**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

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**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 156: "It's Gone, Mads!"**

“Okay, then,” said Nate. “But only if you are sure. I’m becoming a bit concerned about your decision making process, though.”  
  
“I’m sure, Nate. Please cut it off,” insisted Dale.  
  
“This would be an opportunity to back out. I want to be very careful and make sure that you always have the opportunity to back out. There are a lot of people watching,” said Nate.  
  
“Opportunity acknowledged. Now get Target Girl naked already!” said Dale.  
  
Nate ran a fingernail along her skin just inside of her hip bones on each side, trying to make it feel like an actual knife, as he pretended to cut. Similarly he pretended to cut the third string by running a fingernail firmly across between her legs, in the moist area just below her pussy. Once that was done, he pretended to remove and discard the remnants.  
  
“It’s gone, Mads,” said Nate.  
  
“It’s pretty exciting to finally be completely naked in front of everyone, and it’s fun being called, Mads. Thanks for being careful, name-wise, in front of the crowd,” said Dale. “I hope phase three isn’t over. I was hoping that phase three might get a little more…umm, interesting…now that I am naked.”  
  
“Hmm…yes…interesting. That’s among the words that come to mind at this milestone,” said Nate. “You are now so naked, and so vulnerable, all strapped in like this. You do realize that nothing is protecting your CG.”  
  
“Nothing,” echoed Dale.  
  
Dale closed her eyes underneath the blindfold. She couldn’t look. She knew how very close Nate was. She could feel his warm breath on her pussy, her inner lips even, and she imagined him lingering there, inhaling her aroma.  
  
Nate moved in close, to pick up where he had left off. He took one big long slow lick along the length of her slit, starting low and moving up to and across her mound, ending above her pubic bone.  
  
“My, aren’t you just so very slippery! And my, don’t you taste so very wonderful!” he commented enthusiastically.  
  
He glanced up and saw that Dale had reached and grabbed a pillow. With both arms she was hugging it into her face, as if she was trying to hide…or to suffocate herself.  
  
“Mads, you can’t do that. You’re strapped down, remember?”  
  
“I know, but – please – this is new territory. Embarrassing territory,” said Dale. “It’s embarrassing enough – to be sniffed, but it is – too much – to be tasted. Please let me keep the pillow.”  
  
“Do you want me to stop?” inquired Nate.  
  
“Stop and I’ll kill you!” said Dale, into the pillow.  
  
“Okay, but I’m sorry, Mads. No pillow. Put it back, and get your hands back on the handles,” said Nate. “There’s lots more tasting ahead, and you are just going to have to deal with all the emotions, embarrassment included.” She hesitated, so Nate added, “If you want to keep the blindfold on, then lose the pillow.”  
  
That did the trick. Dale very much didn’t want to lose the blindfold, it hid her eyes. She didn’t think she could stand to have Nate be able to look up and see her eyes while he was tasting her pussy.  
  
Once she had relinquished the pillow, Nate went back to the project at hand. This was, of course, new territory for him, too. He wanted to do well. Dale had yet to agree to again be his girlfriend. If she were to enjoy having him lick her pussy, that couldn’t hurt, he reasoned.  
  
He knew that she was much too intelligent and disciplined of a girl to make decisions based on pleasures of the flesh, but again, how could it hurt? And trying to do his best was serving somewhat as a distraction from his own needs, the raging boner hidden down in his pants.  
  
He licked her up and down, gently, and then less gently; both sides of the inner labia, and then right between them. For fun he even plunged his nose in…again, chuckling to himself as he thought about that momentary lapse in judgement.  
  
“Time for the Aussie Eskimo kiss,” he said softly, talking to the pussy. He spoke at just enough volume so that she would be able to hear, but he wanted her to feel his breath on her pussy as he spoke so it would really seem as if he were conversing with it.  
  
He glanced up, his lips just barely maintaining contact with her lips. He saw the arch of her back increase just a bit…it was as if she were extending her neck away. As he held his lips in contact with hers, watching her face, he saw her turn her head a bit to one side, as if stretching. She licked her lips, and then again her mouth was open, relaxed.  
  
After looking up at her for less than a second, he returned his attention to the pussy he had never lost contact with. Using the tip of his nose, gently, he rubbed back and forth across the spot where her clitoris had to be. He knew it was supposed to be a most sensitive spot.  
  
He felt something which he had not felt before: a tiny little firm spot. He pretended that it was a little nose, and he gave the Aussie Eskimo kiss to it.  
  
