**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

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**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 273: The First Cheer**

Susie was still acting quite hesitant, but the three of them made it out of the bathroom and then, after a Susie initiated pause as she stopped to gather he courage, went down the staircase three abreast. Susie was in the middle holding both of their hands. A few moments later they arrived at the entrance to the family room. As they entered, a cheer went up. Nate and Dale had both been concerned that too much time might have elapsed, but everyone was still there. It seemed as if everything was going to be fine.  
  
The random cheering transitioned into a, “Tink, Tink, Tink…” chant. Dale was instantly indignant at the guys for treating Susie that way. She was about to intervene and ‘shush’ them, when she happened to look over at Susie. She saw a hint of a smile on Susie’s face. ‘Maybe she likes hearing them using the ‘Tink’ nickname,’ she thought shrugging.  
  
Nate felt Susie squeeze his hand firmly, letting him know that it was okay to let go. With a motion of her head she let him know that he could take a seat. After doing so, he looked up at the two lovely ladies, both in their oversize white dress shirts. Only two buttons were done on Dale’s shirt, but Susie’s buttons were fastened all the way up, every one of them except the very last one right at the collar.  
  
The two of them were still holding hands. Dale’s expression had reverted back to the one he had recognized earlier, her confident smile. She was looking around the room, pleasantly making eye contact with each guy in turn.  
  
Susie on the other hand appeared to be in a world of hurt. Her face was red, and her expression was one that hinted that all kinds of misgivings were bouncing around inside her head. She looked to be trembling, and her unfocusing eyes swept the floor as if she were wishing she were anywhere but there.  
  
All of a sudden Dale announced confidently, “Okay, Tink, time to take off the shirts.”  
  
Nate saw a look of fright in Susie’s eyes as she pulled Dale to her. He thought she was going to hug her, but instead she started whispering into her ear.  
  
A moment later, both girls were in position as Dale announced, “Slight change of plans. We’ll do the first cheer with the shirts on.” She saw the looks of disappointment on the guys faces, so she added, “Don’t worry, just the first cheer. We’ll add a cheer so that you guys won’t be cheated.”  
  
Nate saw Susie and Dale look over at one another and bounce a little in time to get coordinated. Dale counted down, “3..2..1..” and then they launched into a familiar cheer, Dale looking over at Susie who was looking high on the far wall, her gaze passing above all the guys in the room.  
  
Go, Fight, Win!  
Go, Mavericks, Let’s Go!  
Fight, Mavericks, Let’s Fight!  
Win, Mavericks, Let’s Win!  
Go, Fight, Win!  
Go, Fight, Win!  
  
As soon as the other cheerleaders recognized the cheer, a few of them joined in, adding their voices to Dale’s and Susie’s. A couple more joined in a line or two later. There were hold-outs, but many of the cheerleaders participated. Nate saw a surprised and pleased expression on Dale’s face. Susie on the other hand didn’t seem to react, but Nate knew that she had to have heard that the other girls were cheering.  
  
To Nate it was quite heartwarming, for he knew how very alone the two girls, especially Susie, must have been feeling in the center of the room given the circumstances.  
  
That particular cheer was typically performed with the cheerleaders in a long line, every other girl first stepping forward, and then back. Since there were just the two of them, first Dale went forward, and after she had gone back, then Susie went forward. There were tightly choreographed arm movements, leg positions, and quite a bit of coordinated clapping that fit in with the spacing of the cheer. The entire cheer, the wording as well as the dance-like movements, repeated at least three times stretching the time required out to well over a minute.  
  
At the conclusion of the cheer, both Dale and Susie jumped up and down doing their typical cheerleader thing, while all the cheerleaders yelled, “Go Mavericks!” The guys participated by cheering and clapping. Nate saw the enthusiasm in their eyes, but he knew that it wasn’t due to what they had just seen, but rather what they hoped to see. Indeed the shirts were loose fitting and covered at least as much as a cheerleader outfit. The best was clearly yet to come.  
  
Dale walked toward Susie a few steps and faced her. He saw her say something to her quietly, and then she reached up and undid her own uppermost button. He again saw her say something, which he couldn’t hear, but which he imagined had likely been something like, “Now you.”  
  
Susie had turned to be facing Dale. She just stood there, looking at a spot on the floor near Dale’s feet. Dale reached up and undid her own second and final button. As she let go, Nate saw her shirt fall open. The center of her bra and thong came into view.  
  
Susie’s arms just hung motionless at her sides. Dale took a step closer to her, and whispering something encouraging, she reached slowly for Susie’s shirt. Susie just stood there, allowing Dale to undo the top button. Nate wasn’t sure if Dale should be unbuttoning Susie’s shirt, but it didn’t look as if Susie was going to be persuaded to do it herself. She continued to just stand there staring down. She had been staring at the floor, but because Dale was now in front of her, she now seemed to be staring at the center of Dale’s chest.  
  
Dale undid a few more buttons, but when she got down to just below Susie’s bust, Susie brought up her hands. With one of her hands she held the shirt closed at chest level, while the other hand held it closed down in front of her stomach where it was still buttoned. Seeing that, Dale moved in closer and hugged Susie, whispering to her. A couple of times he saw Dale attempt to resume the process of unbuttoning Susie’s shirt. Each time Susie resisted, keeping her hands firmly in place and shaking her head almost imperceptibly. Dale was being gentle, trying to do it in a manner that would soothe Susie and ease her along.  
  
Once it seemed clear that Dale was not going to have any success, Jodie signaled to Kendra, and the two of them approached. Susie looked up into their faces with apprehension, but she didn’t move. Nate could tell that Susie was having a very difficult time getting her shyness under control and he noticed again just how red her face had become.  
  
The two girls took up positions to each side of Susie, and a few things were said among the four girls. It had become very quiet, but still he couldn’t follow the conversation. He was catching just snippets. Everyone was watching the girls with bated breath.  
  
Again Dale gave Susie a hug. There was some more whispered discussion, and then Nate saw Susie drop her hands. On one side she reached over and held one of Jodie’s hands, and on the other side she did the same with Kendra.  
  
He noticed Jodie and Kendra shift such that they were each using both of their hands to hold onto one of Susie’s hands. He knew what was coming. It looked as if Susie had relinquished control. It looked as if she wouldn’t resist; although, the odds now looked stacked against her if she did. She had apparently agreed to having her hands held while Dale removed the shirt.  
  
Nate overheard Jodie say, “Go ahead, Dale …the rest of the buttons.”  
  
Dale hesitated. Looking at Susie she asked, “Should I, Tink?”  
  
After a long moment he saw Susie nod in agreement. She had seemingly decided that it might be easier this way.  
  
Dale started where she had left off. As the last button came undone, Dale opened Susie’s shirt wide, wide enough that Susie’s nipples would have been showing had she not been wearing the bra. Nate saw a shiver pass through Susie’s body. Not one due to the temperature, as it was quite warm. It was obviously an emotion inspired shiver.  
  
As Nate watched, Dale took a step back. She winked at him and then she shrugged the shirt back off her shoulders. All eyes focused on her, as she removed it entirely, tossing it to the crowd. As her basic but matching white bra and thong panties came into view, a cheer rang out from the guys.  
  
In acknowledgement, Dale did a slow and graceful pirouette, her arms raised overhead as if she were a ballet dancer. She looked so hot like that, Nate thought. Her bra wasn’t large, it didn’t need to be, but it covered more than four times the amount of skin that her thong did, even though it was much larger than the tiny one that she had worn as Target Girl. It, of course, didn’t cover her butt at all, but from the front it was more than adequate. Her racing stripe was completely hidden.  
  
Once the cheering and clapping started to die down, Dale returned to Susie’s open shirt. As she reached up to push it back off of Susie’s shoulders, Susie suddenly jerked and tried to pull free.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 274: The Shirts Come Off**

“No, Dale, I’ll do it myself,” said Susie.  
  
Dale hesitated.  
  
“Go ahead, Dale,” said Jodie. “She had her chance. She agreed to this.”  
  
Still Dale hesitated, trying to decide what to do.  
  
“Please, Dale, I’ll do it myself. I will,” said Susie.  
  
“We’ve wasted enough time with this nonsense,” said Jodie. “The reason that we’re doing this is to demonstrate to the guys that we’ll all strip down to our panties if they win the title. I’m not sure that’s the message they’re receiving. They might be receiving the opposite message, so let’s get on with this. Take the shirt off. Susie can redeem her pride by taking her bra off by herself, if she will.”  
  
“I guess she’s right,” said Susie meekly. “Go ahead, get it over with.”  
  
“Thanks, Tink,” said Dale. She pushed the shirt off of her shoulders and then walked behind her to pull it down further onto her arms.  
  
Susie looked a little anxious and very self-conscious as her bra came into full view, but she didn’t resist as they took her arms out of the sleeves, one at a time. Dale balled up the shirt and fired it into the air above their audience. She had tried to get it to Gage, but Cody stood up and intercepted it.  
  
