and it needs to happen tomorrow. We don’t have a lot of time. And then the next stage is you and those eight meet with the rest of the team and get them all pumped up.  
  
Today is Monday. Phase one happens Tuesday…that can also be here…say, eight pm. And then phase two needs to take place on Wednesday. Thursday is Thanksgiving. Friday is game day. Like I said, time is short.”  
  
“So why don’t we tell the whole team all at once tomorrow?” asked Nate.  
  
“We talked about that, but decided against it,” replied Jodie. “That’s too big a group for us to talk to all at once. There’d be so many questions. It’d be crazy. We like our plan better. And it has a better chance of success because it takes into account the team’s natural leaders. We show them some respect, we get them on our side, and it should all be smooth sailing from there. Plus it is easier for us. We talk to a small group, and then it will be up to the nine of you to talk to everyone else. You’ll have to spread the word, but carefully, so that the sordid details don’t leak out to anyone who is not on the team. It’s probably the most work for you.”  
  
“It’ll be fun,” said Nate. “So, what do you want me to do, I mean, exactly?”  
  
“Well, here is our list,” said Jodie. “Have these eight guys here tomorrow at eight pm. The number one rule is that this has to be top secret. Not a word of this can leak out. If word gets out, then the dance is ‘off’ and we deny everything. Got it?”  
  
Nate looked over the list. “Okay, I can’t tell them why they are coming, and I have to tell them that no one can know that they are coming here for a meeting.”  
  
“Exactly,” said Jodie. “But if you are having trouble finding or convincing anyone, I can help. If they are suspicious and need to talk to someone else, tell them they can talk to me. If any of them decide to talk to me, make sure they know not to bring it up when anyone else is around.”  
  
“Okay,” said Nate. “But if I’m going to round up these eight guys by tomorrow night, then I think I need to get started tonight. These aren’t really conversations that I can have in the hall between classes. And about the rules, I think you ladies need to have those all written out. They can’t be negotiable. The guys should have no ability to suggest changes, in my opinion.  
  
“If you twelve ladies are going to enter a semi-dark enclosed space with those fifty-plus guys wearing nothing more than panties, then the rules have to be widely known and strictly enforced. My thought is that the phase one group should all be deputized. They can be in charge of cracking down…enforcing the rules if need be. I’d like to volunteer to head up that effort if you agree. In other words, you come up with the rules; I’ll make sure that they are enforced by that initial group. Sound good?”  
  
“That sounds like a really good idea, Nate,” said Jodie. “I guess we picked the right guy. Are you really going to be able to boss Ward and Jason around? Those two are pretty head strong. They can really be assholes at times.”  
  
“I won’t have to boss them around,” said Nate. “They’ll understand. I can work with them. But you are right; they can be assholes. They are also quite smart, and they want to win this title as much as anyone. They’ll see in this plan, what I see in this plan. They’ll agree to work with me to make sure that it succeeds.  
  
“Now you’ve made me curious , Nate. What do you see in the plan?” asked Jodie.  
  
“I see a group of very classy ladies with a tremendous amount of school spirit,”’ said Nate. “Smart girls who used their brains to figure out how they could make a real difference. You’re not offering to show your titties because you’re easy or trashy, that much is obvious. If putting your titties on display was the goal, that would be easily accomplished.  
  
“You’re proposing this because every single one of you is a class act. Offering blow jobs…now that would be slutty. This is anything but. You’re not offering sex, you are offering up your beauty for entirely non-selfish reasons. That’s what I see in the plan. Girls who are smart, wanting to play their Ace to win a game…two games to be exact. Pretty girls willing to make a significant sacrifice for their school, for their town. Like I said, very classy. I don’t think we’ll have any trouble getting the team to see it that way.”  
  
Kendra had been silent the entire time, but suddenly she interjected, “If you ever get tired of him, Dale, let me know.”  
  
“Sorry, Kendra,” said Susie. “The line forms behind me, but it will hardly matter. Dale and Nate are completely committed to one another.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door 268: Proud of her Guy**

Nate happened to glance at Erin and Vanessa at that exact moment. He chanced to see then exchanging faces with one another, making fun of Kendra and Susie. In that instant, he saw their guard drop, and he knew that what Ward and Jason had said about them was in fact true.  
  
“Well, I like your attitude, Nate,” said Jodie.  
  
“There is something else I feel like saying,” said Nate. “I’m having trouble putting my finger on it, but there is something else that I really like about your plan. You aren’t talking about merely showing your boobs to the guys…like a peep show. Unless I’m misunderstanding completely, you are talking about a fun activity that involves everyone interacting with one another. So you’ll all be at this dance as people, as individuals. You won’t be like strippers on a stage, pieces of meat. The rule will be ‘look, but don’t touch’. However, they won’t be look, but don’t talk to. That’s cool.  
  
“I think this is a stroke of genius. The guys will absolutely love the idea of getting to interact with you while you are topless.”  
  
“Or in our undies,” interjected Jodie.  
  
“Exactly!”’ said Nate. “But I’m sure the team will figure out how to win under these circumstances. Like I said, sheer genius! I see the enthusiasm going through the roof. Those other teams aren’t going to know what hit them. The guys are going to be able to interact with you, right?”  
  
