**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

by BPClavel

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 346: Condoms, Check!**

Upon seeing the winning ticket, Dale started bouncing up and down spontaneously on the seat. She was kneeling but sitting on her heels. On every upswing she would hit her head on the ceiling, but she didn’t seem to notice. Nate grabbed for her, and she fell forward on top of him making for a fun but awkward embrace. As he was seated behind the steering wheel, they were hardly in a suitable position for hugging, and yet they managed. Nothing could dampen their celebratory mood.

“Now what? I’ve got the condoms!” said Nate picking them up from the dash where he had deposited them just minutes before.

“And I’ve got the pussy,” she said, leaning away from him and allowing her knees to drift apart a little to emphasize the point. “And I’m not afraid to use it!” she declared charmingly.

“And I’ve got a stiff dick,” said Nate similarly allowing his knees to fall apart as he tightened his buns, angling his pelvis up a little to increase the prominence of the bulge in the front of his pants.

“You do, don’t you!” she said diving forward, gleefully grabbing his crotch aggressively with both hands.

“Yes I do,” said Nate suddenly realizing how close he might be to shooting his load. He tried to retreat a little from the two hands that were suddenly pawing the front of his pants playfully. Having a hot little naked cheerleader jumping all over him on the front seat of his car was simply stimulating . . . to say the least . . . not to mention the elephant in the room, the imminent loss of their virginity.

“It would seem as if we have everything we need!” said Dale excitedly, but then her tone changed. Continuing she said, “And yet . . . and yet . . . now comes the good news and bad news part.”

“Oh, Dale . . . my God! You’re absolutely killing me,” said Nate. “You ARE kidding, right?”

“Not exactly,” said Dale with a coy smile. “Remember when I told you, “It’s in the works’?”

“Of course,” said Nate.

“Well, here’s the deal. I had everything all figured out, but this wasn’t supposed to be the day. However, everything else can be almost just as I had envisioned it. The only real difference will be that Alexa moved it up on the calendar.”

“Alexa?” said Nate. “Can’t we leave her out of it?”

“This is how I beat Alexa,” said Dale. “I take the day back! I take charge. I’m no longer her puppet . . . her puppet to tie up, her puppet to strip, her puppet to lewdly display.”

“I agree. That sounds good,” said Nate. “But cutting to the chase, where do you want to get laid?”

“Laid?” said Dale laughing. “You’ve got to make love to me, silly!”

“Right . . . that!” said Nate laughing as well. “So where would the Princess who is taking the day back like to be made love to?”

“That’s much better! Up there,” she said pointing.

Nate looked to see where she was pointing. “The clubhouse?” he asked.

“Yep, that’s where it all began,” she said. “I’ll tell you my idea, if you promise not to laugh.”

“If it’s funny, I’m laughing,” said Nate with a laugh.

“Oh, you!” said Dale, grinding her knuckles into his ribs. “Okay . . . so I want to be rescued again . . . that’s my plan. And by the way, today’s rescue – if it can be considered a rescue at all – was very untimely. You were supposed to rescue me BEFORE Alexa got her win, not AFTER her victory. Duh!”

“Note to self. Timely rescues. Got it,” said Nate, trying to keep her from getting distracted. “Back to the love making plan.”

“Right, back to the plan. I can tell someone’s a little eager,” she said, placing both of her hands back on his crotch and pressing. “And rock hard!”

“Guilty on both counts,” admitted Nate. “But you have to give me a little credit for being patient. You are irresistible, and yet somehow I’ve managed to wait until we were both one-hundred percent ready.”

“You’ve been absolutely wonderful, Nate,” she said with a great deal of sincerity, her eyes growing moist.

“Oh, come on, Dale,” he said pleadingly. “Not more tears, Lover. There have been more than enough tears today.”

“You’re right about that,” she said nodding. Lifting up his arm, she dried her eyes on his sleeve.

"Naked means never having a sleeve of your own to dry your eyes on," commented Nate.

“So true,” said Dale. “Okay, here's my plan. I thought we could reenact the first rescue. I’ll climb up on the roof and hide from the police. It will be just like it was back in August, only colder.”

“Definitely colder!” observed Nate.

Nodding she continued, “And I have no shoes, and my body is adorned with a little jewelry, but otherwise, everything’s the same.”

“So I rescue you?” he asked.

“Yes, but come prepared for a different sort of rescue,” she said giggling. “This time you are going to save me from a life of perpetual virginity with your stiff dick . . . so bring condoms.”

“Condoms, check!” said Nate enthusiastically, grasping them tightly in his fist.

“And bedding,” said Dale.

“Bedding?” asked Nate.

“Yep, bedding. Remember, I want the first time to be special. That roof is hard and abrasive. My skin is soft, so I’d want to be on top, but you’d lose too much skin . . . and it’s cold. We should snuggle. It won’t be special if we can’t snuggle.”

“Okay, bedding,” he agreed wholeheartedly.

“Sleeping bags, blankets, pillows,” she said. “You’re the camper. You know what to bring, enough to be warm and comfortable, so we can have some real fun! And don’t forget the condoms!”

“Condoms, check!” said Nate, again showing her that he had them tightly in his fist.

“So will you rescue me again?” she asked enthusiastically. “Go and get what we need and then come back and rescue me?”

“Okay, I’ll go,” he said.

When he didn’t continue, she said, “And come back!”

“I’ll probably come back,” he said with a mind to making her worry. “But I wouldn’t have to.”

“But you would…” she said.

Nate did not reply. He just sat there trying to look contemplative.

“Nate…” she admonished.

“I want it to feel real for you,” he said. “For there to be a rescue, there has to be danger. And I’m the Nudity Master, so I can always change things up on you.”

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“But this isn’t nudity. This is sex. Today I’m in charge of the sex, because I say so. But I know you’ll come back. The pussy will bring you back. It will call you back.” She leaned back against the passenger door, opening her legs a little in the process. She reached down and with her fingers on her labia, she made her pussy talk. Doing her best at being a ventriloquist, she made it call to him. “Nate… Nate… Nate…” her pussy moaned seductively.

Nate stared transfixed. The pussy was indeed calling him, and it had such a sexy feminine voice.

“Okay,” he said. “I guess you got me at, ‘Nate’. I was trying to make you worry, but I suppose we both know I’m going to be racing back.”

“But don’t drive fast,” she cautioned. “Don’t get pulled over for speeding. They might take you in for questioning . . . ask you what you’ve done with Lady G.”

“Yep,” said Nate. “Can’t have that.”

“So hurry back,” and when you get here, take your role seriously,” she said.

“My role?” he asked.

“You’re the Knight. I’m the damsel,” don’t be so slow. “Just focus on the role. I’ve heard enough about how it can go the first time, so let’s not focus on the sex. It might be a little uncomfortable. And we can’t expect fireworks. So let’s just have fun . . . with the roleplay . . . that takes the pressure off, okay?”

“Works for me,” agreed Nate, knowing full well that there’d be pressure.

“So it’s August,” she said. “We barely know each other. I did something stupid last night, so I’m in quite a pickle. Due to some miracle, there is a bed. So instead of racing up the mountain, we hide from the world under the covers. And I get to know my neighbor better . . . much better!”

“Sounds fun,” said Nate. “I’ll probably come back.”

“Nate . . . stop it!” admonished Dale, giving him a most playful punch.

"On second thought, Lover, I'm not sure I like this plan," said Nate. "You, naked and alone on that cold hard roof. What if something were to happen to me? Maybe if you had your boots outfit. You don't even have your tennis shoes outfit."

"It's not that cold. It's probably mid-fifties, and with the sun shining like this it's getting warmer by the minute," she said. “I can work on my full-body tan."

"You’ll be tanning your goosebumps," said Nate laughing. "But we really should have a backup plan."

"We do," said Dale. "My house is fifteen minutes across the golf course, maybe twenty since I'm barefoot."

"I'm going to leave you with my phone, just in case," said Nate.

"I don't need your phone," said Dale. "You're coming right back."

"Just indulge me, please," he said.

"Okay," she replied reluctantly.

"Here it is," said Nate handing it to her. "I powered it down a while ago. It was driving me crazy with all the buzzing, but I had my priorities. My password is, ‘suerte for Nate.’ In other words, good luck for Nate.”

"I know what it means. ‘Suerte’ they like the Shakira song I did the hula hoop demo to, right?" Said Dale.

"Exactly, I haven't changed my password since then. So all lowercase, no spaces, two numbers." He said it out loud, letter by letter, “suerte4n8.”

