**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

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

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 329: Mr. McRoberts’ Decision**

Mr. McRoberts began with a long winded philosophical discourse, “It’s amazing how much variety there is to this job. One day I’m scrambling to find substitute teachers, the next I’m working with Maintenance to track down parts for an ancient heating system.”  
  
He went on and on and Dale tuned out for a bit, but then he wandered back to the topic at hand, “…but this fall I’ve had to wrestle with the dilemma of a certain cheerleader who just can’t seem to keep her clothes on. She seems more than willing to take them off herself, but when she does manage to dress, she seems to have you to deal with, Miss Finch. Interestingly, if there is anything that you two agree upon, it seems to be that she should be naked. One would think that such a strong common interest would make you two the best of friends, and yet it doesn’t.”  
  
After a short pause to revel in what he obviously considered to be a profound statement, he continued, “So how does a principal who takes his responsibilities seriously handle such an unusual situation? Not an easy matter, to say the least. Well, in this particular instance, I have made the only possible determination. I have no jurisdiction over what happens in Madison Park, so there will be no punishments handed down today; HOWEVER…”  
  
“What?” said Miss Whitaker, standing up and raising her voice in anger. “Complete abdication of your duties? You can’t be serious!”  
  
“Sit back down, Debra. Please. We’re not done here. I need you to listen, and I need you to try and appreciate my difficult position,” said Mr. McRoberts. “You yourself would not see this so black and white if you occupied my chair. At least I hope you wouldn’t.”  
  
Dale’s phone vibrated. She glanced down and saw a text from Nate, “Spanish class. You’re not here. Everything okay?”  
  
Just then the bell rang giving Dale the courage to try and get away with a quick clandestine reply, “Principal office hell, but I’m fine. Please stay there and take notes for me.”  
  
She hoped that he would read that carefully enough to know that she was indeed fine and wanted him to remain in class. She thought that she should have mentioned that Mr. McRoberts had just said that she wouldn’t be punished, but the discussion had resumed. She knew she couldn’t risk a second text.  
  
“But, before we leave my office today, I have a few things to say to both of you girls. I need you to listen carefully. My patience is at an end. In the future I will be dealing with any and all problems quite severely. In terms that I hope you will understand, I will throw the book at you.”  
  
“You should throw the book at Miss Jordan today!” interjected Miss Whitaker vehemently.  
  
“Settle down, Debra,” said Mrs. Shepherd. “Let’s listen to what Mr. McRoberts has to say.”  
  
Miss Whitaker shot a poison arrow glance at Mrs. Shepherd.  
  
“Debra, if you don’t respect me as a person, you need to find it within yourself to respect my title,” he said.  
  
“Or take it up with the school board,” said Miss Whitaker.  
  
“Or take it up with the school board,” agreed Mr. McRoberts.  
  
“I just might!” she said spitefully.  
  
“But back to our two students,” said Mr. McRoberts. “Miss Jordan. This needs to be the last time. I’m very concerned about how you seem to be living your life. You have so much promise. I suppose it’s none of my business, but I’m worried about you. Your private life is your private life, but please keep it private. Above all, be careful. This needs to be the last time I see photographic evidence of wrongdoing of this sort of any sort, as far as I am concerned. Got that?”  
  
“Yes, Mr. McRoberts,” replied Dale meekly.  
  
“The next time, God forbid there is a next time . . . but if there is, then you can expect to be suspended and upon returning to school you can expect to have diminished privileges waiting for you. Participation in cheer, participation in gymnastics . . . these are privileges that I can and will deny. Do you understand?” he asked pausing for a reply.  
  
“I do,” said Dale, sincerely but quietly.  
  
“And I’m not bluffing. I’m thinking I will even suspend you if you are stripped against your will, because somehow I suspect that you aren’t really being stripped against your will. You are either provoking it, or it is some sort of high-stakes game that the two of you are playing. In other words, it is apparent that the two of you are locked in some sort of symbiotic relationship. Possibly you both enjoy actively seeking the other’s demise. Whatever it is, take your games elsewhere!”  
  
“A game? A symbiotic relationship? You can’t be serious,” said Dale in shock.  
  
“What I am serious about, Miss Jordan, is my plan to address any future problems with unwavering severity,” he replied with a grim expression on his face. “And you, Miss Finch, Did you hear what I just told Miss Jordan?”  
  
“Yes,” replied Alexa.  
  
“Even though I told her that I would hold her accountable no matter the circumstances, I don’t want you to view that as an incentive to launch another attack. Any punishment that she receives, you will receive as well. Got that?” he asked.  
  
“What?” exclaimed Alexa, her eyes wide and her mouth agape. “You can’t be serious.”  
  
“I ensure you that I am. I’m completely serious, Miss Finch” said Mr. McRoberts. “If it’s a symbiotic relationship you want, it’s a symbiotic relationship you’ve got. You’re seeking to destroy her, that much is obvious . . . beyond obvious. She seems to be trying to make it easy for you. Why? I have no idea . . . but my best idea is to link your futures. Bring me another set of naked photos, I’ll suspend her AND remove her from the cheer squad. BUT, I’ll do the same to you. I’ll suspend you AND I’ll remove you from the drill team . . . not just from your position as Drill Team Captain . . . you won’t even be a rank and file member when I get done with you.”  
  
“You’re a joke,” said Alexa, hopping to her feet and knocking over her chair in the process. “You’re an absolute waste of skin!”  
  
“Watch yourself, young lady,” said Mr. McRoberts. “The point is that your futures are now linked. You now have every reason in the world to watch out for one another. The two of you have every reason to behave, and you both have every reason to protect each other’s secrets.”  
  
Alexa stormed out, stomping her feet, purposefully knocking over the coat tree on her way through the door, which she slammed closed as hard as she could behind her.  
  
“She’s right,” said Miss Whitaker, now standing. “You are a joke. This takes the cake. I’ve never heard anything more ridiculous in my life.”  
  
Mr. McRoberts leaned back in his chair as Miss Whitaker departed. She got Alexa’s chair back on its feet and stood the coat tree back up on her way out the door.  
  
After she was gone and the door was closed, Mrs. Shepherd started laughing. “Mr. McRoberts,” she said. “I’m not yet sure what to make of your decision. My first reaction is not completely unlike Miss Whitaker’s. However, that sure was an entertaining way to end a meeting. That’s for sure! And I can only imagine the discussion those two must be having right now out in the hall somewhere.”  
  
“Yeah, I expect I’m being cursed up one side and down the other,” said Mr. McRoberts chuckling.  
  
“My sense is that you deserve it,” she said. “To me this sounds like a social experiment, the kind of which we should not be carrying out on our students.”  
  
“Well, if you want to continue that discussion, let’s do so in private,” said Mr. McRoberts, tilting his head to indicate Dale’s presence.  
  
“Let’s do that. But right now I’ve got to get to my second period class. I’m already late,” said Mrs. Shepherd standing up to leave. “Let’s go Dale.”  
  
“Sit down a minute, both of you,” he said. “I’m not done with Miss Jordan, and I need a witness present.” He took a deep breath and then looking directly at Dale he said emphatically, “Goddamn you Dale!”  
  
“Me? What?” she asked, a stunned look in her eyes.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 330: Talking to Nate**

“Boy, did you ever make things difficult today,” he said. “Suggesting that we talk about Alexa’s mental state. Calling Alexa promiscuous. Bringing up the number of boys who have been in her panties. What in the HELL happened to the intelligent, polite Dale that I’m so used to? I needed you working with me, not against me this morning.”  
  
“I’m sorry,” said Dale. “I felt caged and outnumbered.”  
  
“I was planning to let you off with this warning, but boy did you ever make my job here this morning…”  
  
In that instant, the door swung open and Nate barged in.  
  
“Mr. Miller!” said Mr. McRoberts in surprise. “Just what in the hell do you think you’re doing?”  
  
“Looking for Dale,” he said, looking into her eyes, trying to quickly gain an understanding of what was going on.  
  
“This has nothing to do with you. This is a closed door meeting,” said Mr. McRoberts. “Now get out!”  
  
“If it has anything to do with Dale, it has everything to do with me!” he replied assertively.  
  
“Your loyalty is impressive, but your manners are atrocious,” said Mr. McRoberts. “You need to leave. NOW!”  
  
“Dale?” asked Nate, looking into her eyes.  
  
“I’m okay, Nate,” she said reassuringly. “You can go, but wait for me. I think we’re about done.”  
  
“Are you sure?” asked Nate.  
  
“Yes, I’m sure,” she said. “I’ll tell you everything in a minute.”  
  
Reluctantly Nate backed out, closing the door.  
  
“He’s a troublemaker, isn’t he?” said Mr. McRoberts.  
  
“Yes, I think so,” said Mrs. Shepherd.  
  
“He is not,” said Dale. “He’s solid.”  
  