While stroking and probing that area with his nose, he looked up. Dale’s neck was now arched, and her mouth was wider open. She was slowly turning her head a little bit, first to one side, and then to the other.  
  
He returned to kissing and licking, making it up as best he could. Glancing up without pausing he saw Dale open her mouth wider and he noticed that she was turning her head even further to each side.  
  
He held the clitoral area between his lips, massaging the tiny hard bump with the tip of his tongue. Suddenly he felt her shifting, pressing herself into his face. She clearly needed more, so he pushed back, rubbing all around.  
  
From Dale he heard heavy breathing and a few quiet sounds, mostly, ‘Oh, oh,’ but there was an, ‘Oh, God,” thrown in for good measure.  
  
Nate could feel Dale’s excitement building. He felt a few tremors or thrills, a few shudders pass through her. He was enjoying so much the idea that he was giving her pleasure of that particular sort. He shifted, removing the contact his dick had with the bed. He felt the need to cum, but didn’t want that to happen in his pants.  
  
Dale began thrusting against his face, and then the force she was applying began increasing with each thrust. Her verbalizing was soft, but it would resume, and then leave off again. He noticed the muscles in her legs tighten until it seemed as if her butt was trying to lift off of the bed. He reached under her, wrapping both arms fully around her pelvis, hugging her into him, as he continued to lick and kiss her innermost details. He plunged his tongue in. Her nectar was plentiful, and it was pleasant.  
  
She continued grinding into him, her head still moving, but less violently yet at the same time more purposefully. Her breathing became deeper, more guttural. He thought she was having an orgasm, yet she went higher still, and from there, even higher still. And then her urgency seemed to increase, as if she were in a hurry….it increased until it was obvious to him that she was experiencing a full-blown orgasm. There could be no doubt. He had not observed the phenomenon of female orgasm before, but he knew it when he saw it. He didn’t know what it would be like, in advance, but he didn’t need to. Such things can be recognized, the very first time, he decided.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 157: Taking Aim**

And then she relaxed, breathing deeply. He relaxed too, hugging her pelvis. He heard her say a very breathy and extended, “wow….”  
  
He looked up and saw that she had raised her head and was now looking at him through her blindfold. He was still hugging her, his chin now resting against her pussy.  
  
Looking right at him, she mouthed, “wow….” And then audibly she said, “Hold me, Nate.”  
  
“I should probably wash first,” he said.  
  
“I can’t wait that long,” she said. “I need to feel some reassurance that what I just experienced was okay. Help me feel okay about that.”  
  
Nate slid up and hugged her. She pressed her lips into his cheek. He would have loved to be hugged in return, but she was still following the rules, and he couldn’t blame her for that.  
  
“Dale, I mean, Mads, that was absolutely lovely. I’m so glad we got to experience that together, just you and I,” said Nate. “And in front of this big crowd, of course.”  
  
“I don’t need to be embarrassed?” she inquired meekly.  
  
“Of course not…unless you want to be because it makes it more fun for you. That’s a completely natural human response, I understand. I love you and that was both fun, and…Oh, so very special,” said Nate.  
  
“Okay then,” said Dale. “Now get those pants off and make love to Target Girl. We’re not done here yet.”  
  
Nate stood up. Unbuckling his belt he said, “But we don’t have any condoms, unless you have some. Someone I know threw mine away!”  
  
“You didn’t get them out of the wastebasket?” she asked.  
  
“I knew I’d get in too much trouble if you had caught me doing that,” said Nate. “It was bad enough just having them in the first place.”  
  
“Were those really all that you had?” she asked, a note of concern in her voice.  
  
“I thought that a dozen would be enough,” said Nate.  
  
“Yes, a dozen should have been enough,” agreed Dale.  
  
“I could run out to an all-night store and get some,” offered Nate.  
  
“Too risky. I might not be in the mood when you get back. I know myself,” said Dale. “What are you dilly-dallying for...get those pants off! You are way over dressed. Everything…underwear…everything.”  
  
Nate finished stripping, and stood beside the bed, now fully nude, his hard-on pointing way up toward the ceiling.  
  
“Now what?” inquired Nate, realizing that actual penetration would not be wise.  
  
“Come here, straddle my chest,” she suggested.  
  
He started to step up onto the bed.  
  
“No, on your knees, silly,” said Dale.  
  
Nate placed a knee on each side of her on the bed.  
  
“I thought I’d be ready to do everything myself, the next time, and I am. But Target Girl’s arms and legs are strapped down, so this time, you’ll need to do it all yourself, again,” said Dale. “I hope that is okay.”  
  
