**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

by BPClavel

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 388: Bringing Nate up to Speed**

While Nate was on his way over, Dale’s mother said, “Finally, I’m going to be able to be completely honest with Nate. I’m sure that he can tell that I like him, but I’ve never been able to level with him.”  
  
“Why do you like him?” asked Dale also realizing that she had considered that very topic on occasion.  
  
Just then there was a knock on the door. Dale opened it and let Nate in.  
  
“I guess we’ll have to continue this conversation with Nate here,” said her mother.  
  
“What conversation?” asked Nate.  
  
“First things first,” said Dale’s mother. “Why don’t you tell Nate all about your famous ancestor, dear?”  
  
“Ready to hear about our skeletons, Nate?” said Dale taking him by the hand and leading him over to the couch where they sat down side-by-side. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan watched as Dale discussed the pictures and the book with Nate in basically the same order as they had been shown to her. Mr. Jordan had his arm around his wife as they stood and watched, observing Nate’s reactions with a great deal of interest.  
  
As Nate was about to set down the Dale Parsons biography, Mrs. Jordan remembered something that she had forgotten to mention earlier.  
  
“Dale, look just inside the cover,” said her mother. “There is an inscription.” Taking the book from Nate, Dale did as instructed. “Read it aloud, if you don’t mind. That copy has been wrapped for nearly your entire life. I don’t recall what my grandmother wrote,” she added.  
  
“To Dale Jordan, Happy First Birthday!  
Vote and make me proud!  
Love, your Great-Grandmother, Dale Parsons,” read Dale aloud.  
  
“Isn’t this all just too much?” said Dale, lovingly running her fingertips across her great-grandmother’s signature. “I opened a present from my first birthday.”  
  
“We kept it safe for you, dear. You weren’t able to read it then,” said her mother.  
  
“But I’ve been able to read for a long time now,” said Dale, looking up at her mother.  
  
“That’s true,” said her mother. “We weren’t just waiting until you could read.”  
  
“I’d love to read this book,” said Nate, taking it and studying the table of contents.  
  
“You’re going to have to wait your turn, Buster,” said Dale. “Oops! I guess I can’t call you that anymore. Dang it! What am I going to call you . . . when you get on my nerves?”  
  
“Why can’t you call him Buster?” asked her father.  
  
“I’ve been calling him Buster, after Buster Crabbe . . . you know, Flash Gordon,” said Dale.  
  
“Isn’t life complicated,” said her father, with a belly laugh.  
  
“By the way, Nate, we have other copies of the book. You don’t have to wait for Dale to finish. But just so you know, my grandmother said that there were a number of inaccuracies in the biography. She typed up an errata sheet. There’s an old xerox copy of it in the back of the photo album,” said her mother.  
  
“Cool,” said Dale.  
  
“What I don’t understand,” said Nate. “Is why you kept this from Dale all these years. I mean, Dale Parsons . . . what a neat ancestor to be named for. I’m so jealous.”  
  
“Do you want to tell him, Dale, or should I?” asked her mother.  
  
“Go ahead, mom. You’re the one who promised and conspired to deceive her own daughter,” said Dale.  
  
“Ouch,” said Mrs. Jordan.  
  
“Just saying,” said Dale with raised eyebrows.  
  
Mrs. Jordan walked Nate through how she and her husband had named their daughter ‘Dale’ against the wishes of her mother, and then had subsequently promised to not tell her about the woman for whom she had been named. After she had done that, Dale showed him the obituary in the album.  
  
“Wait, does this mean what I think it means? Your great-grandmother was an exhibitionist?” asked Nate, astonishment conspicuous on his face.  
  
“Not only that, but…” said Dale, looking up at her mother. “Can I tell him, mom?”  
  
“You may,” said Mrs. Jordan. “I trust him. It’s a secret that has to be kept, but I do trust him.”  
  
“I guess I come by the streaking gene honestly, Nate. I understand that I got it from . . . wait for it . . .” said Dale watching Nate’s expression keenly. “. . . my mother!”  
  
“What?” asked Nate, looking puzzled.  
  
“You heard me,” said Dale. “Like mother, like daughter, right, dad?”  
  
“Yep, like mother, like daughter,” he said with a laugh. “It certainly has been an interesting life. I think you and I have a lot in common, Nate. Sneaking around, often at night, with a beautiful naked lady at our side. Sound familiar?”  
  
“What?” asked Nate again, looking dumbstruck.  
  
“It’s a lot to wrap your mind around, isn’t it, Nate?” said Dale, hugging him on the couch. “Just let it sink in.”  
  
“Your mom . . . she goes naked, too?” asked Nate.  
  
“Oh, the stories I could tell!” said her mother.  
  
"Mom, dad, Nate and I talked about going out to breakfast. Maybe the four of us should do that. I'm getting hungry. At breakfast we could continue talking. I need to hear some of those stories. And afterwards we can go to the cemetery," suggested Dale.  
  
"I'm game," said Mr. Jordan, his wife nodding her agreement.  
  
"Cemetery?" asked Nate.  
  
"I guess great-grandma Dale is buried here," said Dale.  
  
"Yep, the Prospect Municipal Cemetery," said Mrs. Jordan.  
  
Dale took the ‘Votes for Women’ book in her hand, and Nate brought the newspaper tucked under his arm, and they all walked out and climbed into the Jordan family car, Nate and Dale in the back.  
  
Dale couldn't resist, so she started flipping through the book. They hadn't gone far when she said, "Mom, Dale Parsons went to Prospect High."  
  
"She did," said her mother nodding. “That’s true.”  
  
"So, why is there a plaque in her honor in the capital, but not one at Prospect High?" asked Dale.  
  
"Well, there should be," said Mrs. Jordan. "Maybe you can do something about that. It might be possible now. In the past, Dale Parsons was considered too controversial."  
  
"Too controversial?" asked Dale.  
  
"You have to understand people, dear. In the same way that she was an embarrassment to the family, her history of indecent exposure wreaked havoc on her legacy."  
  
"Hmm…" said Dale frowning, but returning her eyes to the book.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 389: Going to Breakfast**

They decided to go to Nate and Dale’s favorite Mexican restaurant. They served a great breakfast with both Mexican and non-Latino dishes on the menu. Dale had discovered that she really liked their Chilaquiles. Few seemed to know that they were even open for breakfast, meaning that it was never busy in the morning. That, plus the fact that it had large private booths, made it seem as if it would be an ideal place to continue their discussion.  
  
After they had been seated, Nate decided that it was time to let everyone get a look at the Saturday morning newspaper he had been carrying around folded up under his arm.  
  
“So, Dale, Miss Whitaker beat you out for top billing in this morning’s paper,” he said, unfolding the paper and spreading it on the table so that the top half of the front page was visible.  
  
“The headline read, “Alleged Teacher-Student Sexual Affair at Prospect High.” Just below that the subhead read, “Police investigation of Thursday’s hazing incident uncovers lesbian teacher-student relationship.”  
  
“Yep, that woman is in big trouble,” said Mrs. Jordan.  
  
The article included a photo of Miss Whitaker. It was quite a bit smaller than the photo of the scene in the gym had been the day before; however, it served its purpose. Miss Whitaker had been photographed from the side, handcuffed and wearing a baggy orange jumpsuit. She looked as if she had not showered or had any access to makeup, and her long dark hair was down and had a disheveled look about it.  
  
“Wow, they don’t waste any time,” said Dale. “This photo must have been taken yesterday . . . after just one night in jail, but they already have her looking like a criminal.”  
  
“I guess she is a criminal,” said Nate.  
  
“But I can’t help thinking that Alexa must have been using her,” said Dale.  
  
“Even so, Miss Whitaker is a teacher. She is supposed to know better,” said Mrs. Jordan.  
  
“I know, I know,” said Dale.  
  