“I think you need to try and step outside your relationship and see Nate for what he really is,” said Mrs. Shepherd.  
  
“I believe in Nate. My mom believes in Nate,” said Dale.  
  
“I know she does,” said Mrs. Shepherd. “One of the amazing things about being a teacher is that we seem to know our students better than their own parents. Or in this case, better than your mom knows the guy her daughter is dating.”  
  
“You only imagine you do,” said Dale.  
  
“You’re not going to win this argument,” said Mr. McRoberts. “You don’t know how many times I’ve had parents in this office telling me that their kids are really just misunderstood little angels. It sure must be easy to fool one’s own parents.”  
  
Mindful of all the times that she had come and gone naked through her back door, right under her parents’ noses, she replied, “But Nate IS a good guy!”  
  
“But a bad influence on you,” said Mrs. Shepherd.  
  
“Your own mother is the perfect example,” said Mr. McRoberts. “Tess was hell on wheels, and boy did your mother defend her! Either your mother was not being completely truthful, or Tess sure had her fooled.”  
  
“Let’s not bring Mrs. Jordan into this any further than we already have,” suggested Mrs. Shepherd.  
  
“You’re right,” said Mr. McRoberts. “Let’s not. However, Dale, I do want to speak with your mother.”  
  
“You do?” asked Dale surprised.  
  
“Yes, I’d like to clear the air a little,” he said. “I have a great deal of respect for her. In many ways, you and she are quite alike. I’m surprised she’s not a corporate executive or a lawyer. She always seems to be firing on all cylinders. Smart woman, your mother. But after what Mrs. Shepherd reported about the conversation in your home last night, I’d like to talk with her. She should hear about what happened here today directly from me, and I want her to know that everything that was said last night had an influence on my decision. I did need to be focusing more attention on the inappropriateness of Alexa’s actions. She was right about that. Might she be home if I call?”  
  
“She should be home,” said Dale. “Are you going to ask her to come to school?”  
  
“I expect that we know each other well enough to say what needs to be said over the phone, but maybe I’ll leave that up to her,” said Mr. McRoberts. “You should be very proud of her. I know she is very proud of you.”  
  
Dale smiled and looked down at her knees. Her mom had indeed made her proud the night before, but she didn’t feel the need to comment.  
  
“But I will say this,” said Mr. McRoberts continuing, “You, Dale, were such a pleasant surprise . . . at least until this fall, that is. When I saw another Jordan on the new student roster a few years back, I expected the worst. Truth be told, I actually do remember seeing it there because I thought it was an error. A ‘Dale’ listed among the girls . . . that caught my eye. But not only was it not a mistake, but you turned out to be the exact opposite of Tess, a real delight. Prospect High has been a decidedly nicer place these past few years simply because of you. If for no other reason than that your personality is so infectious. I’m really going to miss you next year.”  
  
“As will I,” interjected Mrs. Shepherd.  
  
Looking over at Mrs. Shepherd and smiling, Mr. McRoberts continued, “Yes, your gung-ho attitude and the inclusive way you treat the more, shall we say, average students. Those will be among the many things that I will miss. You should have been Student Body President, but in a way it is as if you are. You are the de facto Student Body President, but please don’t tell Mike I said that. But now please . . . work with us, Dale! Please don’t make me have to follow up on the threats made here today. Steer clear of Alexa, and do whatever it takes to keep your goddamn clothes on; excuse my language. It’s just really important to me.”  
  
“Thank you both,” said Dale. “And I’m sorry about being cocky earlier. But . . . I want you both to know something . . . I didn’t call Alexa those names she listed off.”  
  
“I knew you hadn’t,” said Mrs. Shepherd.  
  
“We both knew you hadn’t,” said Mr. McRoberts. “But she apparently sucked Miss Whitaker in with that lie. Very unfortunate, that situation.”  
  
“For the record, she did say quite a few hurtful things to me,” said Dale, her face betraying that she had Alexa’s words replaying in her memory.  
  
“I’m sorry about that,” said Mrs. Shepherd, leaning over and putting a comforting arm around Dale’s shoulders.  
  
Dale turned a little and the two of them hugged.  
  
“Thank you, Mrs. Shepherd,” said Dale.  
  
“It’s sad, but Alexa has a lot of people fooled, not just Miss Whitaker,” she said. After a pause she continued, “But it’s hard to believe the extent to which Miss Whitaker has bought into Alexa’s world view. But I have to get to my second period class, even though I’ll bet that by now all my students will have vanished.”  
  
Mrs. Shepherd left, and after exchanging a hand shake and a few more words with Mr. McRoberts, Dale did as well. She thought about saying something more in Nate’s defense, but she was trying to get out of that office as quickly as she could. She knew that Nate had bought himself some detention. There wasn’t anything that she might say that could change that, she realized, but she didn’t want Mr. McRoberts to have the wrong impression of him.  
  
Nate was waiting anxiously for her just outside in the hall. They hugged tightly as they came together. After a soothing hug, Dale excused herself for an overdue bathroom break.  
  
When she returned a minute later, they decided to not go to Spanish. Dale expected that Mrs. Shepherd would write her a slip for first and second period and hopefully one for Nate if she begged . . . probably not, but it would be worth a try. They walked arm in arm down the nearly empty hallway looking for a place to talk privately. They ended up in the gym; apparently the P.E. classes were outside.  
  
Dale gave Nate an overview of the discussions that had taken place; including how she had gotten off with just the warning. Nate was understandably baffled by Mr. McRoberts’ decision relating to how he was going to link Dale and Alexa, as in, punish them both similarly.  
  
While filling him in on how everyone else had stepped out so that she and Alexa could have a private discussion, she said, “Oh, Nate, now I remember why I avoid talking to Alexa, not that I ever forgot . . . but boy is she unbelievably mean. Part of me wants to tell you what she said, but just like with a bad dream, part of me thinks that I’ll have a better chance of forgetting much of what was said if I don’t repeat it.”  
  
“In that case, don’t repeat it,” said Nate. “I can’t believe that at one time I thought that your take on Alexa might largely be a figment of your imagination.”  
  
“You did?” she asked.  
  
“Well, I was still getting to know you at the time,” he said. “And you and Alexa are almost never together. Very few people observe the two of you interacting at all. It was indeed possible for me to imagine that it was all in your head. I had never been with you that the two of you had spoken with one another.”  
  
“Well, boy did we ever interact today!” said Dale. “She called me ‘titless’, a titless bitch’, a ‘titless wench’, a ‘titless wonder’ . . . ”  
  
“I see a common thread there,” said Nate sighing and shaking his head.  
  
“She said our babies will starve,” said Dale. “…implying that I’m not big enough to make adequate milk.”  
  
Nate could see the unmistakable look of hurt in her eyes, and the red color of her face deepened. He tried to comfort her by hugging her.  
  
“I don’t want our babies to starve, Nate,” she said talking into his chest.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 331: Soul Searching**

“That’s ridiculous, starving babies,” he scoffed. “That makes absolutely no sense. You’re hardly titless. Your gorgeous topless.”  
  
Dale’s eyes had been moist, but now she began to cry, letting all that she had been suppressing earlier come forth.  
  
“I don’t think of myself as titless,” she said through her tears, looking into his eyes for understanding.  
  
“Like I said, you’re hardly titless,” said Nate. “Remember the night of Kelly’s Barbeque, the night of the nipple jewelry emergency . . . you were still going out with Jason. Way more than a mouthful . . . you had me check.”  
  
“I love that memory,” said Dale.  
  
“It’s a special memory for me,” said Nate. “Every time I try and see just how much of one of the titters I can draw into my mouth, my mind takes me back to Kelly’s rocky driveway on that warm August evening. The titters never fail to satisfy.”  
  
“You’re so nice, but standing next to Alexa and Jodie, I am sure that I look more like a guy than I look like them,” said Dale.  
  
“You? Look like a guy?” said Nate laughing out loud. “Hardly! Someone wants to pay you three-hundred-and fifty dollars per show, per topless show. That offer would not be on the table if your tits were not stunningly beautiful.”  
  
“And she insulted my family,” said Dale. “She made poor jokes about us.”  
  
“That’s so rude,” said Nate. “But don’t let it bug you. She was just trying to hit on things that she thinks you might be sensitive about. If you let it get to you then she wins.”  
  
She said things like, “It must be tough to grow up poor AND flat. And she said, “No money, no tits, so sad!”  
  
Nate could see the pain written on her face as the tears continued. He wiped then away with the sleeve of his shirt, further damaging her minimal eye makeup.  
  
“My God, how rude,” said Nate. “I feel like wringing her scrawny little neck.”  
  
“She says she’s going to call me tit-poor!” said Dale. “She said, ‘You’re a tit-poor bitch!”  
  