“Sure, I’m fine with that. After all, I should have been prepared with condoms,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m sorry…” said Dale, sounding very much like she meant it.  
  
“Okay then,” said Nate. “If you can’t jack me off yourself, you can at least direct me. In a way that will make it seem as if you are doing it.”  
  
“Ok, rise up on your knees, so I can see everything…watch everything,” said Dale.  
  
“Like this?” asked Nate, rising up on his knees so that his boner was right above her chest. “Now what?”  
  
“Jack-off, of course,” said Dale.  
  
“But it probably won’t take long,” said Nate. “I’m pretty excited, you know. Where should I aim?”  
  
“You are aimed just fine, right like that,” said Dale.  
  
“But it’ll get on you.”  
  
“It had better. Hey, I’m Target Girl, remember. Let me have it!”  
  
“Are you sure?” asked Nate.  
  
“You better try for a Bullseye, Buster. And make it good, not like all that corny knife throwing I had to watch. You really are a bid actor,” said Dale.  
  
“But if I do this, you might get some in your mouth,” said Nate.  
  
“I had better get some in my mouth!” said Dale, trying to sound confident even though getting semen in her mouth was something she had long worried about. She thought it would be easier this way. Maybe an actual blowjob would be less scary if she had already had a taste.  
  
“Ok then,” said Nate, now stroking his dick slowly. “But don’t say that I didn’t warn you, Target Girl!”  
  
“It’ll be fine, I hope,” said Dale, allowing a little bit of her uncertainty to show. “At least I understand that girls don’t get pregnant through their mouths.”  
  
She watched with fascination as Nate stroked his dick, barely a foot from her face. She made sure that she kept her mouth open, not wide open, but nearly so. She knew it was supposed to taste salty, but beyond that she didn’t know what to expect.  
  
The first spurt hit her hair. The next landed on the blindfold between her eyes. She wasn’t really conscious of it, but Nate was doing exactly as she had instructed. He was aiming at Target Girl.  
  
The third spurt went straight in her mouth. He could tell that it surprised her. He noticed a little tremor ripple through her, but she didn’t close her mouth, nor turn away. Another spurt hit her lip, dribbling into her mouth. From there his distance faded such that her neck and chest also received globs.  
  
As he started to relax, he saw her swallow, and then lick her lips, again swallowing. She seemed to be trying to do what she thought a girl was supposed to do under the circumstances.  
  
Nate reached up and pulled her blindfold off, and then using it, he cleaned a little off of her face, and then wiped her neck and chest.  
  
For a long moment, they just stared into each other’s eyes, then Dale spoke, “Can you unstrap me. I’m ready to hug the nude man before me.”  
  
Nate liked being called a man. That seemed new. He went through the motions of pretending to unstrap her.  
  
Once she was free, she pulled him down on top of her, hugging him close, holding him so very tight. Nate rocked to the side, not wanting to smash her.  
  
Nate was in heaven. Their arms and legs were so tightly intertwined and they pressed their nude bodies together. To Nate it felt as if they were seeking to merge into one.  
  
A little later, they both got up to use the restroom and brush their teeth. Ultimately they ended up back in the other bed, the dry bed, snuggling close under the sheet.  
  
They lay there, Nate on his back, and Dale half way on top of him. Nate felt so very contented. Dale was caressing his face, his lips, neck and chest so very tenderly with the fingertips of one hand, her other arm behind his neck. For his part, Nate was indulging in caressing the lovely twin globes of her tush. He had so enjoyed doing so at Windy Ridge, and it was wonderful to again have license to play with them.  
  
He thought of the demise of the Imaginary Thong, knowing what a good development that had to be. He had grown attached to it, but he knew he wouldn’t miss it. The night had surely exceeded his expectations.  
  
Before falling asleep, Nate had kissed her forehead, saying, “Dale, I love you.”  
  
There had been no reply. Not even a ‘Goodnight’. Nate was almost positive that she had already fallen asleep. She had burned a tremendous amount of energy that evening. She deserved her sleep.  
  
‘What an amazing day,’ he was thinking as he too slipped off to sleep.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 158: Two Dales**

Nate woke up alone. He heard Dale turn off the shower, and a few moments later, she came out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around her, held it place by being tucked down in front, at her chest.  
  
While she busied herself with brushing her hair, Nate climbed out of bed, still nude. He walked up behind her, very conscious of the irony of being the only one nude.  
  