“Here’s the kicker, Dale,” said Nate, unfolding the bottom half of the paper. “Even though Miss Whitaker beat you out for top billing, she didn’t knock you off the front page entirely.”  
  
The lower half of the front page included an article with a headline that read, “Why did Lady Godiva cut her hair?”  
  
Below the headline was a photograph of Dale’s head, taken from the back. Nate had studied it earlier, as he had first looked at the paper before going over to Dale’s house. He had decided that it must have been taken in the school parking lot while they had been going to meet up with Michelle. He had been with her, but the photo was cropped close to show just Dale’s haircut. It was from a slight angle, so that an ear showed. Other than just a hint of her cheek, her face did not show.  
  
“They have no shame . . . but now I get it. Last night on the lawn, they were asking questions about your haircut, Dale,” said Mr. Jordan. “They were obviously fishing for data for this article.”  
  
“It’s probably what a lot of the students they interviewed yesterday were talking about,” said Mrs. Jordan.  
  
“But it makes me mad,” said Nate. “I was thinking yesterday that Dale’s haircut changed her appearance enough to begin to afford her a measure of privacy. But now with this photo, she won’t be able to walk down the street without being recognized as ‘Lady Godiva.’  
  
“It’s disgusting,” said her mother, shaking her head.  
  
Dale had been skimming the article to get a sense of what it said. “This article is complete B.S.,” she said. “It has nothing to do with me. They apparently just used a photo of my hair to sucker people into reading a mostly unrelated article.”  
  
“They probably were not able to get any reliable information about why you cut your hair,” observed Nate.  
  
“What is the article about, dear?” asked Mrs. Jordan.  
  
“Well, it starts off by saying how common it is for rape victims to cut their hair short, some even shaving their heads entirely. It does say that no one alleges that ‘Lady Godiva’ was raped, but then they draw a number of parallels . . . launching into a full-blown discussion of recovery from rape. It says there are three phases of adjustment following a sexual attack. First, shock. Second, denial. And third, integration. Not that I was raped, but based on this, I’d say that I must fall into the second category.”  
  
“Denial? Why do you say that, dear?” asked her mother sympathetically.  
  
“Well, it says that in phase two a victim will attempt to return to their daily life, acting as if very little has changed, doing their best to go on with their life prematurely,” said Dale.  
  
“Maybe it would be good for you to read that article, honey,” said her mother. “It looks as if it is quite long, continuing on page A7.”  
  
“Maybe I’ll do that,” said Dale.  
  
Nate looked over at Dale as a deeper level of awareness washed over him. They had been rushing things. Dale had wanted to get right back in the saddle, so he had supported her choice. It probably had not been the ideal way to proceed. The impending championship game had forced her to not take any time for herself. She had wanted to be right back at school in support of the team. Other factors like the virginity lottery, Michelle, and her haircut were probably other indications that Dale was hurting, grasping desperately to find a little equilibrium.  
  
“So, mom, I’ve got to ask,” said Dale. “Tess? If I’m not named for Dale Arden, is she not really named for Dick Tracy’s girlfriend?”  
  
“She’s actually named for one of your father’s relatives,” admitted her mother.  
  
“Are there skeleton’s in the closet on his side of the family, too?” asked Dale.  
  
“Don’t you mean, are there exhibitionists in the closet on his side of the family?” interjected Nate with a smile.  
  
“Any exhibitionists on your side of the family, honey?” asked Mrs. Jordan with a smile.  
  
“Not that I’ve heard,” he replied.  
  
“But, no,” said her mother. “It’s not that. Your father and I might have gone overboard. We thought that you two might be suspicious if one of you were named for a relative and the other for a fictional character. We thought that the fanciful story might be more believable if there were two fanciful stories . . . if we were consistent. As you well know, ‘Dale’ is an uncommon name for a woman, less so for Dale Parsons’ generation, but still uncommon. In other words, it was not very easy to come up with a believable cover story. There have been other female Dales in history, but we couldn’t come up with plausible reasons why we would name you for any of them.”  
  
“So you went with Flash Gordon!” said Dale laughing, and they all joined in.  
  
“Yes, we thought it was a fun story. And yet it seemed like the kind of story that only a kid might believe. We thought that one day you’d wake up and be having suspicious thoughts,” said her mother. “Instead of Flash Gordon, I thought of telling you that it was just a name that I liked the sound of. But then you’d ask where I had heard of it for a girl, and I would have been right back a square one.”  
  
“I guess I’m just a kid at heart. I never outgrew the fairytale,” said Dale. “But mom, can we keep this from Tess?”  
  
“Keep what from Tess?” asked her mother.  
  
“She hates that she was named for Tess Trueheart. Can we please just let her continue to believe that she is named for her?” requested Dale.  
  
“I don’t know, what do you think, Todd,” said Mrs. Jordan.  
  
“You do have a Dale Parsons biography, wrapped and inscribed, for her as well,” he replied.  
  
“That’s true,” said Mrs. Jordan. “I do want her to know all about my grandmother Dale. She’s every bit her great-grandmother as well.”  
  
“Well, tell her all about that then,” said Dale. “Maybe she won’t put two-and-two together.”  
  
“I guess I’ll leave that up to your father,” said her mother.  
  
After their breakfasts had arrived, Mrs. Jordan again brought up that fateful weekend in early August. "So, Dale, all fall I have been wondering about a few things. We tried to keep an eye on you, but we were always so careful. As I mentioned to you before Nate came over, your father wanted to stop you from going out nude. I shared his concerns, but I was sure it would backfire. I knew it would only force you to be more creative, to take bigger risks. You see I know how this is. You wouldn't stop going out, you'd only have been forced to find a way to keep us from knowing about it. So we let you go, always being very careful to never let you figure out that we were on to you."  
  
"Can you believe this, Nate? Can you believe they knew?" she asked.  
  
"I can believe it," he said. "I lived next door, and I figured it out."  
  
"How did you figure it out, Nate?" asked Mrs. Jordan.  
  
"A few years back, I was outside during a meteor shower . . . the Perseids most likely. As the earth rotates into its orbit, the number of shooting stars picks way up after midnight, so it was very late. I was sitting in my backyard in the dark. That was the night I saw Dale nude the first time. She came out your back door and headed up the trail to the golf course. It seemed like a life-changing moment. In retrospect, I didn't know just how life-changing it would be,” he said.  
  
“He wrote a poem that includes mention of that meteor shower . . . how he saw me for the first time that night,” said Dale. “It’s a pretty good poem. Do you remember it well enough to recite a little, Nate?”  
  
“I’m afraid not,” said Nate, taking the easy way out.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 390: Comparing Notes**

“Okay, maybe another time. So, mom, Nate knew, and he said nothing to anyone for over two years," she said proudly.  
  
"I loved my little secret. That one small secret made me feel like the most privileged boy in the state. No way in hell was I sharing that secret!" said Nate.  
  
"And he'd discreetly watch me . . . from his father's study," said Dale.  
  
"Did you live in his study, Nate? Or did you have a way of knowing when she was going out?" asked her father.  
  
Turning to Dale, Nate said quietly, "I can't believe we’re talking about this with your parents. They are going to think I'm such a pervert."  
  
"No we aren't, Nate," said Mrs. Jordan. "What teen boy wouldn't try to get a look at a naked teen girl? That falls into the category of normal behavior."  
  
"Well then, if you don’t think I’m a pervert, then you'll probably be mad at me for spying on your naked daughter," he said.  
  
"Nate, do I look mad?" asked her mother.  
  
"Let me guess, Nate," said her father. "You had a way of noticing when Dale would turn off the back porch light."  
  
It was both Nate and Dale's turn to be surprised.  
  
"How did you know?" asked Nate in shock.  
  
"It's the same method we’ve relied upon," said her father. Nate was surprised to see Dale's mother nodding knowingly. Dale’s father continued, "Years ago I ran a little wire from that switch up into the attic and over to our bedroom. Dale, you know the little nightlight by our bedroom door. Well, it is controlled by the porch light switch. If the back porch light is on, it's on. So, at night it’s mostly on . . . except while you are out nude."  
  