“Of course,” said Jodie. “And that’s a big part of what will make this so challenging for us…mingling while nearly naked. But you are right. It will be a dance, so there will be talking and dancing. The male-female ratio will be way out of whack, but there isn’t anything we can do about that. We don’t know the sophomore cheerleaders well enough to include them, and besides, they are all so young.  
  
“But even with just the twelve of us, every guy should be able to dance with every one of us once, hopefully. We are imagining non-stop dancing.”  
  
“It will be great,” said Nate. “That is so cool. The guys will absolutely want to experience that. I’m sure that seeing topless cheerleaders just standing still would get the guys motivated; however, topless and dancing… Wow! Just WOW! They’ll all want this so bad.”  
  
“You really think so?” asked Jodie, looking for a little more reassurance, not so much for herself, but rather for some of the others, especially the quiet juniors in the group.  
  
“I’m sure of it, Jodie,” said Nate. “And I know they will respect you all so much after the dance. It says a lot about character to agree to do this. It is, like I said, an unselfish sacrifice. A sleazy girl can take her top off for a crowd in an instant.”  
  
Nate found himself instantly wishing he hadn’t said that. It came dangerously close to some of the things that Dale had done, but he had to complete the thought, “This is the opposite. This is a group of classy ladies doing something that won’t be easy for them to do…for the good of others, for the school, for the town.”  
  
Nate heard a few chuckles as Jodie spoke, “Okay Nate. Now you are laying it on a little thick. But don’t think that I don’t appreciate your attitude. I’m sure I’m not the only one who likes hearing that. I hope that you are at least partially correct, and that we get through this without being branded as Prospect’s Hoes.”  
  
“Oh, that won’t happen,” said Nate. “Maybe I was getting a bit carried away there, but that’s how I see it. And I think we’ll be able to get the team to see it that way as well. Even if, God forbid, we lose the game on Friday and this dance never happens, I know I will always respect every single one of you for coming up with this plan and agreeing to it.”  
  
They talked a little more, and they agreed that Nate would arrive the following evening an hour early to review the rules that the girls would write up and to discuss how to go about presenting the incentive plan proposal to the eight guys.  
  
Nate then headed out alone. He had a project to get working on. First he drove straight to Cody’s house. His quickly conceived plan was to drop in on a few of the defense team guys that evening. He knew them better, so he was comfortable showing up and knocking on their doors. He figured that the matter was so important that all the discussions needed to take place face to face, so he didn’t want to rely on his phone.  
  
He managed to connect up with three of the guys. It was Monday night, so they were all at home. They were all easily convinced to show up at Jodie’s the following evening at eight pm, and in the meantime to say absolutely nothing to anyone. Nate had initially thought that each talk would take longer, but there wasn’t really all that much to say; everything was to be revealed at Jodie’s.  
  
After talking with Cody, he went and saw Gage, and after Gage he went to Bryce’s house. He suspected that Bryce was on the list because he was Erin’s boyfriend. That was the only explanation he could come up with, and it made complete sense. Vanessa’s boyfriend, Colton, was on the list, too. That was consistent with Dale’s theory that the scheme had originally been conceived by those two. He didn’t think all that much of Bryce and Colton, but that didn’t matter. The project required spreading the word carefully to fifty-four players. The order wasn’t really all that important in his opinion.  
  
He had almost suggested to Jodie that Erin and Vanessa should just invite their boyfriends themselves. In the end, he decided against suggesting that. On the one hand, he was sure that they would have thought of it. They obviously wanted him to do all the leg work, and he was more than happy to oblige. It was the coolest thing he could ever remember having been asked to do. And on the other hand, he wanted to talk to all the guys himself. That would firmly establish his position as the cheerleader’s representative. He really liked the thought of having been elected by them for this purpose. Representing the cheerleaders appealed to him much more than the idea of representing the football team.  
  
After nine pm, he felt that it was too late to knock on any more doors, so he headed home. Dale had been watching for him. As soon as he parked, she came shooting out of her house. She climbed into the car through the passenger door and attacked him. He had barely switched off the engine before her arms were around him and her lips were on his face. He really loved it when she came at him like that. It really made him feel both liked and loved. She was obviously happy and in a very affectionate mood.  
  
“My God, Nate,” she exclaimed. “Did you ever ‘wow’ them? They said nice things about you before you got there, but nothing like what they had to say after you left. I’m so glad you’re mine, because if you weren’t, I’d have sooooo much competition. If you ever feel like replacing me, you can pretty much take your pick.”  
  
“Fortunately for me, I’m off the market…for good, right” asked Nate.  
  
“Yep…forever and ever,” said Dale snuggling against him. Casting her eyes down she continued, “But I sure saw your eyes light up when you saw Jodie’s big boobs.”  
  
“What can I say, Dale? She has big boobs,” admitted Nate. “But it doesn’t matter. I love you; everything about you. Don’t think for a moment that a nice rack on another girl will ever make me forget who it is that I am in love with.”  
  
“I hope not,” said Dale. “My boobs will never look like that.”  
  
“Nor would I want them to, Love,” said Nate. “A long time ago you promised Kelly that you’d never get them enhanced. And now, as the owner of the tits, I know that I’ll never consider a boob job.”  
  
That comment served to worry Dale more than it reassured her. When she had gone along with tit ownership, she had never extended it all the way to cosmetic surgery. Was it really within his prerogative to have her boobs done if he decided to? She decided to not worry about that. After all, he had just said that he would never consider it, and he had made a very mature decision regarding the VCH piercing when that had been on the table.  
  