Upon reaching Dale, he took ahold of the towel and yanked it away, simultaneously saying, “Good Morning, Mads!”  
  
The Dale that turned and looked at him had a blank look on her face. She walked into the bathroom and removed another towel from the rack, wrapping it around herself.  
  
“Good Morning, Nate,” she said with little emotion evident in her voice or expression. “We have a drive ahead of us this morning. Time to get your shower.” She pointed into the bathroom, never once appearing to look down at his dick. This might have been her first time seeing it in its mostly flaccid state, in daylight anyway, but she didn’t seem to look.  
  
Nate went into the bathroom, closing the door behind him. Sometimes Dale baffled him completely. He was starting to think that she was schizophrenic, or had multiple personality disorder. The first time he remembered encountering it was when he had exited the bathroom at the Essex Hotel, only to find her crying.  
  
The woman outside the door was not the woman he had fallen asleep with. His first clue had been the towel. The girl wearing that towel in front of the mirror was not the same girl who had stripped off her thong the night before in a crowded fraternity basement.  
  
He tried not to think about it too much, but that proved impossible. After his shower, he decided to play it safe and exit the bathroom wrapped in a towel. It didn’t matter; she was not there. Her suitcase was, but it was all closed up, ready to load into the car.  
  
Nate got dressed, and just as he was packing up, Dale returned. She seemed to be in a cheerful mood. She was carrying coffee and muffins from a bakery they had both seen a few blocks away.  
  
She set everything on the table, and opened the curtain wide. The fall sunshine poured into the room.  
  
As they sat down to eat a quick breakfast, Dale wasted no time letting Nate know what she was thinking, “Nate, you’re going to be mad at me.”  
  
“I won’t be mad at you, Dale. Just because I don’t always understand, doesn’t mean that I’m going to be mad at you,” said Nate.  
  
“First, before I say anything more, I want you to know how wonderful last night was,” she said, pausing briefly, looking into his eyes. “And I don’t mean the time at the Fiji house; although, that was pretty awesome. I mean, the time the two of us shared here in the room. Physically and emotionally, it was wonderful, and fun. Just to get it out of the way, I have to tell you that that was my first real orgasm…ever. I can tell you anything, right?”  
  
“Absolutely, I’d have it no other way, Dale.”  
  
“To be honest, I had thought I had already had orgasms, by my own hand, prior to last night. But they were nothing special. In a way, I guess my interest in actual sex has always been somewhat low because what I had thought were orgasms, were actually not all that great,” said Dale. Noticing his expression she continued, “I’m telling you too much, aren’t I?”  
  
“No. Please continue. I do want to hear everything you’ll tell me,” said Nate. “I just got a little hung up on the, ‘by my own hand’ part. I wouldn’t be a teenage male, if I could let that go by without having images pop into my head.”  
  
Looking very mature, Dale examined him carefully, but then continued, “What I want you to know is how much last night meant to me. In a way, I find it delightful to learn that sex can be so much fun, I mean, for a female. I guess, what I really mean, is for me.”  
  
“And we didn’t even actually have sex, per se,” interjected Nate.  
  
“No, I suppose not,” said Dale, but with a smile she added, “Not actual sex, but we certainly got to what they termed ‘heavy petting’ in health class, probably well beyond. At the very least, we now know exactly what the other tastes like!”  
  
Nate chuckled, and it felt very good for the tension to be a little relieved. He knew Dale was going to tell him things he didn’t want to hear. Why else would she start a conversation with, ‘you’re going to be mad at me’?  
  
“It looks as if you aren’t going to escape without some bruising,” said Nate, seeing a little black and blue skin showing below her short sleeves.  
  
“Nope,” said Dale, holding up her arm and pulling up the sleeve to give him a better look. “I’m getting some ‘color’ everywhere where there was a strap. But it looks worse than it feels. It’s not really very sore at all.”  
  
“Well, I’m glad to hear that,” said Nate.  
  
“I will have to wear long sleeves for a few days, or I’ll have to make up a good story about what you did to me on this trip…something that doesn’t involve nudity,” said Dale.  
  
“Just make up a really kinky story about how I tied you to the bed, and…” said Nate, stopping mid-sentence. Dale’s expression indicated that she was not humored. “Probably better just go with the long sleeves,” concluded Nate.  
  
After a significant pause, Dale announced, “Well, let me cut to the chase. Yesterday was a major bender for me, a major binge. The nudity experience was truly off the charts, but like any addict, I need to admit and deal logically with this relapse. I need to acknowledge what happened, take control and get back on my program.”  
  