"Yeah, we never tried to observe your comings and goings. But sometimes I'd wake up and notice the light off. I'd be awake worrying until it came back on. Early on I even got up a few times and went down the hall to your room. I would lie there in your still warm bed . . . worrying . . . even crying at times," said her mother.  
  
“I’d have to go and get her. I’d carry her back to our bed,” said her father. “Given that we weren’t ready to tell you, we couldn’t have you finding your mother in your bed.”  
  
“That sure would have been a surprise!” said Dale trying to picture how she might have reacted.  
  
“A number of times I made the decision to talk to you, but before an opportunity had come around, I would always change my mind,” said her mother. “I went through this myself, and for me it was an important process of self-discovery. I learned so much about myself and who I wanted to be from coming to terms with my own need to distance myself from my clothing. Certainly not just about nudity. Dealing with this as a young girl was almost religious in a way . . . for me, anyway. While nude I would think a lot about the purpose of life. Stripped bare of all the trappings of modern society . . . one tends to consider what is truly important in life. Has it been like that for you?”  
  
“Alone on the golf course at night,” said Dale thoughtfully. “. . . I would think about everything. I certainly know what you mean. Less so once Nate entered the picture. With Nate it became more fun and more social. But early on, many of my excursions were very contemplative.”  
  
“That’s how it was for me,” said her mother. “I didn’t want to derail that process, and then after Nate was with you, the impetus to talk to you about it seemed to disappear.”  
  
“I guess I’m glad you let me think you didn’t know,” said Dale. “Everything would probably be very different now had I not imagined that no one knew about my nocturnal missions.”  
  
“Nocturnal missions?” asked her mom.  
  
“You know,” said Dale smiling. “Teen boys have their nocturnal emissions. I had my nocturnal missions.”  
  
“That’s funny!” said her dad laughing.  
  
“Just one of the many things that I thought up while sneaking around in the dark,” said Dale.  
  
“Which brings us to a certain Saturday morning in early August. I woke up. It was already light out, but the nightlight was off. I had Todd get up and check it. The bulb had burned out on occasion. But he quickly determined that the switch was off and your bed was empty. You were still out, and we knew that you would be wearing shoes, nothing more. We essentially panicked."  
  
"I had no idea you guys knew," said Dale. “This is life-changing. You guys are sneaky."  
  
"Well, now that we’re talking about this, we'd like to know what happened. We were about to head out to search for you when suddenly the phone rang," said her mother. "I was so glad to hear your voice that I didn't care at all that everything you said was a lie. You said you were going to spend the weekend with the gymnastics team. That wouldn’t even happen during gymnastics season. You spent lots of weekends with friends, Carly or years earlier Michelle, but just those two. Sleepovers with the gymnastics team . . . hardly!"  
  
"You knew I was lying? And you didn't say anything?" asked Dale.  
  
"We didn't want you to know that we knew," she said. "I liked that you did all your streaking right under our noses."  
  
Nate laughed, "It seems as if you guys were all engaged in deceiving each other."  
  
"I think that's a fair statement, Nate," said Dale's mother.  
  
"I can't really imagine a closer mother-daughter relationship," said Nate. "But such high levels of deception! That defies logic. One would think that a relationship such as yours could not be close if both parties were actively deceiving each other.”  
  
"I was lying to my parents for their own good," said Dale.  
  
"And for selfish reasons," said Nate laughing.  
  
“Nate…” said Dale, elbowing him in the ribs.  
  
"And we were lying to you for your own good," said her mother.  
  
"What a perfect relationship!" said Nate again laughing.  
  
"Well, now that we’re all out of the closet, we can have an even closer relationship," said her mother. "After all, we are peers. Dale, you have always been my only exhibitionist peer, and yet we haven't been able to talk about all that we have in common. Now we’ll be able to talk about things."  
  
"I've never had a nudity peer," said Dale.  
  
"Well, now you do," said her mother. "We should share stories."  
  
"Share stories?" said Dale apprehensively.  
  
"Sure," said her mom. "You tell me one of your stories, then I tell you one of my stories."  
  
"Umm . . . okay,” said Dale hesitantly.  
  
"The story I want to hear first is that weekend in August. You left nude sometime after midnight. You didn't come home, but the next morning you called to say you were fine. I didn't see you until you got up on Monday morning. From your face, I could tell you’d gotten a lot of sun . . . everywhere I assumed. At the time we had no idea who you'd been with, or where you’d been. I still have no idea where you were."  
  
"I was with Nate, mom. We had a special weekend together. He was such a gentleman, and I started falling for him right away. However, I don't know if I can tell you about that weekend," said Dale.  
  
"Leave out whatever you like," said her mother. "Leave out the sex; however, I know there was no sex. Nate was the neighbor boy. You were dating Jason."  
  
"Yep, there was no sex," admitted Dale. "But Nate did score a goodbye kiss."  
  
"Nice!" said her mother. "So, what happened?"  
  
"I don't know, mom," said Dale, looking quite reluctant. She was going over the story in her mind, trying to decide if she could share it. "I never thought I might tell this story to my parents. It's quite a story. By the way, what do you have to trade?”  
  
"I've got stories," said her mother.  
  
"Well, what have you got? It has to be better than, I went to a nude beach, or we walked around the golf course naked at night," said Dale.  
  
"Okay, what do you have in mind?" asked her mother.  
  
"Hmm…" said Dale thoughtfully. “I want to hear about you getting caught naked . . . getting caught by the police."  
  
"Would getting caught by two department store security guards work for you?" asked her mother.  
  
"Naked?" asked Dale.  
  
"Stark naked," said her mom.  
  
"Wait a minute, Beth," said her husband. "I think you might want to reconsider."  
  
"I don't have to tell them how it ends," she replied.  
  
"Yes you do, mom, or we don't have a deal, right Nate?" said Dale.  
  
"Exactly right!" said Nate. "Dale's rescue and our first weekend together for the getting caught by store security story."  
  
"The whole story . . . ending included, right mom?" said Dale.  
  
"Deal!" said her mom.  
  
"Beth, are you sure?" said Mr. Jordan.  
  
"It'll be embarrassing, but when have I ever gotten to tell that story?” she asked.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 391: Dale’s Story**

"But she's your daughter, and Nate's her boyfriend," said Mr. Jordan.  
  
"They'll understand. I was young," said her mom.  
  
"Not as young as she is," said Mr. Jordan.  
  
"Honey, I already agreed. I said ’deal,’ so we have a deal," said her mom.  
  
"Okay, suit yourself,” said Mr. Jordan rolling his eyes.  
  
Nate laughed, seeing personality similarities. "Like mother, like daughter," he said.  
  
Dale launched into their rescue story. Getting trapped on the clubhouse roof. Nate rescuing her on his motorcycle. Watching the sunrise together. Using Nate's phone to call. Camping on the mountain. Visiting the fire lookout.  
  
Nate listened, occasionally adding a minor detail or two as the tale unfolded. He wasn't that surprised when Dale left out the two nude, ‘can you guess her sport?’ gymnastics displays, as well as the private little gymnastics show at their camp fire. Shaved pussy standing splits for strangers were a bit much to tell the parents, no matter how you sliced it.  
  
However, when he realized that she was planning to leave out the Jeep ride, he decided to draw the line. "Don't forget the Jeep ride," he reminded her.  
  
"Oh, right. The Jeep ride," she said sounding agreeable, but he knew she wasn't too happy about having to include that part of the story.  
  
"The Jeep ride is important. That established your distance from your clothes record," said Nate.  
  
“Putting distance between yourself and your clothes is the kicker! That always takes it up a notch for me,” said her mother.  
  
As Dale described how both she and Nate had parted late Sunday night, completing her story, Dale’s mother said simply, “Wow.”  
  
