**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

by [BPClavel](mailto:BPClavel@gmail.com)

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 281: The Meeting at the Grange**

As they walked in opposite directions in the hall away from the Yearbook Office where they had been talking, Kenny looked back at Dale over his shoulder. His eyes were drawn down to her amazing butt. She had the best looking butt in the school. In a way it was just his opinion; however, he expected that it was a fairly universal opinion among the males at Prospect High. He still could not believe that it seemed to be his destiny to see that very butt, butt naked the next morning. He was imagining a great deal of difficulty focusing during his afternoon classes.  
  
Twice during the day Nate had seen Susie in the hall. He had really wanted to stop and talk with her, but he had only had time for a quick hello. He was pretty sure that he might have permanently damaged his relationship with her, but the panty grab had happened. What was done was done. He had cautioned Gage against pulling down Susie’s dress, baring her tits, and then he had gone and done about exactly that. He had acted on an impulse, and he would have to pay the price, whatever it was destined to be.  
  
On the flip side, he could tell that his stature with the eight football players had gone way up, and he was feeling quite important. They had witnessed both his indiscretion as well as his co-captain-like role with Jodie the night before. Here he was telling Jason, Ward, and the others what to do, and he could tell that they were looking up to him. He felt that they were looking at him through new eyes.  
  
After football, Nate finally had time to talk with Kenny. He stopped by his house on the way home. They needed to finalize arrangements for the next morning when Dale would take her racing stripe out onto the track. It was time to quit talking about it; it was time to do it, and he had arranged for Kenny to record the event for posterity. He didn’t know that Dale had spoken with Kenny and already knew a few specifics.  
  
They were going to meet at the high school at first light for some track time. Unfortunately, first light was much later in late November than it had been in the summer. According to the chart he had found on the Internet, sunrise would be at 7:40am.  
  
Nate was banking on everyone taking it easy and sleeping in on Thanksgiving morning. He had arranged with Kenny to meet him at the high school about sunrise so that they could have Dale circling the track and getting photographed doing so by eight. Kenny thought that the light would be fine by then, and they both hoped that the rest of the town would still be inside at that hour.  
  
Kenny was extremely excited, that he could tell. Yet he still seemed to be having trouble believing that in the morning he would be photographing the incomparable Dale Jordan in the nude on the school’s track. Besides the texts he had been sending her each morning, Nate thought that Dale knew nothing. As far as he knew, she only knew the day. Other than that she didn’t know where or when, and as far as he knew, she didn’t know that Kenny would be there. He was saving those details as surprises for her. He just hoped that there wouldn’t be any surprises for him.  
  
Later that evening, when he and Felipe arrived together at the Grange, Nate had quite a surprise waiting for him, a negative surprise. Many of the guys were already there, and they all seemed to be taking turns watching a video on someone’s phone. It turned out to be a video of Dale and Susie doing the topless “Beat ‘em, Bust ‘em!” cheer.  
  
Earlier in the day he had been quite disappointed that word was getting out about WHY they were meeting, but that someone had had the audacity to take a video the night before was almost too much for him to fathom. The entire enterprise seemed doomed; word would get out and everything would be quickly cancelled. It was as if the other guys had no appreciation of the risks that they were taking.  
  
He quickly learned that it had been Jason who had shot the video of the topless proceedings at Jodie’s house. The video quality was somewhat poor, however. He had been holding his phone between his knees, and he had not looked down at the screen often enough to keep it aimed. At certain points neither girl was showing in the video; however, it was taken from close enough, that the details that showed, when they showed, were indeed amazingly sharp.  
  
So, there they were, both Dale and Susie in all their topless glory. As he took his turn watching, it quickly became obvious to him that Jason, like he himself, was primarily a Dale fan. There were some great Susie moments, but it was obvious that Jason had been focused on missing as little Dale action as possible. And Dale sure didn’t disappoint; she was as hot as a firecracker!  
  
At one point in the video, Nate caught something that he had missed the night before. Dale had attempted to do it discreetly, but the camera had caught it. She had grabbed her thong straps, pulling them up tight, forcing the small panel firmly against her pussy.  
  
That quick little movement had served to accentuate her camel toe by pulling the cloth deep into the cleft of her pussy. Maybe some of the guys might see that and think that she was just trying to ensure that she was fully covered, but to Nate it was obvious what her real motivation had been. She wanted her thong to look painted on in order to appear as naked as possible, and yet still be following the letter of his instructions.  
  
He had noticed a moist line on her thong the night before, running front to back down between her legs. He looked for it on the video, but he couldn’t discern it from the camel toe line on the small screen. He didn’t know who had seen it the night before. No one had talked with him about it. But everyone who had seen the video had noticed Dale’s camel toe. It showed up quite clearly in the video. There was comment after comment about it as the evening unfolded.  
  
Nate knew right away that he would have to try and get Jason to delete the video, and he knew that he’d have to tell Dale about it. He was not going to again make the mistake that he had made when he had learned about Alexa’s picture of Dale’s pussy. However, in talking to Jason about deleting it, he quickly learned that it was too late; the video was being shared. The number of people with it was already growing rapidly. The best he was able to do was to obtain his own copy. It was a hot video, and he definitely wanted it for himself. It was doubly enjoyable, for not only was Dale in it, but Susie was as well. It was the only time that Dale had performed actual cheers topless, and that definitely belonged in his archive.  
  
The meeting turned out to be entirely chaotic. Nate tried initially to run it, but Ward and Jason ended up helping him out by stepping in. As the team’s Quarterback and Fullback, they were the team’s natural leaders. Even though the girls had chosen him, it was obvious that Nate had no real standing within the team as a whole. He was simply a rank and file member. Everyone acted quite surprised to learn that he was the point person. They seemed to find it odd that if they had any real questions or comments, they were supposed to take them up with Nate, and that he in turn would speak with Jodie as he deemed necessary.  
  
Even though it already seemed as if everything was going wrong, the results of the meeting were quite favorable. Even the video that should never have existed played a positive role. It made the guys realize that the girls were indeed making a bona fide offer, and it seemed to make them salivate over the idea of seeing real cheerleader tits in person.  
  
The video included just the topless cheers. To his knowledge, Jason had not filmed any of the portion of the evening that had involved Susie’s hesitancy to remove the shirt or her bra. To Nate’s disappointment his panty grab had not been filmed either; he would have liked to have had a record of that particular moment.  
  
In Nate’s opinion, the guys seemed to be quite jealous that they hadn’t gotten to see Dale and Susie themselves in person. They obviously wanted their turn. All the cheerleaders were being discussed, in various ways, but most of the talk largely centered around how great this particular girl or that particular girl would look naked. He had to agree. There wasn’t a girl there that he himself didn’t want to see in the nude.  
  
At one point, late in the meeting, Nate did get the floor. Ward invited him to talk again. He used the opportunity to stress how important it was to keep everything a secret. One person could ruin it for everyone, and he talked about the importance of limiting the sharing of the video to just those on the football team.  
  
Next he singled out Ward as a random example. How it was up to Ward to keep all knowledge of the proposed dance from his girlfriend, Alexa. “If your girlfriend is not one of the twelve varsity cheerleaders, then she can’t find out. Period!” he said. “I know that I am one of the lucky few. I don’t have to keep this from Dale. The rest of you…you can’t let a single word slip.” He spent more time trying to drive that point home. He felt that was one of the biggest potentials for a leak that they faced.  
  
Before leaving the Grange, he and a few of the guys studied the building in a little detail from the standpoint of how suitable it might be for a top secret social event…the proposed victory dance. The windows were numerous, but they thought that they could probably cover them with black butcher paper. Otherwise the venue had a lot going for it. There was a stage that could be used for a band or a sound system, and just maybe the unveiling of the twenty-four titties, should that be something that the future would hold.  
  
All in all, Nate left the meeting with the feeling that the team was even more fired up than he had hoped. Indeed, they had already all wanted to win the title. However, they all now had an additional reason to put out the extra effort that would be required to pull off the upset that it would surely be if Prospect High came out on top. What a senior year memory they would all have if a topless victory dance actually happened!

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 282: Showing Dale and Susie**

Afterwards, Nate dropped Felipe off and then headed home. To his surprise, the Chandler family SUV was parked in front of Dale’s house. It was the car that he had seen Susie driving on several occasions.  
  
Wondering what was up, he knocked on the Jordan front door. Mrs. Jordan answered and greeted him warmly. Susie was indeed visiting, she told him. She and Dale were back in Dale’s room, and she said that Nate could head on back if he’d like. He obviously had the run of the house as far as Dale’s mother was concerned. The next thing that he was expecting was for her to give him a house key.  
  
Dale’s door was closed, so he knocked. A moment later Dale opened the door. It looked to him as if she and Susie had been having a heart to heart conversation. She invited him in, closing the door behind him. Susie was sitting in Dale’s desk chair, so he took a seat next to Dale on her bed.  
  
“Tink had quite a day, Nate,” she said. “I guess we both had quite a day, but I am a little more used to that sort of thing. I would have talked with you about this at school, but you were so busy.”  
  
“It was a busy day,” said Nate in acknowledgement.  
  
“So how did the meeting go?” she asked.  
  
“It went fine,” said Nate struggling to decide how to characterize it for the girls. “It was crazy, that’s for sure. But the plan seems to be working. The guys are certainly all amped up to win some games and see some titties.”  
  
“That’s good, I guess,” said Dale. “That’s the idea, right?”  
  
“Yep,” said Nate. “That is the plan; exploit the teen male’s weaknesses to full advantage. Sorry about earlier at school. What did you want to talk about?”  
  
“Well, Tink is sure that a lot of guys already know more than they should,” said Dale. “And I’m pretty sure she’s right. We both felt like many of the football players were eyeing us differently today.”  
  
“It felt like they were undressing me with their eyes, Nate,” said Susie. “I’ve never seen so many guys looking so boldly at my chest before in my life, and when I’d turn around, there’d be guys eyeing me from the back as well.  
  
“Tink, I’m not surprised that you felt that way,” said Nate. “Things were out of control. I don’t think that any knowledge of the plan has gotten to anyone who is not on the team, at least not yet. But, the other eight guys, some of them anyway, were definitely not doing things as we had agreed. They went ahead and told people things that they were not supposed to find out until the meeting.”  
  
“Well, that would explain a lot,” said Dale.  
  
“They were telling guys about the topless cheers, too,” said Nate.  
  
“See, Dale, I told you,” said Susie.  
  
“Well, we did agree that they could tell them about that,” said Dale. “It just wasn’t supposed to happen until the meeting.”  
  
“That was indeed the plan,” said Nate with a sigh. I guess high school boys don’t always do what they ought to.”  
  
“You’re telling me!” said Susie glaring harshly at him.  
  
“Tink, I expected you to still be mad about what happened last night…” said Nate.  
  
“Not about what happened. About what YOU did,” she replied, interrupting him. “There’s a big difference.”  
  
“Okay, I understand that you are mad about that, and you probably have every right to be upset at me,” said Nate.  
  
“Duh…” said Susie. “That was a dirty rotten trick.”  
  
“I know it was,” said Nate. “But it worked. Somehow we had to get your bra off. You were planning for it to come off. Would you be happier right now if it had taken a half hour to get it off?”  
  
“I almost had a heart attack!” said Susie, ignoring his question. “I don’t think you have any idea what it is like to think that you are losing your panties in a room full of your friends. I’m not sure I’m going to be able to forgive you. Dale thinks I should. She says she has already forgiven you for grabbing another girl’s panties. That makes no sense to me. I don’t think I could forgive a boyfriend of mine for doing that to another girl.”  
  
“Well, I hope you’ll be able to forgive me eventually,” said Nate. “But right now I feel compelled to change the topic and be very honest with the two of you about something. I was planning to tell Dale, but since you’re here, Tink, I’ll tell you both. It does concern you both. It’s good that you’re seated. I don’t want you to fall and hit your head if you have another heart attack.”  
  
“Nate,” said Dale. “What’s going on?”  
  
“Well, first I want you both to know that I had absolutely nothing to do with it. And I’m very upset about it,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate…” said Dale, concern evident in her voice. She was sensing that he was indeed quite distressed about something.  
  
“One of the guys managed to video tape your topless cheers last night,” said Nate.  
  
“I knew it!” shrieked Susie, anger and hurt evident in her voice.  
  
“She did guess it,” said Dale, acting somewhat surprised but remarkably composed, especially in comparison with Susie.  
  
“The way some of the guys were looking at me,” said Susie. “…guys who weren’t there last night. I could tell that something was very fishy.”  
  
“I tried to get it deleted, I really did,” said Nate.  
  
“And?” asked Susie.  
  
“Well, it had already been shared and shared again,” said Nate. “It’s too late…too many guys already have it.”  
  
“Who shot the video, Nate?” asked Dale.  
  
“Do you really want to know?” asked Nate.  
  
“I do,” she said. “I’ll bet it was Ward. I don’t like him.”  
  
“Why not?” he asked. “Because he’s going out with Alexa?”  
  
“No. Because he’s so egotistical and has such a dirty mouth,” she replied.  
  
“It wasn’t Ward,” said Nate.  
  
“I do want to know,” said Dale.  
  
“I want to know, too,” said Susie.  
  
“Well, it was your ex, Dale,” said Nate. “It was Jason.”  
  
“That figures,” she said quietly, shaking her head. “We had some fun, but I don’t miss him.”  
  
“Well, do you want to see the video?” asked Nate.  
  
“Why, do you have it?” asked Dale acting a little displeased.  
  
“You want everyone to have it but your boyfriend?” asked Nate.  
  
“You’re not my boyfriend, remember?” said Dale, teasingly.  
  
“He is too your boyfriend, right?” asked Susie, her ears suddenly perking up.  
  
“It’s a long story, but he most certainly does NOT have boyfriend status,” said Dale. “However, for all intents and purposes, he is my boyfriend.”  
  
Susie acted confused, looking back and forth between them.  
  
“So…should we watch it?” asked Nate. “Or do you want me to send it to each of you?”  
  
“I guess let’s watch it,” said Susie quietly. “I guess I want to know what guys are seeing.”  
  
“It’s not bad, to my way of thinking, anyway,” said Nate. “You’re both nearly naked, but that part you know. But you’re both so very beautiful.” He hoped that comment would help Susie, but it didn’t seem to, and then he realized that he shouldn’t have mentioned the ‘nearly naked’ aspect.  
  
Nate brought it up on his phone, and the girls got closer to him on the bed to watch, one on each side. Dale put her arm around him and sat there quite relaxed, but Susie made it quite obvious that she was maintaining an airgap between herself and him. She also had a thumbnail in her mouth. Her nails didn’t look like she was a habitual nail biter, but it looked like it might be something that she was going to be taking up.  
  
They mostly watched the video in silence. However, every time the camera would pivot back to Susie bringing her back to center stage, Nate would hear a sharp intake of breath.  
  
As the video ended, Nate turned to Dale saying, “Nice camel toe, Dale. That didn’t look at all intentional.”  
  
Dale very quietly mouthed the words, “Busted.”  
  
They both turned to Susie. She looked to be in her own little world.  
  
“What have I done?” she said almost too quietly to be heard. Looking completely shell shocked she continued, “I feel like my life is over.”  
  
“Your life isn’t over,” said Dale. “This is no big deal. Really it isn’t.”  
  
“But the guys have all seen this. I can’t go to school tomorrow. I have to move, or something,” she said sounding entirely serious.  
  
“Really, it’s no big deal. So what, guys have seen your tits? You’ve got great tits. Be proud of them,” said Dale.  
  