“You need to try and forget about her. Why do you care what that piece of trash had to say?” asked Nate.  
  
“I guess I don’t, but it wouldn’t hurt if it were all completely untrue,” said Dale.  
  
“It is all untrue,” said Nate.  
  
“And she even said I needed to have my nipples pierced so that you’d be able to find my chest in the dark,” she said. “She didn’t say, ‘find my tits’. She said, ‘find my chest’ . . . further suggesting that there are no tits.”  
  
“I’m sorry she said all these things. She is mean, but we already knew that,” said Nate. “Hopefully she’ll leave you alone now, based on how Mr. McRoberts said he’d give you the same punishment if there is a next time.”  
  
“Yes, hopefully,” said Dale. “But I don’t know. She sure was mad. She was so sure I was going to be kicked out of school or cheer . . . something. She was acting as if she had inside knowledge. Maybe she did. My mom might have turned things around. She might have saved me. Alexa just about popped a gasket when Mr. McRoberts announced his decision.”  
  
“You told me she knocked over her chair and the coat tree,” he said. “I wish I could have seen that. The image of Alexa acting up because she’s not getting her way sounds delightful.”  
  
“In a way all her insults were really my doing,” said Dale.  
  
“How so?” asked Nate looking puzzled.  
  
“I asked to talk to her alone,” said Dale. “That was sure stupid of me. In the first place, I was so caught off-guard by the whole meeting. And then Mr. McRoberts was talking ‘harmony’ . . . as if he wouldn’t punish me if Alexa and I managed a truce.”  
  
“You thought you two might be able to get along?” asked Nate laughing.  
  
“Stop it!” said Dale punching him in the shoulder. “Like I said, I was stupid. I hadn’t thought it through, but I was thinking that I really had something on her. That she’d compromise to keep her secret safe.”  
  
“You were planning to blackmail her?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well . . . no, but . . . like I said, I hadn’t thought it through,” said Dale. “I guess I suck at blackmail. And I thought you were bad at it! I wasn’t really going to threaten her . . . just make her see that I could do her a favor by keeping her secret safe.”  
  
“Yeah, you do suck at blackmail,” agreed Nate, again laughing.  
  
“I was just thinking that she might respond to the situation more like I would . . . I mean, like a mature and reasonable person,” she said. “But Alexa explained to me why I wouldn’t ‘out’ her . . . and she was right. I wouldn’t ‘out’ her. She was thinking circles around me at that point.”  
  
“You were just flustered,” said Nate.  
  
“I guess that’s a better way to put it,” said Dale. “Maybe I need a do-over. But I wouldn’t want to go through that again, even if I might do better a second time.”  
  
“You don’t need a do-over,” said Nate. “You survived, and the outcome is not at all bad. Alexa is mad because you essentially won. You should be content with the outcome.”  
  
“But it was painful,” said Dale.  
  
“I know it was,” said Nate. “But you weren’t suspended, you’re still a cheerleader, you can still be on the gymnastics team. We’re just going to have to both be especially careful. Me in particular. I’m going to have to be VERY careful.”  
  
They continued to talk and hug. Eventually Dale decided that she could manage to go to third period, so eventually they headed out. Dale freshened up her makeup, and by the time the bell rang signaling the end of second period, they were headed slowly down the hall. They walked hand in hand, slowing as they got to the place where they would have to say goodbye and return to their lives as students.  
  
Nate said goodbye to Dale with a kiss to her forehead and walked to his third period class in a daze. He felt so bad about all that she had been subjected to that morning. Being put through all that by Mr. McRoberts was bad enough, but the abusive insults from Alexa really put it over the top. When he thought about that, his blood started to boil.  
  
He thought about the effort he had begun to protect Dale from the girls who had been in on the stripping at Jodie’s, realizing that he had not given that enough effort. He hadn’t neutralized Alexa. Michelle either; however, it was Alexa’s offensive words that really enraged him. He hadn’t wanted to attack her directly, but now he was feeling as if he had no choice. Somehow Alexa needed to be rendered so scared that she would turn around and run the other direction whenever she saw Dale or himself.  
  
The only thing that made it possible for him to make it through the day was the distraction of focusing on the video eradication project. He and Jason kept after that, coordinating efforts by again speaking during lunch.  
  
He also spoke with Dale at lunch and learned that she had gotten a text from Kenny. “He told me that he had met his twenty-four hour deadline,” she had said. “I wasn’t in Spanish this morning for him to tell me in person, but he did ask Hannah out. So we’re on for our double date. I think that is so cool! She’s lucky; Kenny is so likeable.”  
  
Nate would have liked to have spent the rest of lunch with her, but after a few minutes he went back to tracking down football players who might have downloaded the video.  
  
That evening Dale came over right after dinner. She was in a surprisingly good mood. Her resilience always impressed him. She wanted to spend time together, studying for a while, but then rewarding themselves with a little fun. She offered to treat him to a DQ sundae if he would drive.  
  
Nate, however, wasn’t in the mood for either studying or socializing. He begged off, saying only that he had something that he needed to do. Dale left reluctantly, but he could tell that she was both disappointed and suspicious. He felt a little selfish abandoning her that evening, given the sort of a day that she had been through.  
  
As soon as he was fairly certain that he could do so unobserved, he slipped out his back door and made his way up the trail to the golf course. The moon was even brighter than it had been a few days earlier. He explored aimlessly, letting his thoughts wander as he himself wandered.  
  
Earlier in the day he had been seething mad at Alexa, but now it was he himself that he was the most angry with.  
  
He had begun the Nudity Slave agreement with big plans, and for a while he had not done too badly, in his opinion. He had made Dale go braless a few times, even that first evening in front of their parents. He had also established his authority with a spanking or two, and he had kept her on her toes with worry, but then he’d allowed himself to be distracted from all that by the depth of his love for her. And, if that wasn’t bad enough, he had spent too much time selfishly wondering about when the two of them would finally do the deed.  
  
He realized that he had slipped backwards to doing things more like he had done prior to their breakup, back when he was simply ‘in charge’ of her nudity. She deserved better. And look how badly things had gone. The run through town to Susie’s could have easily resulted in disastrous consequences. He kicked himself again for that. He had known that the risks had increased greatly that morning because so much time had slipped away before they had actually gotten onto the track, and yet he had seemingly decided to chance it. There was way too much at stake for ‘chancing it’ to be anywhere in the mix.  
  
The Sunday night Madison Park mistake had been similar. He had allowed Dale input on which night they would head out. He’d let her talk him into going earlier than intended, and he’d even allowed her to persuade him into making the park their destination.  
  
Some ‘Nudity Master’ he’d turned out to be! The more he thought about it, the more disappointed in himself he became. He remembered the various plans that had come out of his talk with Kelly. Most of those ideas had not been put into play. He lamented in particular the fact that Dale was still wearing the nipple jewelry that Kelly had picked out for her. Sure he now owned it, but he had never really staked his claim. He should have done something about that long ago, replaced that barbell set with one that was from him and him alone. Dale need to not have a doubt in her mind about who really owned her tits . . . correction . . . his tits.  
  
He thought back to his discussion with Dale earlier in the day relating to the mean things that Alexa had said. He realized that all during that conversation he had not been speaking to her as her Nudity Master. His remarks should not have included phrases like, “you’re not titless”, but rather, “How dare Alexa insult MY tits . . . MY tits are plenty big enough. I’m completely happy with them! . . . and MY tits are beautiful!”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 332: An Evening Demo**

Nate realized that he had a decision to make. He could either slide back into the role of her boyfriend, attempting to keep her safe from that role. Or he would need to get back on track and focus on becoming the Nudity Master that she needed and deserved.  
  
He remembered again how hot and bothered she would get in response to Kelly, how subservient she would become as well. If he chose to go in that direction, she would need to feel completely and utterly owned.  
  
She had recently tried to establish limits by reminding him that her slavery was limited to her nudity. He had seen right through that comment. That was simply an indication that she was resisting her own internal urges. The fact of the matter was that she craved more. He knew it. Her words might indicate otherwise, but he knew full weel what got her pulse racing.  
  
Eventually she would probably need a locking collar, something that she could not remove. Something that only he could remove, but never would. And it might need to be leash-ready. He’d have to give that some thought.  
  
While he liked the idea of a collar, and thought that Dale would as well, he wanted to try and find something that would be much lower profile, at least initially. He saw both upside and downside to such a visible display of ownership. He decided that it would probably be best to find something that would make Dale feel every bit as owned as a collar, but that would fly just under the radar.  
  
He gave Las Vegas a little thought. If they went there, then he would need Dale feeling so owned that she wouldn’t stray. He would need to be absolutely certain of that. A collar, however, would most likely not fit the dress code allowed on stage. It would be no good if it had to be removed for performances. He thought of her G-string. Her symbol of ownership might have to be contained within that tiny G-string, he realized. That presented a limitation, to be sure, but there would be options . . . some good options actually.  
  