Susie again tried to pull free, and this time Jodie and Kendra let her.  
  
“Your bra is soooo cute!” said Kendra sweetly, giving Susie a little spank on a butt cheek.  
  
That playful little comment only served to highlight her exposure, causing Susie to reach up and cover her chest as best she could by crossing her arms over herself, her hands gripping her upper arms. Her knees were clamped tightly together, one in front of the other. Her face was as red as could be and she looked forlornly down and to the side.  
  
Dale reached up and gently grabbed a wrist in each of her hands. Looking compassionately into Susie’s eyes while shaking her head, Dale said simply, “No, Tink.”  
  
Susie took a deep breath. Closing her eyes, she managed to lower her hands to her sides, first one and then the other. As she dropped her hands, Dale let go of her wrists saying, “Good job.”  
  
A cheer went up. One of the guys tried to start the, ‘Tink, Tink…’ chant back up, but Cody nudged him and he abandoned the effort.  
  
Nate looked at Susie as she stood there blushing. She was shaking a little and her eyes seemed to now be fixed on a ceiling corner.  
  
Her bra and panties did not match. That was hardly surprising. Surely she had had no idea that she might be taking off some clothing that day as she had dressed. Her panties looked to be a nice but practical cotton pair. They were solid black and rather skimpy, but not a thong style. The back cut diagonally across her butt cheeks about half way up. Nate noticed a bit of a bulge in the front that he thought indicated that Susie had a fair amount of bush within, but he didn’t see any little hairs peeking out. However, Susie’s legs were clamped so tightly together that he had had little opportunity to see much in that area.  
  
In contrast to the black panties, Susie’s bra was of a dainty style, lacy and pale blue. It looked to be a few layers thick, of the sort that many guys disliked, simply because they prevented any nipple detail from showing though. He glanced over at Dale. Her bra was similar in that there was no hint of her barbell jewelry hidden within.  
  
Nate found himself admiring Susie’s bra. The lace formed a scalloped edge along the top where Susie’s pillowy tits were peeking out. He tried to figure out if it might be a Wonderbra style. ‘Would Susie’s bust still be larger than Dale’s once the bra came off?’ he wondered. He looked at the other cheerleaders in the back of the room. Surely there were some padded bras back there. He made a mental note to bring that up the next night when they talked with the rest of the team. What a good reason to win the state football title, he figured…to once and for all figure out which girls were wearing that kind of bra.  
  
He looked over at Dale in her plain white bra. She certainly wasn’t top heavy, but she always wore honest bras. Nate decided that that meant something to him. It said something about her, especially given how he knew that she was self-conscious about being light on top.  
  
He had been planning to get her some nice lingerie for Christmas, some pretty bras and panties. He found himself kicking himself for not having done so already. She rocked the Walmart bra, but somehow it didn’t seem fair for a girl with her body to be doing such a public event in mundane underwear. She deserved better; he knew it.  
  
He also knew that the bra would come off and tomorrow none of the guys would remember it. The titties themselves, the nipples and the nipple jewelry would be seared into their memories. Her butt, too. It looked amazing in the thong, even the Walmart thong; however, thongs mostly looked all alike from the back.  
  
Nate really loved the look of Dale’s butt. Susie’s looked awesome as well. She was slender and a bit taller, but she was lacking the gymnast level of toning that Dale had. In Susie’s case, you could tell where the leg ended and where the butt began. Dale’s legs, in comparison, just flowed seamlessly up into her tush.  
  
Nate could tell that Dale was trying to move things along. Dale looked to be blushing a little, but not as much as he would have expected. He thought that it had to be due to Susie. Helping Susie along was taking Dale’s mind off of her own exposure, and how she would shortly be removing her own bra in front of everyone. Even her ex, Jason, was about to see her titties for the first time. ‘Don’t tell Jason . . . because he hasn’t.’ Her words from long ago came back to him.  
  
As he watched, Dale whispered something into Susie’s ear. It had evidently related to her cheer selection, as he saw Susie nod and then slowly get into a starting position. It was a fully erect, chin up position with her hands in fists against the small of her back, elbows out. She moved her feet apart a little.  
  
It was a very attractive position for a girl in her underwear. Her ribcage was angled up, highlighting her nicely shaped bust. Twice Dale tapped the inside of one of Susie’s feet with her own foot, indicating the need for a wider stance. Twice Susie adjusted her feet further apart. Finally Dale was satisfied, and assumed an identical position just over an arm’s length away to Susie’s right.  
  
Dale counted down, “3..2..1..” and they again began in unison, Dale looking over at Susie who was looking at the ceiling.  
  
Defense, Defense!  
You’ve got the ball…  
  
“Stop, stop, stop…,” said Dale interrupting the cheer just as they were getting started.  
  
Susie stopped, looking over at Dale. “What?” she said.  
  
“Where’s that trademark Susie Chandler smile?” asked Dale. “You’re a Maverick Varsity Cheerleader, goddam it…now look like one!”  
  
Susie took a deep breath and looked around the room. “Okay, I’ll try,” said Susie, attempting a smile.  
  
“That’s better,” said Dale. “Now from the top. 3..2..1..”  
  
In unison they again launched into the cheer,  
  
Defense, Defense!  
You’ve got the ball, we want the ball,  
Hey!  
Defense, Defense!  
You’ve got the ball, we want the ball,  
Hey!  
  
Nate noticed that again many of the cheerleaders standing around the entrance added there voices to those of Susie and Dale. He was glad about that. And he was also glad to see that Susie was managing to look a little more like herself. Her eyes still had a worried look to them, but she was smiling broadly, obviously a forced smile, but a smile nonetheless.  
  
Dale, for her part, was at one hundred and ten percent, fully in her cheer persona, as they repeated the cheer at least three times. She looked great and she was obviously having a lot of fun. Being in her underwear obviously did not faze her one little bit.  
  
In reality, Dale’s mind was working away behind the scenes. She was having a lot of difficulty understanding Susie. ‘What’s the big deal?’ she was thinking. She knew that Susie wore bikinis in the summer. Right now she was dressed quite similarly, and yet she was acting as if she was nude. She knew that most girls did not have her comfort level with nudity, but this was ridiculous. She started worrying. If it took that much effort to get Susie down to her underwear, how were they ever going to get her bra off?  
  
Jodie was thinking the same thing. As the cheer concluded, she whispered something to Erin, who then moved into a position in front of a door located along the side of the room. Nate didn’t know what was behind the door, but it was the only other exit from the family room. As he watched, the remaining cheerleaders formed a line across the wide entryway. Jodie was obviously deploying her squad as a show of force, to make it obvious to Susie that any escape attempt would not be successful.  
  
Nate saw a look of terror on Susie’s face as Dale turned to her saying, “Okay, Tink, now the bras.”  
  
Susie’s head fluttered rapidly side to side as she looked over at Dale. “Please, Dale,” she pleaded. “Let’s do one more with.”  
  
Dale, who already had her hands up on her bra strap behind her back, considered Susie’s request. She dropped her hands back down to her sides saying, “Okay, but just the one…and then the bras come off. Agreed?”  
  
Nate saw Susie nod, her facial expression showing a combination of relief and terror.  
  
Dale whispered her cheer choice to Susie and they both got into position. Dale looked over at Susie’s position, but this time she apparently didn’t see any need to make any adjustments.  
  
“Okay, ready? 3..2..1..” said Dale.  
  
Again, in unison they cheered,  
  
We want a Victory, yell, Go, Mavericks, Go!  
We want a Victory, yell, Go, Prospect, Go!  
We want a Victory, yell, Go, Mavericks, Go!  
We want a Victory, yell, Go, Prospect, Go!  
  
Again many of the other cheerleaders added their voices in support. In reality, most of the cheers were pretty basic in terms of the chant itself. However, the words were secondary compared to the moves that the girls did with their bodies. This particular cheer was quite hot, erotic even, but Nate knew that given the panties, that the best view was probably from the rear. The guys were missing that view, which was nice because the girls bent way over, backs straight, arms out, knees locked and feet wider than shoulder width apart.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 275: Susie's Surprise**

The view from the front was great too. It included a lot of shimmying. Both girls’ tits were being used to full advantage. Dale’s titty shaking was a little more artistic, more refined than Susie’s, almost as if she had studied titty shaking at a ballet academy. She seemed to emphasize style over amplitude and always maintained perfect posture. Susie, on the other hand was simply shaking them, which had a lot to be said for it as well. He looked over and saw a lot of mouths hanging open.  
  
He looked at Gage sitting there, not far away from Susie. He could not take his eyes off of her; that was more than obvious. Gage’s comments at the dance, about Susie’s dress and how easy it would be to yank down, popped into Nate’s thoughts. He recalled Gage bragging that shortly he would get Susie’s top off, but in the conventional manner. He chuckled to himself thinking that Susie seemed destined to be topless within a minute or two, but not in the conventional manner. He suspected Gage was looking forward to that moment. He knew he was.  
  