“You know, Dale, I suppose it is just a grand coincidence, but on the face of it this dance plan seems as if it was tailored around our hobby. I’d be really suspicious if Alexa’s name had come up somewhere along the way,” said Nate, thinking out loud.  
  
“Thank God, she’s not involved, and don’t suggest it,” said Dale. “Jodie just might start inviting drill team girls to join the mix…to help with the male-female ratio. I wouldn’t put it past her.”  
  
“I don’t think she’d do that,” said Nate. “I get the feeling that she knows that the number of people involved is already too many. I’m game to try and make this idea a success, but with such a large number, it will be a real challenge to keep everything secret, possibly an insurmountable challenge. I remember when you were worried if Carly and Felipe would be able to keep your secret.”  
  
“I know,” said Dale, her voice full of concern.  
  
“Lots of guys on the team have girlfriends. Many of them will be able to keep this from their girlfriends, but every single one of them?” said Nate.  
  
“And some of the cheerleaders have boyfriends who aren’t on the team,” said Dale.  
  
“Yep, it will be amazing if this train doesn’t go off the tracks. I mean, as soon as you heard about it, you called me, right?” asked Nate.  
  
“But that was different,” said Dale.  
  
“Not all that different,” said Nate failing to see her point. “I guess that lots of guys will have to make up stories about how they are getting dressed up, in a suit or a tux, to go out with the guys, right?” After a pause he continued, “But I’m glad you guys involved me at the planning stage. I’ve gotten quite a bit of experience at figuring out what might go wrong and then working to minimize those risks. We can figure out the dance details in due course. What has to happen right now is that we have to figure out how to publicize this so that it can play the role that you girls envision…so that it helps us win these games. If we lose this week, then the rest doesn’t matter.”  
  
“How did the leg feel in practice today, Lover?” asked Dale.  
  
“Good, real good, but I wore the brace,” said Nate. “Coach says I can wear it in the game, so I expect he’ll play me, at least some.”  
  
“I think the team needs you out there in order to win,” said Dale.  
  
“You’re biased,” said Nate. “Blake did a real good job, so I don’t know what coach will do. I do know that I need to be dripping with enthusiasm and hustle at practice this week. I learned that from you…always give one hundred percent!”  
  
Dale snuggled against him. “Let’s break the school night sleepover rule tonight, Lover,” she suggested.  
  
“I’m getting up early,” said Nate. “I have five more guys to track down.”  
  
“I’d rather get up early than sleep alone,” said Dale. “Can I please sleep at your house?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door 269: Rounding up the Guys**

“You know I’d like that,” said Nate.  
  
“Okay, then come in for a minute while I get a few things and tell my mom,” said Dale.  
  
A short while later they were snuggling together under Nate’s covers. Dale was of course nude, and Nate was in his pajama bottoms. He typically wore his pajama shirt when alone, but he found he liked leaving it off when Dale was in bed with him.  
  
“Not long now until your track uniform sees the light of day,” said Nate, running the tips of his fingers along her little stripe.  
  
“You’re just trying to make me worry,” said Dale. “I’m on to you.”  
  
“Maybe, maybe not,” said Nate.  
  
No one spoke for at least a minute, but then Dale broke the silence. “I probably shouldn’t have suggested fully-nude,” said Dale. “That didn’t go over very well. I guess those girls are really shy about showing their pussies.”  
  
“I guess so,” said Nate.  
  
“I just don’t get it,” said Dale. “About the most fun thing to do with a pussy is to show it off.”  
  
‘How Exasperating!’ thought Nate. He was still holding out hopes that she would end up enjoying actual sex, actually being penetrated. He thought that she might, once she gave it a try. He knew that would eventually happen, but he could tell that she was in absolutely no hurry.  
  
“I hope you didn’t say that,” said Nate. “I expect most of those girls have already found things they enjoy doing with their pussies…things that don’t involve public display…maybe even things that involve penises.”  
  
Dale laughed, “Of course I didn’t say that. Those girls just don’t know what they are missing.”  
  
Nate laughed thinking, ‘maybe you’re the one who doesn’t know what you’re missing out on.’  
  
“But this dance could be a lot of fun, even just topless,” said Dale. “And you might make me take off my panties at some point, right?”  
  
“Better not count on that,” said Nate. “If just suggesting fully-nude was unpopular, then I suppose that going ahead and doing it wouldn’t go over very well…at least not with the girls. I’m sure they would see it as an attempt to steal all the attention.  
  
“But they could take off their panties, too,” argued Dale.  
  
“That’s not how they would see it,” said Nate. “And that’s exactly why you are my Nudity Slave. The decision will be mine.”  
  
“Yes, the decision will be yours,” said Dale with a heavy sigh. She knew he would make her keep her panties on.  
  
“This isn’t my event, Dale,” said Nate. “If I were putting this together, you would be fully-nude and all the other girls would be fully dressed.”  
  
“I’d like that more,” said Dale.  
  
“I know you would,” said Nate. “It would be as if you returned to the Homecoming Dance wearing just the sash and the tiara.”  
  
“And like the dance at the Fiji house,” said Dale.  
  
“Which reminds me,” said Nate. “We’ll have to make the guys all check their phones at the door. Did you guys talk about preventing photography?”  
  
“There are lots of details we didn’t talk about,” said Dale. “There’s a lot to figure out.”  
  