As he continued considering his poor performance as Dale’s Nudity Master, he found an assortment of reasons to be upset with himself. Dale had tied him up, but he had never tied her up. Dale had used the handcuffs on him, but not since the flagpole date – before the start of school – had he put them on her. He’d been blindfolded, but he had yet to blindfold her.  
  
He knew that he had a decision to make; although, he already knew what his choice was going to be. He knew that shortly he would be researching various types of restraints. Dale was going to need to feel owned; there was no way around that. He would have to go beyond locking up her clothing. And she was going to have things to worry about. She liked to worry . . . she’d be worrying!  
  
After all, a trip to Las Vegas would mean all kinds of enticing boobies to tempt her. He had come to realize that at this point he would be a fool to think that she didn’t have an interest in other boobies. He would have to win out over that competition by offering her something that no other man or woman had to offer.  
  
A bit later he turned toward home, now feeling reinvigorated. He had a renewed sense of who he needed to be to help them succeed as a couple.  
  
He headed for Dale’s house to ask her if she would have dinner with him the following evening at her favorite restaurant, the French restaurant. It would be Wednesday, not a typical date night; however, he felt the need to get going right away on his two major resolutions.  
  
First, Dale needed to feel the fetters of slavery slowly tightening around her. He had to deliver on the feelings of helplessness that Kelly had been planning on exposing her to. She craved more, but was not really willing to admit it, not even to herself.  
  
Much of his reasoning for needing to step up the slavery aspect was that he was going to have to rely less heavily on the nudity drug to keep her satisfied and under control. He needed to transition some of the emphasis to other less risky components, such as her hunger for domination and her need to be worrying.  
  
And second, he needed to scare the s\*\*t out of Alexa. She needed to know that getting anywhere near Dale entailed serious risk. What Mr. McRoberts had told her might very well do the trick, but he felt that his own initiative was in order and overdue.  
  
As Nate approached Dale’s front door he heard music within. He knocked, and Dale was at the door in an instant. She had obviously been right there in the Living room. Looking in, he saw both of Dale’s parents, her father in his recliner and her mother on the couch.  
  
When Dale’s mother saw him, she shouted, “Oh, Nate…perfect! Come in, come in. Come sit next to me.” He saw her patting the couch cushion to her right.  
  
Yep…perfect timing,” said Dale as he walked in and headed for the couch. “I was just starting to give my mom and dad a quick demo.”  
  
As he took a seat next to Mrs. Jordan he saw a hula hoop in Dale’s hand. He also noticed that the coffee table had been moved to the end of the room.  
  
“You are going to be so impressed!” said Mrs. Jordan patting his thigh. “You have such a talented girlfriend, and Todd and I have such a talented daughter. I knew she was good at this, but I guess I had forgotten just how good.”  
  
Nate looked at Dale and the two of them exchanged knowing smiles.  
  
“What made you decide to take the hula hoop out of storage tonight, Dale?” asked her mother as Dale went to the stereo to restart the song again from the beginning.  
  
“I don’t know, mom,” she said. “I guess I just noticed it gathering dust in the corner of my room and decided that it might be fun to see if I could still keep it up.”  
  
As she walked back to the center of the room, the familiar strains of Shakira’s ‘Suerte’ filled the room. Nate saw Dale wink at him.  
  
Without his assistance, the intro was a bit awkward, but Dale did manage to get the hoop twirling around her one ankle while that leg was pointed straight at the ceiling. She was wearing a pair of black yoga pants. They were clearly stretchy enough to allow Dale to do the standing splits unencumbered.  
  
As she started turning her body slowly in the tilt position, Nate had a flashback to the moment she had reached up to squeeze her lower tit, bringing his eyes to her nipple. That had been the first time that he had seen her piercings. It seemed like so long ago and yet it was just as fresh in his memory as if it had been yesterday. With her parents there, Nate expected that she would not squeeze her tit, and she did not.  
  
Dale progressed through the routine that she had put together for the performance in the Essex Hotel. She did leave out a few of the maneuvers, Nate noticed. Presumably because they were gymnastics moves that she did not have room for in their modest living room.  
  
Nate enjoyed the performance tremendously. For him it was a blast from the past. He had watched the DVD a few times, but never with Dale. He had wanted to watch it with her, but it just hadn’t happened.  
  
Largely Dale seemed to be as good as she had been on performance day. The biggest difference that Nate noticed was that she was dressed. He found himself wondering if it were easier to do nude. Just possibly the hoop worked best against skin and possibly the clothing was somewhat restricting. He made a mental note to ask Dale about that later.  
  
As the song came to an end, Dale stopped the hoop and curtsied for her small audience. Even her curtsy brought back memories for Nate. Dale plopped down on the floor in front of him, resting her arms on his knees.  
  
Looking up into his eyes, Dale asked, “So, Nate, what do you think?”  
  
In considering her question, Nate knew that he needed to be careful how he replied. He couldn’t believe that Mrs. Jordan was unaware that he knew that Dale was so accomplished with the hula hoop. To the best of his knowledge she had practiced around her house the week before their trip and he had been around some of the time. He thought that her mother had probably been there as well; although, he couldn’t really recall.  
  
“You make that look so easy,” he said. “Here give me a quick lesson.  
  
He hopped up and put the hoop around his waist. He had tried before, but was lacking the rhythm or some other key ingredient. For whatever reason the hoop invariably would pass his hips and head for the floor after as few as three or four revolutions.  
  
“You’re going to need a lot of work, Nate,” she said laughing. And I don’t know if we’ve got the time for that now. With the talent show coming right up, we need to be focusing our efforts there.”  
  
“I know,” said Nate. “I have an idea! We could do a hula hoop show for the talent show instead of La Bicicleta. How about this? Here stand in front of me and I’ll lift up the hoop and place it around your ankle to help you get it started. Wanna give it a try?”  
  
“Nice try, Buster,” said Dale laughing.  
  
“That’s actually a pretty good idea,” said her mother. “You could put on a great hula hoop show and Nate could have a token role, just as he suggests.”  
  
Nate and Dale just looked at her mother. She was quite serious and they just started laughing. Nate got Dale’s attention, secretly indicating to her that he wanted to talk to her. She bowed for her parents, but then grabbed Nate and dragged him back to her room, laughing as she went. Once there, she plopped down on the bed giggling uncontrollably.  
  
“I guess Mr. McRoberts was right after all,” said Dale. “It sure seems to be easy to fool one’s parents! I don’t think they even realize all the time I spent hula hooping earlier in the fall.  
  
“Or how you seem to have decided to take your show on the road . . . to Vegas!” said Nate.  
  
“I’ve decided to do that?” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, it hardly seems to be a coincidence that you are suddenly hula hooping again,” he said.  
  
“I’m just thinking about it, that’s all, but the next thing that I’m going to do is to learn how to hoop while doing a hand stand. I’ve always wanted to be able to do that,” she said.  
  
“That sounds hard,” said Nate.  
  
“I understand that it is,” she said. But then flashing a coy smile she continued, “You know, it’s kind of fun to think about being a showgirl. Do you think I’d look good in a sequin G-string?”  
  
“Duh! I’d pay good money to see you in a sequin G-string,” said Nate.  
  
Laughing, Dale said, “And I’ll bet there would be lots and lots of cute titties up there on stage with me.”  
  
“So that’s what you’ve been thinking about, is it?” asked Nate.  
  
“Lots of things,” she said. “And I’ve been trying to figure out how to keep you interested in little old me, given all that competition. I’m sure there would be some gorgeous ladies on stage in those little G-strings. I expect you’d want to see the show, right?”  
  
“Of course . . . you couldn’t keep me away,” said Nate. He suddenly found himself laughing out loud. How ironic it seemed that they might both have been thinking about the same thing; about how they might be taking their chances by allowing the other to be exposed to lots and lots of bare boobs.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 333: Making Dale Blush**

Eventually Nate got around to asking Dale out to dinner for the following evening. As he had hoped, she loved the idea. He transitioned seamlessly into informing her exactly how she would be dressed. He had decided to have her wear the blue dress that he had given her late in the summer, the dress he had hidden under the bridge at Spruce Lake.  
  
Additionally, she was to wear no underwear, neither bra nor panties. He had considered having her wear panties and then requiring her to remove them at the table in the restaurant. In the end he had decided on no panties because he wanted her to spend the next day worrying about that.  
  
He had also decided that she needed to wear her tallest high heels. They were white, so he knew that they would look great with the blue dress. She had shown them to him, but never worn them on a date because she said that they weren’t very comfortable. He figured that they would be fine for a restaurant date. She wouldn’t be on her feet much, but more importantly she would be learning that being a Nudity Slave would, at times, involve some discomfort.  
  