As the girls repeated the cheer several times, Nate returned his attention to Susie. He thought about how Gage had been right, her strapless dress had looked as if it would have been easy to yank down. Her pale blue bra, in comparison, had straps. He didn’t think that it would yank down, but then her panties caught his eye. There was hardly anything holding them up, he realized. If she wouldn’t take off her bra, there were her panties to consider. He tried to picture how Dale might react.  
  
“Okay, Tink, now the bras,” said Dale again, turning toward her after the cheer had concluded.  
  
Dale reached her hands up to the strap behind her own back and waited. Slowly Susie’s hands went up to the closure of her bra which was located in front.  
  
“Let’s unhook them together on one,” said Dale. Nate saw what looked like a small nod of agreement from Susie, and Dale counted, “3..2..1..”  
  
Nate saw Dale unhook her bra and then move her hands to the front. She placed them on top of the cups, holding them in place.  
  
‘What if the chosen girls had both been shy?’ Nate found himself thinking. Dale was sure coming across as quite bold, encouraging Susie along each step of the way as she was. He expected that helping Susie along was actually serving as a distraction, making it easier for Dale to undress in front of guys that she knew so well. Without that distraction, he expected that Dale might be dealing with her own misgivings.  
  
“Unhook it, Tink!” commanded Dale in a firm yet friendly voice. Nate was behind Susie, but from Dale’s expression, he knew when Susie had finally unhooked her bra. Again he glanced down at her little black panties, realizing how easy it would be to slide them down to her ankles. He indulged in a little daydream, imagining how the guys would react if he showed them her bush like that. He was now quite convinced that she did have a pretty good sized bush hiding in her black panties, they pooched out a little in front.  
  
Both girls were standing there, more of less facing each other, each of them holding her bra in place with her hands over the cups.  
  
“Okay, Tink, on one we take off the bras and we toss them,” said Dale encouragingly. Nate looked for a nod from Susie, but he didn’t see one. She seemed to be trembling. Dale continued steadily forward, “Okay, 3..2..1..”  
  
He saw Dale’s bra come off and go flying. Susie had made a bit of movement. It looked as if she had started to take her bra off, but then had changed her mind, returning to her starting position. He saw her head hang in shame as a cheer for Dale went up.  
  
“Da-le, Da-le, Da-le…” chanted the guys.  
  
Dale turned and faced her appreciative audience. In acknowledgment of their cheering, she cupped her hands under her titties, not hiding the nipples, and juggled them alternately a little. Removing her hands, she took a moment to trace a few figure eights in the air with her bejeweled nipples. It was one of her signature moves; one that he really loved. Surely the guys were seeing it for the first time as he had never seen her do it while dressed. As the cheering grew even louder, Dale quickly spun two turns in place. Nate glanced back at the other cheerleaders. This time they all seemed to be scowling.  
  
Dale’s whole little display was over in seconds, and she turned her attention back to Susie, who still held her bra tightly against her tits. Dale attempted to talk her out of it, but Susie had a death grip on it.  
  
Dale did her best, but didn’t seem to be getting anywhere.  
  
Nate had noticed that Bryce, Erin’s boyfriend had caught Dale’s bra and had stuffed it into his pocket. He knew that might end badly for him. Erin had surely been watching. He stood up and tried to stealthily slip over to where Bryce was sitting. He tried to look like the overprotective boyfriend demanding his grilfriend’s bra while whispering to Bryce, “Believe me, you don’t want Erin to think that you are attached to another girl’s bra. For all I know, she might be the jealous type.” To his relief, Bryce handed him the bra and he returned to his seat, stuffing it in his own pocket.  
  
As he sat down, he saw that Dale had noticed and was smiling at him. She was still trying to get Susie to relinquish her bra, but she didn’t seem to have made any progress whatsoever.  
  
Nate knew that she was going to need help, and he realized that Jodie would do something if things dragged on much longer. Instead of waiting for that to happen, he crept slowly toward Susie from the rear. He crouched down hoping that she would not see him in her peripheral vision. He saw the guys looking at him, so he held a finger to his lips indicating that they should keep quiet.  
  
He looked over at the other cheerleaders. They were all watching him intently, obviously wondering what he was up to. A few of them had their mouths hanging open, very surprised to see him sneaking up on Susie like that. Dale noticed him, so he gave her a wink.  
  
He got into a kneeling position just behind Susie without her noticing. In one quick motion he grabbed her panties, a hand on each side. He seized them firmly, making fists around each side band. A tremor of shock passed through Susie’s body as she felt the unexpected contact of another human being and suddenly became aware of her extreme peril. Before she had a chance to react, Nate pulled the sides of her panties out a few inches away from her hips. As much as the contact had surprised and scared Susie, the sudden disappearance of that contact frightened her even more.  
  
In an instant, Susie’s world had gone from bad to worse. She hadn’t been able to take off her bra; although, she knew she had to. Even when she told her arms to move, they disobeyed, always staying put. She simply couldn’t imagine herself topless in front of everyone like Dale was. Something about seeing Dale topless had made it all seem so real, so much more terrifying. And the ironic thing was that Susie knew that she now had lovely tits, so it wasn’t that. She just couldn’t bring herself to bare them in front of the guys. She had always been extremely self-conscious of her chest, ever since the ‘Pebbles’ nickname had come into being. Even after she had filled out quite attractively, her misgivings and inhibitions had remained.  
  
And then all of a sudden she had felt hands on her panties….someone had ahold of them! She almost had a heart attack as she felt the sides being pulled quickly and firmly. Instinct took over as she reached down, desperately grabbing at her panties, hoping to save them, hoping to keep herself from being pantsed in public. Tits were one thing, but pussy was an entirely different matter. She could not picture the guys seeing that…anything but that! Her bra was entirely forgotten in her frenzied effort to keep her pussy covered.  
  
Susie had reacted just as Nate had thought she would. Her last-ditch effort to save her panties meant that her bra was suddenly complete loose and unguarded. He reached up and with both hands yanked it straight down. It slid quickly down along her arms. It got hung up briefly where Susie’s hands were now holding onto her panties, but he didn’t let that stop him. A moment later, he hopped up and held the bra triumphantly over his head.  
  
A cheer went up as he flung it into the air above the crowd. As he glanced back at Susie, he saw her expression turn from shock to anger. She looked absolutely furious as she came at him, swatting wildly. He easily dodged the first few swats, but then covered his head with his arms, allowing her to hit him. He couldn’t believe how mad she was. He had never seen her like that; however, it didn’t seem as if she had had any self-defense classes; her swats didn’t hurt much at all. Fortunately for him, she had never received any tips from Carly about how to make a guy pay.  
  
As Nate was quite a bit taller, she had her arms and hands up high, continuing to slap at his head. Nate peeked out at her boobies, dancing around wildly down below all the arm action. Looking past Susie he saw Dale standing there. She looked to be enjoying the scene. ‘We do make quite a team,’ he thought to himself. He smiled at her, and he saw the twinkle in her eye as she noticed his smile.  
  
As Susie had first initiated her attack, Dale, standing there in just her thong, had thought to intervene, to pull her off of him so that they could get back to their cheer demonstration. However, she had noticed how much the guys were enjoying watching a furious, topless Susie beat on Nate. That had persuaded her to let things run their course. She gave Nate the two thumbs up sign.  
  
Nate was glad to know that he had correctly anticipated Dale’s reaction, and he hoped that Susie would calm down. Hopefully she wouldn’t be mad at him for too long, but he knew that she just might never forgive him. He knew that if he had pulled a similar stunt on Dale, that she’d probably get over it quickly, but in Susie’s case he didn’t know what to expect.  
  
After a few more good swats, Susie seemed to realize that she was topless and putting on quite a show for a good-sized audience. That realization hit her like a ton of bricks. She clapped her hands over her tits and turned her back towards the guys while simultaneously stepping away from Nate, snarling at him in disgust, “You!”  
  
Dale reached gingerly for her arm. “He wasn’t trying to be mean, Tink. He’s your friend, remember?” she said. “I’m sure he was just trying to help; trying to help you get through the tough part quickly. Nate is just a little more unpredictable than most people realize.”  
  
Susie looked back at Nate, scowling, but she seemed to be calming down a little.  
  
Dale gave her a hug saying, “It’s all downhill from here. Let’s do a couple more cheers and then we can get dressed.”  
  
“You’re just going to let him get away with that?” asked Susie, glaring back at Nate.  
  
“Let’s get our obligations taken care of first,” proposed Dale. “And then later, if you still feel like killing him, I’ll help you. We can DOUBLE-TEAM him.” She placed extra emphasis on term ‘double-team’, so that Nate would know what he had done to deserve payback.  
  
“You’ll help me?” asked Susie looking astonished.  
  
“Of course,” said Dale making sure that Nate heard and saw her evil smile.  
  