“Well, maybe, but remember, I kept you safe. Everything worked out fine. You didn’t see the inside of a jail cell. And like with the Homecoming Dance, I kept you from doing something that might have been a big mistake. Let’s put the gasoline and matches talk behind us, Dale. Those terms, they don’t fit us. We’re not gasoline and matches.”  
  
“That’s true, I learned last night something that I think we were both suspecting, that I am both gasoline and matches, all by myself,” said Dale. “You can certainly contribute full measures of each component of combustion, but I can bring about the explosion all by myself. And yet I am still pretty sure that it won’t happen, unless you are around. Alone, in that fraternity, I never would have taken the lingerie off.”  
  
“Dale, with all due respect, this sounds crazy. We have a relationship that works. I mean, we can make it work. We need each other. Please try to make it work with me by your side,” said Nate. “Don’t think about throwing the baby out with the bathwater.”  
  
“Nate, you know I’d love nothing more than making it work, with you and I as a couple. The problem is that I am convinced and I have made up my mind,” said Dale. “I don’t make decisions lightly and I don’t change my mind easily.”  
  
“Dale, this feels like I am being blamed for something you did. I didn’t get you naked last night,” said Nate.  
  
“No you didn’t, I know that.”  
  
“I should have gotten you some Kevlar lingerie, and locked it on you,” said Nate. I actually found something like that on the Internet. A company called AR Wear makes some Anti-Rape-Shorts. They are designed so that only the wearer has the combination. We could get some of those, and I could be the only one with the combination.”  
  
“Surely you’re not serious! You’re not thinking of locking me up in a chastity belt, are you?” said Dale.  
  
“No, I guess not,” said Nate, feeling dejected. “But I am sure there are solutions, other than what you are proposing: being apart. If you are both the matches and the gasoline, and you can create an explosion without me around, then you need me. If we go back to being boyfriend and girlfriend, I can keep you safe. Surely that is a line of reasoning that must have merit to you. I know how very smart you are.”  
  
He continued, “Dale, I love you. I’m fighting for us here!”  
  
“Nate, remember how I told you that I was going through a crisis? This is as hard for me as it is for you,” said Dale. “I need time. I just don’t see how we can go back to being a couple. God knows I want to. What we had last night, you and I, naked, here on this bed. I want that! I couldn’t do that every night, but it would be fun to try.”  
  
“Well, maybe that is the solution. Channel your energy, your needs into sex, and possibly the craving for public nudity, can be forgotten…or supplanted,” said Nate.  
  
Dale cracked up, “You’d like that wouldn’t you! ‘Dale becomes a nympho, forgetting her exhibitionist past.’ Actually that idea does have some serious appeal. Too bad you didn’t have any condoms last night, Buster.”  
  
“Well, we do have the room until 11 am. I can be back in ten minutes with a box,” said Nate. “You can hang out here, slip into something more comfortable, so to speak.”  
  
Dale laughed, but she seemed to be giving it some thought.  
  
“On second thought. I think you better come with me. Who knows what trouble you might get into all alone, without chastity panties,” said Nate, jokingly.  
  
“That’s pretty funny. You’re pretty funny. It’s almost like you came this close to f\*\*king Target Girl’s CG,” said Dale, holding up two fingers to indicate just how close, “only to have it yanked away. And now, you are doing everything you can to get that opportunity back. You’re making me feel like I’m taking candy from a baby!”  
  
“That’s mean. We both had fun. Please don’t say it that way,” said Nate. “I know you’re not cruel like that statement makes you sound.”  
  
“I’m sorry,” said Dale. “We did both have fun.”  
  
“I know that you know that I love you as a human being,” said Nate. “Sure, I’m excited about someday having actual sex with you, but you know that my love is genuine. Sometimes I get horny, but there is much more to this relationship that hormones.”  
  
“I do know that,” said Dale. “And I said I’m sorry. Now let’s be going. We can talk more in the car, but I don’t really think there is much more to discuss. We had an exceptionally fun night, but it hasn’t changed my mind about what we need to do going forward.”  
  
They put their luggage in the car, checked out, and headed out of town.  
  