"Got it," she said taking his phone and giving him the most seductive kiss she could manage. "There's a lot more where that came from, so get your butt back here," she added with a wink.

A few minutes later, he watched her cute little butt from below as she climbed gracefully via her usual route up onto the roof. It was fun to watch; certain aspects reminded him of a gymnastics mount. At one point he got a wonderful little peek at the side of a titty, its pointy nipple enticingly indicati" ng the way forward. He always loved seeing hints of the titters when watching Dale from behind.

He had gotten out of his car to give her a goodbye hug, so he was leaning against the hood of his car. Once on the roof, she turned and waved by wriggling the fingers of a hand near her face. Nate waved back. She then turned and disappeared.

Nate let out a sigh, and then with a contented smile on his face he walked around the car and climbed in. A moment later he was underway, driving back down the canyon.

As he drove, her thought about Dale and how absolutely wonderful she was; beautiful on the outside yet even more beautiful on the inside . . . a genuine caring person and so alive, so full of spirit and zest for life. Even Alexa couldn’t dampen her optimistic outlook. At school she had said, ‘Alexa ruined my life’, yet she was already working to pull the pieces back together. The betrayal of the other cheerleaders had shaken her to the core, but she was already shifting her focus in order to get on with her life.

It was almost too much to comprehend that she was at that moment waiting for him nude, waiting for him to return so that they could make love . . . lose their virginity together . . . in each other’s arms.

He wasn’t sure why he was the luckiest man alive, but that he was the luckiest man alive – about that he had no doubt. He’d just won the most significant lottery in the history of mankind. He’d made lots of mistakes in his life; however, the fact that everything had brought him to this disastrous, wonderful day meant that he’d played every single card exactly right. Turning back the clock and undoing a past mistake or two might have altered his destiny enough that he might not be right where he was at that particular moment. Every mistake, both big and small, might have been instrumental in setting up this big win.

Chuckling to himself he thought about Dale’s plan for consummating their love on the clubhouse roof. That girl could just never settle for doing anything average.

He remembered how funny he had originally thought the Virginity Lottery was. The idea that Dale had seemingly concluded that getting to make love to her might not be enough. So she had sought to add to the experience for the lucky lad . . . for him!

He realized that even that hadn’t been enough for her. While he had been thinking, ‘the sooner the better’, she had been thinking, ‘the better the better’. She had clearly been focusing on making the experience as memorable as possible. The full circle idea – back to the clubhouse – was a nice touch. Even though it had meant a lot of waiting it did sound wonderful to lose one’s virginity in such an epic manner, even the weather was perfect. Maybe a little cold to leave her outside, but he knew her metabolism would see her through. Besides, he had known that she couldn’t have been dissuaded. She had made up her mind. She was such a fighter!

As he drove, he even found himself glad that she had seemingly intentionally allowed him this time . . . alone . . . for anticipation.

Even though it had seemed like he was waiting forever, taking his stiffy home on so many occasions, it hadn’t really been all that bad. Better to have the stimulation and no release than not to have the stimulation in the first place. And in recent weeks there had been blow jobs and hand jobs . . . so there had been release.

And viewed from another angle, it hadn’t even been that long. It was less than four months since that first rescue, less than three months since their first date. It seemed to him like that might be par for the course for high school romances, but that would be for typical high school romances. Their relationship had never been typical. It was surely much more intense. That was probably what made it seem as if an inordinate amount of patience and restraint had been involved.

After glancing up the trail towards the overlook bench as he exited the canyon, he returned to his thoughts. How many high school boys had ever been subjected to that amount of nudity by that lovely of a lady? He knew the answer: none. He was pretty sure that it had never occurred previously in the history of the planet. Things like that just didn’t happen, as far as he knew. Other girls like Dale just didn’t exist.

And even aside from the nudity, things had been amazingly intense. They had crammed years’ worth of experiences into just so many months. He had more memories from his time with Dale than he had of the entire eighteen years that preceded it.

Part of the reason that he had so many memories had to do with the unusual life that Dale lived. She had commented on several occasions that she felt as if she lived her life at the center of a storm. He had come to appreciate her point of view. Now that they were a couple, he felt that they lived their lives together at the center of a storm. The storm had certainly been raging that day . . . that whole week really. Come to think of it . . . the entire month. Well, the whole fall.

But that particular Thursday had really been something, and it was far from over. He replayed a few scenes from the assembly in his mind. Alexa wielding the two remotes. The banner lifting off of Dale as he panicked, thinking that it might take her nipples with it – something that he hadn’t even mentioned to Dale. The image of her bare, bejeweled tits and shaved pussy on display in front of the giant crowd . . . her cute butt completing the package. His own close-up view of her pussy lips pressed down as if in a kiss onto a curiously moist spot on the Maverick’s backbone. The large screen images of her nude body, her chest jutting out due to the punishingly tight ropes on her arms. The shocked, dumbfounded looks on every face as they watched the amazing scene play out before their very eyes.

Turning left to head toward their houses, he laughed to himself as he thought back to the moments after Dale’s trip and fall in the gym. How he had lifted her foot up to untie the offending rope. He had to congratulate himself for displaying USDA prime cheerleader pussy to the masses! Given his understanding of Dale, he knew that had been a humiliating moment that she would remember for a long time . . . so embarrassing in fact that it had crossed the line for her. Similar had been his next big blunder . . . throwing her over his shoulder such that her pussy had been up at eye level . . . so perfect, yet completely unintended . . . although she might never believe it.

He thought too of Alexa. He wasn’t really sure what to think about her, but he realized that she had indeed beaten him. He had planned to step up his efforts to ensure Dale’s safety, and to Alexa had gone the win. Before he had even decided what he was going to do, she had made her bold move . . . and she had won the battle. How he hated her!

He thought back to the times that Dale had fantasized out loud about being nude at an assembly. While it had not turned out as she had probably envisioned, she had now had that experience. He was actually glad about that on some level. It was an experience that he had spent countless hours trying to figure out how he might give her. Always in vain. Alexa had given Dale something that he had been unable to.

And what was even more strange, is that it would be Alexa, enemy number one, that would ultimately determine when they were both to lose their virginity. It would end up being a truly wonderful day for them both, and they would both have Alexa to thank. However, it was still early he realized. The storm might still be raging. The consummation of their relationship was hardly a done deal, and even if it happened, there was plenty of time left in the day for more craziness.

And yet it looked like things were looking up – way up! He could just picture how mad Alexa might be if she knew. He suspected that Alexa must be thinking that she had ‘outed’ Dale’s big secret, just as Dale had ‘outed’ Michelle. Had she known Dale like he knew Dale, she probably would not have chosen quite that plan. Alexa had turned out to be more dangerous than expected. How he hated her for what she had done, yet there were a few offsetting considerations.

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As he had on numerous occasions, he thought ahead, about what it might feel like to finally enter the Promised Land. He tried to imagine all the sweet sensations as her silky folds enveloped him. He knew that it was destined to feel deliciously wonderful. And he knew that the physical component combined with the feelings of love combined with the visual aspects of Dale’s beauty and her lovely shaven pussy enveloping his dick was going to be stimulating beyond anything he had ever experienced.

He thought back to how he had almost cum in his jeans when she had placed both of her hands on his crotch earlier. He decided that he would squeeze out a quick one at home. Hopefully that would lower his sensitivity a little and provide a little staying power. He didn’t want his dick’s first time inside to last only a matter of seconds. He suspected that the condom might help a little, but taking a moment to whack off seemed smart. He knew the task would be quickly accomplished given all the new mental images he had to work with.

As Nate approached his house, lost in thought, he was suddenly shocked back to reality. There were two police cars in front of the Jordan house, one on each side of the street. He took an immediate right turn at the next intersection to avoid driving right between them. He pulled over and parked in the first available spot. He needed to think.

He instantly realized how bad it might have gone, had he been seen. They would have needed to talk with him. There would be a million questions. They’d want to know where Dale was, how she was, and why she wasn’t with him. He’d only be able to avoid answering certain questions for so long. But one thing was certain; his chances of escaping from his house with a large load of bedding, without being followed, were surely nil.

In a way, he was glad that Dale’s mother had now been informed of what had happened. He realized that she must be worrying, and while he felt like he’d like to put her fears to rest, he was not willing to give up on collecting his lottery winnings. That was what he and Dale both wanted. Everything else could wait . . . at least until he had gotten laid!

His phone had been vibrating like crazy in his pocket since they had left the school parking lot; however, the rest of the world had been the least of his concerns. He and Dale had been in their own little world. She had needed him, and being there for her had trumped all other responsibilities. He’d get word to her mother somehow, but the bedding was by far his top priority.