A few of the guys all looked at Nate, imagining what he might be dealing with later, wondering if the girls would still be topless, and other such things that teenage guys tended to think about.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 276: Cheer Show Conclusion**

Taking a deep breath, Susie nodded her agreement while stepping farther away from Nate. She actually ended up switching sides with Dale. She was obviously trying to be as far from Nate as possible. She still had her hands firmly clamped on top of her tits, pressing them back into her ribcage.  
  
As Dale tried to coax her into dropping her hands, Nate glanced at the other cheerleaders in the back of the room. His initial feeling was that a few of them looked as if they were put off by his stunt. However, when she saw him looking her way, Jodie smiled, nodded and gave him the thumbs up sign. He looked over at the guys. They were easy to read. He felt that it was quite obvious that they had enjoyed his antics; however, Susie seemed to have their rapt attention at that moment.  
  
Fortunately, Dale was able to get Susie to drop the hand bra so that they could do the next cheer. The argument that seemed to have convinced Susie was that everyone had already seen her boobies. She had shown them off quite nicely indeed, so there was no use in drawing things out.  
  
As the two girls stood side by side preparing to start their first topless cheer, Nate got his first real chance to study Susie’s naked tits. She had obviously not been wearing a padded bra. If anything her tits seemed to be bigger now that they had been freed. Similarly their shape had changed little. They were round as round can be.  
  
Dale’s tits were round too; however, in Dale’s case their roundness was capped by a cone shaped region that started just outside of her areola, extending her nipples out farther.  
  
In contrast, Susie had nice tight little nipples that sat right on the spheres that were her boobs. He had sort of been expecting something different, puffy nipples of that sort that must have inspired the ‘Pebbles’ nickname. Seemingly that stage of adolescent development was now fully in the past.  
  
Susie was indeed larger than Dale, but not by a full cup size, maybe not even by half a cup size. However, she was noticeably a little larger. Susie’s breasts looked a little softer and had a little more droop to them. That said, they were firm teen tits with essentially no sag whatsoever. Dale’s titties in contrast simply had that extra little something, to Nate’s eye anyway. He thought that it might have something to do with her athleticism. Surely her tits sat atop a firm foundation of pectoral muscles.  
  
Susie’s areolas were larger in diameter than Dale’s, but the nipples themselves didn’t look bigger. He thought that might change if her nipples were to get real hard. Just possibly Dale’s nipples were simply harder at the moment. Indeed the jewelry seemed to cause her nipples to always be tall and tight.  
  
“Okay, ready? 3..2..1..” said Dale with enough volume for everyone in the room to hear.  
  
In unison they cheered,  
  
B-e-a-t beat ’em,  
B-u-s-t bust ’em,  
Beat ‘em, bust ‘em, that’s our custom,  
Bust ‘em beat ‘em let’s defeat ‘em  
Gooooo Mavericks!  
Gooooo Mavericks!  
  
That particular cheer had always been a popular one with the guys. Whoever had done the choreography years before, had obviously tried to play up the double meaning of the word ‘bust’. Whenever the word was said, the girls thrust their busts up and out toward the audience, giving them just the tiniest shake right at the end of the movement. The girl would then freeze, such that the only thing still in motion would be her tits – a nice tight little tremor.  
  
For that reason, the cheer was a powerfully appropriate selection for the two topless girls, Dale’s astute choice, no doubt. Nate saw with delight that Susie seemed to be embracing the moment. She was putting her heart into it; her bust into actually. It looked as if she was trying to do her best to give Dale a run for her money.  
  
That just so happened to be about exactly Susie’s attitude. She had decided that the best way to deal with her shyness was to try and keep everyone from only seeing and only remembering her red face, and all the hesitancy that had delayed things. She had decided that since the guys were all seeing her tits, she might as well do her best to make them what they would remember. She’d gotten pretty good at thrusting her tits out to their best advantage in her cheer uniform. Doing the same thing topless was something she thought she could do. They were seeing them anyway, so why not do it up right?  
  
The cheer was also fun because each time the word ‘beat’ was said, the girls would reach back and spank their own little butts with one hand. Dressed, that move almost stole the show from the titty thrusting and shaking. However, topless, nothing could upstage the cute little titty twitch. As a matter of fact, the spanking motion seemed to have the added benefit of animating the titties…something that Nate had never noticed when the girls did the cheer in their uniforms.  
  
Nate noticed again that a couple of the other cheerleaders were participating verbally in the cheer, but with maybe a little less energy than earlier. Scrutinizing the girl’s faces, he recognized what he thought looked like a little jealousy. And yet that only made sense. There were two girls that would be starring in the guy’s fantasies after that evening, and it wasn’t going to be the fully clothed girls in the back of the room.  
  
The guys clapped and cheered as ‘Beat ‘em, Bust ‘em’ concluded. After a few bows, Dale went over to Susie and the two girls conferred about their next cheer. Nate expected that it would be their final cheer of the evening as Dale had said at some point that there would be two topless cheers.  
  
A moment later Dale shouted, “Okay, ready? 3..2..1..”  
  
And in unison the two girls launched into,  
  
To the “G”, to the “O”,  
Yell “Go! Go!”  
To the “G”, to the “O”,  
Yell “Go! Go!”  
  
Nate had to hand it to Dale. She really knew how to show off the titties. That cheer, in and of itself was a bit ordinary in most respects. However, topless, it was a sight to behold. It mostly involved the girls jumping up and down while clapping; however, they did overhead arm movements each time they shouted, ‘Go! Go!’, thrusting first one fist into the air, and then the other. It made for an awesome titty show, and what made it even hotter was that the volume, the energy and especially the tempo of the cheer increased each time they repeated the verse. And repeat it they did, over and over, faster and faster, louder and louder.  
  
As the cheer progressed, the guys themselves even got to their feet and started to clap and chant along with Dale and Susie. The energy in the room was palpable, and the whole house was shaking.  
  
Nate felt the enthusiastic energy in the room; these guys were ready to go! This mini-pep-rally was proving the validity of the cheerleader’s topless dance scheme. These guys were ready to win some goddam football games! He made a mental note to tell Dale and the other girls that that particular cheer needed to be the rallying cry during the upcoming games. They’d have to explain everything to their teammates who had not been fortunate enough to be there that evening. But to his mind, if the guys looked over at the twelve girls, all jumping up and down doing that cheer, they would think of bouncing titties and the result would be points on the board.  
  
As the cheer eventually came to an end, the guys all continued clapping, but started yelling, “Encore! Encore!”  
  
While the girls in the back of the room didn’t look very enthusiastic about watching the Dale and Susie show continue, Nate could tell that Dale seemed to be game. He thought that Susie too would be willing to do one more cheer. However, as the cheer had ended. Her hand bra was back firmly in place. Seeing that, Dale reached over and slapped at Susie’s arms until she again dropped them. To Nate’s eye, she seemed to have gotten a little more comfortable with being topless in front of so many, but just a little. It was still obviously quite a struggle for her.  
  
Dale again whispered to Susie and the room again grew quiet as the guys stopped clapping and sat back down. Susie and Dale got into position for another cheer.  
  
Once they were ready and it was adequately quiet, Dale again shouted, “Okay, ready? 3..2..1..”  
  
In unison the two girls cheered,  
  
Mavericks in the front, let me hear you grunt, UHG!  
Mavericks in the middle, let me hear you sizzle, SSSSS!  
Mavericks in the rear, let me hear you cheer, AWWW DO IT!  
DO IT... DO IT... DO IT... DO IT... DO IT...  
  
Nate was realizing that all their cheers seemed quite suggestive when being performed by cheerleaders wearing only teeny little panties, one white, the other black, a perfect contrast. It seemed almost as if they had planned it that way; however, he knew that if they had, the panties would probably have had the same cut viewed from the rear.  
  
Susie’s black panties were quite opaque. Other than their shape revealing the likelihood of bush within, Nate could discern nothing else, even though he had tried…no camel toe, no dampness.  
  
Dale’s panties were a different story. They were also opaque, yet they were thin and tight. There wasn’t a guy in the room that hadn’t been treated to some serious camel toe. The white fabric was also exceedingly unforgiving when it came to hiding Dale’s state of arousal. Her pussy was obviously quite juicy, a fact betrayed by a moist line on the fabric running front to back down between her legs.  
  
Nate thought she’d be quite embarrassed if that were brought to her attention; however, he suspected that she must be aware of it at some level. He didn’t know what it felt like to have a juicy pussy, but he was certain that she must be able to feel it without plunging her fingers down there.  
  
He found himself wishing that he had managed to video the evening. There had been some amazing moments. To some extent, Susie had even managed to upstage Dale a little via all that had gone on to get her to conform to the dress code. That in and of itself was astounding…the idea that another girl might come close to upstaging Dale in just her thong and her nipple rivets. The only thing that could really top that, to his mind, was Dale without the thong at all.  
  