“Okay, now it’s time for the key ingredient of your date outfit,” said Nate with a commanding smile. “Everything off, Slave Girl!”  
  
He could tell that Dale liked his reinvigorated Master persona as she obediently stripped. Once she was nude, she stood there, dutifully awaiting his next command.  
  
“Now I need the pussy jewel and magnet,” he said. “As I recall, you put in in your nightstand after I took it off.”  
  
“I did, but now it’s in my jewelry box,” she said, walking over to her dresser and opening a nondescript jewelry box located on top.  
  
She poked around for a moment in a small compartment and then turned, pressing something tiny into his hand.  
  
“Are you going to put it on me?” she asked with a cute little smile, her head angled down but her eyes looking up into his.  
  
“I’ll be putting it on MY pussy,” he said while tickling her smooth mound with his four fingers and giving her a sweet little kiss that had, ‘and you have no choice’ written all over it. “Turn on all the lights and then stretch out on the bed, every pillow you have under your butt.”  
  
Dale did as instructed, getting initially into an arch position, the soles of her feet and her shoulder blades on the bed, her pelvis thrust way up toward the ceiling. In that position, she used her hands to pile up the pillows underneath her bottom as he had directed.  
  
“Like this?” she asked once her pelvis was supported well over a foot off the bed by a stack of five or six pillows.  
  
“Now do the splits to make room on the bed for me,” he instructed.  
  
As he watched, mesmerized, Dale straightened out her legs horizontally and then swept them back, tracing graceful arcs in the air. Once she reached a full splits position, her pointed toes looked to be over six feet apart. Her legs looked long and exquisitely shaped in that position in particular. She appeared quite leggy when nude and in the splits. It was almost as if her two legs became one long leg with a foot on each end; the one leg transitioning smoothly into the other after passing the brief interruption that was her shaved pussy.  
  
Nate placed the small piece of jewelry in his shirt pocket as he took up a cross-legged position at the bottom of her bed. Her stretched-wide, tilted-up pussy was conveniently right before him. ‘No need to hurry the good parts,’ thought Nate as he brought up an index finger and started poking around gently among the soft, moist folds.  
  
‘It’s good to be Nudity Master,’ he thought to himself. ‘How did I ever lose sight of Super-Sizing the slave experience for Dale . . . in ways that don’t involve much risk?’  
  
Shifting his view from her pussy up to her face, he commented, “I love it when you point your camera right at my face like this.”  
  
She was looking at him, and he saw her blush and look away at his comment. “When I point my camera?” he heard her softly remark as if to herself, emphasis on the ‘I’.  
  
“Feeling a bit exposed are we, Slave Girl?” he teased.  
  
“Does it get any more exposed than this?” she asked not meeting his gaze, her face continuing to get brighter red.  
  
“Probably not,” he said. “However, I think we can open the aperture just a bit more.”  
  
He placed a palm on each of her inner thighs and pressed gently down and away. As he had suspected, Dale did have a little bit of flexibility in reserve. Her feet went both closer to the floor as well as moving up, closer to her ears. The movement tilted her pelvis even more toward the ceiling pulling her labia majora wider apart, in turn stretching her labia minora a little bit more open.  
  
Looking lower down, Nate saw the opening into her vagina increase in size.  
  
“I can see right on in,” he teased.  
  
“Nate, you sure are trying to embarrass me,” she said.  
  
Again using just his index finger, Nate started tickling her clitoral hood and the soft, wet surrounding area.  
  
“Getting quite slippery, aren’t we?” he commented.  
  
“Nate,” she said, hiding her face under her arms. “This is embarrassing enough.”  
  
“And you need to take your arms down and watch me smiling into the camera lens,” he said. “Cheese!”  
  
“Why is my pussy all of a sudden a camera lens?” she asked.  
  
“Because it is MY pussy, and I can have it be whatever I want it to be,” he said. “And just why are you blushing, Slave Girl?”  
  
“I know you’re not that slow,” said Dale. “I mean, this is a really embarrassing position that you’ve gotten me into.”  
  
“But you’re not the embarrassed type. You’re the bold – I like to have my pussy seen – type,” said Nate.  
  
“But it’s still embarrassing,” said Dale. “I still experience all the emotions even though…” He voice trailed off, but then she continued, “I guess it is somewhat like my relationship with worrying.”  
  
“Okay?” asked Nate not quite following her drift.  
  
“Right. Just because I like to worry, doesn’t mean that I don’t worry. Just because some of the aspects of being embarrassed are pleasurable, it doesn’t mean that the embarrassment is absent. I still blush – you know that – I guess I just like how it feels to blush.”  
  
“You sure are blushing now!” announced Nate.  
  
“Stop it,” she said, again covering her red face with her arms.  
  
“Come on, Dale, we’re Super-Sizing the experience. I need you to look into my eyes while I look deep into your vagina.”  
  
Peeking out between her arms she asked, “Do I have to?”  
  
“Yes,” nodded Nate.  
  
“I’ve never seen into my vagina,” said Dale thoughtfully.  
  
“Well, there’s a first time for everything,” said Nate.  
  
“How’s that going to work,” she asked.  
  
“Mirrors maybe?” said Nate. “But for now I’ll take a picture. I suppose it’s high time I try and outdo the famous Alexa photo, the one that you got so mad at me over.”  
  
Nate got out his phone and got up on his knees to attempt to get the perfect angle. He noticed that her fragrant bouquet filled the room.  
  
“This is going to be so great,” he said. “Open glistening with slippery-osity. Slippery-awesome-osity”  
  
Nate took a photo, but then again took his index finger and started stirring around, spreading the juice and fluffing up the lips to form the perfect flower.  
  
“It’s not very romantic to be poked,” said Dale.  
  
“I’m not trying to be romantic,” said Nate.  
  
“Why do I believe you?” said Dale sarcastically.  
  
“Like this better?” asked Nate.  
  
He leaned down and with his tongue wide and flat, he licked her slowly from bottom to top.  
  
“I suppose that is nicer than being poked with the one finger,” said Dale. “A little bit, anyway.”  
  
“I’m just posing the pretty pussy,” said Nate, again pushing gently on her thighs to make sure she was at maximum stretch.  
  
“This sure looks like one horny pussy,” commented Nate. “But your vagina doesn’t look all that big or deep.”  
  
“I think it stretches,” said Dale. “But surely you know that. Or did you fall asleep the day they showed the childbirth video in health class?”  
  
“I know it stretches . . . for that,” said Nate. “But I’ve heard of tight teen pussy. That must be what I’m looking at.”  
  
“Do we have to have all the lights on?” asked Dale.  
  
Nate looked up and saw how red her face, neck and upper chest were.  
  
“Still blushing, I see,” he said. “You’re really cute like this, if you know what I mean.”  
  
“Nate…” she pleaded.  
  
“Don’t get impatient, Lover,” said Nate. “We’re having fun.”  
  
“Well, sort of,” she agreed reluctantly with a sigh.  
  
“Time for some sharp photos,” said Nate, trying to frame a photo that was aimed straight into the depths of her vagina. “Too bad Kenny’s not here.”  
  
“Thank God, Kenny’s not here!” said Dale.  
  
Nate took a few photos, but then seeing the look on Dale’s face, he pointed the camera in that direction, hoping to capture the color in her cheeks.  
  
“Nate…” said Dale complaining.  
  
“You are so goddam pretty like this,” he said, his voice betraying the depth of his feelings for her.  
  
“I can’t imagine that I could be,” said Dale. “I’m sure my hair looks awful.”  
  
“I’m just in love,” said Nate. “But to any male it would be the same. Even dressed and with your hair tangled like that . . . your red face just oozes sexy.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 334: Dinner Date**

“Are you going to reattach the gem?” asked Dale.  
  
“That’s the plan,” said Nate. “Just taking my time. I’m enjoying myself. You’re enjoying yourself. Why rush?”  
  
“I’m enjoying myself?” asked Dale.  
  
“Be honest,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, I guess a poke down there is better than a poke in the eye,” said Dale. Nate laughed at her joke as she continued, “But the lights are a bit bright.”  
  
“But you like your pussy being looked at, even if it is just me,” said Nate.  
  
Dale took a deep breath and let it out slowly, looking to the side. She could feel her heart beating rapidly. She could feel the warmth in her cheeks. She could feel the cool air on her sopping wet pussy. She couldn’t deny it, so instead she avoided Nate’s direct gaze.  
  
Nate took a few more pussy close-ups, but then sat back down. He again poked and pulled at her clitoral hood to try and figure out how he would go about inserting the magnet. He separated the magnet from the encased gem with his thumbnail, and then stretched out the clitoral hood, trying to open it up a little.  
  
He looked up and saw that Dale had gotten her elbows underneath her, lifting up her head. She was watching intently, a look of concern on her face.  
  