He thought of Felipe and Kenny. Possibly he would be able to borrow some bedding from one of them. He pulled out of the parking spot and headed for Felipe’s house, if for no other reason than that Felipe was now sexually active. His thought pattern was that the request might be a little more awkward with Kenny.

As he drove up in front of Felipe’s house, he noticed that the big black truck was not there. He quickly realized that Felipe must still be at school. For some reason he had forgotten about that.

He again stopped along the side of the road to contemplate potential sources for emergency bedding. Kenny, too, would also still be at school. As far as he could recall, he had never before needed anything quite so badly as he now needed bedding. He was desperate to think of a way to quickly obtain what he needed . . . what he and Dale needed.

He was about to head to Goodwill to purchase some used blankets and pillows when he thought of Mary. She would surely help him out, if she were home. Hadn’t she even loaned him her house complete with her tub and her bed for a somewhat similar purpose?

Looping past Carly’s house to verify that she was also most likely still at school, he parked in from of Mary’s.

As he started to climb out of the car, he saw the winning lottery ticket lying forgotten on his floorboards. He picked up the little treasure and stowed it safely in his wallet. He knew he’d keep it forever. He saw the remains of the DQ bag and was not able to resist a quick glance through its contents. He didn’t look at all the pieces of paper inside, but among the many tickets with the winning number, he did note two with different numbers.

As he trotted to Mary’s front door, he couldn’t help chuckling to himself. Dale had wanted him to win, and yet she hadn’t been able to resist leaving a little chance in the mix . . . probably to heighten her own experience. No wonder she had bounced so gleefully on his seat when she had seen the winning ticket in his hand. It had not been a forgone conclusion. ‘What a crazy girl!’ he thought.

“Oh, thank God, you’re home!” he said when Mary opened the door. “I need to borrow a few things.”

She stepped aside, inviting him in. Not knowing how to go about it in any other fashion, he went through a quick explanation of how Dale had been stripped that morning at Prospect High. That might not have been the best strategy, as Mary seemed exceedingly disturbed to hear about everything. He had to remind her that nudity for Dale was not at all what it was for most people, and yet Mary still was quite upset.

Finally, he tried to wrap that part of the discussion up, “Bottom line, Mary,” he said. “She’s completely fine, but she’s naked and alone. She’d hiding outside and it’s a little cold.”

“Well, go get her,” she suggested. “Bring her here. We’ll get her warmed up. I’ll make hot chocolate.”

“Mary,” he pleaded. “I have my own plan. I just want to borrow some things. Then I’ll be able to warm her up. Your idea would certainly work, but today . . . please just help me do things my way.”

Mary could see the emotion and the sense of urgency written all over Nate’s face. After a split second of consideration, she said, “Sure Nate. Let’s get you what you need. Follow me.”

Nate breathed a sigh of relief as she led him down the hall to Carly’s room. Opening a dresser drawer she started pulling out pairs of pants, “These will do fine. They’ll be big on Dale, but with a belt they should work. She’ll have to cuff the legs.”

Nate hadn’t yet been able to tell her that all he really wanted was bedding. Mary had just jumped to the conclusion that a naked girl needed clothes.

“And this is a really warm turtleneck. It’s tight on Carly, so it should serve Dale well. I don’t have a bra to give you, so you’ll probably like how it looks,” she continued with a wink. She placed the folded up shirt on top of the pants in Nate’s arms. “We won’t have any shoes that would fit, but her feet will at least be warm in these slippers,” she added reaching into the closet. “And we’ll find her a coat in the hall closet.”

Nate didn’t really want all the clothing, but he decided to take it. While it wasn’t his focus at the moment, he would eventually need to get Dale home. He’d typically just taken her home naked, but if the police were still there, that might not be a very good idea. They’d want the police to think that being stripped had plunged Dale into intolerable territory, and that getting her dressed had been the priority.

“Thanks, Mary,” said Nate. “The clothes are great, but if you don’t mind, I’d like to borrow blankets as well.”

To his delight, Mary said, “That’s a good idea. She’ll warm up much more quickly if you bundle her up.”

Mary opened a hall linen closet and pulled out a couple of blankets. Handing them to him, she said, “These are warm.”

As she started to close the closet door, Nate reached in saying, “Can I take this bedspread, too?”

“No problem,” she said. “That one is nearly worn out.”

“And a few pillows, too,” he said reaching for a few pillows that were on a higher shelf.

With a puzzled look on her face Mary said, “Sure, help yourself.”

Nate could tell that she was curious, but he went ahead and took another blanket and a second bedspread.

Seeing that he now had too much to carry, she said, “Here, let me help you with that.”

Together they walked out to his car, putting everything in the back seat. It was cleaner than the trunk.

“Well, you better get going, Nate,” she said. “I hate to think that Dale’s naked and alone . . . and outside . . . it’s cold. You need to get to her. Did you guys get lunch?”

“We had lunch,” he replied. “But do you have some water?”

“No problem,” said Mary heading back inside. She went to the kitchen and took a couple of bottles of water out of the pantry. “Anything else, Nate?” she asked.

“Maybe these cookies,” he said taking a full package off of the shelf.

“Help yourself, young man,” she said. “I don’t know exactly what you’re up to, but Dale needs you. Now get back to her, unless there is something else that you need.”

“Thank you so much, Mary,” he said, giving her a hug.

He turned to go, but halfway out the front door he turned, “Mary, one more thing. Can you do me another favor?”

“For you, for Dale . . . just name it,” she replied.

“I left my phone with Dale. Will you call her mother? The police were there. She is surely worrying about Dale. Will you tell her that she’s fine, and that she’s with me? Tell her I’ll bring her home later this afternoon . . . when she’s ready,” he said. “Thanks to you, I’ll be able to take her home warm and dressed.”

“The police were there?” she asked.

“Yeah, I’m sure they just want to hear Dale’s story, which is of course fine,” he said. “But Dale is a little traumatized. She needs a little time.”

“I understand, Nate,” she said. “You get back to her, and I’ll let Beth know that she is safe . . . and with you.”

Nate thanked her and hurried back to his car. A few minutes later he was headed out of town. For some reason he kept checking his rearview mirror to make sure he wasn’t being followed. The last thing he wanted was for the police, or anyone else for that matter, to crash their rooftop party.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 349: Yet another Rescue**

Nate parked near the trail exit. He was thinking that if anyone drove up the canyon and saw their lone car close to the building, that they might quickly conclude that he and Dale were inside the clubhouse, or maybe even on top of it.

He transported all the bedding and the refreshments to the clubhouse in one giant armload, leaving the clothes behind locked in the car. He then divided the load in half for the climb up onto the roof. Dale always made the climb up onto the roof look so easy, but for him it wasn’t easy at all, especially carrying bedding. He had to set everything down on top of the dumpster, climb up ungracefully, and then resume the process by transferring the pile to the low equipment shed. Even though she was much shorter, Dale just seemed to reach the roof…hop, hop, hop.

Once on top he looked over toward the ductwork that Dale had hidden behind in August. She was sitting in front of it, watching him. She had made herself as small as possible, surely to conserve heat. She as in an upright fetal position, hugging her legs to her chest, the phone a few feet in front of her.

With a somewhat blank look on her face, she said, “I had just about decided that you weren’t coming back.”

“Believe it or not, I was hurrying,” said Nate, taking the thickest bedspread over to her and wrapping it around her.

“Why do you have Carly’s bedspread?” she asked.

“You recognize it?” he asked.

“Duh . . . sleepovers,” she responded.

“I ran into a little difficulty,” he said. “There were two police cars in front of your house, so I had to quickly come up with a plan B. I’ll tell you as much as you want to know, but first let me make one more trip down for the rest of the bedding,” he said.

When he returned, Dale was on her feet with the bedspread tightly around herself.

“So you went to Mary’s?” she asked.

“She was so nice,” said Nate. “She clearly thought my request was odd, but she didn’t grill me. And she understood that I needed to hurry.”

“To lose your virginity?” asked Dale.

“I didn’t tell her anything about that,” said Nate.

“I just told her that you were outside, and that you were naked. That was enough,” he said. “It actually went pretty quickly, except that I had to start off by telling her about how you had been stripped and put on display at the assembly. I kept that as short as I could, but Mary was understandably quite upset when she heard what they did to you. It took a few minutes for her to calm down enough to help me gather up what I needed. But once we were doing that, it was quick. She knew you’d be cold. And by the way, I asked Mary to call your mom, so she’d know you were safe.”