Once they had hit open road, Nate said, “Dale, I probably shouldn’t bring this up, but it has started to seem as if there are two Dales. There is this Dale, the resolute stoic Dale, the Dale who promised me that she would be ‘good’. And then there is the Dale that broke her promise, call her ‘Bad Dale’. ‘Bad’ because last night you said, ‘Nate, I was bad’.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 159: Stand By You**

“Nate, there is only one Dale,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, I know that, but you must see what I mean. I’m fighting for us. I’m trying to figure out how to put Humpty Dumpty back together again, but the personality swings are forcing my brain into overdrive. I seriously thought that we had made so much progress this weekend, and now suddenly I’m supposed to believe that we are back at square one?” said Nate.  
  
“There is just one Dale, Nate. This reminds me of how someone explained our two political parties to me. They look at exactly the same data, but draw opposite conclusions, for example: health care. Both parties seem to agree that it is messed up, so there is common ground there. However, one party thinks that getting the government out is the solution; whereas, the other thinks that getting the private sector out is the solution,” said Dale.  
  
“Okay, connect the dots for me here, if you don’t mind,” said Nate.  
  
“Not a problem. How you and I look at what happened yesterday. What you term, ‘progress’, I see as ‘a relapse’. Same data, we both know what happened, opposite conclusions,” said Dale.  
  
“You are just too intelligent and too logical for me to think that I’ll ever be able to win an argument against you,” said Nate. “But from my chair, it does at times seem as if there are two Dales.”  
  
“That’s not going to get you anywhere Nate,” said Dale. “There’s just me, just the one Dale. But nice try.”  
  
They drove in silence for a few minutes, Nate trying to process what she had said. No matter how hard he tried to appreciate her point of view, he thought that his own made much more sense. But they had a long drive ahead of them, so he decided to try an alternative approach.  
  
“Dale, we love each other and we need each other. I need you. You need me. Why else might you have climbed into bed with me that first night?” he asked  
  
“You might not like my answer,” said Dale, “but… do you want to hear it?”  
  
“Of course, whatever it is, it can only prove my point, that you need me,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, I would have climbed into bed with anyone that night,” said Dale. “I had my hanging by my nipples nightmare, Kelly again turned into Alexa, just like before. I woke up in such a state. I would have climbed into bed with anyone, except of course Kelly or Alexa and maybe a few others. The amazing part is that I was able to do it without waking you up, because I so very much wanted to be held. Well, you get my point. I needed to be with someone, not all alone.”  
  
“But you were nude,” said Nate.  
  
“Yes, but I hadn’t just taken my nightgown off. It’s going to be really hard to adjust to sleeping in nightgowns, that’s for sure,” said Dale.  
  
“And you slept with me the second night,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m not going to lie to you. I sincerely like snuggling up against you in bed, falling asleep in your arms. It’s so comforting,” said Dale. “But that doesn’t mean that I am any less resolved as regards our relationship.”  
  
Changing the subject, Nate said, “Dale, you know ‘Fight Song’?”  
  
“Yes, of course I know the song. And I know that you just up and abandoned me on the dance floor last night when it came on,” said Dale.  
  
“Sorry about that. Bad associations, I guess.”  
  
“Why bring that song up?” asked Dale.  
  
“I know that song speaks to you. I know that it was what you wanted to communicate to me at that point in our relationship, err…breakup. I get that. I know that you are a strong, independent woman. And I love that about you. I have so much respect for you. I love you when ‘your power’s turned on’. You can still be strong and independent. Being my girlfriend is not in conflict with that.  
  
“But Rachel Platten has another song. It’s one that speaks to me. And it says what I want to communicate to you, at this stage in our relationship. I’m hoping that it might have meaning for you as well,” said Nate.  
  
“Which song is that?” asked Dale. “I don’t know many Rachel Platten songs.”  
  
“It’s called, ‘Stand By You’. Have you heard it?” asked Nate.  
  
“I don’t think so.”  
  
“I have it cued up on my phone. I’d like to play it for you. Here, press this button, and it will play through the car stereo,” said Nate, handing her his phone.  
  
Dale did as instructed, and Nate adjusted the volume as the first notes came out of the speakers.  
  
Nate looked over at Dale. He saw that she was staring down the road, listening carefully:  
  
Hands, put your empty hands in mine  
And scars, show me all the scars you hide  
And hey, if your wings are broken  
Please take mine so yours can open, too  
'Cause I'm gonna stand by you  
  
Oh, tears make kaleidoscopes in your eyes  
And hurt, I know you're hurting, but so am I  
And, love, if your wings are broken  
Borrow mine 'til yours can open, too  
'Cause I'm gonna stand by you  
  
Even if we're breaking down, we can find a way to break through  
Even if we can't find heaven, I'll walk through Hell with you  
Love, you're not alone, 'cause I'm gonna stand by you  
Even if we can't find heaven, I'm gonna stand by you  
Even if we can't find heaven, I'll walk through Hell with you  
Love, you're not alone, 'cause I'm gonna stand by you  
  
As the song ended, Nate looked over at Dale. He’d hoped to see a tear, to know that the song had penetrated, but there was none. She did, however, look as if the song might have reached a little distance into the tough outer layer she had been wearing all morning.  
  