“Okay,” said Nate. “I can make sure that’s in the rules when I get to Jodie’s tomorrow.”  
  
“Nate?”  
  
“Yes?”  
  
“You’re not going to end up with twelve Nudity Slaves, are you?” asked Dale.  
  
“Hmm… I hadn’t imagined that possible future…yet… Best case, maybe six,” said Nate teasingly.  
  
“But I’d always be special to you…if that happened…right?”  
  
“Of course, you can be in charge of my harem,” said Nate jokingly. “But seriously, you’re my one and only.”  
  
“I’m the only one you get to make love to, I hope,” said Dale.  
  
“I haven’t made love to you,”’ said Nate feeling secretly glad that this had come up. He had never thought that she would take so long to find the perfect time for the two of them to lose their virginity together.  
  
“I know you haven’t,” said Dale. “But like I told you, my virginity is yours for the taking, whenever you want.”  
  
Nate thought seriously about taking her at her word and going for it right then and there. Indeed, he had condoms within reach. But then he found himself deciding again to remain with the lottery…allowing her to pick the timing. He felt strongly that in the long run that that would be better. He also knew that she still had to have concerns or worries about intercourse. He knew he’d kick himself later, but he decided to stand by that original decision.  
  
“We already have that figured out, Dale,” he said. “We want it to be special…the first time. I’m holding a lottery card. You’ll let me know, right?”  
  
“Okay,” said Dale, hugging him tightly to indicate that she appreciated his answer.  
  
Nate decided to add, “I didn’t think that it would be this long, but like I think you said, we have a lifetime ahead of us.  
  
They continued to talk, but a little later Nate realized that Dale had nodded off. He didn’t mind, even though it was a little bit mid-conversation. For him it was truly wonderful to hold a sleeping Dale. He treasured her. That she trusted him enough to sleep with him naked said so much. It had said so very much that first night in the tent, and it said a lot still.  
  
Nate forced himself to switch his thoughts from the treasure in his arms, to what he would have to accomplish the next day. He was hoping to catch up with at least one of the other football players on his list prior to first period. He still had five guys to track down. It was now very clear to him why they weren’t trying to get the whole team together the very next day. The nine of them, all working on the project, would have trouble enough accomplishing that for Wednesday.  
  
As Nate was getting ready for school the next morning, Tuesday, his phone went off at the usual time indicating that his picture of the day had arrived.  
  
“Just 2 days now until your Racing Stripe’s ON TRACK debut!” he replied.  
  
“Yikes!” was her one word reply. He had every reason to believe that she was not discounting his seriousness. She had probably figured out that he had picked Thanksgiving Day because, excepting for the big mid-day meal, both of their schedules were essentially wide open.  
  
As expected, Tuesday was a whirlwind of activity from Nate’s perspective. He managed to speak to both Ward and Jason together during lunch. They really pressed him for more information, but he stuck to his guns telling them that ‘things would be revealed’ that evening. He found himself enjoying playing with that wording in his various conversations, imagining that Jodie would probably be flashing her magnificent boobs again.  
  
He let his mind wander, thinking about the possibility that all twelve girls might line up and flash their tits in a massive ‘live-action’ advertisement for the dance. Giving that a little thought, he decided that it was hardly realistic. At least half of those girls had had expressions on their faces indicating that they would have a lot of difficulty lifting or removing their shirts in mixed company. He knew that Jodie and Dale would be able to do it, but he suspected that most of the others would have a hard time mustering the courage that flashing their boobs would require.  
  
The last guy he discussed the meeting with was Colton, Vanessa’s boyfriend, and he didn’t manage to corner him until right before football practice. He decided that he had been quite lucky that none of the eight were out sick or had a conflict with the meeting time that evening; however, he knew that they would have just forged ahead with fewer guys had everyone not been available.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door 270: Take It Off!**

He got to Jodie’s right at seven. Just Vanessa and Erin were there with her at that point. They were all going over the rules. He suggested a few changes, but not that many. He decided to try and get on their good side by suggesting a few changes that he thought that they might appreciate.  
  
For example, they did have rules prohibiting photography, but Nate felt that it wasn’t enough to simply tell the guys that they couldn’t take pictures. He expected that there would be cheaters. He suggested that the rule be that all phones had to be left in the cars. He even had them add wording that everyone be subject to search upon entering to verify that no one got inside with a phone or a camera.  
  
He also suggested wording changes to the ‘no touching’ policy. The point was to prevent a certain kind of touching to certain areas. He felt that that should be emphasized. A little bit of contact between hands, arms and shoulders was somewhat inevitable on the dance floor.  
  
By a quarter to eight all the girls were there. Nate hadn’t known if they were all coming, but he felt that it was for the best that they were all there.  
  
The guys pretty much arrived in two groups. They were simply being punctual; they hadn’t actually ridden together. As a matter of fact, Nate had given them very little information about who else was invited. He didn’t want them talking and speculating amongst themselves about what was going on.  
  
A few of the girls had brought cookies, so they had refreshments before all going into the family room. It was a bigger room, so Jodie was having everyone meet there instead of in the living room. Jodie had instructed some of the girls to round up chairs just before the guys had arrived.  
  
Jodie had asked Nate if he thought that he should be involved in talking to the guys. He convinced her that that was not a good idea. He felt very strongly that Jodie should just talk about the cheerleader’s take on the football team’s lack of enthusiasm just as she had done the night before.  
  