“Thanks,” said Dale. “I’m glad you did that. But isn’t Mary’s nice. You won her over, much as you did my mom.”

“Women just seem to love me,” said Nate jokingly.

“Not Mrs. Shepherd,” said Dale, shaking her head. “She thinks you’re bad news.”

“She’s probably right,” said Nate resignedly. “Without me this Alexa-Dale thing probably never would have escalated like it has.”

“Maybe not. I’d be living my life much as I did last year. Playing it safe, nudity wise. Dating Jason, fighting off his advances,” said Dale.

“You’d still be dating Jason?” asked Nate.

“Probably,” said Dale sighing. “I broke up with him to be with you. If you hadn’t come along and swept me off my feet, I doubt I would have seen a need to make a change. Last year I thought that Jason was as good as it got in Prospect. I was wrong, but that’s still what I thought. Why else do you think that we were together for two years?”

“How’d I do on the bedding?” he asked.

“Great,” she said. “And you remembered to bring the condoms, right?

“Got ’em right here,” he said confidently, slapping his front pockets. Looking surprised he slapped his back pockets in turn. “Somewhere,” he added, again slapping his front pockets but then thrusting his hands inside to feel around. Still with a puzzled look on his face he turned and looked down at the car in the parking lot below.

“You forgot the condoms . . . really?” she said sounding exasperated.

“Ha! Gotcha!” he exclaimed, pulling them out and dangling them in front of her face.

“Not funny, Buster!” she said, letting the bedspread drop from around her to the ground. “Now help me make the bed. I want it to be right here, and this bedspread is the thickest, so it can be our mattress.”

“Why right here?” he asked as he helped her fold it in half and stretch it out.

“This is a special spot,” she said. “This is the spot you and I hugged for the very first time.”

“I remember that hug,” said Nate, thinking about how they were both quite nostalgic about their memories of their first moments together. “I remember not knowing what to do with my fingers. I was trying to comfort you, but I didn’t want to come across like a boy who was enjoying touching bare skin. I didn’t want you to be scared of me.”

“You were perfect,” she said. “The perfect Knight. And look where it’s landed you.”

“In a somewhat curious position,” he said.

“Curious? How?” asked Dale.

“Awkward . . . sort of,” he said. “Here we are methodically plotting to make love for the first time . . . in a certain place, in a certain way . . . seems a little like the passion is missing . . . so much attention to detail.”

“It feels that way to me too,” she said. “But once you get busy warming me up under the covers, I have no doubt the passion will follow. Once I get you out of your clothes and we’re skin on skin, there won’t be any shortage of passion.”

Nate saw Dale biting her lower lip.

“You’re a little scared, aren’t you?” he asked. “I’ve always sensed that you seem to have a penetration-phobia, if there is such a thing.”

“Well, I won’t lie to you,” she said. “But I think it will be fine.”

“Are you scared?” he asked, looking into her eyes compassionately.

“No,” she said. “I’m with you.”

“Yes. We’re together,” he said holding her.

After an extended hug, Dale pushed him away.

“Now, Mr. Neighbor, time to play your role. The role you were destined to play,” she said, walking around to the other side of the ductwork and then crouching down behind it to hide.

Nate tried to think back to that long-ago August morning, finally saying, “Hi Dale, it’s me, Nate, your next door neighbor. I’m the guy you’re destined to fall in love with and make love to…”

“Nate, come on, please…” she pleaded. “Be serious. You know you would have scared me off with lines like those.”

“Okay, okay,” he said, attempting to collect his thoughts. He was sitting where he had sat before, only this time he was on the makeshift bed they had just made. Continuing, he said, “Hi, Dale, I know you’re there, and I know you’re naked. I know you go out naked…at night. I’ve known that for a long time. I’m sorry about it, and it’s hard to admit to you, embarrassing actually . . . but I’ve watched you. I mean, I live right next door.” He paused, “But I’ve never told anyone. I’d never do that. But I’m here to help. When you didn’t come back last night, I got so worried. I would never do anything to hurt you. I might arrange to have you thrown in jail butt naked, however…”

“Nate, you were doing so good,” she said interrupting him to reprimand him.

“Sorry,” he said. “I couldn’t resist.”

“Please…” she pleaded.

Taking a deep breath, Nate resumed playing his role, “Well, I’m here to help you. I admire you. I respect you. I expect you are cold. It’s surprisingly cold for August. I can help you escape, and I can help you warm up. I don’t know why the police are looking for you, but I’ll help you. Your secret is safe with me.”

Nate paused, trying to think of what more to say. He knew that his act wasn’t as good as the original had been, not by a long shot, and he was anticipating being told that he was a bad actor. She had told him that on several occasions, and he had every reason to believe that it was true.

He listened, hearing movement. He looked over and saw her peeking around the duct at him. After a hesitation, she crawled closer, snuggling up against him.

For a moment, Nate did feel as if he were back in August. As he put his arm around her nude body it suddenly seemed much like it had back then. He pressed his hand into her cool flesh, not having the concerns that had plagued him the first time he had done so.

She looked up into his eyes. They weren’t red and swollen like they had been back in August. The expression on her mouth was intentionally neutral, but her eyes looked happy and full of love.

“Thanks,” she said as if she meant it. “I’m a naughty girl. Serves me right, I suppose. I mean, after all, it is pretty risky, going so far from home without a stitch of clothing. And now, just look at what’s happened. I’m in trouble. Only you can save me.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 350: On Purpose?**

Nate realized that Dale had departed quite a bit from her original narrative, but it didn’t matter. They were in the moment, and it fit her intended scenario.

“Yep, you’ve gotten yourself into a pickle,” he said. “But I can save you.”

“Oh, look,” said Dale, acting quite surprised. “A bed . . . now where did that come from?”

“Magic,” he said. “I guess it’s a magic bed.”

“I like magic,” said Dale, getting up on her knees and pushing down the top blankets. Nate could tell that she was in a hurry to get under the covers. Starting to slip her sleek legs under the blankets, she said, “Will you warm me up, Mr. Neighbor? Even my buns are chilly.”

“I’m not surprised,” he said. “You were sitting bare bottom on the cold roof.”

“But magic beds have dress codes,” she said, stopping him from climbing into bed with her.

“They do?” he asked, knowing full well what it might be, but wanting to hear her say it.

“Yes they do . . . naked,” she said quietly, looking down, unable to meet his gaze.

“Naked?” he asked.

“Yep, everything off,” she said attempting to overcome her shyness. Pulling the covers up to her chin, she watched him intently.

Nate pulled his game jersey off over his head.

“I guess we’re both still wearing what we wore to the assembly,” he said.

Dale lifted the covers and looked down along her nude body. “I went to an assembly like this, didn’t I?” she said.

“You did! Butt naked!” he said.

“I can’t believe I went to an assembly naked,” she said, a look of wonder on her face.

“Yep, I guess there’s a first time for everything,” he said. “Now there’s not a student or a teacher who doesn’t know exactly what Dale Jordan’s shaved pussy looks like,” said Nate, taking off his undershirt.

“I’m sure there were a few out sick,” she said.

“Boy, will they ever regret their bad timing,” said Nate. “But the photos will make up for it . . . somewhat . . . for them, maybe.”

“Everyone will have pictures, won’t they?” she said, her eyes big as the realization continued to penetrate.

“A lot of people . . . video, too,” he said. “Many people were respectful given circumstances, and I dissuaded a few, yet there will be plenty of pictures circulating. And this time, no one will be debating the identity of the naked girl.”

“I suppose not,” she said, still working at coming to grips with all that had happened.

“This time everyone saw right through the disguise – the tramp stamp – the long braid – this time they did nothing to hide the naked girl’s identity,” he said, taking off his shoes and socks. “This time, ironically, they were there to confirm your identity.”

“I guess…” she said, full of thought.

“Nor did they hide the titties, the nipples, the butt, nor your endearing little pussy lips,” he said. “All seen . . . by everybody.”

“I guess that’s it then,” said Dale. “I guess you can no longer keep revealing my naked body to people . . . one by one.”

“Yep, we really hit fast forward today,” he said.

“What will it be like?” she asked thoughtfully. “Going to school after this.”

“Exactly the same, yet completely different,” said Nate.

“That makes no sense,” said Dale.

“And yet, it’s probably true,” commented Nate, undoing his buckle.

“You’re probably right,” said Dale, again looking as if she were deep in thought.