Nate repeated three lines from the chorus:  
  
Even if we're breaking down, we can find a way to break through  
Even if we can't find heaven, I'll walk through Hell with you  
Love, you're not alone, 'cause I'm gonna stand by you.  
  
“That is a nice song, Nate,” admitted Dale.  
  
“Dale, you're not alone, 'cause I'm gonna stand by you,” he said. “You don’t need to fix this alone. And, even though I would, I don’t need to walk through Hell with you. Neither one of us needs to walk through Hell. Because we can find heaven, and we can find it together! I’m fighting for us, and I want to find heaven together.  
  
“I still remember you telling our parents, ‘We are becoming a couple. We are good for each other, and I for one am taking the relationship very seriously.’ Dale, you said that, and it’s just as true today. We have indeed become a couple! We are good for each other! I still take this relationship very seriously. I’m fighting for us, and we can find a way to break through!”  
  
Dale was just looking down the road stoically, yet contemplatively. Nate wished he could read her mind. He felt he was getting through, but he knew how likely that was to simply be an illusion, as it had apparently been the night before. Their drive lapsed back into a period of silence.  
  
Finally Date decided to speak, “Nate, I liked how you were calling me ‘Mads’ last night. It’s a cute nickname. How come you haven’t called me, ‘Mads’ today?”  
  
“I like both nicknames, ‘Maddie’ and ‘Mads’. ‘Madison’ is nice too. I kind of wanted other people to call you ‘Maddie’, so I could reserve ‘Mads’ just for myself,” said Nate.  
  
“But you haven’t called me ‘Mads’ today. Is that because you are mad at me? I couldn’t figure out how to ask that without it sounding like I was trying to make a bad pun. But I’m curious,” said Dale.  
  
“No, it has nothing to do with being mad. I’m just not using your new alias today. I thought I’d reserve it for ‘Naked Mads’. You were naked last night, so I called you ‘Mads’. If we had stopped by the Fiji house, I would have called you Maddie, dressed or undressed,” said Nate. “I thought it would be fun to have a nickname for you, that I only used when you were naked. I wanted it to be only for me, and only for when you are naked. But maybe I won’t get to use it.”  
  
“You didn’t call me ‘Carol’ before, when the two of us were alone and I was naked,” observed Dale.  
  
“I didn’t like that name enough to call you that, except when I had to,” said Nate. “It was a nickname that just happened, and then we were both stuck with it.”  
  
“I do like the idea of being your Mads,” said Dale. “But since I’m not planning on being naked, I guess I won’t be hearing it. But that’s okay, Dale is a good name.”  
  
“Yes, I like the name Dale,” said Nate. “It suits you. A unique name for a unique girl.”  
  
“Dale, can I ask you something?”  
  
“Of course. What?” asked Dale.  
  
“Will you go out with me?” asked Nate.  
  
“No, but what did you have in mind?” said Dale.  
  
“Ouch! I didn’t use to need a thick skin around you,” said Nate. Dale just stared at him, so he continued. “The Parker Halloween Party is Tuesday night. Why don’t we go together? We could just take it slow. Maybe we could start over, like have another first date. Forget all our history, forget the nudity, forget the betrayals. Just start over and have fun.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 160: The Wheel Video**

“That’s actually not that bad of an idea. But there is at least one problem with it,” said Dale. “I didn’t want to tell you, but you’ll find out soon enough. I already have a date.”  
  
“Ouch! You do?” said Nate.  
  
“Yes, Tyler asked me to go with him,” said Dale. “It was a surprise, but he’s really nice, so I said ‘Yes’.”  
  
“You mean Tyler, the gymnast?” asked Nate.  
  
“Yes, he was the guy helping me learn the back flip from the Maverick’s back the other day in the gym. It will be much nicer to go with him than any of the other guys who have been hitting on me recently,” said Dale.  
  
Nate tried to force himself to think about what homework assignments he had to do that evening when they got home. Anything to take his mind off what Dale had just said. He didn’t want her to see him cry.  
  
They drove on for a while in silence.  
  