“Don’t worry. I’ll be careful,” said Nate, slipping the magnet up inside.  
  
A moment later he had the magnet about where he thought it should be. He worked to center it, but then pinching the clitoral hood to hold the magnet just inside in position, he placed the gem on top. He felt it grab and stick.  
  
“Does that feel okay?” he asked, as he prepared to take a few ‘after’ photos.  
  
Dale reached down with her right hand and felt where it was.  
  
“It’s good,” she said sounding relieved. “How does it look?”  
  
“It looks hot!” said Nate. “Nipples and pussies both look superb with sparkles. It looks like you’re dressed formally, ready to go out on the town . . . nude. Now your pussy is ready for our dinner date tomorrow. You can relax.”  
  
Nate helped Dale get all the pillows out from under her. She stretched out on the bed, seemingly enjoying the feeling of having her knees back together.  
  
Nate got up and turned off all the lights but one. He then returned to the bed, stretching out next to Dale, holding her close, cheek to cheek.  
  
“I sure love you, Nate,” said Dale, planting a tender kiss on his chin.  
  
“Do you like having the gem back on MY pussy?” he asked, tapping on it with a finger.  
  
“I like it,” she said.  
  
“Okay, but don’t like it too much,” said Nate. “Only I get to play with it, right?”  
  
“But I’ve been wondering about trying to see what I might accomplish, as in, ‘with my own hand’ when you’re not around,” admitted Dale.  
  
“Well, maybe I’ll permit that in the future,” said Nate. “But not MY pussy, and not tonight, not until I say so.”  
  
“Really?” asked Dale sounding disappointed.  
  
“Yep, tonight you’ll keep your hands clear, okay?” asked Nate.  
  
“I guess,” said Dale reluctantly. “Are you spending the night?”  
  
“I’d like to,” said Nate. “But it’s a school night, and the big game is this weekend. I think we should be good.”  
  
It involved superhuman effort, but somehow Nate did make it to his own bed a little later. Even though he had told Dale to leave herself alone, he did not feel so inclined. He lay there thinking about ways to step up Dale’s Nudity Slave experience as he gave in to the call of the boner that he had been sporting ever since he set foot in Dale’s house for the unexpected hula hoop show earlier in the evening.  
  
Her hula hoop show had been so hot, even dressed. He forced himself to think just about that, Dale clothed and hula hooping, while he stroked himself to test his theory. Sure enough, just a couple of minutes later he felt the familiar pressure rising as he passed the point of no return. A few minutes later he fell asleep, relatively happy and content, especially considering how the day had begun.  
  
When Nate got to Spanish the next morning, Dale looked particularly radiant. At times he felt as if he fell in love with her all over again, every time he saw her. That particular instant was one of those moments. She smiled at him so sweetly as he took his seat.  
  
“Hi, Lover,” he whispered leaning close.  
  
Still smiling, she winked at him. He saw her hit ‘send’ on her phone. A moment later his phone buzzed signaling the arrival of a text message. He managed to read it by hiding his phone behind Kenny as Señora Flores began taking role.  
  
“Thanks for being my handsome Lover,” it read. “I’m so glad I found my soulmate while still so young. I’m totally looking forward to going out to dinner tonight!”  
  
Strong emotions surged through Nate as he realized that she had just used the word ‘soulmate’ for the first time in relation to their romance. He tried to maintain his normal ‘classroom’ appearance as his heart did backflips.  
  
“So am I!” he wrote in big letters on a blank page in his notebook, turning it so she could read it. He had so much more he felt like saying, but it would have to wait. He saw her read what he had written and nod with a smile. She then turned her attention to Señora Flores and he did the same.  
  
Just after class Dale’s priority seemed to be congratulating Kenny on stepping up and asking Hannah out. Kenny was beaming, and Dale was making him feel good with her enthusiasm, so Nate just followed along behind feeling somewhat like a third wheel as the two of them walked down the hall.  
  
When he caught up with Dale at lunch, she was trying to calm Carly down. He quickly surmised that Dale had just brought Carly up to speed on Alexa’s latest attempt at having her kicked out of school. Nate knew that Carly would find out sooner or later, so it was smart of Dale to inform her in person in order to try and keep her from going ballistic. However, it was again quite challenging to keep Carly from running off to find Alexa right then.  
  
Part of Nate wanted to tell Carly, ‘have at’. He thought that Carly, as a girl, would be able to get away with things that might land him in jail. He knew that Dale’s philosophy did not include retaliation, so he worked with her to convince Carly that smashing in Alexa’s face was not something that had to be done right then . . . maybe soon, but not right then. Inside he felt like he was walking a tightrope. He wanted Dale to see him as a peaceful person. He knew that was important to her; however, he would have rather spent the time talking to Carly about how the two of them might corner Alexa in a dark alley.  
  
Carly was clearly baffled as to why they were both working at keeping Alexa from getting what she so obviously deserved. While they talked, Nate continued to search his brain for ideas of how to deal with Alexa effectively. He had come to realize that he, like Dale, was a bit of a pacifist by nature, but he knew that the time for retaliation had come.  
  
As Nate was about to leave the lunchroom to head to his fifth period class, he caught sight of Alexa and Jodie alone. They were just talking, but seeing them together stirred a few memories. He had developed a bit of a working relationship with Jodie as they had worked through the details of the victory dance; however, her relationship with Alexa had always bothered him.  
  
It was with good reason that he and Dale had suspected that she had been the one who had loaned Alexa the skirt. Their suspicions had ultimately been confirmed. He thought back to the reasons that they had suspected Jodie. She had been in on the initial strip in the locker room, sustaining an injury at the hands of Carly.  
  
Additionally, she had surely been the one who had designated the upstairs bathroom as the ladies bathroom, forcing Dale to go upstairs away from safety that night. Nate’s sleuthing had revealed that never before had there been male-female designations on the bathrooms at Parker Halloween parties. Nate wished there were a way to learn what they were discussing, but there wasn’t and he had to get to class.  
  
That evening when Nate knocked on the door to pick Dale up, her mother answered. She was delighted to see that Nate had brought her daughter a bouquet of roses.  
  
“Such a sweet young man!” she said. “I could put them in water, but I presume that you’d like to give them to your girlfriend first.” Nate just nodded as she continued, “She looks so lovely in the blue dress that you got for her. I love it. She told me the whole story.”  
  
Nate just nodded and smiled. As Dale entered the living room in the dress and the white high heels, he was wondering what kind of a tall tale Dale had told her mother. He was certain that it did not include a nude swim across a lake or getting dressed underneath a bridge.  
  
“It’s chilly out,” he told her, handing her the flowers. “You’ll need some sort of a wrap or a jacket to be comfortable this evening.”  
  
“Why thank you, Nate,” said Dale, admiring the flowers. “Isn’t he the sweetest?” she continued addressing her mother.  
  
“He’s a keeper, that’s for sure,” said her mother with a genuine smile. “Should I find a vase for the flowers, dear?” she asked.  
  
“Thanks mom,” said Dale handing over the flowers as she turned to open the coat closet.  
  
A short while later they had been seated and were looking over the menu.  
  
“How are you feeling my pantiless Slave Girl?” asked Nate.  
  
“Pantiless,” said Dale looking deep into his eyes.  
  
“Good,” said Nate smiling.  
  
As they settled into conversation after ordering, Dale informed Nate about some last minute changes that had been made to the pep assembly schedule. Normally pep assemblies were held mid-morning on the Friday before a game, whether the game was on Friday or Saturday. However, the noise parade had been deemed a huge success, so they had made a few changes to shoehorn another noise parade into the schedule.  
  
For several reasons it had been decided to hold the mid-morning pep rally a day early, on Thursday. That would then free up Friday, so it could become the noise parade day. The parade would depart directly from Prospect High at the end of school. It was felt that more students would drive in the noise parade if it began at school just after school let out for the day.  
  
They had decided not to hold the noise parade on game day so that the football team could take part and ride on one of the makeshift floats. The main negative comment that had been heard about the first noise parade was that the alumni in town had been expecting to be able to see and cheer on the football players themselves. Having the team in a Friday parade worked as the coaches had decided against another practice that day. They believed that a parade might do just as much for the team’s mental preparations as yet another football practice.  
  
A noise parade on game day was also less practical because the game was being played seventy miles away on neutral ground in Dayton.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 335: The Mat Room**

Nate was very interested in what the cheerleaders were talking about now that the final game was approaching. The victory dance was now a given; however, in just three days the girls would learn if they would be dancing with or without their bras. Nate expected that emotions regarding the outcome were intense and varied. As he had pretty much expected, Dale knew little about what the other cheerleaders were really thinking. Other than Susie, and to a lesser degree, Kendra, they did not really confide in her.  
  