“I expect that on the outside, things will be much as they were. Things might even appear unchanged. Yet, when people see you, they will think about today, and what went down. No one will be able to forget what your smooth skin looks like, head to toe. And you’ll know that when people look at you, that they are thinking about what you look like underneath the clothing. Not wondering, knowing. So, exactly the same, yet completely different,” he concluded.

“Get your undies off, Nate,” said Dale, sensing that he might be stalling. “It’s Wee-nie time!”

Nate put his thumbs in his waistband, smiling . . . purposefully drawing the moment out for effect.

“You can’t collect your lottery winnings with those on,” she teased.

With a devilish smile, Nate boldly whipped his underwear past his knees in one motion, letting them fall. His freed dicked bobbed around in the cool air. He started to climb into bed next to her, but she held the covers closed.

“Don’t be in such a rush, Nate,” she said smiling. “When have I ever gotten to see all of you in the bright sunshine?”

“It’s cold,” he complained.

“You’re telling me?” she said, a hint of laughter on her lips. “How long was I outside . . . completely naked?”

“I know, I know,” he said, stepping back.

“Now stand up! I want to get a good look at the lottery wiener . . . get it? Winner, wiener?” she said laughing happily.

“Oh, I got it. Don’t worry,” he said, standing up straight to comply with her request, his feet shoulder width apart. It seemed unusual to display himself fully to the pretty cheerleader on a rooftop, but he fully understood that turnabout was fair play, and he had gotten comfortable with being naked around her. He turned, giving her the side view.

“Always rock hard, except right now?” she asked.

“Well, it is cold,” observed Nate, looking down at his engorged penis, protruding at an angle just below horizontal.

“Why does cold air shrink dicks but make nipples erect?” asked Dale, openly staring.

“I’m not sure I know,” said Nate. “But arousal makes them both stiff.”

“Nate, you’re supposed to be warming me up,” said Dale, grinning ear to ear. “How are you going to take care of that standing out there?”

“Make up your mind,” he said laughing. Her happiness was contagious. Taking her comment as an invitation, he climbed into the makeshift bed beside her as she lifted the blankets invitingly.

As their bodies came together, so did their faces and their lips. Her skin was indeed cool, so Nate slid his hands up and down her back, from her thighs on up to her neck.

He placed one of his legs between her legs, and one of her legs between his. Their pelvic regions bumped together forcefully. Nate felt her lower hand, which had gotten trapped between their bodies, snaking its way to his dick. Once it was there, he felt her grab him firmly down low, right at the base of his shaft.

“Instantly rock hard, I see,” said Dale laughing gleefully as her other hand joined the first on his dick, gripping him a little further up. Rather than stroking him, Nate felt her manipulating his dick in such a manner that it seemed as if she were trying to move its attachment point around inside his body.

As she did that, her mouth pressed hungrily against his, her tongue energetically communicating the passion surging through her body. The passion spread to Nate. Passion was indeed every bit as contagious as happiness.

With her attacking both his dick and his mouth, Nate turned his head a little, breaking free to comment, “You ARE a naughty girl!”

“I AM a naughty girl,” agreed Dale, gripping his dick still tighter with both hands as she pushed him back, kicking with her feet to get up on top of him.

Nate found himself fully on his back, Dale on top, her weight pressing down on her two hands, both of which seemed to have a death grip on their respective sections of his dick. Her body rocked on top of his, her legs and feet fully in the air, her mouth continuing to attack his. She had no spare hands to hold on with, but he wasn’t going anywhere. She bodysurfed on top of him, holding on tightly, maintaining her mastery over him via her absolute control of his dick. Nate was hugging her chest to his, providing all the balance she needed.

Suddenly, Nate felt as if this might be how it might feel to be raped. Dale had him pinned down, his boner entirely at her mercy. He was her captive. He knew he could certainly get away, she was after all quite a bit smaller, yet getting free was the last thing on his mind. It felt good to belong to her, body and soul.

As he passed the point of no return, he felt surging within his groin. Forceful contractions pounded his dick as his load shot into the gap between their two bodies. While his dick continued pumping, Dale squeezed his shaft even tighter, her tongue feverishly battling his own on his side of the half court lip line. She was a woman on fire with lust. He struggled to catch his breath as he came to terms with what had happened.

As the spasms subsided, Nate lamented that he had not been able to go to his own house. That had deprived him of the opportunity of taking the edge off by squeezing out a quick one.

“You did that on purpose,” he said accusingly.

“Maybe,” she said, flashing him a randy smile.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 351: The Next Big Step**

“But why?” he asked.

“I know what I’m doing,” she said. “Just because I’m a virgin, doesn’t mean that I don’t know what goes where. I’ve studied up on dicks and refractory periods.”

Nate couldn’t help himself. He had to laugh. For some reason the idea of Dale studying up on ‘dicks and refractory periods’ was just funny, especially the way she had said it in such a matter-of-fact manner. Such a knowledgeable little virgin!

After a little thought, Nate asked, “So you really did do that on purpose?”

Seemingly ignoring his question, she pointed at one of the pillows saying, “Let’s use one of the pillowcases?”

Nate took off the requested pillowcase and handed it to her. She wiped her hands and then their gooey stomachs.

“You were a few orgasms behind on the day,” she said.

“I was?” asked Nate.

“That Maverick really did a number on me,” she said in a quiet voice. Angling her head down, her embarrassment obvious, she continued, “But you probably knew that.”

“I did see the wet spot, but an actual orgasm?” he asked.

“The earth shaking kind even,” she admitted. “Probably two. Given the circumstances, it was hard to know where one ended and another began. It might have been even more, but suddenly the ride ended. It’s partly your fault, you know. You put the you-know-what on my you-know-where,” she said, wiggling the little jewel and opening her mouth while tilting her head back and half closing her eyes, pretending to be on the verge of an orgasm.

“Wow!” said Nate. “On the Mav . . . in front of everyone? Wow . . . just wow! But that makes sense. I saw all the movement under the banner.”

“So then, everyone must know,” said Dale, her face turning red with embarrassment. “Now I can’t go back to school. Naked is one thing, but public orgasms . . . No . . . I can’t go back to school,” she said shaking her head.

“It’ll be alright,” said Nate reassuringly.

“That’s what you think!” said Dale, the anguish evident in her voice. “My life IS ruined!”

“No, it will be okay,” said Nate. “I expect that, given how you were tied, people who noticed the movement under the banner must now think that you were struggling. Trying to get free. And if not, that will be our cover story.”

“I don’t know,” said Dale suspiciously yet obviously giving it a little thought.

“Who could tell the difference?” asked Nate. “A tied up girl attempting to get free before her naked body is revealed to a big crowd. That’s as believable as it gets.”

“Maybe,” said Dale, lying down, the side of her head on his chest as if she were listening to his heartbeat.

With one hand she gently fondled his now somewhat rubbery dick saying, “My Internet research tells me that an eighteen your old male has a fifteen minute refractory period.”

“So, you really researched that?” he asked, still trying to picture her doing so.

“One has to know the enemy,” she said.

“The enemy? You don’t really mean that,” he said. “At least I hope you don’t.”

“I don’t. It’s not the enemy. I guess I misspoke. I want to be friends with your dick,” she said sliding her head down along his body and kissing it. “It’s mine, so I want us to be good friends.”

She then took the head into her mouth, treating it in a most friendly manner, as if attempting to nurse it back to life.

Nate interlaced his fingers behind his head on a pillow, relaxing. He took a deep breath, staring up at the few high clouds in the bright winter sky.

Maybe Dale knew what she was doing, he realized. Indeed, she had done what he himself had planned to do, had he been able to go home. She had taken the edge off. He doubted that it would take fifteen minutes, given the friendly sensations that she was showering upon him.

He looked down, admiring the back of her head on his belly. ‘Could this really be my hot neighbor? The unapproachable beauty from just next door?’ he thought. He looked back up at the sky, deciding to just relax and have fun.

After a few minutes, Dale held his dick gently in her hand while she made a circuitous trail of kisses across his stomach and chest to his neck where she stopped, snuggling against him. They both lay there for a time, Nate looking up into the sky, Dale half on top of him, the bedding providing a warm little pocket for snuggling.

"I can't stop thinking about what life will be like for me now that everyone has seen me – more importantly knows about me – knows that I sometimes go nude," said Dale.

"What life will be like for us," corrected Nate.

"You won't abandon me now that I'm an ‘outed’ nudist?" asked Dale.

"You know I won't," said Nate. "You must just want to hear me say it."

"I guess…" said Dale.