That had come across as very genuine…their desire to make a difference by going ‘all in’. He was absolutely convinced that the guys would much prefer hearing a girl talk about topless cheerleaders. He thought it would be much less interesting if he were to be the one doing the talking.  
  
Nate thought that Jodie had done a wonderful job. He had hoped that she would involve the other girls in the discussion, but that didn’t really happen. Jodie was a good public speaker, so she again took the ball and ran with it. However, everything she said was perfect just as it was.  
  
The other girls were all there, and all looking even more shy and even more uncomfortable than the nights before, to Nate’s eye, probably because there were nine guys in the room this time around. Nate decided that that was perfect. They were present, so it had to be obvious to the guys that Jodie had their buy in. The guys had to realize that the described dance would really happen…it wasn’t just the imagination of one girl, Jodie.  
  
And something about the shyness that was on display was perfect. Somehow it made all the girls look so very desirable. They all ad this, ‘Oh, God, what I have agreed to’, look about them. He found himself worrying about how they might convey that to the rest of the team the following night. Jodie’s plan was for none of the girls to be present, so that particular detail would be entirely absent.  
  
Nate had expected that Jodie would again hike up her shirt and flash the group. To his surprise, she didn’t. He was disappointed. He found himself realizing that he had been looking forward to another look at her boobs. As he thought about it, he found himself wondering if the girls had reacted negatively, and voiced their disapproval to her.  
  
Probably because she had had the run through the night before, she cruised through what she had to say quite smoothly. Also, the guys just watched and listened. In comparison, there had been more back and forth the night before.  
  
As she was wrapping up her remarks, one of the guys said, “Show us your tits!” under his breath to conceal his identity.  
  
He saw Jodie trying to figure out who had said it, but then she glared directly at him. He instantly realized that she thought that he had told them how she had lifted her shirt the night before. Nate shrugged as best he could to convey that he had had nothing to do with it.  
  
At that point, Ward and Jason started chanting, “Take it off, take it off, take it off…” Gradually a few of the others joined in.  
  
Nate felt that it was out of place, and as he looked around the room, he saw unhappy looks on some of the girl’s faces. For her part, Susie looked to be near tears. When the chant did not die down, several of the girls got so upset that they raced out of the room and up the staircase, the very same staircase that he himself had raced up with Cody and Tyler the night of Halloween. Several other girls followed at a slower pace.  
  
Jodie stood there, her arms folded. Frowning at everyone, she said, “Well done, guys.” Shaking her head in disgust, and letting out a big sigh, she turned and headed toward the stairs herself, indicating to Dale and the few other girls still in the room that they should follow.  
  
Nate spent the next few minutes talking things over with the guys. He was pretty unhappy with them for their poor manners, but he decided to be as constructive as possible. He tried to get a good feeling for their thoughts on the incentive plan as Jodie had presented it. As expected, there were those who thought that blow jobs or sex of all sorts might be a great idea. ‘What idiots,” thought Nate, but he tried to listen before doing his best to squelch those ideas.  
  
A few minutes later, Jodie came down and signaled to Nate that she’d like a word with him. She led the way down the hall to the kitchen.  
  
“I’m sorry about that, Jodie,” said Nate. “I’m embarrassed about what happened, but it happened.”  
  
“The girls didn’t appreciate that,” said Jodie. “They don’t like being treated like meat. Guys just never seem to clue in, do they? Their behavior makes you seem even more respectful.”  
  
“Well, what do we do now?” asked Nate. “I guess this development makes our job a little more difficult, but I doubt we need to give up.”  
  
“Oh no, we’re not giving up. This state title is too important to everyone,” said Jodie. “I’m supposed to tell you to tell them that the girls will take their clothes off for the dance, just as discussed, but that the guys will have to earn it on the field. The chanting will get them nowhere.”  
  
“Well, here’s the problem, Jodie, and please don’t blame the messenger,” said Nate. “I’ve been talking to the guys. They believe that you’re serious about the offer; however, the majority of the girls out there looked scared. There you were talking brave about being topless for hours in just your panties, but the girls around you looked anything but bold. The bottom line is that the guys think that the girls will all chicken out.  
  
“In other words, they think that the offer is real, but that the dance won’t ever happen. By running off just now, the girls pretty much convinced the guys that they are too shy to strip down to their bras and panties. And they are even more convinced that they’d never take off their bras.”  
  
“Well, then we are at a bit of an impasse, aren’t we?” said Jodie. “The girls don’t plan on undressing until the games are won…”  
  
“…and the guys aren’t going to believe that the proposed dance is real unless they get a preview,” said Nate.  
  
“Okay,” said Jodie, acting more open minded than Nate had anticipated. “Let me go talk to the girls. Maybe I can negotiate something. In the meantime, why don’t you go and talk to the guys. Try to convince them that you think that the dance will happen if the win or wins take place. You, at least, do believe that, don’t you?”  
  
“Absolutely,” said Nate. “Those girls had such timid looking faces because they all know that this could very well end up with them baring a lot of skin to a large group of guys. I’m fairly certain that they won’t welch.”  
  
“Well, go tell the guys that,” said Jodie. “And convince them that they have nothing to lose. I mean, would it really end up being all that bad to get tricked into winning the state championship?”  
  
At that point, the two of them returned to their respective groups for further discussion. About five minutes later, Jodie came back downstairs and entered the family room.  
  