Nate saw the look of surprise in Susie’s eyes.  
  
“Dale, you can be a little more sensitive,” said Nate.  
  
Susie looked over at him, nodding.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 283: Morning Snow**

“What’s to be sensitive about?” said Dale. Turning back to Susie she continued, “Tink, we can’t put the genie back in the bottle. It’s time to be a big girl. Guys have seen your tits. They’re great tits. If we’re lucky, so many more guys will see your tits that this first chapter will be forgotten. We both want the whole football team to see our tits in person, right? Because that will mean that Prospect High won the State Championship. That’s what we want! Picture yourself surrounded by guys…lots and lots of guys…dancing, tits out…your boobies jiggling all over the place.”  
  
Nate started laughing. “Good job with the sensitivity, Lover,” he said.  
  
Susie looked even more worried, and her thumbnail was getting shorter by the minute.  
  
“Hey, Buster, you didn’t just spend the last hour here, like I did,” said Dale. “We’ve been through all this. I just feel that it’s time for a little tough love.”  
  
“Tough love?” said Nate.  
  
“Yep. Last night you weren’t so sensitive when you tore her bra off,” said Dale. “And I supported you. Because you were right. It was time to stop babying her and get on with the show. We’re her friends, and we both are here for her.” Turning to Susie, she continued, “We’re here for you, Tink, but at some point you just have to hold your chin and your tits up proudly and deal with what has happened and what might happen. Guys have seen your tits. More guys are going to see your tits.”  
  
“I suppose she’s right,” said Nate addressing Susie. “But we are here for you.”  
  
“And it just might be time that you realize that there are a lot of fun things that a lady can do with her body other than just hide it from the world inside of her clothes. Tits, butts and pussies don’t have to be kept hidden, you know,” said Dale.  
  
“Dale,” scolded Nate as he saw Susie’s mouth fall open, but then he started laughing.  
  
He held his tongue from saying anything more. His adolescent mind wanted to tell her that pussies weren’t just for display either. He wanted to tell her, that in spite of what she seemed to think, their main reason for existence was for f\*\*king. But he was too well behaved to actually say that, and besides, he wouldn’t say anything at all like that in Susie’s presence. Even though it seemed as if Dale had handed him the perfect opportunity to try and make a point about what pussies were really for.  
  
Both girls were looking at him inquisitively as he laughed. “What?” he said.  
  
“You’re being insensitive,” said Dale. “Think of Tink’s feelings,” she continued, with a wink.  
  
Nate liked Susie, but he was ready for her to leave. He felt the need for some alone time with Dale. He enjoyed sharing Dale, and he liked that Susie was relying on her friendship with her in a time of need; however, all he felt like doing right then was being alone with his naked girl. It had been a very long tiring day.  
  
Thanksgiving promised to be quite a day as well…different than Thanksgivings he had known in the past. Those had been relaxing events with his parents. This year, there would be no sleeping in. He’d get Dale up before the crack of dawn. And together they’d head for the track. After that, they’d come back and he’d meet with Tess and Luke. Tess would be expecting to make good on her raincheck, which wasn’t going to happen, so there would be that to deal with.  
  
From there on out, he intended to do what he could with making the main event, the Thanksgiving meal, come off as well as possible. He needed to keep Carly and Tess as far from each other as possible while helping maintain the illusion that Tess and Luke were spending the weekend in Prospect. He was also hoping to be a good future son-in-law by hopefully making a little progress on helping Aunt Mary and Dale’s father heal their own relationship differences.  
  
As he thought through all that he had to do, he recalled that he had once upon a time considered Dale to be low maintenance; low maintenance because she never needed a lot of time to put on makeup.  
  
Eventually Susie did leave, and he finally had the luxury of climbing into bed with his naked girl. It wasn’t a school night, so neither of them could think of a reason not to sleep in each other’s arms, not that they tried. Nate was so very happy to be snuggling against Dale’s soft skin, holding her close. He indulged in fondling her butt while he kissed and sucked on her nipples. He was so very happy.  
  
When the alarm went off, Nate found himself alone in Dale’s bed. In a way, he was glad about that. It meant that Dale was already up; he was not going to have to make her get up. Even though she was not the ‘sleep in’ type, he had been feeling a little bad about implementing a plan that involved getting her out of bed early on their day off for the purpose of taking her outside to freeze her nipples off.  
  
He expected that she was down the hall showering, so he sat up, leaning against the headboard to wait for her. He thought through his plan of getting her on the track that morning in her ‘finally ready for Prime Time’ track uniform. Running around the school track on a cold morning certainly didn’t sound like something that he would enjoy, but he reminded himself that he was doing it all for Dale. He hoped that the activity and the excitement would keep her warm. He knew that her furry patch was way too small to hold in any heat, but fortunately she was so warm blooded and managed quite well in the cold.  
  
His mind again contemplated her renewed interest in track, and how that interest might be interrelated to her desire to restore her relationship with her ‘Nutjob’. He hadn’t used that nickname for Michelle in Dale’s presence…at least not yet…but in the privacy of his mind he had been calling her that ever since Dale had tried to talk her into becoming her jogging buddy.  
  
He knew that that act alone proved that Dale just might be the nutty one; however, Nate preferred to think of Michelle as the real psycho. She was indeed crazy. She was rejecting every attempt Dale made to renew their friendship. Who wouldn’t want Dale for a friend? To him it was incomprehensible that anyone would reject Dale, and yet he was glad that Nutjob was doing so. He still considered her a threat, a threat on several levels.  
  
But everything considered, Nate was happy to go along with Dale’s interest in track, provided that Nutjob was not a part of the scenario. He had thought of a plan for that very morning that he knew that Dale would prefer over what he actually had lined up. He knew how excited Dale would be if, for example, when they got to the track, Nutjob was there to run with her. He could picture the two girls circling the track together, both girls in their respective track uniforms; Dale in her racing stripe and Nutjob, probably in sweats, maybe a hoodie. It was, after all, late November.  
  
He had thought of that idea, but he had never given any actual thought to trying to talk to Michelle, to see if he might be able to pull a rabbit out of his hat and get her to agree to forgive and forget, at least enough to go running with Dale. He knew how happy that would make Dale, and yet, for selfish reasons he didn’t even consider it.  
  
At one point Dale had said that she had given up track because she and Michelle could not be within a mile of each other. At that moment in time, that comment had seemed odd, very extreme; and yet, he now was in full agreement. He expected that all would be for the best if he could keep Dale and Nutjob at least a mile from each other. He knew that that was going to be tough, especially considering that Dale was starting piano lessons.  
  
As he continued to mull all the issues of keeping his girl safe and happy, Dale entered.  
  
“Did you take your picture this morning?” he inquired with a smile as she hung up her robe.  
  
“Of course,” responded Dale brightly. Nate was delighted to hear that she was in a very good mood.  
  
“Come here, Love,” he insisted. “I’d like to make an in person uniform inspection before we head out to the track.”  
  
Dale complied cheerfully. She went and stood next to her bed, getting as close to his head as the furniture allowed. As Nate switched on the bedside lamp opposite, Dale lifted up on her toes and thrust her pelvis toward Nate. Nate leaned over and nuzzled her shower fresh racing stripe.  
  
“Nice!” he said. “It looks fast!”  
  
He took a good long moment to indulge in a study of her first attempt at growing a little pubic hair in many years. Indeed the drapes did match the carpet, he realized. Her stripe had sprouted blond. It wasn’t as light a blond as her hair itself. It had a slightly deeper tone to it. He shifted, placing his cheek against her stripe, angling his head to look up into her face. Using both hands, she held his head tenderly, pressing it into her mound. She wiggled her hips just slightly, helping them both enjoy the close contact.  
  
It was a tremendously wonderful morning hug. Nate looked up into Dale’s smiling face as she continued to hold him firmly against her racing stripe. Looking up at her like that, he realized that her stripe was actually an excellent match for her eyebrows. They, too, were a somewhat deeper shade of blond than the hair on her head.  
  
The sparkle in her eyes was something that he adored. She looked happy and in love. That made his heart sing. How unbelievably joyous it made him, to have a pretty girl love him back, while she smiled down at him, pressing her mound against his cheek gently like that. He didn’t want the moment to end, but she turned her gaze towards the window.  
  
As she did so, he turned his head and kissed her racing stripe. The hairs were still quite short, but it was just the right length for a tack uniform.  
  
“Did you look out the window?” she asked softly.  
  
“No, not yet,” replied Nate.  
  
“Snow. Two or three inches,” she remarked.  
  
Nate got out of bed to look. It was still dark outside, but there was indeed snow. ‘That might mess up our track plans,’ thought Nate. He’d have to give that a little more thought. As a kid, he had always loved snow on Thanksgiving. There were some great sledding hills around Prospect. Indeed a few of them just up the hill behind their houses. A few of them had been wrecked when the golf course had gone in, and yet others had been improved by the earthwork that had been done to create the fairways.  
  
He thought about switching their plans from track of sledding, but he didn’t really want to make such a change. He had quite a bit of preparation invested in Dale’s track uniform, and Kenny was planning to meet them in a little bit.  
  
“Hmm…snow. What does snow do to the track?” he asked thinking out loud.  
  
“It covers it,” she said slowly, talking sweetly as if she were explaining something very basic to a young child.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 284: Naked at School**

“I know that,” he said as he pulled her in front of him, so that he could wrap his arms around her. He hugged her like that for at least a minute, both of them facing the window, looking out at the snow. He loved hugging her in that position; her nude back against his chest, his arms holding and squeezing her chest. Part of why he like holding her like that was the way that she would in turn cover his arms with her own, pressing his arms back into the pillowy softness of her bosom. It felt as if they were both hugging her chest, as if she were helping him hug her tits. She was an absolute treasure, and it felt as if she liked the feeling of being cherished. He loved her so.  
  
“Well, you are dressed just right for our morning outing,” said Nate. “Except for shoes. You will need shoes.”  
  
“My snowy track shoes?” she asked.  
  
“Do you have shoes for snow?” he asked.  
  
“Not really,” she said. “I had snow boots, but I’ve outgrown them. I guess I can just wear my tennis shoe outfit, but my feet will get wet.”  
  
“I guess that will have to do,” said Nate, getting dressed. He had decided to stick with the plan. Even if running on the track didn’t work out, at least they could have a little fun outside. “I’ll go next door and get ready, while you have a little breakfast. High energy foods, right?”  
  
“So we’re still heading out?” she asked. “Snow and all?”  
  
“Yep, you bring the fur, I’ll bring the hot chocolate,” he said. “I’ll come back over and we can leave at about seven-thirty. You should probably wear sweats and a warm jacket, nothing else. No undies. We don’t want any marks on your skin that might show up in high-resolution photos, so only loose clothing.”  
  
“High-resolution photos?” she asked, trying to appear as if she didn’t already know about Kenny.  
  
“Yep…I lined Kenny up for this outing,” he said. He had wanted that to be a surprise, but then he decided to go ahead and spring it on her right then. That would give her a little more time to be worrying about that particular detail. He looked for the wide-eyed surprised look that he loved so much. He didn’t think she would object; given recent conversations. She did look surprised, but not especially so.  
  
“Good,” he continued when she didn’t object. “I am glad to see that Slave Girl knows her place. It’s good that you are resigned to your fate, naked and cold as it may be. That is especially nice to see, considering how we will have a brand new audience member, Kenny…for the Thanksgiving morning pussy show.”  
  
With that he headed home for a quick shower. It would have to be a very quick shower. He had thought of a few calls to make. The snow had thrown a wrench into his plans, but it had also created opportunity. “She’s going to freeze her little butt off,” he chuckled. “Why do naked little cheerleaders have to be sooooo much fun to toy with,” he said aloud because there was no one there to hear him.  
  
As Nate and Dale pulled into the school parking lot a little later, they both noticed several tracks in the fresh snow.  
  
“Nate, that’s more tracks than Kenny’s car alone would make,” observed Dale.  
  
“Did I say that only Kenny would be here?” he inquired teasingly.  
  
She squirmed. “Nate, why do you do this to me?”  
  
“Because you love it,” he replied.  
  
“I do and I don’t,” she said with a tone of exasperation. “Right now I don’t.”  
  
“Good Dale doesn’t, but Bad Dale does,” he responded, dredging up terminology that he hadn’t used for a while.  
  
“That’s Felipe’s truck, isn’t it?” she said as a truck parked next to a car came into view. “Why is Felipe here?”  
  
“Everybody has a role,” remarked Nate.  
  
After the car was parked, Dale opened the door to climb out.  
  
“Wait, wait, wait,” said Nate. “Where do you think you’re going dressed like that? You need to put on your track uniform.”  
  
“But it’s cold,” she said as if she might receive a little sympathy.  
  
“But that’s the plan, and besides, I’m letting you wear your fur,” he responded unapologetically.  
  
She looked pleadingly into his eyes. It was probably in the twenties, clear and cold, but it looked destined to be a beautiful day. The first rays of sunlight were hitting the snow covered hills above town.  
  
“Okay, Lover,” said Nate, trying to act as if he had decided to give her some sort of a reprieve. “Instead of the track uniform, let’s go full nude, so no shoes.”  
  
“What?” she said in shock. “But I’ll freeze. My feet will freeze.”  
  
“I’ll come around and carry you,” said Nate compassionately, closing his door and walking around the front of his car.  
  
With an extreme degree of reluctance, Dale peeled everything off, shoes included. She realized that now she had no idea what Nate had in mind as she climbed directly from the car onto his back. Seemingly the plan, as Kenny had described it, had changed.  
  
Nate walked up the gentle slope towards the school’s main entrance where Kenny and Felipe were waiting for them, Dale on his back. Even in his parka, Nate could feel how cold it was. As Dale had climbed out of the car he had seen how cinched up tight her nipples had been. He wondered if the metal barbells functioned as heat-sinks, making them even colder than they might be without. It was quite the dilemma, figuring out naked adventures for Dale given their climate. At least snuggling against his back, she was partially protected from the cold.  
  
Dale peeked around Nate and saw a surprised look on Kenny’s face. Her nudity was old hat for Felipe, but this was all new for Kenny. He had had plenty of warning, but it was still a first. She knew she was mostly hidden on Nate’s back, so it was surely the anticipation that Kenny was dealing with. In addition to the surprise, he looked as if he were enjoying the idea of what was to come.  
  
“Good morning, guys,” said Nate. “Chilly enough for you?”  
  
“Quite,” said Felipe.  
  
“Oh, so you guys are cold?” said Dale. “In your winter coats, you’re cold?”  
  
“Yep,” said Felipe. “It’s freezing.”  
  
“Hop down, Dale,” said Nate.  
  
“But Nate, my feet…they’ll freeze.”  
  
“I am a bit concerned about that. After all, it has to be fun for the naked girl. If you get so cold that it’s not fun, you let me know, okay?” said Nate.  
  
“That’s nice. Thank you,” said Dale in a soft, sweet voice. “I don’t want to catch a cold.”  
  
“That’s the last thing I want,” said Nate. “Well, right after getting you thrown in jail.”  
  
As he stopped next to where the guys were waiting, he said, “Remember the night of the dance? Climb down and stand on my feet. I’ll open my coat for you.”  
  
That idea seemed to meet with Dale’s approval, and she swung monkey-like around his body without touching down until she did so on top of his feet. Contrary to what he had been expecting, she faced in, wrapping her arms around his torso within his warm jacket. Nate held the jacket around her and looked at Kenny and Felipe. They were both obviously staring at her bare butt. It was peeking out quite attractively below his coat. Some of her back was also visible given that the coat would not close around her.  
  