"Well, Love, we tackle this challenge together. This challenge . . . all future challenges . . . as an unbreakable team," declared Nate reassuringly, enveloping her in his arms.

"You're so good to me," said Dale, hugging him close. "I hope you realize how deeply I love you."

"Well, if your love for me is anywhere nearly as deep as my love for you, then it is deep indeed," he said, holding her tenderly.

"I love you," said Dale softly, talking to his chin. She tightened her hug around him.

At that moment their souls were so close that their hearts actually touched.

After a few minutes of reveling silently in their unique relationship, Dale's right hand wandered back to his dick.

"Pretty hard," she observed.

"Slippery?" he asked, sliding his hand under her to gauge her readiness.

She sat up, straddling him, the blanket draped around her shoulders. Nate just watched as she pressed her damp pussy lips down onto his shaft. She slid herself slowly back and forth. Nate glanced down, seeing the head of his dick disappear under her at the apex of each cycle. The feeling was intense; he knew that what she was doing would have made him cum almost instantly had he not just ejaculated.

"I still remember exactly how you said you wanted to lose your virginity," said Nate.

"You do?" asked Dale, continuing to rub against him by tilting her pelvis forward and back.

"Yep," said Nate. "Back then I would write down the amazing things that you would say. It happened on the way home from the capital, you had just mentioned the Virginity Lottery for the first time."

"Right after Tess gave you that infernal rain check," added Dale.

"Yep," said Nate. "You said you wanted to be on top with me sucking on your nips. That's how you said you wanted your first time to be."

"Is that all right?" she asked sheepishly.

"Absolutely! Today you're a Brocho-Busting gal," said Nate. "So it's doubly fitting. I'm not sure I'll be able to ‘do a number on you’ like the ol’ Mav, but I do have one advantage over it."

"And that would be?" asked Dale curiously.

"Duh," said Nate. "The nipples. The titters."

"Right!" said Dale throwing her head back and laughing. “The Maverick completely ignored these puppies,” she remarked, pinching her hard nipples and stretching them out aggressively.

"I prefer you on top this time for my own reasons. We’ve both had a lot of time to think about this, haven’t we? But if you're on top, then you control the timing and depth of penetration,” he said.

Her eyes looked pleased as she leaned forward and kissed him on the forehead saying softly, "thank you." Giving him a kiss on the nose, she added, "Not going to do me with your nose this time?"

"I'll never live that down, will I?” said Nate. "But, no. This time it's the lottery wiener’s turn."

"Absolutely," said Dale, lifting his head up off the pillow and pulling it toward her chest. "And the titters turn as well. I can't imagine that you could give me titty kisses if you were again having nose sex with me."

"Nose sex?" said Nate laughing. "We never had nose sex."

"That's not how I remember it," said Dale laughing gleefully. "It's amazing that we've gotten to this point, given all the transgressions."

"Transgressions?" said Nate. "I think I've mostly been good."

Dale laughed, throwing her head back and continuing to work her pussy lips into his shaft. There was more than enough lubrication, given how worked up Dale had become. But she was not leaving Nate behind. His heart rate was way up too, and his dick was as stiff as it had ever been. Pussies are really good at kissing dicks, he decided.

"Yes, you’ve been good," said Dale. "Today we put all that behind us. Where are the condoms?"

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 352: A Hula Hoop Sequel**

Nate reached into the pocket of his pants, conveniently located near his pillow.

"How handy!" said Dale, taking a small square packet from him and tearing it open. "Whose turn is it to roll it on?"

"Well, since this is a first, I suppose it can be either of our turns," said Nate.

"Wrong!" said Dale. "You did it last time. It's my turn."

"How do you figure?" asked Nate.

"You already put one on," said Dale smiling. "You put one on to practice."

"How did you know?" asked Nate, seeing no point in denying that she was correct.

"Just guessed,” said Dale laughing gleefully. "And I remember seeing that the box I threw away in Eatonville was missing one."

"Busted," said Nate wincing. "I wanted to know what I was doing . . . when the time came."

"It's all right," said Dale. "You have a lot of good qualities. That's one of them. You can talk me through this," she said holding his dick in one hand while she placed the condom on top with the other.

"I don't need to talk you through it," said Nate. "You've done your research."

Nodding to acknowledge that she indeed had, Dale’s brow wrinkled as she focused on the task at hand. She began the process by rolling it down over the head, leaving the prescribed reservoir tip.

"Tight enough for you, big guy?" she asked.

"It’s fine," said Nate.

"You’re sure agreeable. I'll bet you wish this wasn't needed," said Dale.

"It's fine," said Nate. "In all honesty, I’m enjoying the attention. I don't mind the condom one little bit."

Smiling up at him to acknowledge his unselfish attitude, Dale continued rolling it down inch by inch. "How am I doing?" she asked.

"You're a pro," said Nate.

Dale scowled at him.

"I didn't mean it that way," added Nate.

When she got to the bottom, she asked, "now what?"

Nate didn't immediately reply, so Dale again slid up so that her pussy lips were again against his shaft, his dick pressed down against his belly.

"I guess we’re in new territory now, "he said. "I didn't practice this part."

"I'm glad you didn't, "said Dale, winking. "It seems like the gem is staying place it didn't come off on the Maverick."

"No matter how hard you rubbed, right?" said Nate laughing.

"Nate, have a little compassion," urged Dale. "I've been through a lot today."

"I'll give you that. I'm sorry," said Nate.

"So . . . leave it on?" asked Dale.

"I think we should go without, the first time," said Nate.

"I'm good with that. Why don't you do the honors?" said Dale, straddling his chest, and rising up on her knees, bringing her pussy less than a foot from his face.

Nate reached up and went about removing the gem and catching the magnet as it fell out of her folds. Reaching over to his jeans beside him, he affixed the gem to the denim near the fly.

"It comes off quicker then it goes on," remarked Nate.

"Now it must be titty time," said Dale, shifting back and leaning down to bring her nipples within range of his mouth.

Nate arched his back, taking a nipple deep into his mouth. As he drew more of her tit into his mouth, he tongued her nipple gently. He felt her piling up the pillows under his upper back, trying to make the position more comfortable for him.

As he had on other occasions, Nate thought back to the nipple jewelry emergency in Kelly's driveway. At that time, Dale had instructed him that to make the nipples pointy, he had to concern himself with the entire woman.

With that in mind, he slid his hands down her sides and started caressing her butt. As he switched to the other titty, his thoughts shifted to the time in their hotel room the night she’d been strapped on The Wheel. That night he had gotten her motor running by talking to her about all of the people that were seeing her naked. He tried to decide if he should employ that technique now. Maybe what had happened had been too extreme. Just possibly it would actually torment her to be forced to relive all of that. Or he could use it to channel her thoughts away from the negative aspects, the hazing aspects. Maybe he could get her motor revved up by focusing on just the nudity.

"Oh, my God, Dale," he said, coming up for air. "I can't believe everyone at Prospect High saw naked pussy this morning."

"Stop it!" she said, lightly slapping the back of his head.

After a few more licks, Nate continued, "and not just any pussy. It was your pussy . . . shaved Dale Jordan pussy. Everyone saw it. Jason, your ex, he saw it. Ward saw it. I think you have a crush on Ward. You say you don't like how much he swears, but I think you secretly like him."

"I do not!" objected Dale while Nate's mouth returned to a nipple.

"Well, this morning Jason and Ward both saw your pussy in the flesh. And not only that but they saw it ‘live’, on the big screen . . . larger-than-life!"

"Nate, stop that!" said Dale.

Nate had wondered if he should bring up other guys, but her tone of voice was encouraging. Her words said ‘no’ but her exhibitionist side was coming into play. She was breathing deeper, and her voice had a husky quality to it.

"Everyone, Dale, everyone. They saw everything, absolutely everything," he said.

He felt her reach down between their bodies grasping his condom shrouded dick. Holding it gently, she rubbed the head back and forth along her slit.

"A stark naked cheerleader, at the biggest pep rally of the year!" said Nate. "And not some other cheerleader. No, it was you, Dale. Wow! You were naked, naked, naked!"

"I know what you're doing, Nate," said Dale. "And we both know it's working. It does get me excited to think about what happened, what everyone saw."

“I can tell," said Nate.

"But let's have our memories of our first time be only about you and I. About OUR love. About that fateful dawn meeting right here, back in August," said Dale.

"I'm good with that, Lover," said Nate.

"I'm not mad at you," she said, rising up on her knees, continuing to rub the head of his dick all around her entrance.