“Quite a weekend, huh?” replied Dale.  
  
“I'll say," said her mother. "You managed to stay nude the entire time!"  
  
"I had little choice," said Dale. "I guess I could have tried to wrestle the tank top off of Nate."  
  
"But that wouldn't have worked," said Nate. "You told me first thing that you wanted no access to clothing. You, my dear, had no access to clothing!"  
  
"Don't you just love him, mom?" asked Dale.  
  
"He's my kind of guy, that's for sure," said Mrs. Jordan.  
  
"When he came over this morning, you had just started to tell me what it is about Nate that you like," said Dale.  
  
"Well, I've always been somewhat upfront about that," said her mother. "This fall I've noticed how much happier you have been, and I've noticed a direct correlation between your happiness and how much time you spend with Nate. And, once your father and I figured out that he was accompanying you on your nude adventures, I found that I too was happier."  
  
"Why's that, mom?" asked Dale.  
  
"Well, on the one hand, I could sleep," she said. "I’ve always worried so much about you wandering around nude . . . all alone.”  
  
"I don't really do that anymore," said Dale.  
  
"I'm sure it's more fun with a buddy," said her mom.  
  
"Definitely!" said Dale, giving Nate a coy smile.  
  
"And Nate gives off good vibes. I knew you were still doing risky things, but I knew that Nate would manage to keep you safe. I knew that you might still run afoul of the indecency laws, but I no longer worried about you being kidnapped, raped or murdered."  
  
“You worried about those things?” asked Dale.  
  
“Of course I did . . . I mean, we did. A pretty teen girl, nude, roaming around in the middle of the night. What could go wrong, right?" asked Mrs. Jordan.  
  
"I'm sorry, mom," said Dale.  
  
"For example, that morning in August when you didn't come home, we were going to look for you, maybe for an hour or so up on the golf course. But then if we hadn't found you, we were going straight to the police," said her mother.  
  
"You would've gone to the police?" asked Dale.  
  
"Of course," said her mother. "Just because I was willing to let you have your fun, doesn’t mean I’m not going to involve the police at the first hint of real danger.”  
  
"I'm sorry, mom," said Dale a second time.  
  
"I'm not looking for an apology. I'm merely letting you know that being your mother has certainly had its challenges. But back to Nate . . . the guy’s a keeper! He obviously cares about you, and he's driven by wholesome motives. You guys have fun together, and like you explained to me early on; he's good for you. I see it. I know it's true. Frankly, you’re good for each other. You bring out the best in each other," said her mom.  
  
“I’m glad that you can tell that Nate is good for me, mom,” said Dale. “He is, and I need him.”  
  
“I know you do,” said Mrs. Jordan. “That’s why I wanted you guys to have complete freedom to spend the night at each other’s houses. If you were going to be nude, I wanted it to be with Nate. I needed Nate at your side, keeping you safe. That’s why I went to the effort to talk Nate’s mom into completely open sleeping arrangements, admittedly quite early in your courtship. Making Nate comfortable and keeping him at your side was important to me.”  
  
“And then we broke up,” commented Dale.  
  
“All’s well that ends well, I supposed,” said her mother.  
  
"But now we’re in a little trouble, "said Dale. “Everybody knows about me. I don't know how that will pan out. I'm not going to be allowed to cheer. McRoberts is suspending me. My world has been turned upside down."  
  
"Well, look on the bright side," said her mother. "You've still got each other. I've had your father. We too have had some fun, but we've also had our close calls . . . like what happened at a department store in California shortly after we were married. Ready for my story? That was the deal, right?"  
  
"I can't wait to hear your story, mom. For once I get to experience what can go wrong without having to be the one with her tits out . . . oops . . . sorry, dad," said Dale, looking down sheepishly.  
  
"Quite all right, honey," said her dad. "I know how it goes, believe me."  
  
"Well, like I said we were newlyweds," said her mom, shifting into storytelling mode. “You and Tess were still a ways off. Money was tight, so we gassed up the Ford and drove to California, camping as we went in that old white pup tent. The one that we’d set up in the backyard for you to play in when you were young. Well, your dad thought my bikini wasn't racy enough. I didn't argue. No swimsuit is racy enough for me.”  
  
"I hear you, mom," said Dale.  
  
"Well, down in southern California we found a mall with a big department store. I tried on bikini after bikini. Your father and I were having a lot of fun. I'd always come out of the dressing room so he could see. I tried on my first thong in that store; they were relatively new then. Well, your dad took a picture of me in every suit . . . but just one picture. That was back in the days of film, so there was cost involved. Your father still has those pictures somewhere. Well, we had made our selection, but your dad wanted one more picture. A nude picture, and he wanted it taken right there, just outside the entrance to the dressing rooms, in front of the big mirror where we had taken all the other pictures. I was quite reluctant, but he dared me. Does Nate dare you?"  
  
Dale looked over at Nate. He looked back and shrugged.  
  
Looking back at her mother, Dale replied, "Umm . . . not so much, mom," she said. "I guess it doesn't work like that for us.”  
  
"Well, anyway, I've always been a sucker for your father's dares," she said. "And a minute later, after making very sure that the coast was clear, I was out of the dressing room nude. There were quite a few people in the store, just not exactly where we were."  
  
“Uh oh,” said Dale.  
  
"What?" asked her mother.  
  
"This is where things go wrong, I'm guessing," said Dale.  
  
"You're exactly right. At the moment of greatest vulnerability, a saleswoman came out of a back room behind me. In retrospect, I should've run toward her. In an instant I could have been past her and back in my dressing room, with my clothes, getting dressed."  
  
"Out into the store?" asked Dale raising her eyebrows.  
  
"I'm afraid so. When I get surprised while naked, I tend to think from the neck down," she said.  
  
"From the neck down?" asked Dale.  
  
"I reacted without thinking," said her mom.  
  
"Boy, does that ever sound familiar," said Nate.  
  
Nate again got an elbow in the ribs. “Ouch,” he said smiling over at Dale.  
  
"Like mother, like daughter?" asked Mr. Jordan.  
  
"Exactly!" said Nate.  
  
"Shush!" said Dale. "I want to hear mom’s story."  
  
"Well, I ran out into the department store . . . wearing absolutely nothing . . . barefoot even," she said.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 392: Mom’s Story**

"Help me out with the visual, mom. Grooming?" said Dale, pointing her two index fingers down at her crotch hidden below table level.  
  
"This was more than twenty years ago," said her mom. "There was really just the one style back then . . . as far as I knew. But I didn't hang out in locker rooms or look at men's magazines. I shaved the sides and trimmed the length . . . all done with an eye to preventing anything from peeking out the sides of a bikini bottom," said her mom.  
  
"So, you pretty much had a full bush," said Dale.  
  
"Well . . . by today's standards, I guess," said her mom laughing.  
  
"So, the department store…" said Dale.  
  
"Right, back to the department store!” said her mother. “So, I took off running down a narrow aisle between long racks of clothing. Clothes everywhere, just none of it on me. The aisle ended at the main walkway. That was of course very wide and open, so I stopped. I turned around, but the saleswoman was following me, shouting at me. Todd was some distance behind her, waving, trying to get my attention."  
  
"What was the woman shouting?" asked Dale.  
  
"I don't recall. I probably didn't even hear her at the time, given my state of panic" said her mother.  
  
"I was trying to get your mother's attention, because I had her sun dress in hand. I had dashed into her dressing room," said her father.  
  
"So again, I guess I should've run right past the saleswoman; however, the aisle was way too narrow," said her mom.  
  
"So what did you do?" asked Dale.  
  
"I couldn't go ahead, and I couldn't go back, so I dropped down on all fours. I crawled sideways under the clothing hanging on the racks," said her mom.  
  
“She disappeared! That is what she did,” said her father.  
  
"I guess I left him not knowing how to help me,” said her mother.  
  