“So, where do you want to start?” asked Kenny.  
  
Nate was delighted that Kenny hadn’t had a heart attack nor did it seem as if he was going to be unable to talk around a naked Dale. He had been worried that his mouth might lock up like Felipe’s did. Two tongue tied sidekicks would be quite difficult, he had realized.  
  
“I thought we should start with the photo for the yearbook,” said Nate. “After all, as yearbook photographer, I expected that that would be your priority.”  
  
“Perfect,” said Kenny.  
  
Dale had had her face snuggled in against Nate’s chest, but upon hearing the word ‘yearbook’, she leaned back and looked up at his face saying, “Wait…did you say yearbook?”  
  
“Yep, Kenny and I have been doing a little brainstorming,” said Nate.  
  
“It’s a cool idea, Dale,” said Kenny. “It might even go on the cover.”  
  
“But…naked?” she asked.  
  
“You mean, butt naked, right?” said Nate laughing.  
  
“You guys are teasing me,” said Dale, snuggling back against the warmth of Nate’s chest. “I’m not that gullible. You’re not going to put a picture of me naked in the yearbook.”  
  
“That might depend on how it comes out,” said Nate. “Let’s set up the shot guys.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 285: An Intimate Camera Angle**

As Felipe and Kenny returned to their cars to get things, Dale remarked, “Nate, I brought the fur, but you seem to have forgotten the hot chocolate.”  
  
“Actually I delegated that,” he said. “Just wait until you try Felipe’s Mexican hot chocolate. It’s his great-grandmother’s recipe.” He shouted to Felipe, “La chica está lista para el chocolate caliente mexicano.”  
  
“Por supuesto,” replied Felipe.  
  
Instead of returning with a thermos, Felipe came back carrying a ladder, a tall ladder. Nate saw Dale’s puzzled expression as she considered the ladder.  
  
“A ladder?” she asked. “When are you going to level with me and tell me what is going on?”  
  
“In due time,” he remarked.  
  
A minute later Felipe did return with a thermos, an industrial sized thermos with a pump on top, and some cups.  
  
“So what’s different about Mexican hot chocolate?” asked Dale.  
  
“Taste it first, and then he can tell you,” suggested Nate.  
  
Dale took a sip from her steaming cup. “Wow!” she remarked, coughing a little. “That’s good, isn’t it?”  
  
“I like it,” said Nate. “Felipe makes it a little less spicy on account of me.”  
  
“So, what’s in it?” she inquired.  
  
“It’s the secret family recipe,” said Felipe. “It has bittersweet chocolate, brown sugar, vanilla extract, cinnamon, and a pinch of cayenne pepper.”  
  
“I’m glad you invited Felipe,” said Dale, looking up into Nate’s eyes. “He can stay.”  
  
There she goes again, thought Nate, making those around her feel good about themselves.  
  
“About two years ago Dale, I saw you naked outside. It was winter…cold like this,” said Nate. “That picture is the first one, the oldest one in my Dale photo collection.”  
  
“You took a picture of me two years ago?” she asked surprised.  
  
“You know about it,” said Nate. “You’re not exactly in it, but it’s still one-hundred percent you, it’s special to me. I love it dearly…my snow angel picture.”  
  
“Is that the plan, then?” she asked. “You want me to lie down and make a snow angel…here?”  
  
“Bingo!” said Nate.  
  
“I’ll freeze!”  
  
“I am a little concerned about that. If you get too cold, you let me know. I’ll take care of you. Hopefully your metabolism will see you through,” said Nate.  
  
“Hopefully,” said Dale, clearly planning to give it her best.  
  
“I think you’ll be fine,” he said reassuringly while caressing her tenderly. “And besides, I’m really enjoying your efforts at staying warm. I love how you are holding me right now. It feels as if you are trying to climb inside my clothes.”  
  
“It’s warm in there,” she said in her cute voice. “And you’re being a sweetie. I like it when you’re sweet to me.”  
  
“Note to self, always be sweet to Dale…she likes that…when she’s cold and naked,” said Nate laughing.  
  
“Not just then. All the time,” said Dale.  
  
“I wouldn’t want to spoil you,” said Nate.  
  
“Why not? Aren’t I worth it?” asked Dale.  
  
“Good point. I guess I’ll spoil you,” said Nate. “I’ll start by having you lie down. You can make a snow angel right here, on the concrete in front of the Prospect High main entrance.”  
  
“Okay, but you have to promise to warm up my buns afterwards,” said Dale, again looking all around to try and confirm that they were indeed alone.  
  
Where they stood, off to the right of the flagpole, was a very wide open exposed area at the top of the parking lot. While they could be seen from a considerable distance, Dale did realize one advantage of the location. No one would be able to sneak up and surprise them there. As with the gardener’s truck, they would have plenty of warning. And if worse came to worse, the car with her clothes was close.  
  
“Warming you up afterwards will be my pleasure,” said Nate.  
  
“Now?” asked Dale.  
  
“Not yet. Wait until Kenny’s ready. He’ll direct you. We only get one shot at this. If we mess up, then we’ll have to wait for fresh snow,” said Nate.  
  
“The ladder?” she asked.  
  
“Kenny’s going to take the photo from up on the ladder. He’s got it all figured out. This way he’ll be looking down on the angel, so it will look like an angel. And it will be clear that this was in front of the school. Hopefully he can line it up so that even the school’s name shows,” said Nate.  
  
As Nate waited, holding Dale tightly against his chest, he looked over and found himself contemplating the flagpole in its snowy location. He smiled remembering the flagpole date and how that had led to Dale referring to it as ‘my’ flagpole. He didn’t know for sure, but he suspected that she would now again call it ‘my’ flagpole. The reason that he did not know for sure is that the colder weather had seen them meeting inside the building, often at the Maverick. He smiled looking forward to spring, thinking that the warmer weather would bring with it one day a text that would read, ‘my flagpole’. It was a thought that made him feel quite warm inside.  
  
When Kenny thought he was ready, he indicated to Dale where he wanted her feet and head to end up once she was in position. She walked on tip toe out into the snow so that her footprints would hardly show. She had her arms folded across her chest, not to hide it, but rather in an attempt to minimize heat loss. She looked very cold, thought Nate, hugging herself while standing on her tippy toes in the snow.  
  
He expected that Kenny was seeing his first live pussy, but he hadn’t asked him, so he wasn’t positive. He knew that in a moment, he’d really be seeing it. Dale would lie down and her legs would shoot wide apart. Kenny would really get an eyeful. He imagined him zooming in, later at home, studying Dale’s anatomy in great detail. He wondered if he should be protective or jealous about that, but he wasn’t. His relationship with Dale had always included lots of guys with viewing privileges. And he had decided that he could and would trust Kenny with the possession of photos. Since it was his camera, he almost had to.  
  
Once Kenny had specified exactly where she was to lie down, Dale went ahead and  
sat down in the snow. As soon as her bottom made contact, her lips formed a circle and she let out a whoosh of air. “Ah, ah…wow!” she exclaimed. “Make sure you are quite ready to take pictures, Kenny. I’m not going to be stretched out on this snow for very long. That’s what you guys want, right? Naked me, in the angel? I’m not supposed to hop right back up, right?”  
  
“Yep,” said Nate. “We’ll take some with and without. But first with.”  
  
As Dale lay back into the snow, she exclaimed, “Oh…oh, My God…this is freezing.”  
  
She had a delightful expression on her face. Nate could see written there a variety of emotions. On the one hand, she was experiencing the extreme sensations of cold across such a large portion of her skin, breathing in and out rapidly through rounded lips. And on the other hand, she was stretched out naked in front of a classmate who had not seen her nude before; a classmate who she had known for a long time, and who she would be sitting near every morning in Spanish.  
  
Nate had gotten to the point where he could enjoy the emotions written on her face…vicariously. He loved watching her experience what it felt like to have her pussy being seen like this. In spite of the cold her face had blushed a deep shade of red. Her legs were together, but he thought he could even see the anticipation in her eyes of knowing that she’d spread her legs and display her little girly parts. And this time it had to be even more intense for her he imagined. It wouldn’t be just a glance recorded by human memory. There was a professional camera involved; the images, presumably sharp images, would be captured for all time.  
  
After a brief pause, Dale started stirring up the snow by swinging her arms up and down to form the angel. A moment later she started moving her legs way apart and then back together as well. To Nate it looked as if she were in a hurry to get it over with. The snow was light. It flew everywhere, quite a bit of it landing on top of her.  
  
Kenny, up above her on the ladder, was busy clicking away.  
  
“Dale, you can’t have your knees bent like that,” observed Nate. “The angel’s tail isn’t going to be connected.”  
  
Dale had had the soles of her feet against the ground. Realizing that he was right, she straightened out her legs bringing all the skin along the back of her legs down into the snow.  
  
“Brrrr…” she exclaimed.  
  
“Now make the angel again,” instructed Nate.  
  
Again she swung her arms in big arcs while she spread her legs, this time with them down in the snow, apart and then back together again repeatedly. She stopped moving her limbs while in the most spread-eagle position. She looked up at an angle at Kenny on the ladder above her. His eye was glued to the viewfinder as she heard him take shot after shot.  
  
“Now smile pretty,” said Nate.  
  
She did, but then raised her head a little to look down at her racing stripe. ‘What an incredible camera angle, right into my pussy,’ she realized. ‘Surely not by accident!’ However, looking down along her body she saw quite a bit of snow here and there; on her arms, and legs, but also on her abdomen.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 286: Nate’s Picture**

Without conferring with the guys, she hopped up, shaking and brushing off the snow. Even her hair had been full of snow. She shook it around to get it out, and bounced up and down on her toes within the angel to get the snow off her skin before it melted. Reaching across her chest, she rubbed her upper arms with her hands for warmth. At that point she became aware that Kenny was still taking photos. In order to give him something good to photograph, she held her hands over her head, and jumped around just a bit more dramatically. The movement actually seemed to help by getting her blood circulating.  
  
“Cold enough, Love?” asked Nate.  
  
“We should make you do this,” she said teasingly.  
  
“Nobody wants to see that, and besides, I don’t have your metabolism,” said Nate. “I’d freeze.”  
  
“As if I’m not freezing,” said Dale.  
  
“Are you ready to be done?” asked Nate not seeing any point in torturing her if Kenny had the photos he was trying to get.  
  
“She hopped up to shake off the snow, Nate,” said Kenny. “I’d like it if she lies back down for at least a few more shots. She looked almost like she was wearing snow panties in that group.”  
  
“Snow panties,” said Nate laughing. “How about it girl?”  
  
“That’s why I stood up . . . to shake the snow off. I’m planning to lie back down, but when I do, take your shots quick. Like I said, I’m not going to last long. What body position do you prefer?” she asked looking up a Kenny on the ladder.  
  
“Like you were was perfect,” said Kenny, quickly thinking of a way to say spread-eagle without actually having to say it.  
  
“I thought that would look more realistic than legs together and hands at my sides,” said Dale.  
  
“Yes, more angelic!” said Nate laughing.  
  
Giving him a contemptuous smile, she again sat down and then lay back into the snow, placing her head into the same depression that it had made originally.  
  
“Ahhh, ahhh…” she said again. “Wow, is this ever refreshing.”  
  
Nate was near the base of the ladder, off to one side. Felipe, as glib as ever, was opposite him on the other side of the ladder. Nate spoke with him and he went back and started his truck and turned on the heater.  
  
Nate had been taking a few photos of his own, but he was relying on Kenny for the good stuff. He’d also stepped back a time or two to get a few shots of the setup; shots that included Kenny, the ladder and Felipe.  
  
Nate looked up between Dale spread legs, right into the stretched pussy at the top of her thighs. He noticed a small hole. It was just the size of his pinky at most, but he realized that he was seeing straight into her vagina. There was no steam coming out. Dale’s breath, that he could see in the cold air, but in contrast, her vagina seemed to be holding its breath. It was breathtaking, yet not breathing; a beautiful living thing, nonetheless.  
  
As he snapped a picture he thought, ‘Pussies are beautiful in the snow.’ For him the whole event was a dream come true. He had seen Dale do this once before. It was a somewhat distant memory, but a memory that was very dear to him. How wonderful it was to relive that moment by reenacting it. The first snow angel had involved the unapproachable neighbor girl. This second snow angel involved his forever and ever lady. And yet both snow angels had been made by the same magnificent person. So much had happened between snow angel number one and snow angel number two.  
  
He wanted a picture of this snow angel all by itself. He’d have many photos of her stretched out in it, but oddly enough, the one he really wanted was the one that he’d take last. When they were all done, he’d walk up close and take a photo of the snow angel empty…just as he’d done that one morning long ago in her backyard.  
  
As he looked at Dale lying spread eagle in the snow, it occurred to him how much higher she could raise her legs. If she wanted to, he knew that she would be able to slide them all the way up in the snow to at least a full splits position. And yet, she hadn’t. He realized that it would look a lot less like an angel if she did. The impressions left in the snow by her arms and her legs would merge. When he himself made a snow angel, he moved his legs as high as his flexibility allowed. Dale, on the other hand, obviously stopped according to what she thought looked right.  
  
As Dale lay there in the snow, giving Kenny the time he needed to make the adjustments necessary to get the perfect shot, she found herself wondering what he was thinking about. Was he thinking about f-stops, or was he simply staring through the viewfinder at her nipples with their attached jewelry? Was he staring at her labia? She wanted to reach down and feel how cold her labia were, but she knew that her fingers were surely colder, so she wouldn’t learn anything.  
  
Nate’s hands were in his pockets. They would be warm she realized. He would be able to tell if her pussy was indeed cold or not. And she would then know, based on how warm his fingers felt to her. She made a mental note to press his fingers against her pussy lips when she returned to the warmth of his coat. She thought he’d enjoy being offered a fun little feelsie like that.  
  
Looking up, Dale realized that Kenny was too high, too much right above her to be getting much, if any of the school in his photos.  
  
“Guys,” she said. “I must be missing something here, but why are we in front of the school. It can’t be showing much in any of these photos.”  
  
“You’re exactly right,” said Nate. “I asked Kenny to start with some girly photos for me. But he’s probably ready to switch gears and work on the yearbook images. Kenny?”  
  
“Yep,” said Kenny climbing down. “Felipe, help me with the ladder.”  
  
As requested, Felipe removed the ladder, stowing it in the back of his truck. Kenny started shooting photos with his feet on the ground. He moved around a little trying to find just the right spot to get all the desired elements in his shot: school, sign, snow angel, naked cheerleader.  
  
After Kenny had taken quite a few shots, Dale asked, “Can we be done?” She had decided that she was going to get up no matter what they said. It hadn’t been all long, but it didn’t take long for the cold to seep into one’s bones when lying in the snow on cold concrete.  
  
“Absolutely,” said Nate. “Whatever Kenny has will have to be enough.”  
  
“I’ve got more than enough,” said Kenny.  
  
Dale hopped up and raced over to Nate on her tiptoes.  
  
“I need you to warm up my chilly buns,” she said to him shivering as she dove into the warmth of his unzipped parka.  
  
A moment later, to Nate’s surprise, she grabbed his hands. One she pulled around herself, placing it firmly on one of her buns. The other she routed discreetly but directly to her pussy. She pressed his fingers firmly into her folds.  
  
“Just as I thought,” she whispered quietly. “Your fingers are indeed warmer than my labia.”  
  
“Any time you’re wondering about that, feel free to indulge,” said Nate smiling. “I’ll always be more than happy to warm them up.”  
  