Addressing the group, she said, “Okay, guys, here is what we have come up with: a show of good faith. Two of us girls will strip down to bras and panties. That will be to show you how we will ALL be dressed for the dance should you make it to the final, but not win the title. The same two girls will then remove their bras, showing you how we will ALL be dressed should the Mavericks become the State Football Champs.”  
  
“Which two girls?” interjected Ward.  
  
“You get to decide,” said Jodie. “Here are nine ballots. You each get to vote for two girls. We decided to do it this way so that you will realize that ALL twelve of us are ready and willing to go all the way down to our panties – not beyond – so don’t bring that up. And don’t even think about suggesting blow jobs or any other acts of sex. Some of the girls are feeling a bit sensitive at the moment. I’ll be waiting in the kitchen. Nate bring me the ballots when they are ready. If you guys want to verify that everything is on the up and up, go ahead and tally the ballots before giving them to me.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door 271: And the Winners are…**

A few minutes later, Nate took Jodie the ballots.  
  
“So, do you know who the winning girls are?” asked Jodie, not being able to contain her curiosity.  
  
“Yes, we all do,” said Nate. “Are you going to let the girls know the vote totals? Because I’m not sure that would be a good idea. There might be some hurt feelings. I mean, a number of girls didn’t get any votes. Twelve girls, eighteen votes; not a lot of votes to go around.”  
  
“No,” said Jodie. “I’m going to count the ballots with Erin and Vanessa. That’s what we decided.”  
  
“Wouldn’t it be better if I just told you which girls won?” asked Nate. “Between you and me, Erin and Vanessa are among the girls who didn’t get any votes.”  
  
“You mean their own boyfriends didn’t even vote for them?” she asked in surprise.  
  
“I guess not,” said Nate. “But that probably only means that they’ve already seen their tits.”  
  
“Okay, Nate,” said Jodie. “…but did you vote for Dale? You, of course, don’t have to tell me.”  
  
“Yes, I voted for Dale,” said Nate. “But that’s different.”  
  
“Is it?” she asked rhetorically. “And is she one of the winners?”  
  
“Yes, she is,” said Nate.  
  
“I thought so,” admitted Jodie. “These guys…always Dale,” she said shaking her head.  
  
“Shouldn’t you and I just count the ballots here? That way no one but you will know the totals. Won’t that be easier on Erin and Vanessa?” urged Nate.  
  
“They’re big girls,” said Jodie. “They can deal with it. They’ll probably be relieved that they don’t have to strip off.”  
  
“Maybe,” said Nate.  
  
“Do I have to strip off?” asked Jodie.  
  
“Nope,” said Nate.  
  
She looked slightly disappointed, Nate thought.  
  
“Am I one of the girls who didn’t get a single vote?” she asked, acting a bit like she was bracing herself to hear some news that she wouldn’t like.  
  
“Nope, you had a vote, one vote,” said Nate. “Like I said…not a lot of votes to go around.”  
  
“Well, I can deal with that. Better than getting skunked, I guess,” she said, taking the ballots and heading upstairs.  
  
Before he himself left the kitchen, Nate sent Dale a text, “Well, Slave Girl, between you and me, you’re one of the winners. Your bra will come off, in front of everyone…a pretty big group, right? Lots of new people here! It will come off because I say so, not because you got votes. Don’t forget that. Your panties stay on…no mess ups! Nobody sees the pussy. Nobody sees the racing stripe. Got it?”  
  
She replied, “I got it. Bra off! Thong on! Who else was picked? Can you tell me?”  
  
He replied, “I’ll tell you, but act surprised when Jodie announces it, okay? It was Tink.”  
  
“OMG! She’ll die,” read Dale’s reply.  
  
“I was worried about that. Try and help her maybe,” wrote Nate.  
  
“I’ll try,” replied Dale. “Why would they have picked her? She’s so shy.”  
  
“That’s why. Because she looked like she was about to lose it. Her face was beet red…she looked about to cry.”  
  
“Those nasty boys!” replied Dale. “You didn’t vote for her, did you?”  
  
“Not saying. Secret ballot,” replied Nate. He thought it best if she not know the extent of his fascination for Susie…still having a lot of curiosity about what he had left on the table when he turned her down for Sadie.  
  
“Oh, you!” she replied. “Okay, I’ll try and get her through it.”  
  
Nate thanked her and then returned to where the guys were all hanging out in the family room.  
  
A few minutes later, Jodie came back down and again waved to Nate so that he would come and talk to her. She indicated how she wanted some of the furniture moved to free up some floor space in the center of room. Nate went about having some of the guys take care of that while Jodie disappeared back up the stairs.  
  
After a few minutes, the cheerleaders started filing into the room. They all took up spots around the entryway. It was obvious that those who had not been selected were all jockeying for good viewing positions.  
  
Once they were all in the room, Dale came into view and she walked in. Nate had a brief glimpse of Susie. She had taken a peek into the room, but then had instantly disappeared again. It looked as if the plan had been for the two of them to walk in together.  
  
Dale continued on into the middle of the room. She had a confident look about her, just a hint of a smile. Nate could tell that she was getting into her zone. She was preparing herself to have some fun and to put on a great little show. He thought back to the Wheel of Death experience, when he had tried to position the thong so that things were covered. He realized how her pussy must be getting her thong soaked, surely one of her Walmart thongs. He chuckled to himself recalling how he had earned himself the Mr. Stinky Knee nickname. He of course wouldn’t dare repeat that maneuver in front of this group.  
  