"I know you're not," said Nate, deciding to take a little redirection in stride. “I do love you. More than words can convey. And this is indeed where we first hugged. Where I first held the lovely Dale Jordan. Long before she was my Slave Girl, she was my neighbor in trouble. And now…"

Nate stopped talking. He watched as Dale lower herself just enough for the head of his dick to disappear inside her opening.

"And now… we're going to make love, "said Dale, putting on a brave face and finishing his sentence.

Nate thought that she would continue lowering herself, but she didn't. Nate resisted the temptation to lift his hips off the bed, thrusting up into the glistening wet pussy hanging suspended in midair.

"Take your time, Dale," he encouraged her, his heart rate increasing.

"Thanks, Lover," she said, numerous emotions playing out across her face.

Nate held still, examining her face carefully. There was a lot there but pain or discomfort did not seem to be in the mix.

Noticing his concern, she added, “It’s alright. Remember, I’m with you.”

Nate sat up and hugged the lovely lady straddling his hips. His lips again found her nipples, reconnecting. Dale hugged his head in both her arms, pressing his face lovingly into her pillowy softness.

After switching from nipple to nipple a few times, Nate felt her hips begin moving. He had expected – hoped – that her knees would slide apart as she lowered herself down, fully enveloping his dick. Instead of that he felt her hips begin to twirl.

"Mind if I practice my hula hoop routine?" she asked.

"Not at all. Mind if I watch?" He asked, lying back down.

Dale didn't respond verbally, but lifting a hand to her mouth, she blew him a kiss. With his head raised on both pillows, his hands caressing her legs on each side of his hips, Nate stared mesmerized as Dale’s hips revolved, taking his dick along for the ride.

Seemingly unbothered by the cool air, Dale held her bent arms, elbows and hands, at shoulder level, while she powered her hips ‘round and ‘round, the head of his dick forming a ball joint just inside the opening of her vagina.

"Enjoying this?" She asked, smiling with her eyes.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 353: Fun in the Sun**

"Loving it," said Nate. "Part of me thinks I saw this in a dream. But I'm not sure. Maybe just a daydream. I've seen you hula hoop nude so many times. That's impossible to watch, and not imagine my dick up inside for the ride.

Dale slid a little lower, continuing the motion.

“Thinking about escaping to Vegas?" said Nate, asking the obvious question.

"I wasn't," said Dale, her hips continuing to circle. "But now that you mention it, maybe that is where I finish high school. Somewhere where I can be a nobody."

"I hate to tell you this, Lover, but there's not a high school in the country where you could be a nobody."

"Maybe I could go to school during the week, and be a showgirl on the weekends," she said.

"And the guys in your new high school would never connect the dots," said Nate, laughing while enjoying the tremendous sensations his pole was experiencing partially inside her dynamic vagina.

"Maybe if I wore a wig and a fat suit to school," said Dale.

"Good luck with that, Miss Pole Dancer," said Nate laughing.

He saw and felt Dale slide a little lower. He recognized a look of discomfort on her face.

"You don't have to go further," said Nate. "We can get there eventually."

"Nope, you know me, Nate," she said. "I see things through."

With that she allowed her legs to slide out completely, such that they no longer supported her. Gravity did the rest. Nate didn't need to look to know that his dick had disappeared completely as she had descended, collapsing down onto him. He could feel her body all the way down on him. Not that that was all he could feel.

Looking up into her eyes he did see obvious signs of discomfort.

"Oh, Dale, I love you so," said Nate. "But you look uncomfortable."

"It's fine, Lover," she said courageously. “I’m with you.” After a pause she added, "We did it!"

Nate just smiled at her. He looked down at her smooth mound pressed into his short pubic hair. He had expected his thoughts be all about how unbelievable that it was that he was screwing, deflowering the amazing cheerleader who just so happened to live next door. While that was in fact true, it wasn't the first thing on his mind.

Instead he saw a person, an individual that he loved. While she was indeed a very sexy girl, his thoughts were all about who she was on the inside, and how much he loved that human being.

As he felt her again start to move her hips a slight amount, she said, "Hey handsome, the titters are feeling a little neglected."

Nate sat up, enveloping her in his arms. His lips first kissed the hard center of her chest but quickly found their way to the softness of her nipple capped titties.

He had developed a technique that he thought didn't stress her piercings very much. Rather than puckering around her nipple, he would nibble on it from above and below with his lips. Occasionally taking a large portion of her tit in his mouth, he would lick up and over her nipple from below.

He noticed that Dale seemed to be starting to enjoy the experience. Her motions gradually became more fluid and the nervousness seem to have disappeared from her expression. With one hand between her shoulder blades and the other gripping a tit tightly so that the nipple was squished even further away from her chest, he leaned back slightly, looking into her face.

While smiling at him she bit her lower lip, increasing the force with which she was grinding her pussy against his pubic bone. Leaning forward she gave him a passionate tongue free kiss, sucking on his lower lip and nibbling on it with her lips.

"I love you," she said breathlessly, pushing him back onto their makeshift bed and grinding into him a little more earnestly.

"I so very much love you,” responded Nate, looking into her twinkling eyes as she placed her hands gently on his chest, leaning slightly forward.

Pressing with her hands, Dale found an angle and a motion that she liked. She felt so unbelievably full inside. It was like nothing she had experienced before, and she closed her eyes, tilting her head back a little. She arched her back slightly to allow herself to concentrate on the new sensations.

She rocked back and forth, slowly at first, but then at a tempo that seemed to increase as her heart rate rose. For a moment she was back on the Maverick, imagining the unveiling just ahead.

Nate was enjoying both the physical sensations of being worked over by Dale’s aggressive pussy, as well as the look on her face as she seemed to relax, her mouth opening in what appeared to be a silent moan. He liked how she was pressing down on his chest with the palms of both hands, using his rib cage for leverage. The pace of her pelvic motion increased and then increased yet again. The only thing at all holding her bucking body in place was the spike lodged firmly up inside her vagina.

She rode on like that for quite some time. The verbal banter had long since ceased, replaced by an occasional glance or a smile . . . all the communication that was necessary. At one point, Dale grabbed one of Nate’s hands. Lifting it to her mouth, she kissed it, sucking one of his knuckles into her mouth momentarily. Nate reciprocated. Taking a hand of hers from his chest, he kissed it multiple times. Ultimately Dale needed her hand back on his chest to push with.

Her pelvis felt tingly and on fire. It seemed to take on a life of its own, rubbing back and forth furiously against Nate. Just at the point where she felt as if she were on the verge of exploding, she felt Nate’s muscles stiffen, his body arching, seemingly rising up off the bed, lifting her up with it.

She felt slight sensations within her vagina that she guessed to be Nate’s dick pulsing as it emptied. Opening her eyes she looked down and saw a grimace of pleasure on his face as he shot his load . . . for the first time . . . while coupled.

He looked up at her dreamily, his facial muscles relaxing. Irresistibly she smiled back at him. Breaking into contented laughter, she collapsed down onto him, falling into his open arms. They both experienced a few minutes of happy euphoria, basking in the joy of their union.

“For a moment there,” said Nate after catching his breath. "… I almost had myself convinced that this wasn't about sex with my glorious neighbor. During that indescribable moment, I was feeling so much in love that I imagined that it was really all about who you are on the inside . . . you as a human being."

"Oh, that’s sweet," said Dale, stroking his sparse chest hair lovingly.

"But then I came to my senses," said Nate. "I realized how dumb that was and how corny it would sound if I said it aloud. This was totally about having sex with a hot cheerleader, all about enjoying the look and feel of her sexy body while we were screwing."

"Nate…" said Dale, giving him a little punch. “For a moment there, you almost had me believing that you truly loved me."

"I do. I love how sexy you look naked," he said laughing but squeezing her tightly, his condom wrapped dick continuing to soften inside of her.

"I hope you love me for more than just my looks," said Dale.

"Oh, my God, I do," admitted Nate. "I love you for much more than your looks. I love how your nipples feel in my mouth. I love how your pussy feels on the inside."

"Why do you always do this?" asked Dale.

"Always do what?" asked Nate. "This was a first."

"Right when you should have been capitalizing on some endearing thoughts, you went and shot yourself in the foot," she said. "Just be quiet and hold me, please."

"I'd love to," said Nate, caressing her back as she continued resting against his chest. They relaxed, holding each other in silence for a few minutes.

"I guess we’re official now," said Dale.

"I guess we are,” said Nate agreeably, but then asking, "official what?"

"Officially . . . each other's," said Dale.

"We were already that," said Nate.

"Well, even more so," said Dale.