She did however know that Susie was torn. In fact, Dale categorized her as ‘a mess’. While she wanted the team to win, the last thing that she wanted to do was to have to go to a dance wearing nothing more than her panties. Dale talked about how if the team won, some more practice sessions would be required.  
  
Nate hoped that topless air hockey might be a possibility, but he knew not to mention that idea. The best way to guarantee that it wouldn’t happen was probably to seem too interested in it happening. He was wise enough to act indifferent about the idea of again seeing Susie topless, especially now since Alexa had just brought Dale’s insecurities in that area to the forefront.  
  
All in all, Nate and Dale ended up having a very enjoyable, romantic meal, even holding hands across the small candlelit table between courses. They were both feeling very relaxed. For some reason the defeat of Alexa’s latest initiative seemed to add to the stability of the future for both of them. They both felt happy and so much in love as they discussed all that lay before them.  
  
They discussed college, career options, all the places where they wanted to live and the other places to which they wanted to travel. To Nate’s delight they even talked about one day forming a family. Dale was thinking two to three children, which wasn’t all that different than the three or four that Nate had been considering. He hadn’t really thought about it all that much, as it did seem so very far away. In part he liked the idea of no children . . . just keeping Dale all to himself; however, he knew that when the day came, he’d want kids. He just didn’t think that one or two was best. He’d been an only child and Dale had just the one sister, so families of that small size did not seem ideal.  
  
The evening turned out essentially perfect. They were two happy young people, deeply in love, and their future seemed so very bright. Little did they know that they were passing through the eye of the hurricane. There was quite a storm ahead.  
  
“One week since our exciting – snow angel, run to Tink’s house, attack of the Tess Monster – Thanksgiving morning!” said Dale with a smile, as Nate walked up to her just outside of Spanish class on Thursday morning.  
  
“Wow, only a week. Was that ever a morning!” said Nate shaking his head. “You and I are a battled hardened couple, that’s for sure.”  
  
Nate would have liked some real Dale time, he was feeling so close to her, but at best they had only a minute before the bell would ring for the start of second period. It was so nice to have the one class with her. They could at least sit together. As they took their seats, he thought back to that first day of the school year when he had first learned that they were to have Spanish together. He smiled as he recalled how she had punched him on the way out of class. That punch had been the first step in bringing their relationship out of the shadows and onto the high school stage.  
  
Dale was in her cheer uniform and Nate was wearing his number seventy-nine game jersey. The big pep rally would take place later that morning. The enthusiasm for the football title game was everywhere. There were brightly painted butcher paper banners in the common areas, and even kids who didn’t pay much attention to school sports were wearing black and white to show their school spirit.  
  
After Spanish, Nate, Dale and Kenny all walked down the hall toward their third period classes. The cheerleaders were all released midway through third period to allow them time for final assembly preparations. The remainder of the student body would then converge on the gym at the conclusion of third period.  
  
It had been announced during first period that the pep assembly was mandatory, not just for students, but for faculty as well. Nate had never heard of a pep assembly being mandatory for teachers; they seemed to like the additional time free from students. However, given the magnitude of the game for the small town of Prospect, making the assembly mandatory hardly seemed necessary. He suspected that nearly everyone would have gone anyway. He even expected that half the town would have come, were they to be invited, but that would never work. As it was, the gym would be standing room only.  
  
Just as she did for every assembly, Dale made her way alone to the gym about twenty five minutes later. The gym was empty when she got there. She was not used to being first on the scene for an assembly, but then she realized that there seemed to be people in the mat room. The mat room was a windowless practice area used by the wrestling team just off the main gym. It saw regular use as a staging area. The pep band and drill team typically lined up there, for example, in preparation for half time shows during basketball season.  
  
As they were playing the Benton Bisons, the Maverick would be a part of that day’s assembly. They would be staging a mock buffalo hunt. Dale enjoyed the assemblies in which the Maverick was involved. She often rode it or did stunts on its back. Being the top gymnast on the squad had cemented her role as the girl on the Maverick, a role she loved. And as she had told Nate, it made her feel like the Brocho-Busting gal in the ad that had been meaningful to her grandfather.  
  
As she walked across the gym to the mat room, she could hear voices within. She opened the door and saw that the Maverick was indeed in position, ready to make its grand entrance. Jodie was standing next to it.  
  
“Hey Jodie,” said Dale in her enthusiastic cheerleader voice.  
  
She saw an expression of anguish cross Jodie’s face and then the room went dark. Dale turned just in time to see the door close behind her, thrusting the room into pitch-blackness.  
  
“Goddam it Alexa!” shrieked Jodie. “She saw me! What happened to our lookout?”  
  
“No one talk,” commanded Alexa from somewhere to Dale’s right. Dale felt hands grabbing her from all sides. “No one else say anything . . . don’t give yourselves away. She won’t squeal. Jodie, she won’t tell on anyone. She never has, and she doesn’t want World War Three. Now get the pillowcase over her head.”  
  
Dale struggled violently, trying to pull free; however, she was again severely outnumbered. She tried to dig her nails in and scratch the arms holding her, but everyone seemed to be wearing long sleeves. That was surely an Alexa initiated change after all the scratches that she had inflicted on her legs that night in Jodie’s bathroom.  
  
She thrashed her head violently side-to-side, trying to keep them from putting the pillowcase on her. In that instant, she felt her spankies shoot down her legs all the way to her ankles. A moment later her skirt was with them at floor level, and she felt the cool air on her bare crotch. She had always worn a thong under her spankies, but Nate had told her via text that morning as she had been dressing that it was a ‘no panties day’.  
  
The distraction of losing her skirt and spankies had made it easy for them to get the pillow case over her head.  
  
“Good, it’s on,” she heard Alexa say. “Lights back on.”  
  
A moment later the lights came back on. That much she could tell, but the pillowcase kept her from seeing who her other assailants were.  
  
“Alexa, this is a very bad idea,” reasoned Dale, standing there bare from the waist down. It was sinking in that she was again the victim of an Alexa organized strip assault. “Whatever you’ve got planned, it is a terrible idea.”  
  
“Shut up,” said Alexa angrily.  
  
“They’ll know it was you, even if I don’t tell them,” said Dale.  
  
“I don’t care anymore,” said Alexa.  
  
While she was trying to figure out a strategy or a reply, Dale felt hands around her neck and then on her face. Someone was reaching up inside the pillowcase. Someone was attempting to force something into her mouth. She clamped her teeth shut and started whipping her head around to try and prevent it.  
  
“I need help,” she heard Alexa say.  
  
She felt more hands on her head and then a moment later she was punched in the stomach. With no warning to allow her to tighten up her muscles, it knocked the wind out of her. As she opened her mouth to cry out, a ball was forced inside. She tried her best to spit it back out, but then she felt straps being secured behind her head, pulling the corners of her mouth uncomfortably back. She tried yelling at Alexa, but it was no good. The gag was effective and securely in place.  
  
She tried to pull her head down to get free of the pillowcase, but they were again too quick. A moment later it was pulled tight and held in place around her neck.  
  
As she continued to struggle and thrash about, Dale tried to figure out the extent of Alexa’s plan. She was already bottomless. It seemed clear that she was destined to again be stripped completely naked. For whatever reason, Alexa seemed obsessed with stripping her. She thought of the assembly, now less than fifteen minutes away. Surely Alexa was not planning to… She tried to block that possibility out of her mind, and yet that seemed to be the only possibility. Why else would Alexa strip her in the mat room right before a pep assembly?  
  
For years Dale had both feared and dreamed of cheering nude at a game or an assembly. She felt her heartrate notch up and she felt tingling sensations throughout her pelvic region as various images fought their way into her consciousness.  
  
As she wracked her brain trying to think of alternate plans that Alexa might have in store for her, Dale felt hands around the hem of her shirt. She tried to yell, but more drool than sound came out. She did manage to make a noise, but not much of one.  
  
To her dismay she felt her body betraying her. The sensations shooting around her pelvis increased, and she knew she was getting wet. That familiar feeling was undeniable.  
  
Next she felt someone tugging on one of her ankles, trying to lift it up to get the skirt and the spankies away from her. She tried to keep her feet firmly on the floor trapping her clothes there, in hopes that she might get her arms free to pull them back up. However, a second set of hands joined the first set near her foot.  
  
Once her foot was up, she felt someone trying to remove her shoe. A minute later, in addition to her skirt and spankies, she had lost both her shoes and her socks.  
  
Just as she realized that the only thing that she had on below her waist was the little piece of jewelry mounted front and center on her pussy, Alexa noticed as well.  
  
“Not only did the little slut forget to wear panties today, but . . . look girls . . . a new piercing!” announced Alexa. “And she’s dripping wet. The skank is actually getting off on this.”  
  
Dale clamped her thighs together and shifted her hips back. She was trying to hide the gem but also half expecting to feel touches down there. To her relief, none came.  
  