Nate allowed his thoughts to return to Dale’s beautiful, confident smile. He loved that expression. Eight guys were about to see a great pair of bejeweled titties for the first time. He knew how much she would enjoy removing her bra and shaking the titters around. He also expected that she was experiencing her share of trepidation about that, as well. He also knew how much it would torture her to leave her panties on. He chuckled to himself at that thought.  
  
He thought briefly about the spanking she would have to receive – probably in front of everyone – if she disobeyed and took off her thong. He didn’t think she would, but stranger things had happened. She had taken off her thong the night she was Target Girl. He knew it was best to have a plan in place, just in case, so he focused on what it should be.  
  
Dale was barefoot and looked to be wearing nothing more than an oversize white dress shirt, a men’s shirt. Just a couple of buttons were holding it closed. It went part way down her thigh. Nate was sure that a bra and panties were hiding underneath, but no hint of them could be seen. It was a pretty cute look, in his opinion. He imagined that Jodie had raided her brother’s or her father’s closet.  
  
While Dale stood there, looking back over her shoulder, clearly waiting for Susie, someone started chanting, “Da-le, Da-le, Da-le…” and the other guys picked it up. Nate had hoped that the guys would have learned their lesson with the earlier chanting, but then he realized that the course of events meant that they were going to see tits – all because they had behaved poorly and chanted earlier. They were clearly being rewarded for bad behavior.  
  
To acknowledge the appreciative chant, Dale performed a very deep and elegant curtsy. Nate wondered if they practiced curtsies in gymnastics, hers was just so perfect.  
  
Nate could tell from the looks on guys’ faces and the tone of their chant that the prospect of seeing Dale in nothing more than panties had them very keyed up. He tried to imagine how he might have felt in their shoes, had he never seen Dale naked. He realized that his own excitement would have been at a fever pitch.  
  
As it was, he was feeling that way anyway. He was looking forward to whatever show Dale would put on, and he always loved seeing her naked titties and seeing her having fun while showing them to new people.  
  
And what was more, he was extra excited about the chance to see Susie’s tits for the first time. He looked over at Gage, remembering how he had bragged about how he’d get Susie’s top off, but in the conventional way, not by yanking her dress down. An image of that beautiful ‘serving tray for tits’ blue dress flashed though his mind. Gage was about to get to see Susie’s titties, but not in a very conventional way. They were both about to see those very tits and neither of them had had to do the deed by yanking a dress down.  
  
Looking out the entryway to try and figure out when Susie would return, his thoughts returned to her tits. He knew how big they were, or at least how big they looked to be when she was dressed. He was sure that they would look awesome when her bra came off. Something about them would be surprising, he expected. They’d be rounder or pointier, they’d sit higher of lower on her chest than how he imagined, and the nipples and areolas promised to be a wonderful surprise no matter how they looked. He was really looking forward to seeing how they jiggled and swayed on her chest once there was no bra constraining them.  
  
Nate realized that he was looking forward to seeing Susie’s tits even more than he was to seeing Dale’s. He started to feel bad about that, but then decided that it was only natural. For example, he knew he didn’t prefer Jodie’s overgrown boobs, but seeing them in the flesh had indeed been a real high point of the prior evening.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door 272: Helping Susie**

Dale had remained in place, obviously hoping that Susie would find the courage to enter the family room on her own. Finally, she came to the realization that it wasn’t going to happen. She let out a sigh, smiled an apology, and then headed back out of the room and up the stairs to track Susie down.  
  
Jodie followed, but then returned a little later. “Dale says that she’s got this,” she said, returning to where she had been waiting. She didn’t look any too confident.  
  
As it turned out, Dale really seemed to have her work cut out for her. She and Susie had become good friends, but that didn’t seem to be of much of an advantage given the state she had found her in.  
  
Earlier, when Dale and Susie had talked about what specifically they would do once in front of the guys, Susie had seemed resigned to her fate. Together they had chosen a couple of cheers to perform. Dale thought that doing something like that, something that they both knew by heart, would help Susie by allowing her to focus on something other than just that her tits were out.  
  
However, when she went back upstairs, Dale had trouble finding Susie. She finally located her in the oddest location, a bathtub. She was sitting in the shallow end of the tub in a fetal position. She had drawn the curtain as if to close herself off from the world. To Dale it didn’t really seem as if she were trying seriously to hide or escape. Indeed, had that been her goal, she could have dressed and left via the front door. She was just sitting there, trembling in fear.  
  
Dale knelt down next to her, on the floor just outside the tub. She put a hand on the back of Susie’s neck, attempting to comfort her. She wanted to help Susie, so she tried to imagine what emotions she was experiencing. As they talked, Dale learned that Susie still wanted to go through with it; she just didn’t know how she would be able to. Her mind and body were simply locking up on her.  
  
Dale tried to tell Susie things that she might do once she was in front of the guys, things that might take her mind off of what was happening. She suggested staring at the ceiling, or closing her eyes so that she wouldn’t have to see the guys. She knew that the hardest part of it could be looking right at a guy and seeing where he was looking. She remembered how Nate had made her look at the forest service guys’ eyes that first weekend in the lookout, and she remembered how hard that had been.  
  