Nate cupped her pussy gently, wiggling his fingers this way and that in amongst her labia to share some of his warmth and to stimulate a little circulation in that, her most intimate area. She was damp, but he knew that it had to be melted snow. Her nipple erection was also at maximum tilt, but that, too, was easier to blame on the weather than arousal.  
  
As he was warming her pussy, she slid her hands up inside his shirt along his back, skin on skin. Nate jerked. “Oh, My God, Dale! Do you know how cold that is?” he shrieked.  
  
“You deserve it!” she said laughing, enjoying greatly that she was torturing him. “I know exactly how cold my hands are. Ice cold…just like the rest of me.”  
  
“You’re sopping wet, too!” he exclaimed.  
  
“Don’t worry, it’s not sweat,” she said, snuggling in as close as she could get. “All that proves is that my body temperature is still above thirty-two.”  
  
“But not nearly what it needs to be. Time to warm you up, Honey,” he said, scooping her up and carrying her towards Felipe’s truck. “Let’s get you in the truck. You hopefully won’t catch a cold if we get you dry and warmed up quickly.” Turning to Felipe, he called out, “Another dose of the Mexican hot chocolate for la chica linda, if you don’t mind, Felipe.”  
  
Once they were in the truck and a little situated, Dale looked out through the window. She noticed that Kenny was still photographing her snow angel.  
  
“Now I get it,” she said. “That’s the photo for the yearbook, isn’t it? A picture of the school with a solitary snow angel in the fresh snow.”  
  
“It might be,” said Nate smiling.  
  
“Well, that would be so cool!” said Dale excitedly.  
  
“I think so. We would know that it was made by a naked pussy girl, but everyone else wouldn’t,” said Nate, delighted by her enthusiasm.  
  
“Unless we tell them,” said Dale.  
  
“I guess it wouldn’t matter much if we did,” said Nate.  
  
“I doubt you can tell from the snow angel itself that I was naked,” she said.  
  
“Not unless you left a butt print that gives it away,” said Nate.  
  
“Just like with finger prints, I’ll bet everyone has a unique butt print,” said Dale jokingly.  
  
“I’ll let you know,” said Nate, opening the door to climb back out. “I’ll photograph it.”  
  
Grabbing his arm she said, “You don’t need to do that. Stay here.”  
  
“Oh, don’t worry. I’ll be back,” he said. “It’s time for me to take a special picture. MY sentimental picture.” He went on to explain how he wanted a photo matching the one he had taken of the first snow angel, the one in her backyard.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 287: Track Time**

Dale watched him alone from the truck, sipping her hot chocolate, as he first conferred with Kenny, and then walked right up to the snow angel to photograph it from close range.  
  
Rather than returning directly to the truck, Nate stopped by his car on the way back. A moment later he climbed into the cab saying, “I grabbed the rest of your track outfit, Lover. If you’re warmed up, we need to take that racing stripe out for a spin. I can’t wait to see it circling the track!”  
  
As Dale gave that a little thought, she saw Felipe and Kenny walking away, obviously headed for the track just behind the athletic building. Kenny had his camera with him.  
  
“Well, if you really want to get me out on the track, I need a little help getting warmed up,” said Dale pulling off his coat and then his shirt. Once he was bare from the waist up, she climbed astride his lap, pressing her naked torso against his.  
  
“Oh, that feels so nice!” she said, rubbing her body against his and kissing him hungrily.  
  
Nate reached down and took a bun in each hand, rubbing and fondling them. “These buns are still a bit chilly,” he said, pushing his fingers firmly into her supple flesh. The harder he pressed, the more he could feel her pubic bone rubbing against his stiff dick.  
  
He slid one hand up along her back, maximizing skin contact to help warm her up. Pressing it into her back, he felt her chest rubbing firmly against his. They both engaged in grinding their bodies together, all the while allowing their tongues to play cat and mouse.  
  
After a few minutes of serious passion, Nate reached over and switched off the truck. “I don’t know about you,” he said, “but I’m starting to get overheated. Either it’s time to draw the winning lottery ticket, or it’s time to hit the track.”  
  
He instantly realized that his hint had come out a little less subtle than he had hoped it might.  
  
“Oh, Nate,” she said, kissing him again and mashing her pussy hard into his stiffy. “I’d love to, but Felipe’s truck. It’s roomy, but they could come back at any moment. And condoms?”  
  
“Don’t worry about condoms,” he said, kissing her neck just below the ear. “I’m never going to be caught without again.”  
  
Climbing off him, Dale took one of his hands and again pressed his fingers into her labia. “I think I’m warm enough now…for the track,” she said.  
  
Nate sighed but smiled, trying to conceal his disappointment, as he handed the shoes to her. A minute or two later she had them on and was climbing back out of the cab into the chilly air. Nate looked at the time on his phone, realizing that it was later than he had intended for her track debut, as they walked hand in hand around the end of the school to meet up with Felipe and Kenny.  
  
The guys had been waiting patiently, busying themselves with the building of a snowman. As they approached, Felipe was standing next to a large base snowball while Kenny rolled a somewhat smaller snowball for the body toward it.  
  
Skipping on ahead, Dale asked cheerfully, “Can we make the head?”  
  
Rather than waiting for an answer, she bent over at the waist and started gathering snow to make the third ball. Seeing her unabashed, pussy on display, position from the rear like that, Nate pulled out his phone and started photographing his three friends, all engaged in snowman building.  
  
“Aren’t you going to help?” said Dale turning around and catching him in the act of photographing her at her lady-like worst. “What are you doing, Buster?” she exclaimed with a scowl.  
  
“Recording what you subject me to!” he said with a smile.  
  
Closing the gap, he swatted her playfully on one of her buns and started helping with the snowman’s head.  
  
“May I take some pictures?” asked Kenny politely.  
  
“By all means,” said Nate. He looked up and noticed that Kenny was looking at Dale, waiting for her approval.  
  
“Sure,” she said nodding. Turning to Nate she shrugged and smiled. “I guess some guys believe in women’s rights,” she said playfully.  
  
She looked so happy there, thought Nate, naked but for her shoes in the morning sunshine. He considered throwing a snowball at her for fun, but quickly reconsidered. Somehow she seemed to be tolerably comfortable, now that she was dry and the sun was shining on her. However, he knew that it was a fine line, and he didn’t want to upset the balance. After all she had just gotten warmed up.  
  
As Kenny photographed the two lovers, working as a team on their snow project, Felipe went in search of something with which to make a face. There was little to be found, in large part due to how the snow was covering everything. But he did return with a handful of pinecones and some sticks for arms.  
  
While they were adding detail to the snowman, Kenny ran to his car and back for his tripod. He wanted to get a group shot with the snowman. He knew that this particular Thanksgiving morning would be one that he’d remember for the rest of his life, and he really wanted a group shot that he himself was in. He wanted proof that he had been with a lusciously nude Dale Jordan. He knew he’d never show it to anybody, but he wanted it nonetheless.  
  
After taking a number of shots involving a nice variety of basic poses, it was finally track time.  
  
“How long is this particular race?” asked Dale, lining up as if she were in blocks, placing her fingers down into the snow along an imaginary start line.  
  
Kenny photographed her as she got down into position, her tits dangling enticingly below her rib cage.  
  
“A couple of laps, I guess,” proposed Nate. “How does that sound?”  
  
“Sure,” she answered agreeably. “So 800 meters. Are you going to time me?” She popped back up quickly and planted a kiss on his lips. “Thank you, Lover,” she whispered into her ear before getting right back down into position.  
  
“I’ll time you,” said Nate, switching to that mode on his phone. “…as long as Kenny is photographing.” Her quick little kiss and her thank you had meant the world to him; it was utterly delightful to see her happy like this.  
  
“Yep, this is what I’ve been planning for all along,” said Kenny. “This is why I brought the long lens.”  
  
“Ok, then, if you’re ready, I’ll say, ‘go’,” said Nate.  
  
Dale looked up from her crouch position. She smiled and nodded.  
  
“On your mark, get set,” said Nate. On ‘set’ Dale’s hips popped up to a position higher than her head or shoulders. “BANG!” As he shouted, ‘bang’, Nate started the stopwatch.  
  
Dale took off down the straightway, only slipping the slightest amount right as she launched out of the imaginary blocks. Nate was surprised how quickly she managed to get up to speed as well as how fast she was moving. She obviously was not taking it easy on account of the snow. He found himself hoping that she didn’t slip and go down. That could hurt, and she’d again be so cold.  
  
He actually found it thrilling to be watching her as she pounded through the first long sweeping turn and launched into the back straight. Small details, such as the bouncing of her boobies, was hard to discern given the distance, but she was so obviously stark naked. There could be no doubt about that, even at a distance. To Nate everything about it was just so very cool. The sunshine on the fresh powdery snow, the sound her feet made as she stirred up little puffs with each foot strike, but above all, the image of the lone nude runner against a bright white backdrop.  
  
She looked so sleek, much taller at a distance for some reason. And she was covering the ground quickly due to her long strides.  
  
He had seen her running naked on innumerable occasions, and it was always mesmerizing. He glanced over at Felipe and then turned his attention to Kenny, who was recording the event through his telephoto zoom lens. Both of them looked as if they might be in a trance.  
  
“Get a good shot of her racing stripe,” he said to Kenny just as Dale entered the second turn, the turn that would shortly have her running straight toward them.  
  
“Her what?” asked Kenny.  
  
“Just get me a nice shot of her pussy,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m taking full-body shots,” said Kenny without looking away from Dale. “High-resolution. We can crop however you want later. There’ll be enough pixels for an enlargement of just her pussy, if that’s what you want.”  
  
“That’ll be great said Nate.  
  
“For me, I’d keep it all,” continued Kenny. “For the record, I am so very jealous of you, Nate. It’s who she is that makes this so cool. I can’t imagine cropping off her pretty face. She’s hardly a generic teen beauty; she’s Dale Jordan. And she’s so goddam naked!”  
  
“You’re right, I agree,” said Nate. “I just want to make sure that the fur above her slit shows. Between you and me, it’s new.”  
  
“Oh, it will show,” said Kenny. “It will show.”  
  
As Dale came around the corner toward them, Nate saw the smile on her face. She was breathing hard, every breath visible, but she looked happy. This was it for her, he realized. This had everything she liked. She had an audience, she was stark – pussy and tits out – naked, she was in a public location in full daylight, she was making use of her physical abilities…she was running, and running hard, and there was of course risk.  
  
He looked at her muscular thighs, essentially a blur, except maybe at the top where they joined at her racing stripe. He imagined the little hairs, rippling in the wind. The air was still, but it would be windy down there for her racing stripe as she sped around the track.  
  
Last but not least he focused on the titters as she approached rapidly. Pretty little titties being pounded around mercilessly on her skeleton due to the jack-hammering they were being subjected to as she was racing around the track at nearly a full sprint.  
  
When she stood still, they tended to look like round hills on her chest. Gentle slopes topped by the pert peaks that were her nipples. However, at speed, they changed completely. The gentle slopes disappeared. Her titties seemed to transform, to lengthen into sharp pointy cones. It was as if all the tit flesh stretched out into two conical elastic ropes, each with a sharp rose colored nipple on its end, and those nipples whipped around with abandon.  
  
They actually traced parallel ‘V’ shaped paths in the air in time to the fast rhythm of her feet on the track. Both nipples would shoot up and to the left as far at their tit-ropes would allow, and then they banged straight down as hard and as far as they would go only to shoot up and to the right violently a split second later.  
  
In that pattern they were whipped gloriously up and down, back and forth on her chest in the same rapid cadence that her feet were pounding the snowy track.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 288: The Unexpected Happens**

He saw Dale looking into his eyes as she blew by and again headed down the front straight to begin her second and final lap. Without taking his eyes off of her, he had managed to click to record her split. He looked down and noted it. He had little idea if she would be happy about it or not. Given the conditions, he felt that it had to be exceptional. He expected that she’d want to compare it with her overall time.  
  
He felt so good. She had looked so very happy during the brief moment when their eyes had met; such an intense sparkle!  
  
Nate watched her muscular buns as she pounded toward the far turn, Kenny beside him, adjusting his lens and clicking away. He imagined how many exceptional photos they would have to look through from that morning alone.  
  
As Dale entered the far turn, Nate suddenly became aware of voices. Turning to his right, in the direction that led around the building to the parking lot, he saw a group of people approaching. They had company!  
  
More people appeared. It looked to be a large extended family, a family of all ages, surely together for Thanksgiving. As he started to think about what to do given their predicament, he noticed Frisbees in a few hands.  
  
He glanced across the field and saw Dale about to enter the back straight. She was running almost as fast as she had on the first lap, and she had not yet noticed the people coming from the parking lot.  
  
Nate looked back at the family, obviously out for some fresh air on a beautiful morning while their turkey baked. Suddenly he saw two dark shapes shoot out from among them; two dogs, nearly black but with white markings, medium sized dogs. They were headed straight for Dale, tearing toward the snow covered football field at full speed.  
  
“Dale!” he yelled to warn her at the top of his lungs.  
  
He heard one of the people yell, “Rex!” followed by, “Rex, Bailey, get back here!”  
  
He looked back at Dale; she was looking over her shoulder. She had seen the dogs. As he watched, she turned and headed straight away, seemingly trying to outrun the dogs, not that that might be possible.  
  
Nate saw the people throw a few Frisbees, an obvious attempt to get the dogs’ attention, as they continued to yell their names at the top of their lungs.  
  
Nate didn’t think that Dale should be running, and yet she was. The dogs had clearly triggered her ‘flight’ instinct. He imagined one of them biting her in the back of a leg or even jumping up and biting her butt as she ran, and yet she had a good head start. He noticed that she was running for the gap in the back fence; the gap that was there so that all the students in the neighborhoods behind could walk to school.  
  
Dale’s lead was dwindling, but she reached the gap and went through it ahead of the dogs. A moment later she disappeared from view, down the path that the developer had left between two houses. He hoped that the dogs would turn back at the fence, and yet they didn’t. They too disappeared down the same path.  
  
“What should we do, Nate?” shouted Felipe.  
  
“Well, I think the cars will be better than across the field,” he replied. “Let’s hurry. Hopefully we can find her before anything happens.”  
  
“Okay,” replied Felipe. “Let’s go!”  
  
“On second thought,” said Nate. “Why don’t you go and look for her from here. Kenny and I can drive. She might head right back, if the dogs leave her alone.” He imagined Dale, every bit of her skin exposed, trying to fend off two dogs.  
  
At least three of the family members were already headed across the field in pursuit. Felipe joined them, although they were starting from opposite ends of the field. The majority of the family looked as if they were planning on waiting.  
  
As Nate sprinted past them, an elderly woman called out, “Rex and Bailey don’t bite.”  
  
“What kind of dogs are they?” he yelled in reply.  
  
“Border Collies,” she called out after him.  
  
“Was she naked?” asked a heavy set man as Nate went past.  
  
Nate didn’t take the time to reply. He had to get to Dale as quickly as he could. This was a disastrous development, but he tried to not think of all that might happen. Dale was naked and alone. Every second counted. He absolutely had to get to her. He’d clicked into Knight Mode.  
  
He was glad that the dogs supposedly didn’t bite…supposedly…but Dale didn’t know that. And the dogs weren’t the only danger she faced. In addition to the usual problems associated with being seen, the temperature, even though it might have come up a few degrees, had to still be in the twenties. By now her feet were surely wet, and she had to be winded. She had started running from the dogs well into a long run.  
  