“Well, I knew she’d gone left or right, but I didn't know which," he said. "I didn't know which direction to go . . . to bring her the dress . . . until there was a commotion off to my right. I tried to get there quickly, but I had to take the long route via the main walkway.”  
  
"In retrospect, I should've crawled over just one aisle and tried to loop back to Todd," said her mother.  
  
"Yep," said Dale's father shrugging. “Oh, well.”  
  
"But once I was down and crawling, I just kept crawling," said Dale's mom.  
  
"Where were you going?" asked Dale.  
  
"Away!" said her mom. “As far away as possible.”  
  
"Sound familiar, Dale?" asked Nate. "Thanksgiving morning, maybe?"  
  
"Thanksgiving morning?" asked Dale's mom.  
  
"I already told my story, mom," said Dale. “Maybe another time.”  
  
"Right," said her mom. "So, I crawled across maybe six or eight aisles . . . until I crawled out into an open area. I pulled back under the hanging clothing, because I had seen some legs only ten, maybe fifteen feet from me. I twisted my neck to look up. My God, I remember this all like it was yesterday. ‘Can I help you Miss?’ he asked. He was a salesman. I had crawled into the men's apartment. As I hopped up to run, I saw that he was with a customer. He took a step or two toward me, so I ran the other way without looking where was going . . . right into a store security guard. The original saleswoman was right behind him."  
  
"She had gone to find the guard while I was standing there trying to figure out which way your mom had gone," said her dad.  
  
"After I crashed into him, he grabbed for my arm, but I pulled away," she said. "However, I couldn't go far, the men's department salesman was right behind me. I dropped down and barrel rolled back one aisle. At that point, I was in a full state of panic, trembling and all. I felt so very naked, so very scared, so much in trouble. I stood up and ran . . . trying to get away . . . right out into the main aisle. Things went from bad to worse. Once out in the main aisle, I stopped to look around. There were about 10 people . . . all of them frozen, looking at the naked girl . . . I had to do something to get away. I caught a glimpse of movement over my shoulder. It was a security guard. I ran in the other direction."  
  
"At that moment, I wasn't far from her," said her father. "But again, she ran straight away from me."  
  
"I never saw him. I just ran," said her mom. "But ahead of me loomed the large exit into the mall itself . . . wide open space, even more people. I slowed, hesitating . . . trying to decide if I should turn left or right. I definitely didn't want to go out into the mall itself. I felt someone again trying to grab my arm, so I went in the other direction as fast as I could. I found myself in a department with towels and robes. I stopped, thinking of putting a robe on. But then it occurred to me that I'd still be guilty of indecent exposure; however, if I put a robe on, I might also be charged with shoplifting.”  
  
"Your mom was always so fast," said her father.  
  
"At that moment someone grabbed my arm. I tried desperately to pull away but fell, and as I fell, I pulled a security guard down on top of me. Not the same security guard, but a fat one. And just as he was helping me up with a death grip on my arm, the other security guard came up. Before I knew it, he was putting handcuffs on me.  
  
"That's when I got there," said her dad. "Just as they finished getting the cuffs on her."  
  
"In front or behind?" asked Dale.   
  
"Behind . . . wouldn't you know," said her mom.  
  
"And there were gawkers everywhere," said her dad. "I tried to put the dress on over her head, but the fat security guard shoved me away. He grabbed the dress, tossing it away."  
  
"He was rough. He almost tore my sundress," said her mother. "And then he yelled at Todd."  
  
"What did he yell?" asked Dale.  
  
"Get back! Stay away! Just stuff like that,” said her father.  
  
“And then they marched me through all the people, shoving me along in front of them, each one of them holding me by an arm. I was so embarrassed, looking at the floor, almost running into people as they pushed me along. As luck would have it, the security office was all the way across the store. I had to walk through so many people. Probably more than a hundred, at least that's how many there seemed to be."  
  
"Where were you, dad?" asked Dale.  
  
"Right there, behind them, and I had picked up her dress. It wasn’t torn," he said. "I was trying to reason with the guards, but they seemed to have turned off their ears. They were treating your mother like a shoplifter.”  
  
“I remember the experience so well because I’ve thought of it so many times. I love reliving it, moment by moment,” said her mom. “I almost died of embarrassment. I felt exposed like never before. But that’s what I love the most about the memory . . . now. I mean, being pushed through the crowd like that. The handcuffs making it so that I had no way to cover my . . . I mean . . . protect my modesty. It was just out there.”  
  
“Call it a pussy, mom. Nate can take it. Right, Nate?” said Dale.  
  
When he didn’t respond, Dale looked over. Nate looked like a deer in the headlights.  
  
“Snap out of it, Nate. Are you okay?” she asked.  
  
Turning to look at her, he replied, “I guess.”  
  
“You guess . . . what?” she asked.  
  
“I guess, I need more water,” he said.  
  
While Mr. Jordan signaled the waiter, Dale said, “You look like a deer in the headlights.”  
  
“Well, duh,” said Nate. “I can’t help it. In about an hour your mom has gone from being the nice neighbor lady to a . . . well, an older version of you.”  
  
“Older, Nate?” said Mrs. Jordan, looking at him askance.  
  
“I didn’t mean it that way,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m just teasing you,” she said. “I have celebrated the big four-oh . . . a few years back.”  
  
“It’s not the age,” said Nate. “I mean, it was hard enough to get used to hearing Dale talk like this.”  
  
“I think your story needs to end here, dear,” said Mr. Jordan.  
  
“No way,” said Dale. “That’s not the end. Stories like this don’t end with the naked lady being marched through the crowd.”  
  
“She’s right, honey,” said Mrs. Jordan. “And I did promise to tell them how it ended.”  
  
“Well, tell the end, if you must . . . but go easy on the detail,” he said.  
  
“I want all the gory details!” said Dale. Looking over at Nate she asked, “Are you going to be okay if mom goes on?”  
  
He nodded hesitatingly; however, his eyes didn’t look very convincing.  
  
“Go on,” said Dale, turning her attention back to her mother.  
  
“Well, it was a big California sized store, lots of people. Crossing it . . . pussy leading the way through the crowd . . . is that okay, Nate?” she asked.  
  
“Live it up,” said Nate, chuckling. “I guess I always knew that my girlfriend’s mother had a . . . one of those.”  
  
“Sorry, Nate,” said Dale, elbowing him.  
  
“Okay,” said her mother, gearing up to resume her tale. “Like I was saying, crossing the store in front of the guards, naked like that . . . well, now that’s a delicious memory.”  
  
“This is a great story, mom,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 393: Mom’s Story continued**

“After about forever, we got to the far side of the store. We went in the short hallway where the customer restrooms were located. One of the guards unlocked an unmarked door that was next to the drinking fountains. They tried to keep Todd from coming in with us.”  
  
“But there was no way in hell I was letting them separate us,” said Mr. Jordan.  
  
“Good for you, dad,” said Dale.  
  
“They of course had no weapons . . . armed only with handcuffs. I think they had taken only two classes at the academy. One, how to stand there and look scary enough to keep people from shoplifting, and two, what to do when number one doesn’t work,” said her father.  
  
“So, they took me down this hall, past lockers and timecards and such. At the end was their security guard office, so we went in there. They sat me down and started discussing calling the police.”  
  
“Did they call the police?” asked Dale.  
  
“They were going to,” said her mother. “So I started trying to negotiate.”  
  
“And they let her go, end of story,” said her dad.  
  
“Wait a minute, dad. That’s not fair. I told my story,” said Dale. “What did you have to negotiate with?” asked Dale with a worried look on her face.  
  
“Plenty, right?” said her mother with a wink. “I mean, I wasn’t as athletic as you, but I was in my early twenties. I turned as many heads as any girl my age.”  
  
“You still do, dear,” said Mr. Jordan.  
  