The guys tried chanting, ‘Encore!’ again, but Dale clearly knew that it was best to stop at a high point. Nate didn’t know it, but she had also whispered a promise to Susie, that that particular cheer would be the last.  
  
And so that portion of the evening came to a close. Susie put her hand bra back on, and Dale didn’t try and stop her. Nate went over and whispered something in Dale’s ear; she reluctantly capped her tits with her hands just as Susie was doing.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 277: Considering Dale's Heart**

Both girls were swarmed by the guys as they went about looking for the dress shirts that they had been wearing. The shirts had miraculously disappeared. Susie’s light blue bra was also nowhere to be found. Nate gave Dale her bra and instructed her to put it on. He wanted Dale to appear ‘normal’ whatever that was. And he wanted Susie to be the only one topless. Reluctantly Dale complied.  
  
Nate saw Susie looking toward the exit, but Jodie still had the other cheerleaders deployed across it, not that the two girls in their panties could have broken free of the circle of guys that each of them had around them. There weren’t any real conversations taking place; the guys were just drawn to the girls. They were saying things, asking questions, but before a girl could begin to speak, another guy would distract her with a different comment or question.  
  
After a couple of minutes, Nate decided that the girls needed rescuing. Quit while we’re ahead, he thought. He could tell that Susie was still pissed at him, so he went and whispered into Dale’s ear. She went over and linked arms with Susie and then started leading her toward the family room exit.  
  
Nate got behind Susie, and placing a hand on one of her shoulders, he began steering her in the same direction that Dale was leading her. Susie looked over her shoulder at him. He could tell that she didn’t like that he was touching her; however, she was too committed to keeping her tits covered to remove a hand in order to push him away.  
  
In that manner, Susie in the middle, they made it to the stairs. Once they were at the top of the stairs, Dale led the way down the hallway to a room where their clothes were on a bed.  
  
As they entered, Nate commented, “This obviously isn’t Jodie’s room.”  
  
“Nope. Her brother’s,” replied Dale.  
  
Once they were in the large bedroom, Susie pulled away from Nate’s touch. She glared at him, her hands still firmly smashing her tits back into her ribs.  
  
“Tink,” said Dale. “Don’t be mad at Nate.”  
  
“You saw what he did to me! I have every right to be furious!” she said addressing Dale directly.  
  
“I know. It was a rotten trick,” said Dale. “He probably shouldn’t have done that, but we needed to get your bra off, one way or another.”  
  
“And my bra was his problem? You saw him grab my panties! I saw my life flash before my eyes. He was so far out of line!” she said, obviously quite irate.  
  
“He didn’t pull them down,” pointed out Dale.  
  
“So you’re okay with your boyfriend grabbing other girl’s panties?” asked Susie indignantly.  
  
“I didn’t say that,” said Dale. “Somehow it all worked out. But I do know exactly how you feel. He’s done things like that to me.”  
  
“He’s threatened to pull your panties down? In front of people like that? I don’t think so!” exclaimed Susie, looking at Nate with an expression of surprise mixed with a double helping of horror. It was obvious that Susie thought such behavior was unthinkable.  
  
“He’s done essentially that,” said Dale. “Even worse actually. Why do you think we broke up, anyway?”  
  
“Worse?” she said with surprise, stepping away from Nate and looking back at him with an expression of utter disgust. “He’s a monster! How can you stand to be around him?”  
  
“He’s not a monster,” said Dale, sticking up for Nate.  
  
“Dale,” said Nate. “I know you’re trying, but I’m not sure you’re making this any better. I’m afraid Susie’s right. I had a weak moment. It was a rash thing to do.”  
  
“Tink, he’s my friend,” said Dale. “He’s my best friend. He’s the best friend a girl ever had. He’s the best friend I will EVER have…period.”  
  
Both Susie and Nate looked at Dale, not knowing how to respond given what she had said and the conviction with which she had said it.  
  
“He’s your friend, too,” continued Dale. “And I can share him with you. I know I can. I may not know yet if I can trust you completely, but I know I can trust Nate…completely! He’ll always be there for me…always! There’s nothing you can do to steal him away from me. No woman can take him away from me. His heart is mine, now and forever.”  
  
Both Susie and Nate just stood there, staring at Dale. She had effectively reset the conversation on a completely different plane, a much higher plane. Susie was taken aback. Somehow Dale had taken Nate from a monster to the ultimate committed man in just a few sentences. And she had managed to do it without even denying that he was a panty grabbing, bra snatching pervert. She had actually said that he had done ‘worse’.  
  
“I’m not trying to steal him,” said Susie. “After tonight, I’m pretty sure I don’t want anything to do with him. But I know how devoted he is to you. Even when you were broken up, when you were on a date with Tyler, even then, he was loyal. Even then I was unsuccessful at getting him to go out with me. And you better believe that that short-skirted Tinkerbell costume was selected to make me as irresistible as possible. If you didn’t notice, it had half the fabric of your ice cream dress.”  
  
Nate was enjoying that thought, that Susie had gone to some effort to be ‘irresistible’ on his account. He had thought of her little green dress as being quite cute, but it had also been one of the skimpiest outfits at the party.  
  
Attempting to steer the conversation back to Nate, Dale said, “But he’s your friend too. A very good friend, I think. I think we need another one of those group hugs. Tink, that was what you needed before our little cheer show. I think it is what you need now.”  
  
Susie looked at Dale blankly, but she did allow Dale to approach her. As Dale hugged her, she placed one arm around her, the need to cover her boobs seemingly forgotten. However, as Nate approached she held up her hand, her arm straight, elbow locked, sending a clear signal that he should keep his distance. Noticing that Nate was staring at her one exposed nipple, she scowled at him, covering it quickly with her hand.  
  
After the two of them had enjoyed an extended hug, Nate said, “Why don’t I step out while the two of you get dressed? I expect that downstairs they are wondering what happened to us.”  
  
“Thanks, Nate,” said Dale, smiling at him.  
  
“And, Dale,” said Nate. “I’ll take that bra back. Since Susie has no choice but to go home braless, you need to as well. As a show of support.”  
  
“No pun intended, right?” said Dale, unsnapping her bra and handing it to him.  
  
“Huh?” said Nate.  
  
“You know, support, lack of support,” said Dale.  
  
They all laughed, but Susie was quite surprised to see Dale handing her bra back to Nate, who in turn put it back in his pocket. She had done his bidding without any hesitancy or push-back. That seemed so unusual to her.  
  
Nate and Dale shared a quick little puckered-up kiss complete with sound effects, and then Nate stepped out, closing the door behind him.  
  
“You two have a very strange relationship, I’m starting to realize,” said Susie, a somewhat puzzled look on her face as she thought back over some of the things she had heard and witnessed.  
  
“We have an absolutely wonderful relationship,” said Dale smiling broadly.  
  
Nate was just out in the hall. He had decided to wait for the girls and then go down with them. He found himself considering Dale’s comments about how his heart belonged to her, how it would always belong to her. He knew it was true, and he was glad that she believed it. In a way it had been very nice to hear Dale say that, especially since she had been saying it to another person.  
  
Thinking about that caused him to think about Dale’s heart. ‘Might he be able to say the same thing?’ he wondered. He ended up deciding that in her case it seemed to be much more complicated. In his particular case everything seemed to be black and white. In Dale’s case, however, there seemed to be a lot of grey. Everything about her feelings, her emotions seemed heavily nuanced. She did speak of being absolutely committed, that was certainly true.  
  
He considered all the guys at school. There were so many of them, and he expected that nearly every single one of them would take her in a heartbeat. But he wasn’t at all concerned about any of them. Dale wasn’t interested in any of them. That, in and of itself, was both reassuring and concerning.  
  
But then he thought of Michelle. The more she pushed Dale away, the more Dale seemed to be attracted to her. He sensed all the frustration Dale felt over her inability to reconnect with Michelle, and he thought of Dale’s renewed interests in track and piano. He had always thought them to be genuine interests, but suddenly a new idea struck him. These were things that all linked back to Michelle! Might her interest in pursuing them be based primarily on the possibility that they might help her renew her relationship with her Nutshell? He tried to block that idea out of his head, but once he had had it, he couldn’t. It kept coming back, like the memory of a nightmare.  
  
Considering her interest in piano, he realized that Dale’s focus seemed to be as much or more on Michelle’s mother than anything else. He had suggested a few avenues to proceed with piano that did not involve Mrs. Thompson, but Dale had always dismissed them out of hand. Might her interest in piano be nothing more than Dale setting things up so that she’d once again be back in the Thompson home, weekly as a matter of fact? There would be so many chances for her to bump into Michelle.  
  
And what about track? That was what the two of them had had in common. It had been the foundation of their relationship before. He remembered Dale’s recent suggestion that the two of them become jogging buddies.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 278: Nate Speaks**

Nate realized that there were two primary possibilities. Possibility number one was that all of Dale’s efforts stemmed from her desire to deal maturely with an injustice that she had dealt a friend. In that case, once Michelle accepted her apology, were that to happen, everything might settle down with the two of them being nothing more than friends. Possibly they would even have little or no contact with one another, but Dale would be able to move on.  
  