He thought about the residential neighborhood she had just disappeared into. It was newer with crooked streets and lots of cul-de-sacs. He wasn’t very familiar with it, but given that schools and businesses were all closed, there was sure to be a lot of people in those homes. The sun was out, so people might be out on walks.  
  
Before turning the corner, he had stopped to look back across the field in hopes that he might see Dale returning. No such luck, however, he noticed that Felipe was making good time. He was in pretty good shape for a big guy.  
  
Nate and Kenny decided to each take their own cars so that they could cover more ground. Unfortunately, the route out of the school parking lot headed in exactly the wrong direction, and the snow meant that they had to drive carefully to stay on the road. It took them several minutes to loop around to the neighborhood where Dale would be.  
  
He rolled all his windows down so that he might be able to see and hear better. As he approached the approximate area where Dale must have entered the development, he saw Kenny turn down a side street in his rearview mirror. He wondered if he had seen something; however, he suspected that he was just implementing the search strategy they had discussed, quickly covering as much ground as possible.  
  
He looked for the path from the school. Suddenly he saw Felipe in the road ahead of him, indicating about where it must come out into the neighborhood. He stopped to speak with him. Felipe was trying to follow Dale’s tracks in the snow. Unfortunately, they disappeared into the tire tracks in the street. She had probably found it easier to run in the packed snow of the tire tracks. They both tried calling for her, but decided that that might cause problems; it might bring people out of the houses. Felipe did mention that the dogs had returned to the school grounds, so at least they were no longer an issue. Nate was very glad to hear that.  
  
Nate got back in his car and started circling around slowly, looking everywhere for Dale. Felipe remained on foot, following the street, still searching for footprints in the fresh snow on each side of where the cars had driven.  
  
Nate passed Kenny twice. On the third time, they both stopped and got out of their cars to discuss their options. They talked about parking and searching on foot, but Nate preferred the cars. Dale would surely be watching for them, and when they found her, she would be able to hop in. If they found her on foot, she’d most likely need to stay hidden while they doubled back for a car.  
  
Nate looked at his stopwatch app. It was still running. It had been over fifteen minutes since he had taken the one split on the track. He was getting desperately worried. Dale seemed to have disappeared into thin air. ‘Why had she run like that?’ Dealing with dogs didn’t seem to be nearly as bad as what she had to now be facing somewhere alone in snowy Prospect.  
  
Just then his phone rang. His caller ID read, ‘Tink’.  
  
He slammed on his brakes, sliding to a stop in the snow to answer. “Hey, Tink. What’s up?” he asked.  
  
“Nate…” she said drawing his name out long. “You’ll never guess who’s in my shower.”  
  
“Oh, Thank God!” exclaimed Nate, massive levels of relief surging through him, tears welling up in his eyes. “I love you, Tink. I love you, I love you, I love you! How did she get there?”  
  
“I don’t know, but she’s cold and naked,” said Susie. “But you probably know that.”  
  
“I’m sure she’s freezing,” said Nate.  
  
“The shower should help,” said Susie. “She made me promise to call you right away.”  
  
“I’m so glad you did. I can’t tell you how relieved I am to know that she is with you. Is she okay?” asked Nate.  
  
“I’m guessing she’ll be fine. Are you going to come?” asked Susie.  
  
“I’ll be right there,” said Nate.  
  
“I can lend her some clothes,” said Susie.  
  
“Oh, I have her clothes with me,” said Nate.  
  
“I guess I suspected that,” said Susie.  
  
Nate said goodbye and took a deep breath, letting it out slowly. As the worry started to dissipate, he realized just how concerned he had been. With Dale in Susie’s shower, the urgency was gone, so he tried to take a quick moment to get his nerves back under control. He realized why he hadn’t thought of Susie. She didn’t live anywhere near the neighborhood they had been searching.  
  
He called Kenny to fill him in. They agreed that Kenny would pick up Felipe and give him a ride back to his truck. Nate would call them if he needed any help, but he didn’t think that he did. The emergency seemed to have passed.  
  
Once he was done talking to Kenny, he noted his odometer reading and turned around to head for Susie’s. At Oak Street he had to wait for the light to change. As he sat there he looked up and down the wide street, two lanes going each direction, wondering how in the world Dale had managed to cross. And yet he knew that she would have had to.  
  
It ended up being a mile and a half from where he had taken Susie’s call. No wonder he hadn’t been able to find Dale. She hadn’t hidden to await rescue. She had run. She had apparently come up with her own crazy self-reliant survival plan and she had implemented it.  
  
He knocked on Susie’s door and was glad that Susie herself opened it. She had been watching for him. As she led him in and down the stairway, he saw that they had a houseful of visitors, presumably relatives. He wondered if Dale had come in the same way.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 289: Picking Dale Up**

Once downstairs, Susie led Nate down a hallway. She stopped in front of a door and knocked.  
  
“Who is it?” he heard Dale ask.  
  
“Nate’s here,” replied Susie.  
  
Dale opened the door wide enough to look out. She was nude, and was drying her hair with a towel. Upon seeing the two of them there, she waved them in, closing the bathroom door behind them. She grabbed Nate, obviously very relieved to again be with him.  
  
“I was so scared, Nate,” she said clutching him tightly.  
  
“I’m sorry you were scared, Lover,” he said. “That must have been terrible: all alone, naked, cold, scared. It was hard on me as well. Am I ever glad to see you safe!” She continued squeezing herself against him and he continued, “I was so worried. We were all worried, searching everywhere.”  
  
“I can’t believe I made it here,” said Dale. “I didn’t get here without being seen, but I made it.”  
  
“I wish you hadn’t run, Lover. Those people said their dogs don’t bite, but I’m sure you didn’t know that,” he said.  
  
“I wasn’t just running from dogs. Initially, yeah, it was the dogs, but they actually stopped chasing me once I got into that neighborhood,” said Dale.  
  
“That’s what I heard,” said Nate. “Felipe said he saw them go back.”  
  
“All those people,” said Dale. “Fifteen maybe. I couldn’t go back that way. You didn’t plan for everything to go wrong like that . . . this time . . . not like the locker room, right? Or did you plan for that to happen?”  
  
“Oh, no. I didn’t plan this. My plan was to drive home right after your run,” said Nate. “Where I think I went wrong is how late it got. The original plan was to be on the track at the crack of dawn, and then go home. But it snowed, so the snow angel happened, and then the snowman.”  
  
“I’m glad you brought my clothes in,” said Dale, reaching for them, but then she stopped, hesitating. Lowering her arm she asked, “May I get dressed?” She looked over at Susie, hoping that she hadn’t just given something more away, but worrying that she had.  
  
“You should dress,” he said handing her the clothes. Nate also looked over at Susie.  
  
“What’s everyone looking at me for?” asked Susie. “I’m just trying to figure out what happened. We don’t get a lot of nude visitors. For the life of me, Dale, I can’t begin to guess how you ended up naked and being chased by dogs in Prospect on Thanksgiving morning.”  
  
“We should probably explain another time,” said Dale. “I guess that you deserve to know, but right now I have to get home. I’m in charge of the pies.”  
  
“You didn’t just come in the front door like I did, I hope,” said Nate.  
  
“No, she banged on our basement sliding glass door,” said Susie. “Freaked my little sister out!”  
  
“Hey, I was freezing,” said Dale. “I knew it was your house. I didn’t have anywhere else to go. I looked in and saw two girls watching TV.”  
  
“Well, before you go. I think you should talk to them, my sister Allie and our cousin Taylor. They’re still a bit freaked out,” said Susie. “They’re down in Allie’s room. They think you were probably raped or something. I’ve been too busy to try and reassure them much myself. I don’t want them to have nightmares over this, or tell the grownups upstairs. But they do need some answers, and I would think it would be best coming from you.”  
  
“Okay,” said Dale. “I’ll talk to them. How old are they?”  
  
“They’re both eleven, at least that’s how old Allie is. Taylor’s about the same age,” said Susie.  
  
“Should Nate come?” asked Dale.  
  
“Probably not,” said Susie. “They might just think that he is the rapist. Probably just you.”  
  
“Nate? A rapist?” said Dale surprised.  
  
“They’re just little girls. He’s such a large guy. And he sneaks up and rips bras off of unsuspecting girls, but they wouldn’t know that. All they know is that a naked girl in distress showed up in our backyard…in the snow,” said Susie.  
  
“Okay, I’ll talk to them,” said Dale. “What should I say?”  
  
“I guess that’s up to you,” said Susie. “The truth maybe . . . unless it’s too bizarre. And given the things you two say to one another, maybe it is, but . . . it sounds like dogs were chasing you. Maybe tell them that. But if you tell them that, don’t make it too scary. You know, nightmares.”  
  
“But what should I tell them about being naked?” asked Dale.  
  
“You’re asking me?” said Susie. “As if I know why you were naked?”  
  
“Okay, I’ll think of something,” said Dale.  
  
Susie was ready to escort Nate out, but Dale was having a hard time letting go of him. She was obviously feeling quite clingy. Susie left them alone in the bathroom for a few minutes. Dale clearly needed to be held a bit longer.  
  
A few minutes later they came out, Dale now finally fully dressed. Susie took Nate back upstairs and let him out the front door. She then went back to Dale so that she could talk to the two young girls.  
  
Once outside, Nate went and waited in his car. He started the motor so that the car would warm back up to be comfortable for Dale. He was sure she had had enough of being cold for one day.  
  
A little later, Susie let Dale out the downstairs sliding glass door. Because no one upstairs had known that she was there, that seemed best. She made her way around the house to meet up with Nate.  
  
As Dale came around the end of Susie’s house she stopped short. A couple of houses down on the far side of the street, she could see Nate’s car; however, there was a police car parked behind him and the police officer was next to Nate’s car. She jumped back behind the house, but then slowly peeked around to try and figure out why the officer was talking to Nate. Her first thoughts were that someone must have called and reported her.  
  
After a few minutes, the officer got back in his car and drove away. Once she was absolutely sure that the coast was clear, she crossed the street and climbed into his passenger seat.  
  
“The police?” she asked.  
  
“Yeah, it seems that they are investigating reports of a nude girl running through this neighborhood. And not just this neighborhood, so there must have been several reports,” said Nate. “Imagine that?”  
  
“Imagine that? So they are out looking for me, are they?” said Dale sitting as low as she could in the seat.  
  
“Don’t do that Dale. Please sit up! Don’t behave suspiciously. You no longer match the description,” said Nate.  
  
“They have a description?” she asked, reluctantly rising back up in the seat.  
  
“Beyond, ‘nude girl’, I don’t know. I wanted to ask, but I could tell that the police officer thought that that was distinctive enough,” said Nate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 290: Tess**

“So why did he talk to you?” she asked.  
  
“I’m sure he stopped because I looked suspicious, but what he said was just about whether I had seen anything or not,” said Nate. “But he did write down my license plate number and my driver’s license number, just in case. I’m sure I’ll be brought in for questioning if they find a body.”  
  
“I’m sorry, Nate. They’re probably building a file on you down at City Hall,” she said.  
  
“It’s not really your fault, now is it?” he said.  
  
Nate started the car and drove a couple of miles, well away from where he thought the police would be looking, and then pulled over. He wanted to talk a little, and he could tell that Dale needed a few more hugs. It had been a traumatic experience for him, but he knew that it had been ten times worse for her. He was quite interested to hear her story, but he knew that that would have to wait. Telling him the story would force her to relive it, and he didn’t want her to do that until she had recovered a little.  
  
Dale seemed to be doing pretty well, he thought, considering what she must have been through. He was very thankful that she had gotten a chance to warm up in Susie’s shower.  
  
“I was so worried about you,” he said yet again, holding her, comforting her.  
  
“I was just so scared, Nate,” said Dale softly in a way that pulled at his heart strings. “I’m sure my heart is still pounding, even now. Feel.”  
  
Nate didn’t mind doing as instructed, but his mind really was on her heart rate as he pressed his palm against her soft chest.  
  
“My heart was going ninety miles an hour, too,” said Nate. “But by now I expect my heart rate is approaching normal.  
  
They talked and hugged for a few more minutes, but then Dale insisted that they get going.  
  
“I have to bake pies, Love. They take time to bake, and they don’t all fit in the oven at once,” she said.  
  
“I know,” said Nate, starting the car. “And Luke and Tess might be there already. I need to talk with them. I need to make sure that we all have our stories straight. Unfortunately, your Aunt Mary is being tricked as well.”  
  
“Why?” asked Dale in disbelief.  
  
“To make sure that Carly believes that they are staying through the weekend, they arranged to stay at Aunt Mary’s. And we decided that it would be too risky to tell Mary, so she had to actually think that they are staying,” said Nate.  
  
“But she’d have to put them up in Carly’s room,” said Dale. “Carly won’t like that, and that might make her suspicious. She might not believe that Tess is going to come over there and spend a few nights right under her nose.”  
  
“I’m worried about that, too,” said Nate. “But it’s the plan we have. Tess and Luke made those arrangements. Too late for any changes.”  
  
Luke’s and Tess’s car was indeed in the Jordan driveway when Nate and Dale pulled up.  
  
“How am I going to explain my wet hair?” asked Dale. “I should have taken the time at Tink’s house to at least get it dry.”  
  
“Snowball fight?” said Nate.  
  
“That might work,” said Dale as they climbed out to go inside.  
  
“I’ll make sure it works,” said Nate, bending over and scooping up a big ball and throwing it at her. She squealed and ran.  
  
That particular snowball missed, but he was a man on a mission. His girl needed an alibi, and a minute later when they entered the Jordan house, no one doubted that some serious messing around had been going on out in the snow. And it looked as if Dale had gotten the worst of it. Not only was her hair a little wet, but it was quite tousled looking as well.  
  
“Mission accomplished,” whispered Nate. For that he received one of Dale’s signature punches to the shoulder, a good hard one. But they hugged acting like they were making up. Luke, at least, had found their entrance quite entertaining.  
  
“Where have you been, Dale?” asked her mother.  
  
“Enjoying the snow,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, get your little hind end in the kitchen. It’s time to get crackin’,” said her mom.  
  
Once they had gone, Nate asked Luke where Tess was.  
  
“She went over to your house a little bit ago. She went looking for you,” he said.  
  
‘Oh, great,’ thought Nate. He pictured Tess over there talking to his mother while she made her contributions for the big meal. Nate headed next door, wishing that Dale had been an only child.  
  
“Is Dale’s sister here,” he asked his mother upon entering the kitchen.  
  
“Such an interesting girl,” said her mother.  
  
“You’re telling me,” he said.  
  
“And yet she was already quite a handful when she was young,” said his mom.  
  
The sandbox photo popped into Nate’s head. His mother must have memories of Tess as a child, he realized. He was curious to ask about that, but would have to do it later.  
  
“Where is she?” he asked.  
  
“She’s in your room. They got up early and drove. She asked to lie down,” she said.  
  
“Oh, mom, not my room?” said Nate. “She’s bad news.”  
  
“Have you gone bungee jumping, Nate?” his mother asked.  
  
“Why do you ask, mom?” said Nate, suddenly worried.  
  
“Tess had so many questions about you – and about how you got to know Dale – and about your relationship with her,” she said. “And she was asking about a DVD. Asking if I had seen a DVD of Dale bungee jumping, or both of you bungee jumping, I forget. And a lot of other things like that.”  
  
“Like I said, mom, she’s bad news. Don’t listen to anything she says,” said Nate heading down the hall to find Tess.  
  
When he walked into his room, he found Tess sitting on his bed studying the framed mug shot photos.  
  
“Where did you get that?” said Nate.  
  