“Well, the fat security guard suggested blowjobs for himself and his partner,” said Mrs. Jordan.  
  
“Eww . . . maybe dad’s right,” interjected Dale.  
  
“Don’t worry, I was not about to do that. I think I would have let the police come and take me before doing that.”  
  
“What do you mean, ‘think’?” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, the last thing in the world that I wanted to do was give those guys blowjobs. But the other last thing in the world that I wanted to do was get into a police car naked,” she said.  
  
“Oh, I hear you there, mom,” agreed Dale.  
  
“So, she masturbated for them and they let her go. End of story. Let’s get the check and go,” said Mr. Jordan, starting to get up.  
  
“Eww . . . mom, really?” asked Dale wrinkling up her nose.  
  
“Well, what would you pick?” asked her mother. “Blow jobs or a little show?”  
  
“Eww . . . I hope I never have to make that choice,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, I had to,” said her mother. “Fortunately, my husband was there the whole time. I wouldn’t have felt safe enough, otherwise.”  
  
“Dad, you let her do that?” asked Dale.  
  
“You know how your mom is, honey. She was lead negotiator. Given the three options; police car ride, blowjobs, or orgasms for strangers, I’d say she made a good choice. Especially considering how much she looked to be enjoying herself, I’d say she made a great choice,” said her father.  
  
“Eww . . . TMI, right Nate?” asked Dale.  
  
“You wanted the ending,” said Nate, shaking his head.  
  
Turning back to her mom, Dale asked, “So, just in the security office there?”  
  
“How much detail can you take, Dale?” asked her mother.  
  
“Not much, but a little,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, they cleared off the top of an old grey metal desk, so I sat on the end. Scooting my butt back a little, I got my heels up onto the desktop . . . out to the sides. I mean, the guys deserved a good view, right? And then . . . you know . . . I . . .”  
  
“That’s good, mom. I’ve got it. They didn’t touch you, right?”  
  
“They never touched me,” said her mother.  
  
“That’s a relief,” said Dale.  
  
“You don’t even want to know if I had orgasms?” asked her mother.  
  
“Not really, but based on what dad said, I think there is little doubt,” said Dale.  
  
“I think it was unavoidable,” said her mother. “I was so well primed after the chase, and then the march across the store. I probably should stop while I’m ahead, but I have to admit it was fun . . . in retrospect . . . to do that for strangers.”  
  
“Enough, enough,” said Dale covering her ears.   
  
“I told you not to tell the ending, dear,” said Mr. Jordan.  
  
“Sorry, Dale,” said her mother.  
  
“You probably need to apologize to Nate, too, dear,” said Mr. Jordan looking over at him.  
  
“I’m sorry, Nate,” said Mrs. Jordan.  
  
“I think I’ll live,” said Nate, taking a deep breath.  
  
“Whatever you do, Nate, don’t be getting any ideas, okay?” said Dale, pointing a finger right between his eyes and sighting along the barrel. “Like mother, NOT like daughter! Got it?”  
  
Nate didn’t know what to say, so he just shrugged.  
  
“Got it?” insisted Dale.  
  
What he wanted to say was, ‘It’s not up to you, Slave Girl,’ but with her parents there, he couldn’t. But he also couldn’t allow her to think that she could dictate terms, so he just stared into her eyes with a solemn expression.  
  
“What might he do, dare you?” asked her mother curiously.  
  
“Oh, never mind,” said Dale, dropping the subject but continuing to glare at Nate.  
  
They finished up their breakfasts without any more discussion of nudity. To Nate it felt as if they were all a little shell shocked, realizing where the conversation had gone. It was as if they had fallen down the slippery slope, visiting places that might make his relationship with Dale’s parents a bit uncomfortable, at least for a while. And yet maybe it had been for the best. Once Dale’s mother had confessed that she too enjoyed nudity, it couldn’t really be left there. At some point it had to be discussed in a little detail, so maybe it was for the best that they had crashed through the initial stages.  
  
As Mr. Jordan headed for the cash register, Dale’s mother headed into the restroom. Nate and Dale continued on out the door, giving them a moment to talk alone in the parking lot by the car.  
  
“Oh, my God,” said Nate. “That has got to be the most bizarre restaurant discussion ever!”  
  
“Right!” said Dale. “When my mom said earlier that she was an exhibitionist too, I think I only half believed her. Now I pretty much believe her.”  
  
“Yep, you two sure came out of the same gene pool. There’s no doubt about that,” said Nate. “But, by the way, was my Slave Girl trying to earn herself a spanking in there, or what? That sounded like you were attempting to dictate terms?”  
  
“Sorry,” said Dale sheepishly looking at the ground. “I just got worried that you might think that if my mom likes something, that I would like it, too.”  
  
“Well, you might,” he said. “It’s amazing how similar you two seem to be in so many regards. That was even true before I knew about this latest wrinkle.”  
  
“Just one little request, even at the risk of a spanking. Please don’t make me masturbate in front of people . . . strangers or anyone,” she said.  
  
“I’ll give that due consideration,” said Nate.  
  
“And Slave Girl has one more request,” she said. After a pause she continued, “Can Slave Girl be naked . . . at the cemetery?”  
  
“Naked at the cemetery?” asked Nate in surprise.  
  
“Yes . . . the cemetery. If great-grandma Dale is looking down, I want her to know that she’s not an embarrassment . . . to me . . . to her namesake. I want her to know that she is accepted and understood, by this part of the family anyway. Would that be all right?”  
  
“In front of your dad?” asked Nate.  
  
“I guess he’s already seen me,” said Dale, covering her cheeks with the palms of her hands as if feeling a little unsure. “Oh, my God, Nate . . . I can’t believe my dad has seen me naked.”  
  
“Is that embarrassing to think about? Let me see . . . are your cheeks red? ” asked Nate.  
  
“I don’t know . . . are they?” she asked lowering her hands.  
  
“Pretty red, Lover,” commented Nate. “Are you sure about the cemetery?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 394: Cemetery Visit**

“I think so. I might chicken out, but I’d really like to feel as if I came through for great-grandma Dale,” she said. “I feel really bad about what she must have gone through. And what makes it worse is that it sounds as if her own daughter did not understand her.  
  
“Well, okay. In that case, I’ll let you play it by ear,” said Nate. “Take off your clothes if it still makes sense to you once we get there. But only if there is no one else around. And we can’t talk about such things in front of your parents. The nudity slave agreement needs to remain a secret agreement.”  
  
“I know and thanks,” said Dale, standing on her tippy toes to kiss his cheek. “I can’t imagine that a cemetery has a lot of visitors in December, but as you say . . . only if there is no one else around.”  
  
Nate started laughing. “Life with you is so unusual. As if this morning has not been odd enough, right? But I guess your request does fit the pattern. Still, it’s a little hard to believe that you want to streak a graveyard.”  
  
“It’s always been on my bucket list,” said Dale with a wink.  
  
“Maybe what I should be asking is . . . is there any place that you don’t want to streak?” he asked.  
  
“Well, I’ve never thought about it that way,” said Dale. “I’ve mostly thought in terms of places that I did want to streak . . . not places that I didn’t want to streak. But we knocked off one of the top two this week.”  
  
“The assembly?” asked Nate.  
  
“Bingo!” said Dale. “I never thought I’d ever streak an assembly, or a football game. Those were the top two. She continued after a pause, “And the last football game is tonight!”  
  
“And you definitely do not have permission to be naked at the football game,” said Nate.  
  
“Why not the football game?” said Dale sticking out her lower lip in a pout.  
  
“Only one reason,” said Nate. “Because Slave Girl obeys!”  
  
“And if she doesn’t?” asked Dale.  
  
“Oh she will,” said Nate confidently. “That’s what makes this work. Cemetery, yes. Football game, no.”  
  
“Okay, I guess,” said Dale letting out a huge sigh. “But let me know if you change your mind . . . about the football game.”  
  