However, there was possibility number two to consider. Even though she might not be willing to admit it, even to herself, Dale might have an ongoing romantic interest in Michelle. He had never been able to forget how fondly she had spoken of the beauty of her boobs, and the gleeful tone in her voice as she had talked about sucking on them.  
  
Nate had come to accept that Dale must have bisexual tendencies, at least when it came to Michelle. He had convinced himself that she wasn’t an out-and-out lesbian, for her interest in his male body did seem genuine. So possibility two meant that if and when some kind of reconciliation took place that Dale and Michelle might reestablish some sort of a physical relationship.  
  
As he considered that possibility, he realized how committed he was to her. He would stand by her no matter what happened. He knew that he would accept her for what she was, and not seek to change her. It might not be easy, but that is what he knew he would do. He had long known that she was a young complex individual, and she still seemed to be a work in process. He had the feeling that Dale herself was still discovering who she was, just as he himself was gradually learning who she was. And whoever she turned out to be would be perfect; he wouldn’t want it any other way. For he loved her without reservation, exactly as she had just told Susie.  
  
As Nate continued to consider Dale’s heart, and whether or not it was his forever more, Michelle remained the big unknown. He thought about another one of Dale’s comments; about how he and Michelle were both in her heart.  
  
For some odd reason, Dale’s comment about how committed she knew him to be had sent a lone little dark cloud into his evening. Prior to the comment, he had considered Dale quite committed. Now suddenly, he found himself being reminded that her commitment, although certainly strong, differed from his own.  
  
Their as yet unconsummated relationship again popped into his head. She seemed to be both enthusiastic about making love and yet also hesitant. That was puzzling. He didn’t like worrying about her sexual orientation, but that was where he again found himself as the two girls emerged from the bedroom, dressed and ready to go downstairs.  
  
“You waited for us, Nate! How nice,” said Dale happily, taking his arm. “See, Tink! Isn’t he the best?”  
  
Susie just smiled, the look on her face indicating less than complete agreement. Nate could tell that she was still obviously very bothered by the panty incident. Dale might trust him, but he was pretty sure that he had lost Susie’s trust, any that he might have had. Not that it was especially important to him. He wanted very much for her to like him and to trust him, but life would go on either way.  
  
Dale, on the hand, was a different matter. Dale was mission critical! And it was Dale that had him again stressing. How ironic he thought…it had been some of the nicest things that she had ever said that had started him worrying.  
  
Together the three of them went back down the stairs to join the rest of the group.  
  
Downstairs things had devolved into a teen talk party and a pretty good one at that. Everyone seemed to be having an excellent time. There were smiles and happy voices all around, but as they came into the room, Jodie got Nate’s attention, pulling him aside for a quick little strategy discussion.  
  
After a few minutes, the two of them, standing side by side, got everyone’s attention.  
  
Once everyone was seated and listening, Nate spoke to the group, “Okay, everyone, listen up. Before we go home tonight, Jodie and I have a few things that we need to go over. In order for us to keep the proposed victory dance a secret and at the same time get the word out to a large number of guys tomorrow, a few things have to happen. I have a master list of the football team, so guys, as you brief our teammates during the day about tomorrow’s meeting…”  
  
As Nate continued speaking confidently to this group of Prospect High’s inner circle, Dale was struck by the transformation that had taken place. This was no longer her quiet, nerdy neighbor. He seemed both at ease as well as self-assured in front of this group of some of the most popular kids. And what was also interesting, was that Dale could see the respect that they obviously had for him. Many of those in the room probably had not known his name until that fall, even though they had attended the same schools, and yet he now seemed to fit in. But as she considered that, she realized that he was more like herself than any of the others in the room. She and Nate were both kids that defied social categorization. They both had friends in all social circles within the high school.  
  
Dale also was impressed how Jodie and Nate acted like co-chairmen, trading off who was speaking as one or the other would see a topic that needed a little more clarification.  
  
There were a large number of students and faculty members that could not catch wind of the victory dance plans. To prevent that there were to be strict rules about communication, specifically, football players were not to discuss the dance with cheerleaders, and vice versa, especially not at school.  
  
It would be okay for football players to talk with one another about the plan, provided that they were absolutely certain that their conversations were not overheard. They reminded everyone that all plans were null and void if word got out. Should that happen, the girls would deny everything and there would be no dance.  
  
If any of the guys had legitimate concerns or questions for the cheerleaders, they were to talk to Nate. Everything was to be funneled through Nate, who in turn would bring all such questions to Jodie and Jodie alone. Nate was glad to hear Jodie remind everyone that Dale might be Nate’s girlfriend, but that she had not been in on the planning nor were they to discuss things with her. It seemed to Nate as if it were important for Jodie to remind everyone that she was Head Cheerleader, not Dale; although she didn’t use those particular words.  
  
After that, quite a bit of time was spent brainstorming about how to tell the rest of the team. The initial difficulty was figuring out where they might meet. Nobody’s house was big enough to accommodate a group of over fifty guys, and such a large gathering at one house was sure to raise eyebrows.  
  
Fortunately, Cody had what he thought was the perfect solution to propose. He said that he had a great-uncle who was in charge of the Five-Mile Grange. No one seemed to know where that was, which actually made it perfect. According to Cody, it was five miles from the river, five miles from the town of Riverside. That meant that it was about twelve miles from Prospect.  
  
He was certain that he could get the keys and that they would be able to use it. It was nothing more than a big empty meeting hall in an agriculture area, so there was nothing else in the area except for a few grain silos and supposedly more than enough parking. It was mostly just used for meetings that the local farmers held infrequently. According to Cody, it might also work as the venue for the proposed dance, and he thought that the cost to rent it for an event was quite reasonable. Cody told everyone that he’d confirm the availability and let Nate know in the morning via text.  
  
They picked a 7:00 pm meeting time, and finalized a strategy to inform the entire football team. Nate wished that there was more time, but there simply wasn’t. Somehow the nine of them were going to have to very carefully talk to another forty-five guys and get them to a clandestine meeting the very next evening.  
  
A few of the guys were really pushing for Dale and Susie, or two of the other girls, to come and put on another little topless cheer show; however, Jodie was adamantly opposed to the idea and Nate backed her up. “No more freebies!” she said. “From here on out you guys will have to earn our toplessness!”  
  
Once it seemed like everything had been covered, Nate again took the floor, “There is one more thing, Jodie, that I’d like to say before we dismiss this little impromptu meeting. It relates to my take on how the football team should view this offer. To me the proposed dance represents the epitome of school spirit. These girls have all decided to make a very significant personal sacrifice because it is how they feel they can make big enough of a difference to change the outcome. They want this state title for Prospect High as much, or more, than we do. They aren’t looking for any kind of personal fame or glory…or even exposure. They aren’t doing this out of a desire to have a topless experience…that’s not it at all. Don’t think for a moment that that is what this is about. If that was all they were after, there would be any number of ways to accomplish that. As we all know, these are wholesome girls…most of them anyway.”  
  
That line provoked quite a few snickers and some indignant looks on the part of a few of the girls. Nate smiled and continued, “As we all know, these are beautiful, respectable girls, and they are offering to do something that will be very difficult for them. We all saw firsthand how big of a challenge it was for Susie tonight. I know for a fact that it was challenging for Dale as well. That may not have been nearly as apparent because she was so focused on putting on a brave face in order to help Susie do what needed to be done.”  
  
Nate had felt that it was important to attempt to make that point about Dale. He was concerned that she had likely come across as too comfortable in just her little thong, unintentionally supporting the rumors that he knew that Alexa was still pushing…that Dale was some sort of a nudist.  
  
“And as we know, all the girls here tonight were prepared to be on the frontline and do exactly what Susie and Dale did, had it worked out that way. They are all classy ladies and worthy of our respect, and I’ll be the first one to take anyone to task who says anything derogatory about any of these reputable girls. So let’s win a couple of big games, and then enjoy their beauty, but above all let’s all be respectful of the sacrifice that they are willing to make on our behalf! I think we should conclude by giving all twelve girls a round of applause.”  
  
All the other guys did exactly that. They even stood up and gave them a standing ovation. Nate hoped that his comments had been taken the right way by the guys as well as by the girls. The looks on the girl’s faces seemed to indicate that they had appreciated his words. He hoped he hadn’t overdone it. He knew that he would be making similar remarks the following night after the bigger meeting.  
  
As Nate and Dale were leaving, Jodie cornered them by the door. “Hey, Nate” she said nodding. “Good job tonight, but I have to ask. Any chance you’ll be sleeping on the couch for a while? I mean, ripping off another girls bra in front of your girlfriend…pretty dicey, right?”  
  