“It was under your bed, of course. Right where you put it,” she said. “You don’t really think that you can hide things like this – from your mother – by putting them under your bed, do you?”  
  
“I probably can,” said Nate. “Unlike you, my parents know they can trust me.”  
  
“Why does Dale look so distraught in this photo, Nate? And your expression; you look sad, but mean. You look like a thug. Why does a guy have a framed mugshot of himself and his girlfriend – topless – under his bed?” she asked. “Have you been abusing my sister?”  
  
“No! Of course not! None of your business,” said Nate, his hackles coming up.  
  
“It is my business! I have to look out for her. She’s my little sister,” she said. “And tell me about those photos. The one of Dale from my wedding, with the ‘Dream’ inscription. What wasn’t a dream, Nate?”  
  
“Again…none of your business!” said Nate.  
  
“It doesn’t matter,” she said. “I think I can guess. Knowing my sister, it wouldn’t have been sex. But, again, knowing my sister it might have been streaking. Did you see her streaking and think you were dreaming?”  
  
He didn’t reply, but he found himself remembering her uncanny ability to guess and read expressions.  
  
“Well, I must be close,” she said. “And why would you have a photo of our back porch light? That’s just f\*\*king creepy, dude. Are you a stalker?”  
  
Nate figured out what she was trying to do. She was making terrible accusations, thinking that he would defend himself. And in the process he would confess the truth, because the truth wasn’t as bad as her supposed suspicions.  
  
“Tess, I’ve been trying to help you. We do need to talk, but about Carly. About keeping her from knowing about your planned early departure,” said Nate.  
  
“All in due time, all in due time,” said Tess. “First, I have some more questions. Tell me about that drawer over there. The one with my sister’s clothes in it. Why does she have clothes here, Nate?”  
  
“The usual reasons, of course,” he said. “To wear.”  
  
“Oh, but Nate, we both know that something here is fishy. Very fishy,” she said shaking her head in a scoldingly. Nate did not reply, so she continued. “Does your mother know about the drawer, and has she noticed that it has been altered so that it can be locked? Maybe I’ll go ask her. I’m sure she’s still in the kitchen. Or do you want to tell me? Why do you lock up Dale’s clothes?” After another long pause in which Nate again did not reply, she continued, “I think you need to tell me what is going on here. Do I need to go to the authorities? You’re obviously mistreating her, but I know she has fallen for you. Is this a case of Stockholm Syndrome? Is she in love with you because you are abusing her?”  
  
“Certainly not, Tess! You know that is ridiculous,” he said indignantly.  
  
“Is it?” asked Tess. “I think you must be pathological.”  
  
“I don’t know exactly what that means, but I am not!” said Nate.  
  
“And why did you rip up the Raincheck, Nate? You know a blowjob from a Jordan girl is a desirable thing indeed. I know you’ve been enjoying Dale’s blowjobs, just think how much better mine will be.”  
  
“How do you know that about the Raincheck?” he asked, suddenly quite surprised.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 291: Tess Continued**

“Dale called me!” she said. “She called me this week. What an interesting conversation that was! She told me about the raincheck. She told me about giving you blowjobs. She even threatened me. What are they putting in the water down here in Prospect? Carly’s been calling, threatening me. You’ve been calling? Now Dale! Why so much interest in little ol’ me?”  
  
Nate just sat there shaking his head. He wanted to throw her out. He wanted to hold her down while Carly shaved her head. And yet this was the family he intended to marry into. He just shook his head considering his dilemma. Tess was the biggest pain in the butt he had ever encountered, but Dale was worth it, that he knew. Somehow he’d have to eventually find a way to get along with her, or avoid her.  
  
“Dale tells me that you don’t want a blowjob from me,” said Tess, starting up again. “But I know that’s not true. And I know she doesn’t believe it. If she believed it, she wouldn’t have called me. She thinks you want it. Deep down she knows you want it! She knows you’ll let me go down on you. If she didn’t, then she wouldn’t have called me, pleaded with me, threatened me.”  
  
Nate just sighed. He didn’t want to encourage her by replying. He decided that if he just sat there, she would eventually get tired of hearing herself talk. And then he would finally be able to direct the conversation to what they really needed to discuss: keeping Carly from knowing that she and Luke were not staying in town through the weekend.  
  
“And I know why she thinks I’ll be giving you a blowjob today. She knows that you’ll want to find out what a blowjob is like when it is being given by a girl who isn’t pretending. A girl who honestly loves men, a girl who likes male bodies and who loves penises.”  
  
After another pause, seemingly intended to see if he would respond, she continued, “Nate, I know that you have figured out that Dale is a lesbian. There is no way that you haven’t figured that out by now. That’s why she knows you’ll accept what I’m offering. When she called me, it was quite easy to read between the lines. She’s never been able to fool me, no matter how hard she tries. I can always see right through her. So now, lie back…relax. I’ll take you through it. You’ll be glad you did. I’ll make it amazing for you. My ... is reserved for Luke, but today my mouth is all yours!”  
  
“Tess, why are you doing this?” asked Nate. “It’s perverted, that’s what it is.”  
  
“Perverted, huh? Such an ugly word, Nate! Why would you say that?” she asked. “I’ll tell you what’s perverted. Trying to convince yourself and those around you that you’re heterosexual when you know you aren’t. Taking a boy on an emotional roller coaster ride, because she’s in denial. That’s what she did to Jason. That’s what she’s doing to you. That’s what’s perverted. She’s perverted! It’s not going to work, Nate. You know it isn’t. Wouldn’t you rather give it up now, and find a woman who likes men more than women? Wouldn’t you rather be with a woman who begs you to put your cock in her ...? Why waste a year, two years, like Jason did, with the likes of Dale? She may be good at pretending, but it will always be pretending. She’ll always prefer being licked over having actual intercourse. Do you know why that is, Nate? That’s because while you’re licking away, she’ll have her eyes closed. She’ll be picturing that your tongue is Nutshell’s tongue.”  
  
Nate was shocked, and he was trying to keep the thoughts that Tess was trying to make him have out of his mind, but they were creeping in. Tess obviously knew quite a lot about Dale, and she was obviously very manipulative. He knew that, but some of what she was saying touched too close to home. It hurt. It almost felt like she was stabbing him in the heart.  
  
“I know you know what I’m talking about. She didn’t cut that relationship off because she had learned that Nutshell was a lesbian. No! That’s what she told me, but it wasn’t true. I was there, Nate, the whole time. Every day, I was there, in the same house. You need to listen. You deserve to know the truth. She cut things off with Nutshell because she had finally figured out that she HERSELF was a lesbian,” said Tess. Raising her voice a little she continued, “She’s a goddam lesbian, Nate! And you know it. After spending the night at Michelle’s house she would come home on cloud nine…every time. She was never like that after dates with boys. No doubt about it…she’s a lesbian! And if you’re still not convinced, I’ll prove it to you, right now, with my pretty little mouth. The difference will be entirely obvious.”  
  
Nate felt emotionally drained. Tess was a foul-mouthed slut; that was what she was. And he believed in Dale…absolutely. He knew he did. Sure he had had his own doubts about her, but he had worked through them. Suddenly they had come rushing back. Tess placed a hand on his chest and pushed him gently. He felt himself falling back against the headboard. He knew he needed to get out of there, but he was suddenly feeling so weak. He wanted to put his pillow over his head and have the world disappear while he thought things through.  
  
But Tess kept talking, “There’s absolutely nothing wrong with being a lesbian. I have a couple of friends who are lesbians, and they are good people, very good people. But Dale is completely different. She’s so dishonest. She lies. She lies to everyone about Michelle, or Nutshell as she used to call her. She lies to you. Let me ask you, what kind of a relationship do you have with my sister…I mean, really? If it is based on lies, what is it? It’s nothing! And even if you think she has come clean about Nutshell, she is still just pretending. If her latest version of the Nutshell story does NOT include her own admission of being a lesbian, then it is just another lie. Dale is nothing more than a dishonest lesbian! Nate, there’s no future for you with a woman like my sister. Someday she’ll leave you high and dry to move in with a woman. You need to come to terms with that. The sooner you do, the better it will be for you.”  
  
Suddenly he jerked, feeling one of Tess’s hands sliding up his inner thigh toward his crotch. ‘Why was he getting stiff?’ he wondered. He pushed her hand away, but it came right back. He felt her other hand on the snap of his jeans. Before he knew what was happening, she had the snap undone.  
  
“Nate, I love cock. I absolutely adore cock,” she said. “Experience a heterosexual woman’s mouth. The mouth of a woman who knows what she is doing and who really loves swallowing cock. You won’t regret it.”  
  
“Yes, I will,” said Nate suddenly. Digging deep to muster the will to believe in himself and his girl, he spoke his mind, “Stay away from me. Get off me! You and Luke need to leave town…now! Right now, before dinner. Get out of town before I cut all your hair off myself,” he said pushing her away and sitting up. “I love Dale, and you belong in a mental hospital. I wanted to get along with you. I really did, but that’s obviously impossible. One day you’ll be my sister-in-law, so I hoped to get along. Not anymore. There’s obviously no getting along with you. I’m going to marry Dale! I love her! And we’re going to be happy.”  
  
“I love men, Nate. I love it when they get worked up. I love how you’re all worked up,” she said in her seductive voice, leaning down and placing her cheek against his. With one hand on the crotch of his jeans, she used the other to push him gently so that he was again back against the headboard. She was kneeling above him, one knee between his legs, the other to his side.  
  
He struggled, turning his face away and felt her kiss his neck. Suddenly he felt his zipper being yanked down. He grabbed her hands to stop her, but she just held on, one hand on his crotch, the other gripping a flap of his fly. She tried again to kiss him. His hands were busy trying to get her hands away from his crotch, so all he could do was turn his head to the side. She gave him a kiss on his cheek instead. He jerked, trying to get his face away from hers, but she just slid down a little lower, kissing him near his collar.  
  
Suddenly, BANG! The door burst open, crashing hard into the wall opposite. Dale stepped in and then stood there, stock-still; her feet braced wide apart, her fists planted firmly on her hips, fire in her eyes! She glared at them together on the bed, sizing up the situation.  
  
Nate knew it was bad. He knew how it must look, the two of them on his bed, his pants gaping open, Tess on top, her hands at his crotch. He knew he had guilt written all over his face, even though what had happened had been all Tess.  
  
Not knowing what else to do, he pushed Tess firmly away. She rocked back up onto her haunches, still looking over her shoulder at Dale. They both just froze, trying to decide what to do. Nate looked at Dale, wondering what she was thinking, what she would do.  
  
As he watched, Dale took a very deliberate step into the room. She swung, her fist connecting solidly with Tess’s face. Tess fell back, disappearing down into the narrow area between his bed and his dresser, first her upper body, but then her legs as well. He watched her fall, but then turned his attention back to Dale. She was staring at him. Not knowing what to do, he sat up and worked at closing his fly. He was so embarrassed to be in that predicament, on his bed, his zipper down, his underwear showing.  
  
“I’m getting Luke,” she announced, turning and leaving.  
  
‘Oh, my God! What a Thanksgiving!’ thought Nate, rocking back against his headboard and staring up at the ceiling.  
  
He could hear Tess whimpering on the floor by his bed. He hadn’t seen exactly where Dale’s fist had connected with her face, but it had been a real honest to God punch. The kind of punch that any man would be proud to be able to deliver. It hadn’t been a slap like Dale had received from Nutjob.  
  
“Serves you right, bitch,” said Nate, his voice full of hate and anguish. He had expected to be able to get along with Tess. He thought he could get along with anyone, but he hadn’t reckoned with the likes of Tess. He had reached his limit. No wonder Carly had resorted to physical retaliation, he thought. And now Dale had as well. He thought about hitting her himself, just to join the club.  
  
But then he thought of his bigger problem…how bad it must have looked…he had been stretched out on his bed, Tess on top. Dale might have even seen Tess kissing him, while she had her hands at or on his fly. His hands had been down there, too. Might Dale have thought they were both working feverishly at undoing his pants? He wondered. At least Tess had never gotten her hands into his pants, just on top. But maybe Dale didn’t realize that. Might she imagine that she had come in as they were closing his pants back up?  
  
It was almost too terrible to even think about. It hurt so much to picture all the thoughts that had to be going through Dale’s head right then. How could he have done this to their relationship? He was so angry with himself. And yet it had been all Tess. He had been fighting her off, and yet he knew that if he had been more resolute, she would have been no match for him. She had weakened him with her words. And now he would pay the price. Surely Dale thought that she had caught him in a moment of infidelity.  
  
He wondered how their forever commitment might fare given what Dale must surely be thinking. He didn’t want to cycle back to apologizing and explaining. Things had been going so well. And all the apologizing in the world might not be enough, it might all be for naught.  
  
She was getting Luke? ‘Whatever for?’ he wondered. He knew he wouldn’t have long to wait. Luke was next door. He expected that Dale and Luke would be right back. He wondered what he should be doing when they came in. Should he leave the bedroom? Should he just stay where he was?  
  
Part of him felt that he should see if Tess was okay, and yet that was probably the worst idea of all. He imagined himself helping her up. That would mean that he’d be ‘touching that woman’ when Dale reentered. How terrible it would be for Dale to think that ‘that woman’ was her sister. Surely a bad idea to be helping her up when Dale returned, and yet at that very moment, Tess rose up from behind the bed and looked at him. Her hair was disheveled. Her face was red, from crying as well as the impact of Dale’s fist. They looked at each other.  
  
That’s how Dale found them a moment later.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 292: Tess Stress**

Dale stared at them. Nate still on the bed, his pants now closed. Tess kneeling on the floor. The two of them looking at each other. Dale looked at him. He saw a tight-lipped determined expression, as their eyes met. He saw the fire and the fierce resolve in her eyes. Luke was with her. Dale stepped further into the room so that Luke could enter.  
  
“There she is Luke,” she said pointing at Tess, her voice full of angry emotion. “Take her. You two have ten minutes to clear the city limits. GO!”  
  
Without saying a word, Luke got Tess on her feet and led her out of the room.  
  
Once they were gone, Dale turned to him. For a long moment she stared deeply into his eyes. She took in a deep breath, and then let it out slowly. “Nate, will you go and have my mom check the pies while I make sure they leave?” she said. And with just that one sentence, she turned and followed Luke and Tess down the hall.  
  
Nate was left not knowing what to think. She had talked to him in a firm commanding voice. But it had been very evident that she had a lot of emotion bottled up just behind the brave face that she had been maintaining. He decided that he needed to follow her instructions. Things were bad enough without her pies being burned. He hurried next door to find Dale’s mother, or to check on the pies himself, if need be.  
  
On the way, he passed Luke and Tess in the driveway. They were engaged in climbing into their car while Dale watched over their progress, her fists again on her hips. It was the same authoritative stance he had seen her in just after she had burst so violently into his bedroom.  
  
As he entered Dale’s the house, Nate heard the car start.  
  
“Where are they going?” asked Dale’s mother looking out the window.  
  
“Dale wants us to check her pies,” he replied, heading into the kitchen.  
  
Still asking about Tess and Luke, Mrs. Jordan followed Nate into the kitchen. Fortunately the pies looked fine, like they needed just a little more time. Mrs. Jordan turned them as they looked darker on one side than the other.  
  
As she was closing the oven door, Dale entered the kitchen. Her mother started asking her about Tess and Luke.  
  
“Not now, Mom,” said Dale, sternly shaking her head. She pointed out of the room.  
  
Mrs. Jordan got the hint, and left. Nate saw her looking at him over her shoulder as she exited.  
  