"Yes, even more so," said Nate, nodding his head so that she could feel it.

“Are we going to be a lifelong monogamous couple?” asked Dale, seeking a little reassurance.

“Absolutely,” said Nate. “Not a doubt in my mind. Neither of us needs a different lover.”

“But if one of us dies?” asked Dale.

“It won’t happen,” said Nate. “Plan A, we live to one-hundred and die in each other’s arms.”

“Plan B?” asked Dale.

“We live to ninety-nine and die in each other’s arms,” said Nate. “No Plan C.”

“I DO love you,” said Dale laughing. They enjoyed another minute of tender togetherness.

“That can’t be comfortable,” said Nate, realizing that Dale’s legs were all folded up underneath her like a frog’s. “I would be so uncomfortable if I were you.”

“It’s not bad,” said Dale, finally rising up off his soft dick and stretching out her legs next to his. She glanced down at his dick, still shrouded in the condom. “That doesn’t look so comfortable,” she continued.

“It’s not bad,” said Nate, reaching down and slipping the condom off. He noticed a tiny amount of blood on it.

“I’ll bet you wish is wasn’t necessary,” said Dale.

“It was fine,” said Nate. “I wouldn’t change anything about our experience here today. That was love making at its finest, not that I’m an expert. But I think that you really did beat Alexa.”

“WE beat her, Love. She has no power over us. WE took back the day!” she announced triumphantly.

“You are so amazing,” said Nate. “Always the optimist, and today rising from the ashes. Nothing seems to get you down.”

“Well . . . nothing keeps me down for long,” said Dale. “Life is better when you make your own luck. When you pick yourself up and climb back up into the saddle.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 354: A Surprise at Home**

“I knew we’d cycle back to a Maverick analogy before too long,” said Nate. “A certain Brocho-Busting gal had two horsey rides today. As I picture it, the first one, the one at the pep rally, was a little more orgasmically exciting that the rooftop one.”

“Oh, Nate, don’t! Don’t let’s start comparing and contrasting the two experiences. You, of course, win hands down. I love you. Being with you . . . always wins out . . . even if . . .”

“Even if you had orgasms with the Maverick, but not with me?” asked Nate.

“Stop it,” said Dale. “You at least earned a second go. No more second chances for Mr. Maverick.”

“Just a second go?” asked Nate.

“Don’t push your luck, Buster,” said Dale teasingly.

“Okay,” said Nate. “But was it okay? I mean, you did look a little uncomfortable at first.”

“I liked it,” said Dale. “We had some hymen remnants to overcome, but now that’s history. I’m sure I’ll want to do it again . . . probably again and again. You? One and done?”

“One and done?” asked Nate laughing out loud. “You’ve got to be joking.”

“Well, we’d still be monogamous, even if we never made love again,” said Dale with a smile.

"Oh, we'll make love again," said Nate confidently. "Thousands of times."

"I know… thousands of times," echoed Dale, giving Nate a sweet little kiss on the nose.

After snuggling under the blankets for a couple of minutes, Dale said, "I wish we didn't have to go back. I wish we could hide up here on the roof forever."

"It is nice hiding from everything, but I don't want your mom worrying any longer, "said Nate.

"I'm glad you had Mary call her," said Dale. "She never seems too concerned about me when I'm with you, but I don't know what the police told her. That probably got her worrying. I expect she's now heard all about Alexa’s photos . . . the bungee jumping . . . the late night streaking."

"Maybe even seen them," added Nate.

"Well, I guess we need to go face the music," said Dale letting out a sigh. "Nate, will you do me a favor."

"Anything, Lover," said Nate.

"I don't want to be alone," said Dale. "I'm sure there will be a lot of questions. Can we face things together?"

"If you want me with you, I won't leave your side," said Nate.

"I want you with me," said Dale, an expression of trepidation on her face.

"I'm sure you’ll want to talk with your mom, or both your parents, alone," said Nate.

"I don't," said Dale shaking her head. "I want you with me."

"Then I stay by your side," said Nate.

"Thank you," said Dale, a great deal of sincerity in her voice.

A little bit later, they rolled up the bedding and Nate threw it off the roof; it was all going to have to get washed anyway. They both climbed down and carried everything to Nate's car.

"Time to dress, Slave Girl," said Nate, handing Dale the clothes Mary had loaned him. "None of that," he added when he saw her putting on her pouty face, her lower lip protruding.

The pant legs were indeed too long, so she rolled them up a little. With the belt the fit was actually cute. After all, Mary did know her sizes. While Dale dressed, Nate turned his phone back on and began glancing through the many messages. One subject heading caught his eye. It read, "Alexa’s Pussy." It was from Cody.

He opened it and saw that it included a number of photos. "Hey Dale," he said to get her attention. "Alexa’s a copycat. She shaves her pussy, too."

"Say what?" said Dale, sliding over next to him on the car seat to try and see what he was looking at.

"See, she shaves her pussy just like you do," said Nate laughing and turning his phone so she could see the image better.

There on the screen was indeed a close-up of a shaved pussy, not Dale's, but a teen pussy nonetheless.

"This is Alexa?" asked Dale.

"That's what it says," said Nate.

"Don't be looking at other girls’ pussies," said Dale, trying to pull his phone away from him. "But why would someone send you a picture of Alexa's pussy?"

"It's from Cody," said Nate, opening the second image.

The next photo was a wider angle shot. It clearly showed that the girl was Alexa. She was on her back on the wooden gym floor, her short drill team dress bunched up around her waist. She was bottomless, and her legs were apart. The most curious thing about the image was that someone looked to be standing on her hair.

The third image was taken from even farther back, such that the person standing on Alexa’s hair was shown in her entirety. It was Carly! In one hand, she held what looked to be Alexa’s spankies and panties. Her other hand was similarly raised overhead in a clear celebration of victory. She was obviously hamming it up for the camera. All of Alexa's limbs were being pulled out to her sides by individuals only partially visible in the photograph.

"Oh, no!" said Dale, covering her mouth. "Carly . . . Don't!" she added as if Carly might somehow be able to hear her.

"Don't be unhappy with Carly," said Nate. "Alexa had it coming. That and much more."

"I just hope that Carly doesn't think she's doing this for me," said Dale shaking her head. "Maybe I should be mad at you, Nate."

"Seriously?" said Nate laughing. "Now I'm the bad guy?"

"I didn't say that, but you did encourage her," said Dale. Turning back to his phone, she asked, "Are there others?"

"Just the three in that message," said Nate, glancing quickly at the other texts and his missed calls. After a pause he continued, "Let’s get you home. I don't expect the rest of the day will be very pleasant, but we may as well get on with it, before everyone starts to think that we skipped town."

A few minutes later, Nate drove slowly down their street. Seeing that there was still a police car parked in front of the Jordan house, he pulled over so that they could discuss their options. Between the two of them, they noted several other vehicles that they could not place.

"It looks like my house must be Grand Central Station," commented Dale. "The last thing I want to do is give a press conference."

"I wouldn't want to walk in there either . . . if I were you," said Nate.

"It looks like there's no one home at your house," said Dale.

"Should we go there?" asked Nate.

"I'd much rather go there. And then maybe I could call my mom," suggested Dale. "And she could slip over . . . so that we can talk with her privately."

"I like that idea," said Nate, putting the car in gear.

He turned around and then cut over to a parallel street. Once past both of their houses, they parked and made their way carefully to Nate's. Hiding between parked cars, to minimize the chance of being seen, they managed to reach Nate’s house and slip inside the front door.

Just as Nate was closing the door behind him, someone pushed forcefully through the door, barging into the living room. Caught completely off guard, Nate turned to see a woman with long black hair, closing the door behind the three of them.

"Miss Whitaker?" he shouted out in surprise, instinctively stepping in front of Dale to protect her from the intruder.

"I'm so sorry," she said, brushing her hair back out of her face, her voice sounding hoarse.

Nate backed up a few steps until he was against Dale, his arms extended back, indicating that he wanted her to stay right straight behind him, between his arms. Dale was caught just as much off guard as Nate had been. With her hands on his back for comfort, Dale peeked around at the intruder.

It was indeed Miss Whitaker, but she looked a fright. Her hair was disheveled, her face was red as if she had been crying, and there were twigs and pine needles in her hair and on her clothes indicating that she had likely been hiding in the bushes.

Seemingly gathering her wits, she announced, "The police are looking for me, and I intend to turn myself in, but first I was hoping to speak to Dale."

"To me?" said Dale meekly from behind Nate's back, her forehead resting between his shoulder blades.