“I’m not changing my mind,” said Nate. “You and I are charting some difficult waters right now. Alexa is in jail. We don’t want you to be joining her.”  
  
“I guess,” said Dale looking as if she might be having rebellious thoughts. “You’re right. It would probably be suicidal, but it would be so much fun to streak the game. However, a naked girl would be too much of a distraction. This game is way too important. I’ll have to try and figure out how to not be a distraction. Just by being there . . . dressed even . . . I’ll probably be a distraction. Especially if the press is there and wants to talk to me.”  
  
“You don’t need to talk to the press,” said Nate. “As a matter of fact, I think you should absolutely avoid doing so. They’ll ask you about bungee jumping, streaking the park, and before you know it you’ll be telling them about how much you love having your smooth pussy on display. That’s the last thing we need everyone reading in the paper, especially right now . . . don’t forget, Alexa has just told everyone that she helped you do this because it was what you wanted.”  
  
“I wouldn’t tell them that,” said Dale.  
  
“I’m not so sure,” said Nate. “That’s one of the directions the lunchtime conversation with the football players seemed to be headed yesterday. I think the best plan is not talking to the press . . . period. Will you do that for me?”  
  
“Okay, that should be easy. I don’t want to talk to the press,” said Dale.  
  
A little while later they were pulling through the wrought iron gates of the cemetery. Mr. Jordan obviously knew where he was going, turning right and following the narrow paved road as it curved left, around to a parking area about half way back.  
  
As they were parking, Dale leaned over and started whispering into Nate's year. Nate nodded and then whispered a reply. "Okay," said Dale quietly.  
  
"All right, you two, what's with all the whispering?" asked her mother.  
  
Dale looked out her side window but didn't reply. She had a thumbnail between her teeth, seemingly deep in thought.  
  
After they had all climbed out, they all closed their car doors except for Dale. She stood there next to the car in her open door, looking over the roof at Nate apprehensively.  
  
"Which way to Dale Parsons’ grave?" asked Nate, taking a few steps into the cemetery in the direction in which Dale's parents seemed to be looking.  
  
"Back near those two large oaks," said Dale's mom. Noticing that Dale had not yet closed her car door, she turned and asked, "Are you coming, honey?"  
  
"Mrs. Jordan, I think Dale needs a little space," said Nate. "I'm sensing that she's a little emotional. This has been quite a morning for a girl who woke up firmly believing that she was named for Flash Gordon's girlfriend."  
  
"No problem, Nate," said Mrs. Jordan. Calling back to Dale she added, "Take all the time you need, honey. This visit’s for you."  
  
Dale didn't reply, so Mr. and Mrs. Jordan strolled slowly toward the oak trees close to the far fence. Nate glanced back. Dale was on the other side of the car, so he couldn't see her well. However, looking through the windows, he could tell she was bent over, as if she were removing her shoes.  
  
The three of them walked along quietly. Nate paused a few times to study gravestones that caught his eye, each time stealing a glance back at the car. Dale was still there.  
  
Here it is," announced Mrs. Jordan after she had located the stone.  
  
Noting that there were two names on the stone, Nate asked, "Jack Briggs . . . her husband obviously?"  
  
"Yes, second husband," replied Mrs. Jordan. “She married for the first time in the late twenties, taking that man's name. It was Ballard. So for more than a decade she was Dale Ballard. Ballard was my mother's maiden name. But after getting a divorce during the war, she reverted to Parsons. She told me that she liked the name better. She'd say that she had made a name for herself as Dale Parsons. And then when she married Mr. Briggs, she decided to keep her name. She was very proud to be Dale Parsons. I understand that Mr. Briggs was not too happy about that, but like she told me, ‘that’s what you get when you marry a feminist!’"  
  
Nate noted that the gravestone included the words, ‘The Essential Suffragist’ in a flowing script just below her name. Looking back, he saw that Dale had left the car and was making her way toward them. She was completely nude.  
  
"Your daughter," he said while looking at Dale to get Mr. and Mrs. Jordan's attention.  
  
They all watched as Dale made her way across the cemetery. Nate noted the absence of her signature ‘spring in her step.’ She seemed to be taking a slightly meandering route toward them, almost as if she were trying to delay the inevitable, even if by only a moment or two.  
  
It was her hair that Nate found the most captivating. This was a first for him, seeing her outside nude with her pixie haircut. It made her look quite different, still cute, just a different kind of cute.  
  
"Isn't she lovely, dear?" he heard Mrs. Jordan remark quietly to her husband. He looked over at them. They were holding hands, but Mrs. Jordan also had her other hand up, gripping Mr. Jordan's arm near his elbow, pulling it against her body.  
  
"Yes, absolutely lovely," he said. Looking down into his wife's face, he added affectionately, "And I know where she gets it."  
  
Nate realized that even though they had seen their daughter nude, never before had they seen her under such favorable circumstances. He imagined that they had probably only caught glimpses of her through their bedroom window as she had made her way across their backyard in the dark of night.  
  
Nate returned his gaze to Dale who seemed to be gaining a little confidence, or at least trying to put on a brave face, as she approached.  
  
Her complexion was so even. The skin tone of her bare pussy mound was the same as that on her stomach, her breasts, and her legs. Her summer tan had long since faded, but her now pale skin was every bit as beautiful as it had been when it had been a rich bronze color.  
  
As she neared, Nate was able to make out the twin slits of her pussy, one on each side of her pretty little clitoral hood, its little jewel of course absent, having been removed two days prior on the clubhouse roof. However, her diamond tipped barbells stood out proudly on her tight little nipples, at maximum erection due in part to the chilly December air.  
  
"What a gorgeous young woman," said her mom as if she were talking to herself.  
  
"I hope you don't mind," said Dale as she came up to them, casting her eyes down.  
  
"Absolutely not," said her mother. "For me it's wonderfully refreshing to have the tables turned for once. It's nice to be looking at the naked woman instead of being the naked woman.”  
  
"It's not too weird for you?" asked Dale without looking up.  
  
"Not at all," said her mother. “For me the female body is the most beautiful artwork on the planet . . . yours, especially so. The human body is beautiful; it doesn’t need to be covered all the time."  
  
"Dad?" asked Dale still looking down.  
  
Nate looked over and saw that Mr. Jordan was struggling a bit, not knowing what to say or where to look. He saw Mrs. Jordan nudge him gently.  
  
"Yes," he said finally. "You're absolutely beautiful, dear."  
  
"I'm sorry, dad," she said. "I know it's awkward."

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 395: Cemetery Visit concluded**

"Well, I have seen you nude before. But typically just a glimpse out the window as you headed off into the night or did cartwheels in the backyard. But you are lovely, and I expect I'll get used to it."  
  
"I can go put my clothes back on," said Dale.  
  
“No, it's all right. I just needed to catch my breath. You're just so naked, and well, your hardly a kid anymore, you’re so . . . well . . . breathtaking,” said Mr. Jordan. "I know that some families go to nudist resorts together, so I'm hardly the first father to see his daughter naked. And you don't have to have any concerns about me. When I look at you . . . even nude . . . I see the young lady that I love . . . as a daughter."  
  
"Thanks, dad," said Dale, finally managing to lift her eyes to meet his.  
  
Sensing that Mr. Jordan might be a little more comfortable if they talked about a different subject, Nate remarked, "Dale, this is Dale Parsons’ gravestone."  
  
Dale walked over and examined it while Mrs. Jordan explained about her grandmother’s two husbands, including how she had died a Parsons just as she had been born a Parsons.  
  
"The Essential Suffragist," read Dale aloud.  
  
"Yes, she loved that term. Her biographer came up with it. There were things about that biography that she did not like, but she absolutely loved the title, especially ‘Essential Suffragist.’ That's why we put it on her gravestone. It's how she wanted to be remembered. When you read the biography, you'll come to understand why she was essential to the cause. The right woman, at just the right time. I hope I’m not exaggerating her important role in history . . . I might be a little biased. Truth be told, I’m sure it took legions of smart, capable women to get that amendment ratified. She was surely one of many, and yet worthy enough that a Watson College history professor undertook her biography.”  
  