Dale turned to Nate, and with a stone face she pointed at a nearby kitchen chair. Nate sat down while Dale continued to study him. Nate knew he couldn’t say anything because it would be overheard in the next room. After a long, exceedingly uncomfortable moment, Dale turned her attention to the oven and checked the pies herself.  
  
After she closed the oven door, she looked up at the wall clock. For an extended period of time, she just stood there, every once in a while, glancing back up at the clock. Nate watched the clock as well, thinking. After five minutes had passed, she again opened the oven. After studying the pies, she removed them. She left the door open, and then placed the two unbaked pies from the countertop carefully inside. Once she was happy with how the pies were positioned, she closed the door.  
  
Indicating to Nate that he should follow, she left the kitchen, headed for the back hall. As she passed the living room, she said, “The kitchen’s all yours, Mom. Will you watch the two pies I just put in the oven for me?” She didn’t wait for a response, continuing into the back hallway.  
  
Dale entered her bedroom, stepping to the side so Nate could enter. She closed the door behind him and then sat down on her bed, her back against the headboard. She sat hugging her bent legs, pressing them into her chest, her heels against her butt.  
  
With her head, she indicated that he should sit, so he sat down sideways on the foot of her bed.  
  
“Well…” she said blankly. “Quite…a…morning.”  
  
“I’ll say,” said Nate attempting a smile. Dale’s face indicated displeasure, so he dropped the smile. “It’s not like you think, Dale,” he added.  
  
“How do you know what I’m thinking,” she snapped.  
  
Nate turned and looked uncomfortably at his own knees. He realized that she seemed to be in the mood to give him a tongue lashing. At least that would be better than the silent treatment he had received on the way home from the Sherriff’s Office, he thought.  
  
“Your pants were open, Buster,” she announced.  
  
Nate just nodded, looking at his knees.  
  
“Were you going to let her go down on you?” she asked in a steady voice.  
  
“No,” said Nate, again turning his head to meet her gaze.  
  
“If I had asked you yesterday, if you would let Tess open your pants and rub your dick, because that’s what happened, right? What would you have said?” she asked.  
  
“I would have said, ‘no, I wouldn’t allow it’,” he replied honestly.  
  
“And yet it happened,”’ she said. “And if I would have asked you if you’d let her kiss you on your bed like that, what would you have said?” she asked.  
  
“That I wouldn’t allow it,” he replied.  
  
“And yet, that too happened,” said Dale. “And I’m supposed to believe that you weren’t going to let her go down on you.”  
  
“Yes, I want you to believe me,” he said hopefully.  
  
“Nate, I’m your forever and ever girl. That requires fidelity. I hope you know that,” she said.  
  
Nate was very glad to hear her refer to herself using the words ‘forever and ever girl’.  
  
“I’ve got something to tell you,” she said. Nate looked into her eyes, waiting for her to continue. She sat there for a moment. It looked like she was thinking, trying to decide what to say. “I was in your hall for a long time, just outside your door.”  
  
“You were?” he asked quite surprised.  
  
“Yes, I was listening,” she said. “I didn’t hear everything. I wasn’t there the whole time. But I heard a lot.”  
  
Nate took a deep breath, trying to reconstruct in his head the conversation that she would have heard.  
  
“Now, can you imagine what it was like growing up with Tess as my big sister?” she asked. “Can you now picture how she treated Carly? No wonder Carly would lash out at her, right? Is it all that surprising that she still feels the need to get back at Tess? Is it really all that surprising that Carly is who she is today . . . all thanks to Tess?”  
  
“Wow,” said Nate looking into her eyes. She had maintained her composure tremendously well, but he saw cracks forming. Her eyes were getting moist.  
  
“I need a hug, Nate,” she said. “And I suppose you might as well.”  
  
Nate nodded, sliding up next to her and wrapping his arms around her.  
  
“I love you, Dale,” he said. “I love you so much. I want you to know that.”  
  
She nodded, leaning her face into his. “I love you, too,” he heard her say softly.  
  
After simply holding each other for a few minutes, Dale said, “She had you questioning everything, didn’t she? Everything about us…everything about me, right?”  
  
“I’m sorry, she’s just so manipulative,” said Nate. “I still believe in us.”  
  
“She’s evil,” said Dale bitterly, tears evident on her cheeks. After a long pause she continued, “I heard how weak your voice became. She got to you, didn’t she?”  
  
“A little,” replied Nate taking a deep breath as he thought back over the torture that Tess had put him through.  
  
“And then do you know what I heard you say? You told her, ‘Get out of town before I cut all your hair off myself.’ You said, ‘I love Dale, and you belong in a mental hospital’.” Dale started laughing through her tears as she said that. She was crying hard and laughing hard, both at the same time.  
  
“That’s what you said. You told her you loved me. I loved that! I fell in love with you all over again, right then,” she said sounding more emotional than he had ever heard her sound. “So I decided that you were right. She needed to leave town, right then! And if at that moment you were not able to get it done, By God, I could step in and make it happen! I decided that I could do it myself. Do you know why? Because we’re a goddam team, Nate. We’re a goddam team! We look out for each other,” she said lifting up her shirt and wiping her tears with the hem. “Don’t you ever forget it! In that moment you needed me, as I’ve needed you in the past. And I wanted to come through for you.”  
  
Dale relaxed in his arms and her tears flowed freely. She squeezed him tightly. They both squeezed each other. Nate couldn’t hold back the tears himself, and he gave up trying. “I’ll never forget it. We’re a team. Thanks for being there for me, Lover. Thanks for being my Knight in Shining Armor, Dale,” he said.  
  
“Me? A Knight?” said Dale. “I don’t know about that, but…getting Tess out of town…that was your idea.”  
  
“Your pretty good at the Damsel in Distress role, but you also make one hell of a Knight!  
And I love you so much. Thank you again,” said Nate quite sincerely.  
  
They held each other tightly, trying unsuccessfully to get their tears under control.  
  
“I’ll always be here for you, Nate,” she said. “Forever and ever. We’re a forever and ever team.”  
  
“Thank you for loving me,” he managed to say.  
  
“You know what else you told her? You told her, ‘I’m going to marry Dale, and we’re going to be happy’. I loved hearing you say that, even though I could hear in your voice that you were suffering,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 293: The Thanksgiving Meal**

“I meant it, Lover,” said Nate kissing her forehead. “I’m going to marry you…when the time is right…and we’ll be happy.”  
  
“I know we will be,” said Dale. “We’ll be the happiest! Have you told anyone else that you are going to marry me?”  
  
“No. Just Tess, I guess,” he said. “I didn’t plan to tell her. It just came out.”  
  
“Maybe I should be upset with you for telling someone our secret, but I’m not,” said Dale. “How ironic that my evil sister is the only one who knows about our plans.”  
  
“I’m really sorry about that,” said Nate.  
  
“Don’t be,” said Dale. “You said it defending us, defending me, defending our love. And besides, she’ll misinterpret it. She’ll just think it is a boy bragging about what he hopes might happen. She won’t begin to guess that you and I have pledged ourselves to one another.”  
  
They lay there for a time, just holding each other. Being close felt so nice after what they had just been through.  
  
After a while, Nate asked, “How in the world are we ever going to recover from this enough for Thanksgiving dinner with the family?”  
  
“I don’t know,” said Dale, shaking her head. “I don’t know.”  
  
Quite a long time later her mother knocked softly on the door saying, “Dale?”  
  
Nate and Dale just held each other, lifting their heads slightly to look into each other’s eyes. Neither one of them spoke.  
  
After a bit Dale’s mother continued, “I took the pies out. They look good. We’re almost ready for dinner, so whenever you’re ready, Honey. But there’s no rush.”  
  
“Thanks, Mom,” Dale managed to say.  
  
“I love you, Dale,” said her mother through the door.  
  
“I love you too, Mom,” she said making every effort to keep her voice for betraying the fact that she had been crying.  
  
A minute later, after her mom was no longer on the other side of the door, Nate asked, “Why did your mom say, ‘I love you’ like that?”  
  
“She can tell something’s going on. She doesn’t know exactly what, but she can tell,” said Dale.  
  
About five minutes later, Dale’s mother knocked again.  
  
“Dale, what did your sister do this time? Why did they leave?” she asked.  
  
“Oh, Mom,” said Dale with a heavy sigh. “You don’t want to know. You’d have to disown her.”  
  
“Okay,” she replied. “As long as I don’t need to know.”  
  
“You don’t want to know, and you don’t need to know,” said Dale.  
  
“Okay, Honey,” said her mom.  
  
After her mom had again walked away from the door, Nate asked, “She’s not going to make you to tell her?”  
  
“She trusts me,” replied Dale.  
  
After holding her a while longer, Nate said, “Your sister does belong in a mental hospital. There’s really something wrong there.”  
  
Dale laughed but then looked into his eyes. She nodded in agreement.  
  
“I think I finally understand the depth of my mistake. Showing her the DVD was clearly a very bad move on my part,” he said.  
  
Dale nodded, “Yes, it was. At least now you understand.”  
  
“And if I ever again think that I can help everyone in your family get along by having one nice Thanksgiving meal together, just shoot me,” he said. “Put me out of my misery.”  
  
Dale looked at him and they both laughed.  
  
“And tell me, Nate,” she said. “You’re a guy. How does Luke put up with her?”  
  
“Maybe she’s worth all the trouble and aggravation,” he said.  
  
“How could that even be possible?” asked Dale.  
  
“Maybe she gives great blowjobs,” said Nate shrugging his shoulders and smiling sheepishly.  
  
They shared some rejuvenative laughter, and were, a little bit later, able to get up and leave the bedroom. Nate was so tremendously glad that Dale had overheard much of what had transpired with Tess earlier. Fate had certainly smiled on him. That one little coincidence had turned what likely would have been a relationship damaging negative into a solid positive.  
  
Dale needed to wash her face and redo her makeup before going out into the living room where their families were gathered. Nate didn’t want to leave her side, so he stood with her in the bathroom, keeping a hand on the small of her back, while she took care of that little task. He sensed that she too was feeling no rush to go out and see everyone. Putting on a pleasant face and pretending that nothing had happened promised to be quite challenging for both of them. Doubly so because there were bound to be all kinds of questions related to Tess’s and Luke’s untimely departure.  
  
Just as they were about to exit the bathroom, there was a knock. “Dale, is that you?” her mother asked.  
  
“Yes,” said Dale opening the door. Her mother studied her face for a moment and then glanced over at Nate. She didn’t act at all surprised to find him in the bathroom with her daughter.  
  
“Oh, good,” she said. “It’s getting difficult to keep the food warm. Are you guys about ready?”  
  
“We’re ready,” said Dale glancing back at Nate just behind her. She saw Nate nodding his agreement.  
  
“Oh, and Dale. I’ve told everyone not to ask about Tess and Luke. I know that you don’t want to talk about it. Whatever happened, let’s just forget about it, through the meal certainly. Everyone in the living room seems to be in a good mood, and your father and I are enjoying having the Millers over. Nate’s mom brought over a dish of Honey-nut Squash. I just can’t wait to try some. So, let’s have a nice meal, okay?”  
  
“Okay, Mom,” said Dale. “We’ll try…and thanks so much for…for telling everyone that.”  
  
“Not a problem, Dear,” she said leaving Nate and Dale alone in the hallway.  
  
“Okay, Nate. Are you ready?” asked Dale.  
  
“Sure, as long as I don’t have to have some of my mom’s squash,” he said. “The best thing about that dish is that it is so ‘special’ that she only makes it once a year.”  
  
“Hey, Nate,” said Dale, changing the subject and snuggling against him one last time. “Can we have a relaxing evening tonight? Maybe just hang out, watch an old movie on the couch, snuggle a little?”  
  
“Sure, Love,” he said hugging her.  
  
“I just feel like I need some down time after this crazy morning,” she said.  
  
“I hear you,” said Nate softly. “Hey, I know…Flash Gordon. We could binge-watch some episodes?”  
  
“I might be up for that,” said Dale.  
  
“Unless of course…Flash Gordon’s Dale gets chased by dogs,” he said.  
  
“Sorry,” said Dale, “no spoilers from me.”  
  
A moment later they walked out into the living room. Everyone seemed quite glad to see them and no one commented on how they had been delaying the start of the Thanksgiving meal, something that had always been an early afternoon tradition in the Jordan household.  
  
The medium sized rectangular table had looked quite crowded earlier, but Mrs. Jordan had removed a place setting from each end. It still looked like a squeeze, but it was obviously a much better fit for eight than it would have been for ten.  
  
Dale really wanted to be seated right next to Nate so that she could hold his hand below the table. For that reason, she pulled him to the dining room as people started to move in that direction, grabbing the two chairs she wanted most.  
  
As the others were finding their seats, Carly walked behind Dale. Placing a friendly hand on her shoulder she leaned close and whispered, “Rumor has it that you booted Tess out of town. Good job!”  
  
“I know nothing,” said Dale smiling.  
  
Nate had overheard and was pleased that Carly was not upset about having been denied the opportunity to carry out her own Tess plan of revenge. But it wasn’t all that surprising. Her original purpose, after all, of calling Tess and threatening her with the hair cutting, had been to scare her so that she would not come home for Thanksgiving. Had she really wanted to cut off all of Tess’s hair, then the smart move would have been to not mention any such plan in advance.  
  
After the quick little whispered exchange, Carly walked around to the other side of the table where she and Aunt Mary sat opposite Nate and Dale. Their parents all sat across from each other at the other end of the table.  
  
Mrs. Jordan had been telling Nate that she hoped that he would try and carve the turkey. He was glad to note that the delayed start of the meal meant that someone else had already gone ahead and done that. There were turkey slices nicely arranged on a platter.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 294: Kenny and Felipe**

What ensued was a very enjoyable, relaxing meal with good vibes and friendly conversation all around. It was the kind of Thanksgiving dinner that Nate was used to, albeit with more people. However, it was quite different from other Jordan Thanksgivings, as he understood it.  
  
It was the first time that Tess had been absent, and Dale noticed a big difference. Even her father and Mary were talking agreeably. They actually seemed to be enjoying one another’s company.  
  
Dale would remark later to Nate that, to some extent, some progress had indeed been made toward his stated goal of helping her father and Mary heal their differences. Nate was glad about that, but knew that none of the credit belonged to him. Furthermore, he was disappointed that the progress had not come with Tess and Luke at the table.  
  
He now understood that it might actually be impossible for there to be harmony in the Jordan household if Tess were present. It seemed to him as if Mary and Mr. Jordan did indeed get along. He started to realize that they had gotten so good at avoiding one another, except on occasions like Thanksgiving when Tess was present, that it had mostly seemed otherwise.  
  
Nate did his best to not overeat. He had the big game the following day on his mind, and he was pretty excited to try Dale’s pies. He made sure to save some room for them. She had been preparing them and freezing them for the past couple of days, even bringing two over to his house because there just wasn’t enough room in their own freezer.  
  
Once it was finally time for dessert, he loaded his plate with a good sized slice of the pecan pie, as well as two smaller pieces of the pumpkin and apple pies. The fourth pie was rhubarb. He’d never liked rhubarb pie. He was glad to see the smile on Dale’s face when she saw all the pie on his plate. Everyone else teased him about his appetite. Dale’s dad, for example, lamented how he would pay for it later if he “put down that much pie.”  
  
After their meal, they all took an afternoon stroll together. With the sun out, it was warming up quickly. The sidewalks were now mostly bare, but the lawns were still white with a blanket of snow. Nate hoped that all the snow would melt. He didn’t like football games in the snow or the rain. They just seemed to always turn into big muddy fiascos. Players would slip and fall, and there were typically more fumbles as the ball was always slippery.  
  