As she talked, she realized that she might not be the best person to help Susie though her first experience with nude exposure. Susie seemed to have all kinds of hang-ups about being naked in front of people that sounded quite foreign, even idiotic, to Dale. Part of her wanted to say simply, ‘What’s the big deal. Everyone’s got tits, just bare them and shake them. Have fun!’, but she knew that that would be insensitive.  
  
But then suddenly Dale realized that she must have messed up. She must have said something that she hadn’t intended to. Susie was looking at her with such a strange look in her eyes.  
  
“You’ve done this before, haven’t you?” said Susie suddenly. “I mean, other than being stripped at the party. You do this all the time, don’t you?”  
  
“Why do you say that?” asked Dale reviewing in her mind what exactly she might have said.  
  
“I can tell,” said Susie, looking deep into her eyes, as if she were trying to figure her out.  
  
“Well, I do have a little experience,” admitted Dale. She didn’t see the point in denying that. Somehow she must have let a hint or two slip out, but what was done was done. She continued, “…which unfortunately makes me not all that qualified to help you. Truth be told, taking my clothes off has never been an issue for me…as I guess you’ve figured out. To be real honest, I’m not a shy girl. So I don’t really know what that is like…to be shy. It’s important to me to try and help, but I guess I can’t.”  
  
Dale took a breath and lowered her gaze as she said that, feeling inadequate for the task at hand. However, Susie reached over, lifting up Dale’s chin to better see her face. Again she looked deep into Dale’s eyes, thinking, processing.  
  
“Oh, Dale,” she said, reaching around her neck and pulling her until their heads touched. “Don’t you see; you don’t have to be like me to help me. It’s not a shy girl that I need at my side to make it through this. What I need is a friend. This is going to be really hard for me, but I said I’d do it. I have to manage to do it…somehow. It would be ideal if you could give me a little of your bravery, but unfortunately, I don’t think that that is transferable. But friendship might be.”  
  
“Tink, I don’t really know how it might help with the shyness, but I like having a friend and I like being a friend,” said Dale.  
  
“Dale?” asked Susie.  
  
“Yes,” replied Dale.  
  
“You’ve heard of love triangles?” said Susie softly.  
  
“Of course,” said Dale, finding the question quite curious.  
  
“Well, I was thinking that there might be such a thing as a friendship triangle,” she replied. “You and Nate have been so kind to me. And don’t worry, I’m not trying to move in on your guy. I know guys are supposed to have only one girlfriend. And you’re the lucky girl. But guys can have multiple friends, right?”  
  
“Tink, we both like having you as our friend,” said Dale. “I don’t mind sharing Nate with you, a little. As long as we’re only talking friendship, it’s of course okay. Should I go and get him?”  
  
“No,” said Susie. “I’m sure they are getting impatient downstairs. Somehow I need to just go down and do this. Awe, heck, I guess it would be nice if he came up for a quick minute.”  
  
“It’s probably a good idea, if it would help. I’ll go get him,” she said, getting up and dashing out of the bathroom.  
  
Nate was quite surprised to see Dale beckoning to him from the back of the room, but then a moment later he was even more surprised to walk into the bathroom and find Susie curled up in the end of the tub. She was dressed identically to Dale, wearing just a white dress shirt. He had met Dale near the top of the stairs, so there had been no time to confer. He glanced quickly around the bathroom, the same bathroom where Dale had been stripped.  
  
“Nate, Tink hasn’t said so, but I think she needs a hug…from you,” said Dale.  
  
Susie stood up. She looked deep into Nate’s eyes for a few seconds, but then turned her head addressing Dale, “Would that be okay, Dale?”  
  
Nate glanced over at Dale and saw her nodding. Susie stepped out of the tub and hesitatingly reached for him.  
  
Nate sensed Susie’s need for a little comforting. He wrapped his arms around her gently, and then again glanced over at Dale. Dale took a step closer, placing a hand on Susie’s back.  
  
“Tink needs to feel like she has friends, Nate,” she said.  
  
“You have a lot of friends, Tink,” said Nate in a warm, quiet voice.  
  
“I don’t need a lot of friends,” said Susie holding Nate close. “But tonight I think I need you two.”  
  
“Well, we’re here,” said Dale. “We’re your friends.”  
  
As she said that, Dale wrapped her hands around both of them making it a three way hug. They lingered like that for the better part of a minute.  
  
“Are you my friend, Nate?” asked Susie, angling her head to look up into his eyes.  
  
“I’m very proud to be your friend,” replied Nate tenderly.  
  
“Will you still be my friend if I do this?” she asked.  
  
“You mean if you go topless?” asked Nate.  
  
With a very bashful look in her eyes, Susie again looked up at him and nodded.  
  
“Tink, I’ll be your friend for as long as you’ll have me. Going topless, or refusing to go topless; that won’t change anything. Our friendship has nothing to do with how much clothing any of us happens to be wearing,” said Nate.  
  
Susie smiled, looking at Dale she said, “You’re a lucky girl, Dale.”  
  
“I am,” agreed Dale, nodding, a warm smile on her face.  
  
“So, you guys will both still be my friends if I do this?” she asked.  
  
“Like Nate said, our friendship doesn’t depend on how much clothing we are wearing,” said Dale. “You won’t be a different person if some guys see your tits, and our friendship won’t change.”  
  
“Okay then, Dale,” said Susie, taking a deep breath of courage. “Let’s go show some guys our boobies.”  
  
“That’s the spirit,” said Dale, taking her hand.