“Watson College?” said Dale. “I think that is my favorite college, so far.”  
  
“It’s a wonderful liberal arts school, dear. Expensive, but I’ve heard the best schools give the right students the best scholarships.”  
  
Nate saw a tear on Dale's cheek. Her mother saw it too, stepping over and embracing her. "What is it, dear?" she asked gently.  
  
"I just wish I had gotten to know her," said Dale quietly.  
  
"I know, honey. But you will . . . through her biography. She gave that professor interview after interview to help him make it as accurate and as detailed as possible. I can also tell you some of the stories that she told me, stories that are not in the book. That will serve to flesh out the image of your great-grandmother for you, I hope," said her mother. "I've already told you this, but she was so very much like you. You too could get a constitutional amendment ratified. And unfortunately you too could get yourself thrown in jail for indecent exposure. So far, knock on wood, I have mostly avoided that, but it's a risky life we lead."  
  
"Mom, will you introduce us, formally I mean," said Dale turning back toward the stone. "I want her to see me here. I want her to know that she is not an embarrassment. If she's looking down, I want her to feel loved. I want her to know that I understand her, that I…” Dale’s voice faltered, “That I . . . am like her. Mom, dad, that's why I wanted to meet her in the nude."  
  
Nate saw Dale wipe a tear from her cheek. She angled her face up towards the heavens, as if to allow her great-grandmother to get a better look at her.  
  
"She loved you Dale. She loved holding you, and even though you don't remember it, you have been here before. You sat on my lap during her funeral. Even though you were a toddler, you kept still and quiet. You listened to all that was said."  
  
"Introduce us, mom," she asked a second time. "Get her attention up in heaven. Maybe if she looks down and sees a naked girl standing here, she will be happy . . . and be at peace. And maybe, just maybe, I too can realize that there might be a little bit of acceptance for who I am."  
  
“Oh, honey,” said her mother compassionately. “Your father and I have always accepted you for who you are.” Dale looked over into her eyes, obviously waiting. Mrs. Jordan continued, looking down at the gravestone, “Grandma Dale, this is my daughter. You’ve met her before. You’ve held her on your lap . . . but she’s all grown up now. She’s eighteen . . . even older than you were when you first joined the fight for women’s suffrage. I brought her here to meet you. As you know, we named her for you. You’d be so proud of her . . . just like her father and I am. She’s a strong, smart, independent woman. She’s exactly the sort of woman that we hoped she would turn out to be when we blessed her with your name.”  
  
After an extended pause, Dale turned to her mother, fresh tears on her cheeks. She said, “Thanks mom. I don’t know if there is a heaven, but at the very least, that meant a lot to me.” Dale felt her father step closer and place his hand on her shoulder next to her mother’s.  
  
“If she's looking down," said her mother. "I think it must be nice for her to see a nude woman visiting her here today. I applaud your decision."  
  
Dale looked over and saw her mom undo the top button of her blouse. "Mom, what are you doing?" she asked.  
  
"I'm thinking of joining you, dear," she said. “It might be nice for grandma Dale to see more than one of us ladies down here."  
  
"I'm not sure that's a good idea, dear," said her husband.  
  
"Yeah, mom, I think dad's right," said Dale as her mom paused after undoing a second button. “Nate has held up pretty well today, but I don't think we need to push things any further right now."  
  
Scrutinizing the shocked look on Nate’s face, Mrs. Jordan said, "I expect you're right. I can always give him a heart attack another day. After all, he has a football game today."  
  
"Yeah, maybe," said Dale, watching as her mom dropped her hand away from the third button.  
  
"Are you okay, Nate?" asked Dale stepping over to his side and taking one of his hands in both of hers.  
  
He nodded. "I'm fine, but maybe another day would be better.” After a deep breath he added, "No offense Mrs. Jordan . . . I know you are a beautiful woman."  
  
"None taken, son," she said. "I don't want it to be awkward. I was looking forward to my first time naked with my daughter, but there will be other opportunities. We can always have you over for dinner, and once the nice weather returns, the four of us could go on picnics. Maybe we can even all venture up the hill and give your camp a try . . . the one right below the fire lookout."  
  
Nate gulped. "Maybe," he said trying his best to sound more open-minded than he was feeling.  
  
"One step at a time, mom," said Dale. "As it stands, today has already forced both Nate and I to reconsider our realities. I think our world has changed enough for one day."  
  
Nate found himself breathing a sigh of relief. Under other circumstances he would have no issues with seeing a woman of Mrs. Jordan’s age naked. It wasn't that at all. The issue for him was that she was Dale's mother, his future mother-in-law. Given developments, he could tell that he was probably going to have to get used to seeing her nude, but for the time being it seemed as if it would be rather awkward.  
  
Before they had concluded their visit, they saw a car drive in and park on the other side of the cemetery. A small group of people got out and started strolling in their general direction.  
  
“Church must have just gotten out’ said her mother, looking at the people coming toward them.  
  
Dale stepped behind Nate to hide.  
  
“Let’s walk back to the car as a group,” Nate proposed.  
  
That method proved to be a fairly simple way of smuggling Dale back to the car. The three clothed individuals walked fairly close to one another, at cemetery speed, while Dale walked carefully along, keeping them between her and the approaching interlopers. Nate realized what a luxury it was to have other dressed people with the two of them when Dale was nude.  
  
No sooner had Dale climbed into the car, than another car drove up and parked just half a dozen spaces away from them. Dale had buckled up, remaining nude. In a way, that had made sense, as she was not supposed to change her state of dress without specific instructions.  
  
Nate had not said anything because it was important to him to keep his command over their daughter's clothing a secret from the Jordan's. But now that they were in the car, Dale would again have access to her phone. He sent her a text, "Time to get dressed, Slave Girl, and keep low!”  
  
After getting her phone out of her purse and reading the text, Dale looked over at him, her lower lip jutting out. Nate just smiled at her. He knew she was not really rebelling, just making it fun for the two of them. Without any further hesitation, she went about doing what she was supposed to do. Sliding down in her seat a little to hide from the new arrivals, she unbuckled her seat belt. A moment later she was pulling her thong panties up her legs as her dad started the car. Being a quick dresser, she had everything on except for her socks and shoes before they rolled back through the cemetery gates.  
  
As they drove home, Mrs. Jordan asked them about their schedules for the afternoon.  
  
"Well," said Dale. "The noise parade starts this afternoon at 2:00pm, but I've been fired. I guess I have the rest of the day off."  
  
"Aren’t you going to go?" asked her mother.  
  
"I might," said Dale. "However, if I go I'll have to face the reality of my new status. The noise parade was so much fun last week. If I stay home, maybe I can fool myself into believing that there is no noise parade."  
  
"That seems understandable," said Mrs. Jordan. "But not particularly healthy. Nate, how about you?"  
  
"I'm supposed to be at the high school at noon. They want us to pack our gear bags and load them onto the bus. Plus, coach wants to go over a few things. There'll be a chalk talk, plus I think they have some videos of recent Bison games to show us," said Nate.  
  
"Spy movies?" asked Mr. Jordan.  
  
"I guess," said Nate. "Some Prospect alums make them from the bleachers and send them in. Very current stuff. And then like Dale said, the noise parade leaves the school at 2:00.”  
  
It was late morning when they got home, and Nate suggested to Dale that they go for a walk. Given all that they had learned about Dale’s mother, he had things that he wanted to talk about and he expected that Dale might as well.  
  
To his surprise, Dale said she had things she wanted to do, excusing herself. A few minutes later he saw Dale and her mother leave in the family car. They had not returned when Nate had to leave to go to school to pack his equipment bag.