“I think it’s sitting okay with Dale,” said Nate, looking over at her for confirmation. Dale just hugged his arm indicating agreement. “Susie on the other hand? I’m pretty sure she wouldn’t even let me sleep on the couch at this point.’  
  
Jodie laughed, “I’m not surprised. Every time she has one of those ‘naked at school’ nightmares from now on, you’ll be the villain. You’ll be the one stripping her. As a matter of fact, tonight she’ll probably dream that it was actually her panties that went down in front of everyone.”  
  
“Well, I hope she gets over it,” said Nate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 279: Wednesday Morning**

“Well, I have to hand it to you. It looked like a very immature move at first, but I respect you for it now. It got things rolling again and added some much needed levity. What I mean is that it was starting to seem like we were abusing one of our own. I was starting to feel bad for Susie. A couple of the girls were no doubt enjoying seeing her suffer, getting her just deserts, if you know what I mean,” said Jodie.  
  
“I guess I don’t,” said Nate, confusion evident in his expression.  
  
“Oh, I’m sure Dale can explain,” she said. “Even within the varsity cheerleader group, we’ve got our cliques.”  
  
“Hmm,” said Nate considering that. “Let me ask you this; any idea on how the other girls are viewing my little stunt?”  
  
“Oh, I’ve talked to enough of them to know,” said Jodie. “I think it’s fair to say that they’re all reevaluating who they thought Nate Miller was, and I mean that in the most positive way. I think we all find you much more intriguing all of a sudden. If you weren’t here, I’d have so many questions for Dale! But…I think we all still respect you for the most part; however, we’ll all be keeping our distance from you at the dance.”  
  
“Really?” said Nate.  
  
“Of course. We won’t want to be losing our panties!” said Jodie with a smile.  
  
“I hope you’re only joking,” said Nate. “I never would have pulled Tink’s panties down. And I would never do anything of the sort at the dance.”  
  
“Oh, I know that. However, Dale’s little thong. I expect she’ll be wanting you to pull that down and off at the dance…after she tried to talk us all into going full nude,” said Jodie. “But there are certain images that will linger for us ladies…probably for years. Like the look of sheer terror on Susie’s face as she came to grips with her extreme vulnerability. And the crazed look on your face as you held her panties, her dignity, her life itself, in your hot little hands.” She laughed. “It was so awesome!”  
  
Nate felt Dale pulling him gently, trying to indicate that she wanted him to cut off his conversation with Jodie, so he did just that. He didn’t mind, the little party as it had turned out to be had been fun, but he was more than ready to be alone with Dale.  
  
On their ride home Nate brought up a topic that he had been thinking about, “Dale, you really surprised me with Tink earlier.”  
  
“I did?” she asked.  
  
“There you were, trying to convince her that I wasn’t a monster, and you go and tell her that I had done worse to you,” he said. “I saw the look in her eyes as she tried to imagine what might be worse than almost losing her panties and actually losing her bra in public like that.”  
  
“Yeah…I kind of messed up there,” admitted Dale. “I was trying to make her think that I understood the emotions she was going through, and it just came out. She had a lot of questions after you left the room. It was awkward. She already knows too much, so I had to be really careful. But that probably backfired. Now she is really curious about us.”  
  
“I’ll bet she is,” said Nate.  
  
“What you don’t know is that I let something slip earlier when she was in the bathtub,” said Dale.  
  
“What did you say?” asked Nate.  
  
“I don’t actually recall,” said Dale. “But suddenly she seemed to know that I had experience with nudity. She looked at me so differently after that.”  
  
“Oh well,” said Nate. “She’s on my Safe List.”  
  
“You have a Safe List?” asked Dale.  
  
“I have two lists,” said Nate. “The first list is those who know everything about you, like Carly and Felipe. The second list is those who will eventually know everything about you. I call that my Safe List, because it is those people who I think are safe enough to find out just who Dale Jordan really is. It’s a pretty big list. Many of those on it already know quite a bit. Cody, for example. Between seeing you naked on Halloween, seeing your pussy with the little jewel on it at Sadie, and after tonight…well, he is surely putting two and two together, yet I am sure he is safe.”  
  
“Nate, you’re scaring me,” said Dale, her voice full of apprehension.  
  
“Good!” said Nate, obviously quite pleased with himself.  
  
After they parked in front of Nate’s house, Dale brought up how different she thought she was from Susie. “Tink said that she saw her life flash before her eyes when she thought she was losing her panties in front of everyone,” she said. “I guess I’m not like her at all. I was actually jealous in that instant. I wanted it to be my panties that you were grabbing, and I wanted you to actually rip them off of me. I guess I am the opposite of Tink.”  
  
“You two are more alike that you seem to imagine,” said Nate. “There are indeed huge differences, yet that time on the mountain when I did essentially that…bared your pussy to Carly and Felipe…you weren’t at all happy with me.”  
  
“But this was different,” said Dale.  
  
“Was it?” replied Nate. “I guess it was. This was eight times as many guys. The more the merrier, huh?”  
  
Nate knew that she was conflicted about it all. At the moment it sounded fun to her, but that was because the topless stuff had gone well. And it had all been okay because that had been in keeping with what the other girls would have done. It had been okay for her to be topless, because she had been selected. Had Nate yanked off her top in front of the same group under different circumstances it would not have been okay. And had he pulled off her thong, baring her little pussy to everyone there that evening, it would have been a big problem. Surely Dale knew that, or at least he hoped she did.  
  
Wednesday morning, the day before Thanksgiving dawned clear and cold. When Nate’s picture of the day arrived, he noticed that there was a message attached. It read, “Let me save you the trouble… Just one more day, right?”  
  
“That’s right! You’re on to me,” he replied.  
  
“Have you checked the forecast? Chilly, with a chance of even chillier!” she replied.  
  
“Hence the fur,” he replied, chuckling to himself.  
  
“I hope you’re kidding,” she replied.  
  
“Nope! You bring the Racing Stripe, and I’ll bring the Hot Chocolate!” He had found that he really enjoyed taunting her with comments about upcoming naked challenges, always leaving out most of the details to try and maximize her worrying.  
  
That day was again very busy for Nate. He was the point man; he was in charge of the master list. The other eight guys were all making the rounds, talking to the other players to inform them of the meeting that evening. Cody had the Five-Mile Grange all lined up.  
  
As the guys spoke with team members, they would text Nate the names, and he would cross them off his list. He picked up tardy after tardy as he stood in the hall before the start of each class working to keep his list up to date.  
  
There was a pep assembly mid-morning, but Nate was too busy going over his list to pay much attention. He sat in the middle of the football team, going over his list and looking through his text messages, all the while trying not to appear too obvious about it. Ward sat on one side of him, Cody on the other. They both took turns looking over his list to get a sense for who still needed to be talked to.  
  
Towards the end of lunch hour, the group of nine all met in the back of the parking lot to compare notes. At that point, there were still fourteen guys who they needed to reach, but only Nate knew who they were because he had the only master list. They divided up the remaining names and went back to work. At the end of the day, they were still three people short, due to absences.  
  
In the locker room at the conclusion of football practice, Cody handed out slips of paper with the address of the grange on them, and the guys went about figuring out rides to reduce the number of cars required.  
  
Nate could tell from conversations that he was overhearing that the guys had been saying a lot of things that they shouldn’t have been saying. The plan had been to save the details for the meeting; however, it seemed as if everyone had already heard a little bit about Dale’s and Susie’s topless cheer demonstration. That in and of itself wasn’t really a problem as long as knowledge about it was limited to varsity football players.  
  
Nate had had virtually no time to talk to Dale during the day. While he was out in the parking lot talking to the guys, Dale received a text out of the blue. It was from Kenny. It read, “Can we talk?”  
  
“Sure,” she replied. “When, where? I’m in the lunchroom.”  
  
“I’m in the Yearbook Office,” came the reply. “This would be a good place. No one else here now.”  
  
“Okay. On my way,” replied Dale.  
  
The Yearbook Office was just at the end of the hall, so Dale headed that direction. She was quite curious about what Kenny wanted to talk about. She was expecting that it might be extremely awkward, the two of them alone, discussing God knows what.  
  
She knew that Kenny had seen naked pictures of herself, and each time she had seen him since learning that, in Spanish or in the hallway, that had been first and foremost in her mind. However, she didn’t know what Kenny knew, so she had done her best to act unaware.  
  
She had meant to ask Nate a few questions, but so far she hadn’t. She didn’t know what Nate had told Kenny about what was going on in the locker room, and she didn’t know if Kenny knew that she knew that he had seen naked photos.  
  
She had been quite curious which photos Nate had shown him, and as she walked, that was uppermost in her mind. She was quite worried that it would have been some of the most explicit photos, but Nate had so many. She thought of the Flagpole photos. Those were at school, so he might have shown him those. They pretty much showed everything. She still remembered cheating her legs apart, rising up on the balls of her feet to tighten up her legs, tilting her pelvis and her rib cage up to accentuate the beauty and the nastiness of the pose. ‘Why did she tend to do that?’ she wondered. ‘To Super-Size the experience?’