“You’re such a naughty slut!” hissed Alexa venomously.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 336: The Mat Room continued**

Dale tried to reply, but it was no use. It only made the drooling worse. She heard laughter and a few whispered comments as Alexa continued verbally insulting her. She was obviously playing to an audience. Dale tried to listen carefully, trying to figure out who her accomplices were.  
  
‘Who is the naughty slut?’ she desperately wanted to say. ‘The girl being stripped or the famous blow job queen organizing the stripping?’ But there was simply no way to make any intelligible sound.  
  
The next thing she knew, her top was being lifted up. As it was being taken off over her head, she struggled to try and at least keep her arms in the sleeves. At that point, she realized how hard her heart was beating and how rapidly she was breathing. She had been both worrying about what was to come as well as thrashing about with all her might. At best all she had accomplished was a little delay. No matter how she tried, she could not think of a way to derail their plans. There seemed to be no way to get free, and no way to alert Nate that she was in serious trouble.  
  
As she lost the shirt, she felt something down at one of her ankles. She pulled it free and actually managed to kick someone. She heard a girl yell in pain, but a moment later there were more hands on her ankle. She kicked at whoever was there with her other foot, but in the next instant she felt the sharpest pain on her butt as it was slapped very forcefully. She cried out instinctively, but little sound made it past the gag.  
  
“I’m going to finally win, Dale,” gloated Alexa. “Feel free to make this as painful for yourself as you want.”  
  
Dale again kicked at those near her ankle, but then she felt a second spank, even more painful than the first. Down at her ankle she could tell that a rope was being wrapped around multiple times. She then felt it being tied securely.  
  
“Hitting wasn’t part of the plan,” she heard Jodie exclaim.  
  
“Shut up, I’m in charge,” snapped Alexa, delivering a third painful swat to Dale’s bare bottom. “Look girls,” she continued. “She’s even getting off on being spanked.”  
  
Dale heard laughter but she also heard Jodie say, “Cool it with the hitting, Alexa.”  
  
“I’m responsible for everything, the spanking included,” said Alexa angrily.  
  
Alexa again started making fun of Dale’s level of arousal as well as what she believed was a clit piercing. Dale did her best to keep her knees clamped together. Doing so, however, became impossible as someone took the other end of the rope and pulled her leg up and away. Hiding the wetness was no longer a possibility anyway, even had she been able to keep her legs together. It felt as if her juices were about to start running down her thighs. The air felt very cool on her soaking wet, obscenely exposed pussy. At that moment she was glad to have the pillowcase to hide her eyes behind.  
  
“Now the bra,” she heard Alexa announce. “You do realize, Dale, that the bra is the last of it. The entire school awaits. There won’t be a person that hasn’t seen your tit…less…ness after today,” she said laughing out loud. “How embarrassing for you! I mean, how exciting for you! Every girl’s nightmare – naked at school – but for you, clearly a dream come true, right?”  
  
Dale was puzzled. Alexa obviously had figured out that she was an exhibitionist and that being seen got her excited, so why would she be doing this? By her last statement, it was clear that even Alexa was aware of the contradictory nature of trying to do harm to an exhibitionist by giving her what she craved.  
  
Dale felt her bra strap go loose as it was unhooked. She continued to fight, but all of a sudden she was not sure why she was fighting. That too was contradictory. She wanted whatever was coming. That she knew. She wanted it bad. She’d always wanted it. It would be embarrassing and so very humiliating. And yet she fought on, trying unsuccessfully to keep her bra straps on her arms. Above all else, she didn’t want Alexa to get the best of her. She didn’t want her to win, not at all. That was really what the fight was about for her . . . not letting Alexa win.  
  
But in a way, she knew that Alexa wouldn’t be winning. She knew that Alexa would pay dearly for what was happening. And what was odd was that she could tell that Alexa knew it as well. As her bra was removed from her arms, a deep realization came over her. Somehow she and Alexa had indeed become locked in an irrational battle.  
  
The idea had sounded absurd when Mr. McRoberts had suggested it; however, to at least some extent he had been correct. It was a battle that they were both destined to win AND lose that day. By her comment, ‘I don’t care anymore,’ Alexa had indicated her resolve. In order to finally win, she was willing to lose . . . to pay the price. While she hated her more than anything, something in Alexa’s level of commitment did seem worthy of admiration.  
  
“Yep, those are the titties that have all the guys in this school drooling. Look at them, girls. Go figure, right? Now they will all finally see just exactly what they have been missing out on, live and in person,” said Alexa.  
  
Dale had been suspecting since the attack had begun that they were planning to put her on display at the assembly; however, hearing Alexa announce it made it all too real. She felt so conflicted about being naked under those circumstances. She wanted it, and yet she didn’t. She knew that everything would be completely different from that point on.  
  
Only a tiny handful of students had seen her completely nude and in person, and another small group had seen her topless. Photos and the topless video had been circulating, but suddenly she was faced with the prospect of being completely nude, in person, in front of the entire student body as well as the faculty and staff.  
  
The only saving grace would be that it wouldn’t be her doing. She would obviously be a victim, meaning that she couldn’t be punished. Or could she? In that instant Mr. McRoberts’ words came back to her. He had said that he would punish the both of them similarly if something more were to occur.  
  
She thought back to how angry Alexa had been that day. It was not too hard to imagine that Alexa had decided to take matters into her own hands. Had Mr. McRoberts’ words emboldened her? Did she really believe that she could rely on Mr. McRoberts to keep his word?  
  
Dale was lost in thought, when she heard Alexa command, “It’s almost time. Bend her over.”  
  
‘Bend her over?’ thought Dale, panic surging through her. ‘What in the hell might Alexa have in mind?’  
  
It was with relief that Dale heard Alexa announce, “It’s time for the Tramp Stamp!”  
  
‘Tramp Stamp?’ thought Dale, and then it dawned on her. She was probably about to find out what they had been planning to do to her at the Parker Halloween Party. Alexa’s plan had been thwarted that evening, but possibly she had just converted it to fit the new venue. The mention of a tramp stamp brought the bungee jump to mind, and suddenly the rope tied around her ankle began to make sense.  
  
As she thought about it, more pieces started falling into place. Alexa had been so obsessed with proving that it was Dale in the Bungee Girl photos. In fact, the first time she had been stripped had involved just that, Alexa on a fact finding mission, searching for an elusive tramp stamp, a tattoo on her lower back. She started picturing herself suspended nude by her ankles above the basketball court during the assembly. If Alexa could get her up there, how would anyone manage to get her down? And would she be safe? Nudity was one thing, but being dropped on one’s head on a hard floor was quite another.  
  
While she was worrying about that, she heard Alexa making still more jokes about how sopping wet her pussy was. Mixed in with the wet pussy teasing were observations about how her nipples were as hard as the jewelry mounted in them . . . also clear evidence of just how excited she was . . . how much of a slut she was. After a while, it seemed as if Alexa’s nipple fixation knew no bounds, and those remarks seemed to induce their share of laughter.  
  
It was the laughter that stung more than anything. Alexa’s accomplices, the identity of a few she thought she might have figured out, seemed to be getting quite a bit of enjoyment out of Alexa’s mean comments. It really was painful to think that there were other girls that hated her enough to follow Alexa down this risky path.  
  
Dale did her best to block those terrible thoughts from her mind, but the discussion of her rock hard, excited nipples continued. And the narrative wasn’t just about how aroused she obviously was, but also how slutty her pierced nipples made her look.  
  
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As the end of third period approached, Nate’s phone vibrated, signaling the arrival of a text. As carefully as he could, to keep Mr. Wheeler from noticing, Nate took his phone out of his pocket. He saw, ‘Tink’, on the screen as he swiped to open the message.  
  
The text read, “Where’s Dale? Is she at school today?”  
  
It took Nate a few seconds to process. He had been fully absorbed by Mr. Wheeler’s history lecture. But once he realized that Dale must be missing, he stood up with a start, knocking into his desk so hard that both his book and notebook fell onto the floor.  
  
As he turned to dash out of the room, he received a second text which read, “Sorry, false alarm.”  
  
“Mr. Miller!” shouted Mr. Wheeler loudly, pulling his attention away from his phone.  
  
Just then, a third text arrived. It read, “They tell me she’s here…in the mat room with the Maverick. I guess I forgot about that. Sorry.”  
  
Nate looked up and saw Mr. Wheeler glaring at him.  
  
“Put your phone on my desk, Mr. Miller,” he demanded. “And see me after class.”  
  
Nate walked forward and reluctantly placed his phone on a corner of the Mr. Wheeler’s desk. He had been ready to race off to the gym to find out what was going on. He was glad that Susie had let him know of her concern, and yet she had gotten him in trouble. He expected that he’d get his phone back, but that he’d have to serve some after school detention. At least it probably wouldn’t have to be that week, because of football practice.