That afternoon, he and Dale ended up falling asleep on the couch for short ‘full-belly’ naps. Everyone else had abandoned them there in the Jordan living room to go next door and watch football on the Miller’s TV as it was somewhat larger. Nate loved watching football, but Dale wasn’t in the mood, so they just relaxed on the couch and ended up drifting off in each other’s arms.  
  
That evening, after small plates of leftovers, they did watch quite a few episodes of Flash Gordon. Dale sat sideways on the couch, her feet across his lap and her upper body leaned his way and rotated such that the side of her face was resting against his upper arm. To Nate it looked like a most awkward position; however, given her extreme flexibility she often assumed body positions that he thought looked uncomfortable. Many of them were positions that he knew he would not even be able to get into.  
  
During one of their episodes, there was a knock on the Jordan’s front door. Nate heard it from their TV room, telling Dale, “That’s for you, Dale.”  
  
“How do you know?” she asked suspiciously, but Nate just shrugged, indicating she should get the door before her parents did.  
  
At the door were both Kenny and Felipe.  
  
“Oh, My God, were we ever worried about you, Dale,” said Kenny, a look of sincere empathy on his face.  
  
Nate had grabbed both of their coats. They stepped outside, closing the door behind them, so they would be able to have a private conversation. They all walked out to the street, while Dale and Nate slipped their coats on.  
  
“Those dogs! They looked so vicious,” continued Kenny. “And you, no way to protect yourself…other than to run toward town. A girl’s worst nightmare, I’m sure.”  
  
“I was so scared, and that’s an understatement, but I’ve had some pretty terrible nightmares…even worse than that,” said Dale looking over at Nate, knowing that he would know the particular nightmare that she was referring to.  
  
“Felipe and I learned right away from Nate that you were fine and were at Tink’s house, showering, but we know that you must have had a terrible experience being chased,” continued Kenny. “And then, when we couldn’t find you . . . well, I couldn’t help it, I was imagining you, in the bushes somewhere, all chewed up. We were both so terribly scared for you, weren’t we Felipe?”  
  
Dale replied before Felipe had a chance, “Oh, guys, that is so thoughtful.” She gave each of them a hug, and then turning to Nate she continued, “You knew they were coming.”  
  
“We’ve been texting. I told them that you were fine, but I guess they were so worried, that they needed to come and see for themselves,” said Nate.  
  
“No,” said Kenny. “That’s not quite true. We believed Nate. We were just feeling bad for you, and knew that we had had quite a bit to do with your misfortune. We felt bad. It turned out to be such a traumatic morning, right, Felipe?”  
  
“Exactly,” said Felipe.  
  
“We just wanted to come by and let you know how much we cared,” said Kenny. “And I guess to see for ourselves that you were fine…so that we would be able to sleep tonight.”  
  
“So, you really are fine?” asked Felipe.  
  
“I’m fine,” said Dale. “At least until someone finds CCTV images and posts them, or if someone recognized me and it comes out that way. But it is so nice to know that you both care so much.”  
  
“So, guys, if you get asked anything…amnesia, right?” said Nate.  
  
“Yep, I slept in this morning,” said Kenny.  
  
“Me, too,” said Felipe.  
  
“Thanks, guys. Why don’t you come in for a bit?” asked Dale.  
  
“Oh, we don’t want to interrupt your quiet evening,” said Kenny. “Just you and Nate. That’s perfect.”  
  
“No, please,” insisted Dale.  
  
“There’s some amazing pie here,” said Nate. “Dale made them all. As a matter of fact, I’m ready for another piece of pecan myself.”  
  
In the end, they did talk the two guys into coming in. It ended up being a nice low-key relaxing time. They just sat around the kitchen table eating pie and talking. They didn’t talk much more about Dale’s morning adventure in Prospect. Her parents were in the next room. A hour or so later, after another round of hugs, the guys left and Nate and Dale returned to Flash Gordon.  
  
The next morning Nate slipped out while Dale was showering. It was Black Friday across the land, something that his family had never really gone in for, but he’d worked out a deal with Mary. She, of course, had had to go to work before the crack of dawn. So Nate braved the morning crowds and met her at the department store to complete the purchase of his Christmas present for Dale: a small selection of bras and a somewhat larger number of panties, all thongs since that was her preferred style.  
  
He had preselected everything early, with Mary’s help to make extra sure on the sizes, but to get the discount they had to be rung up and paid for on the day of the sale. Mary had even figured out how to apply her employee discount, which was a big help as Nate couldn’t resist buying her some of the prettiest things, finely made items with fancy little feminine lace details.  
  
He had a hard time imagining how he might be able to wait until Christmas to give her his present. He wanted to race back and have her model everything for him that very morning. He enjoyed imagining how much fun that might be. And he hadn’t figured out how lingerie could be his actual Christmas present for her. At least it didn’t seem like a present that he could give to her with their parent’s knowledge, much less a present that she could open while they were watching.  
  
It just seemed way too personal for that, and he had his reputation to think about. From the start he had been the nice neighbor boy who didn’t pressure his girlfriend sexually like Jason had. He expected that the high regard that Dale’s mother had for him had its roots in how that had all come out after the Homecoming Dance. He didn’t want to lose that. It felt really good to be trusted without reservation by Dale’s parents, and it had certainly had its benefits.  
  
As he thought about it, he decided to give Dale one bra and panty set fairly soon, but he resolved to make himself wait at least a week, until sometime in early December. That decision gave him something to look forward to that wasn’t a whole month off. It brightened his outlook quite a bit.  
  
Dale came out, skipping to greet him at his car when he got back, saying, “Where have you been?” in a cute little girly voice.  
  
“Doesn’t your hair look beautiful this morning!” he commented, trying to distract her. “Something’s different. You’ve been growing it out, haven’t you?”  
  
“I thought you hadn’t noticed,” she said running her fingers through her blond hair. “I thought you only looked at me below the neck, but you’re right. I have been growing my hair out. But you’re dodging my question, aren’t you? You disappeared while I was in the shower.”  
  
“I know ‘secrets are overrated’, but I should get to have a few…especially this close to Christmas,” he replied evasively.  
  
“Christmas, huh? Now I’m really curious,” she said, mischievously pushing past him and trying to get a look in through the car windows.  
  
“Hey, no fair,” said Nate, grabbing her playfully and covering her eyes with one of his hands so she wouldn’t be able to see.  
  
Actually, Nate had thought of the possibility that she might come out and meet him at the car as it was again a beautiful sunny day, so the department store bag was in the trunk. He pretended that there was something visible in his car because it was fun to have an excuse to horse around a little with Dale. She was fun when she was in a playful mood.  
  
Even though he had decided to wait, the presence of his cute, cute girl and her cheery attitude had his willpower evaporating.  
  
“Just go back into your house, and come over in five minutes…no ten minutes, okay? I might have a little surprise for you,” he said smiling.  
  
“I like surprises, as long as no one is trying to buy my love,” she said coyly.  
  
“Now, why on earth would I ever do that?” said Nate, purposefully taking the bait. “Don’t I already have your love? Is there something I don’t know?”  
  
“Nope. I love you…end of story,” she said, turning around and heading back inside. Before closing the door behind her, she turned and called to him, “Better hurry. I’ll be over in nine minutes flat!”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 295: Black Friday**

True to her word, she knocked on his door exactly nine minutes later. Nate took her hand, leading her back to his bedroom where her present was waiting for her. He’d just barely had time to make his selection, cut off the tags, and get it wrapped. It did look quite nice, he thought, waiting there on his bed.  
  
“For me?” she said, pretending to be surprised and acting flattered.  
  
The tone of her voice made him wonder if Mary had told, and yet he knew that she would never do that to him. Dale was just in an especially playful mood. It meant nothing more than that she was happy…and seemed so very much in love. Quite an amazing recovery from that ugly moment the day before when she had nearly broken his door, bursting in to find him with Tess.  
  
Nate loved how her eyes lit up when she opened the present and saw what was inside. She held the bra up to her cheek to feel it against her skin.  
  
“Do I get to try it on, Mr. Master…please…” she asked pleadingly.  
  
“You’re so silly. You know I can’t wait to see it on you, Lover,” he said leaning back, getting himself comfortable to enjoy his morning strip show.  
  
Dale was in too much of a hurry to draw it out into an actual strip tease. Her clothes literally flew off, ending up in a haphazard pile. She tried the bra on first, and as he’d hoped, it fit perfectly once she had made a minor adjustment to the straps.  
  
She modeled it like that, bottomless, demurely turning this way and that to allow him the chance to view it from all angles. She seemed to clearly understand that it was a present that they both could enjoy. Even though it was very pretty, Nate still was finding it a little difficult to keep his eyes above her belly button. Her shape from her ribcage to thighs was simply smooth silky feminine perfection. The alluring twin slits of her pussy, in full view, were so hard to ignore. He glanced just above, his gaze lingering on her racing stripe. He wanted to remember everything about how it looked. He had decided that its days were numbered.  
  
The bra was ivory white, and the cups were round on top, ending a bit low, barely above the tops of her areolas. The design was clearly patterned after the white seashell bras of mermaid fame. The satiny lace-like surface of the of the cups carried out that theme, rays extending up from below, fanning out to cover the entire surface.  
  
The straps were bright peach. It was obvious that they were not supposed to look flesh-toned, as no one had skin of that color. However, it did appear as if they were not white in order to create something like a shells-only look. The bra was a little skimpy and a little fancy, and yet it looked to be a style that a young girl might get everyday use out of. That had been Nate’s goal, to buy her some pretty things that she could actually wear, unlike the bright white set from the Fiji house with the Band-Aid sized thong.  
  
“Nate, you need a mirror in here,” commented Dale.  
  
“I guess I do,” he agreed. “But go ahead and try on the bottoms. I want to see how the pair looks together.”  
  
“Wouldn’t the appropriate bottom be a fish tail? I could be Ariel or Ariel’s blond friend,” she said picking up the thong and trying to figure out exactly which were the leg holes.  
  
The thong was equally cute. It was designed to look as if she had a somewhat smaller seashell mounted on top of her mound. The upper edge was also rounded with rays extending up from below. Little lace bands, also peach, extended out from the sides of the shell and on around her hips.  
  
Dale worked to position it just right, but had a little difficulty. It was obviously intended to be very low cut in front, quite a bit lower than her Walmart thongs. Almost an inch of her racing stripe protruded above the upper edge.  
  
“Oops,” said Nate. “I was wondering about that. But I know the perfect solution. It’s time to hang your track uniform up for the season. It’s one ‘on track’ experience will have to suffice. We can pull it back out in the spring, of course. Let’s go back to bare floor, next time you shower.”  
  
“Oh really, can I?” asked Dale excitedly.  
  
“Correction, will I? Yes, you will! No options,” said Nate. He really enjoyed being in charge of a pussy, Dale’s pussy.  
  
“Thank you,” she said, leaning down and giving him a little kiss on the cheek.  
  
Once she had modeled the set adequately, Nate had her take them back off. He folded them together carefully and placed them in her drawer, swinging the hasp into position as if intending to lock it.  
  
He looked back at Dale. She had a sad expression on her face, her lower lip protruding.  
  
“Okay, I’ll think about it,” he said. “But right now, I’ve got a few other things to show you. But unlike the seashell set, I’m not giving them to you…not just yet.”  
  
He retrieved the department store bag from his closet and poured the contents onto his bed. He had decided that there was really no point in forcing himself to wait. He knew that it wouldn’t be a problem for her, as she didn’t know about them. But for him, the anticipation would be murderously difficult. Waiting until Christmas to see how they looked on her would be sheer torture.  
  
Dale’s face lit up with glee, as she bounced on her toes, clasping her hands in front of herself in an excited gesture. They both pawed through the items, comparing little details and talking about them. It was so very obvious to Nate that she liked lingerie, but had not had the luxury of owning any. For Dale, it had always been something that other girls wore.  
  
The next set that Dale tried on was made of a sheer see-through smoke colored material. It had dusty rose colored lace swirls wandering around on top of the transparent triangle shaped cups. Mary had called it a bralette. He had taken that to mean that it was small, which it was, but he had learned that it really meant a design that featured less support, a design that worked very well for lightly endowed young ladies.  
  
On, it looked stunning. Unlike in the case of the shell bra, he could see her nipples and jewelry clearly. Similarly they protruded slightly given the form fitting nature of the thin material. And yet, he could tell that the bra did indeed offer some support even though it did not have formed cups. He had come to understand that support was indeed important if Dale’s titties were to retain their youthful appearance. He, of course, wanted her to grow old gracefully.  
  
The matching thong was quite similar. Pussy slit detail was clearly evident. The cut of the thong placed the straps a little higher on her hips. All in all, it too was sexy, sexy! Yet it was also practical enough to wear all day, but just barely. A lady could indeed be sexy under her clothes without going commando. He hoped that wearing such pretty things to school would make her days a little happier. He knew that he would be smiling, inside and out, if he knew and could think about exactly what her undies looked like on any given day.  
  
The third set was more practical yet. In that regard, it was a little like the bra that he had pulled off of Susie at Jodie’s. It didn’t look at all like it, however. It was very pale pink in color with little tiny black Pokka dots. It was an underwire bra with formed cups that would absolutely prevent nipple detail from showing through shirts. The upper edge of the cups was slightly curved and had a sewn on black border, and there was a tiny black bow nestled between the cups. The matching thong had the same little bow front and center. It was the only thong of the three that had come up high enough to fully cover the racing stripe.  
  
Next she tried on one of the thongs that did not have bras to go with them. They were all the same, except for the color. They were a bit practical like her Walmart style, but had a narrow V-shaped lace panel front and center, nestled in between shiny satin like material. Just a hint of her racing stripe was visible through the lace. Dale said it was quite comfortable. It too went up high enough to cover the racing stripe, not that it mattered. Dale had her instructions.  
  
“Nate, you buy me too many presents,” she said scoldingly.  
  
“Back when I had my job, I didn’t know that this was what I was saving up for,” said Nate. “But had I known that I would be buying lingerie for the cutie next door, I know I would have been in love with the idea. I love giving you presents, and with the Black Friday sale, they weren’t really all the expensive. And I’m saving them for Christmas. Not all of them. I intended to give you the seashell set today, but if you’d like to have a different set today, that would be fine. You can take your pick.”  
  
“I like the seashell set. I like them all, but the seashell set is especially darling. Can I wear it today? Please!” she pleaded excitedly.  
  
“Absolutely, if you’d like,” he said, retrieving it from the drawer.  
  
As he started to gather the rest of the items to put back in the bag, she said, “I’ll wear it to the game. It will give you something to think about. Maybe it will motivate you to play HARDER!” she said wantonly while giving him an impish little grin. “And when we do our, ‘To the “G”, to the “O”, Yell “Go! Go!” cheer’…jumping up and down to make you guys all think about topless cheerleaders…you can be picturing the titters inside of seashells!”  
  
“That’s perfect, Lover,” he said with a genuine smile on his face.  
  
“I know. It can be the set I wear to the dance. So try and win, for me…okay? Your girl wants to go to a dance in her seashell undies. And try to win both games, okay? As much as I like the bra, I won’t want to keep it on!” said Dale enthusiastically.  
  
“Oh, My God, Dale! Where did I find you? What did I ever do to deserve you?” he asked.  
  
“We’re just right for each other!” she said, dropping the thong that she had been about to put back on and diving on top of him on his bed.