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 280: Kenny's Questions**

Thinking of her pussy and how it would have shown in various photos, she remembered those taken on the porch at the Windy Ridge lookout. She remembered vividly the moment that Carly and Nate grabbed her by her knees, pulling them up and apart, lifting her up. That had been quite the fun group shot, her pussy at its gynecological best. She knew there were others, hundreds certainly. She decided to just assume the worst and to try and not be curious about which exact photos he had seen. As Nate had said, he would one day see her in person, labia and all, so did the photos really matter?  
  
As she approached, Kenny opened the door. “Step into my office,” he said, trying to be humorous.  
  
Dale went in, and Kenny closed the door behind her. Kenny took a seat on top of a desk, so Dale sat down on a desk across the aisle from him. It was instantly a very awkward moment. Dale realized that she shouldn’t have been thinking about Kenny seeing pussy photos as she walked down the hall. Looking at him now, all she could imagine was what he and Nate might have discussed while examining her pussy at several times life size on a computer screen somewhere. She knew her face was red, but hoped it wasn’t too very obvious. She looked over at the computer screen on the desk that Kenny was sitting on. ‘Maybe that computer screen,’ she thought.  
  
And yet she knew that it had to be even more awkward for Kenny. Tits and pussy on display…that was her world. She had become somewhat accustomed to it. Kenny, on the other hand…it would have to be all new to him.  
  
Forcing all those thoughts and images back out of her head, she asked as cheerfully as she could manage, “What’s up, Kenny?”  
  
“Well, we don’t have a lot of time until fifth period, so I’ll cut right to the chase,” he said. “I just felt the need to make sure that everything’s okay.”  
  
Dale noticed him looking into her eyes. She almost chuckled realizing that he was making a concerted effort to do so. Maybe he was worried about picturing her naked if her looked down at her body. She realized that she needed to continue her effort to keep it from becoming even more uncomfortable for him.  
  
“How do you mean?” she asked.  
  
“Well, Nate has been saying some very unusual things lately,” said Kenny, obviously struggling a bit to get out sentences, sentences that he seemed as if he might have rehearsed in advance. “And I guess I trust him, but he has changed so much this year.”  
  
“He has?” she said, her curiosity piqued. “I guess I didn’t know him all that well before.”  
  
“He is different now, very different,” said Kenny. “Among other things, he used to be kind of lazy, but now he gets things done. He’s much more motivated and self-assured this year. You’ve been a really good influence. He’s so much more confident now. Last year he never would have asked me to photograph anything for him. That’s just one example, but that is what I need to ask you about. I think that the two of you have a great relationship, but, what he is talking about does have me concerned. Please understand that this is a very difficult conversation for me to have with you…very difficult. But it seems important.”  
  
“We can get through it together, Kenny,” she said reassuringly. “Do you want to ask me something?”  
  
“I do,” said Kenny. “I’m trying to get right to the point, but then again, it’s difficult. In short, Nate is asking me to take nude photographs of you. You may know that. I actually hope you do. And he has shown me nude photographs…all of you. I hope he is doing all this with your blessing. The bottom line, I guess, is that I need to make sure that he is not taking advantage of you…mistreating you in any way. If he has some sort of a scheme going, then I don’t want any part of it. If he is mistreating you, then I feel the need to help you, not him.”  
  
“Ahhh, Kenny, that’s so nice,” she said. “But what kind of a scheme might you be worried about?”  
  
“I don’t know,” said Kenny. “Maybe he’s forcing you to do this somehow. Threatening you. Blackmailing you. Maybe he got some nude photos somehow, and he’s telling you he’ll share them with the world if you don’t do what he tells you to do…and so he uses them to force you to allow him to take more. I don’t want any part of that. And if that is what this is, then I’ll probably take it upon myself to go to the authorities. Does he force you to get naked?”  
  
Dale smiled, almost starting to laugh. She thought about telling him that Nate did in fact force her to be naked. That she was his Slave Girl. That he could force her to be naked anywhere, at any time.  
  
“What’s so funny?” he asked.  
  
“I’m just touched,” she said, trying to refocus to be more serious. “I don’t deserve you. It is so very nice of you to be concerned about me.”  
  
“I’ll take the photos, that is, if this is legit,” said Kenny. “I mean, it would be fun, and it would be an honor. And I’d try to take the classiest nude photos ever; however, I’m only going to do it if you tell me that it is for you. It has to be for you. And you have to be the one who decides who receives images.”  
  
“You can take the photos, Kenny,” she said. “And he can have the images. Nate’s not blackmailing me.” Her mind flashed back to the time he had indeed blackmailed her, but she knew better than to bring that up. “As a matter of fact, Kenny, it would be an honor to pose for you.”  
  
“Nate says you’re not shy,” he said.  
  
“Hmmm…” she said considering that comment. “I suppose that’s a fair statement. I’m not very shy.”  
  
“As in, even while completely nude, he tells me,” said Kenny, still looking for confirmation of a turn of events that he was still having a hard time believing.  
  
“You can trust Nate,” she said. “I do. I trust him.” Thinking about Kenny’s role the week before in the boy’s locker room, she decided to ask, “Nate said that you helped him out with one of his schemes in the locker room last week. Is that true?”  
  
“It’s true…embarrassingly, that is true,” said Kenny. “And I’m so sorry. I’ve felt terrible ever since.”  
  
“Why have you felt terrible?” she asked, curious but concerned.  
  
“Nate told me that he was trapping you in there naked,” he said. “That sounds so awful. I’m so sorry that I helped him. I probably should have alerted the authorities, not helped him.”  
  
Playing along, Dale said, “You probably should have called the cops, right? What if you had been helping him rape me?”  
  
“Did he rape you? He didn’t, did he? I can’t imagine Nate doing something like that,” said Kenny, his voice cracking, guilt mixed with concern evident in his expression.  
  
“No, he didn’t rape me, but he did play a cruel trick on me,” she said.  
  
“I’m so sorry that I helped him with that,” said Kenny. “Like I said…I’ve felt so terrible…ever since.”  
  
“Oh, Kenny, you’re so thoughtful. But everything was fine. Nate has my best interests at heart, just as you do,” she said. “He just likes to play games, take advantage of my character flaws, so to speak. I try and humor him. Like I said, you can trust him. We can both humor him.”  
  
“I just got to thinking . . . I’m supposedly helping him protect you from girls like Alexa and Nutshell. But then it occurred to me, maybe he himself is the real threat. Maybe the person you really need protection from is Nate,” said Kenny.  
  
“He’s goofy, but he’s not mean. He takes good care of me, actually, so don’t worry. He’s not the threat,” said Dale.  
  
“He wants me to take pictures of you running on the school track Thanksgiving morning, so tomorrow morning,” said Kenny. “He tells me you’ll be stark naked. Are you really going to be running on the track…naked.”  
  
‘So that’s the plan,’ thought Dale. She wasn’t very surprised. That had been among the possibilities that had occurred to her. “I guess that’s the plan,” she said.  
  
“You don’t know?” he asked.  
  
“It’s Nate’s plan. I don’t always know all the details. Just like what happened in the locker room…sometimes he surprises me.” Dale was trying hard to not reveal the extent of their Nudity Slave agreement, but she needed to say something that would reassure Kenny.  
  
“Okay, then,” said Kenny. “I’ll go along with whatever Nate says then, right?”  
  
“Yes, you can do that,” said Dale. “But thank you for talking with me.”  
  
“Should I tell him we had this conversation?” he asked.  
  
“Why don’t we just keep it between ourselves,” said Dale. “Let’s not let him know that we talked.”  
  
“But I thought that you trusted him,” said Kenny.  
  
“Oh, I do. Tell him if you want, but in my opinion, he doesn’t need to know about absolutely everything. He doesn’t tell me quite everything,” said Dale.  
  
“I won’t tell him then,” said Kenny. “But you can come to me if you ever need help. I’m not big and strong like Nate, but I’ve got a good head on my shoulders…and adults take me seriously.”  
  
Dale thanked him, and then after a pause continued, “I probably shouldn’t be asking this, Kenny, but will I be the first girl you have seen nude?”  
  
As soon as she had asked the question, Dale wished that she hadn’t. It was a very awkward question. She saw a shy, cornered looked come across Kenny’s face, and he started to turn red. He looked down.  
  
“I’m sorry, Kenny,” she said. “Pretend I didn’t just ask that. Like Nate told you, I’m just not very shy when it comes to some things.”  
  
“No, it’s all right,” he said, looking up. “Yes…you will be. I’m not very experienced…when it comes to girls.”  
  
“I didn’t mean to embarrass you, really I didn’t,” she said. “I’m sorry.”  
  
Just then the bell rang, and they both stood up to go to their fifth period classes.  
  
Dale thanked him again and gave him a little kiss on the cheek before running off to her English class. As they parted, she said, “See you tomorrow, I guess.”