“Nate, this will sound dumb, but can I tell you what I was just thinking about?” asked Dale.  
  
“Absolutely, and I can’t imagine that anything coming from you can sound dumb,” said Nate.  
  
“You were right about one thing,” said Dale.  
  
“I was right? That does sound dumb. I’ve been learning this morning that I have been right about exactly nothing,” said Nate.  
  
“Please don’t say that,” said Dale.  
  
“Okay, what is the one thing that I was right about then?” asked Nate.  
  
“You know the night that my insecurities got the best of me. The night when I was saying that they wanted Kristi, not flat little me,” said Dale.  
  
“I remember that night. One of your many crazy moments this weekend,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate…” she said.  
  
“I’m sorry. Please go on,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, you were right, and it’s the reason that I’m still glad I took off the bra. Unlike the hula hoop show, and some of the other adventures we’ve had, Disturbia was packed with guys about our age. I saw how they looked at me, how they looked at my chest,” said Dale.  
  
“They loved your tits right?” said Nate.  
  
“Actually, I think so. They all looked quite delighted by my little titties. And it wasn’t just one or two guys. It was a statistically significant sample size. I’m sure there are plenty of guys who like ‘em big, but you know what? I feel better about myself now. Thank you for that.”  
  
“It wasn’t really my doing,” said Nate. “You’re the one who broke her promise.”  
  
“Nate…” said Dale, again drawing out his name.  
  
“One of the surprises for me, as I’ve gotten to know you Dale, relates to this. It never would have occurred to me that someone as gorgeous as you might have body insecurities,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, if you’re a girl, it is easy to get the impression that boobs are about all that guys judge us on. The media is of course a factor. So many things make girls feel that it is all about size. I’m glad to be going home from this weekend feeling better about myself,” said Dale.  
  
“I’m very glad about that, too,” said Nate.  
  
“And one other thing about that. It makes me feel a little better about guys, in general, too. I mean, they still seem to be obsessed with tits…” said Dale.  
  
“But Dale, you were naked. Even gay guys would probably stare at a naked pair as pretty as yours,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, like I was saying, they still seem to be obsessed with tits, but you might be right that there are lots of guys who might be completely contented with a small pair like mine,” said Dale.  
  
“What was I telling you?” said Nate.  
  
“Well, thanks for listening, even if that might have come out sounding a little conceited,” said Dale.  
  
“It didn’t. It sounded intelligent. And I’m glad that something good came from the weekend,” said Nate. “I’m going to go on believing that a lot of good came out of this weekend. Call it a ‘relapse’ if you must, but my term for what happened is going to remain, ‘progress’. I’m sorry, I feel that I need to try and be just as stubborn as you.”  
  
“Nate, you said something curious last night,” said Dale. “Something about Zack and Roger drawing on my pussy. Had they actually done that, I’m sure I would have noticed, but this morning, I looked carefully. Nothing.”  
  
“I started to tell you about that last night, but I thought it might wreck the mood,” said Nate.  
  
“Tell me what?” asked Dale.  
  
Nate proceeded to tell her the details of his conversation with Zack and Roger, including how they had wanted to study her in greater detail, to find out if their hypothesis about her Center of Gravity being in her vagina was in fact correct.  
  
After quite a few laughs, Dale asked, “So do you think they really have video of me on the wheel?”  
  
“I suspect they have the entire thing on video,” said Nate. “I’m sure that people walk in front of you now and then, especially a certain Knife Thrower. Surely a study in bad acting.”  
  
“I’m more than a little worried about this video, Nate,” said Dale.  
  
“So am I,” said Nate. “At least you have your blindfold on, but I pulled it off of you at the end, and the video was surely still recording. And I’m sure you must realize that videos were taken later, in the front yard. You kind of went crazy on me, Dale.”  
  
“I know, I know,” said Dale, sounding seriously worried.  
  
“I’m not too worried about the cell phone videos taken outside. Of course, the blindfold was long gone, but it was dark, and you were moving around so fast. I doubt you can be recognized in most of them,” said Nate. “But I’m sure the other video taken by Roger and Zack is an entirely different matter.”  
  
“Do you think they’ll do anything with it?” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, last night, I did have a serious conversation about it with Blue,” said Nate. “That particular threat has been completely neutralized. He had possession of the video before we even left the fraternity last night. He gave me his number, and I’m going to call him in a day or two. I trust Blue, and I suspect you do as well.”  
  
“I do. He made me feel safe, more safe than you made me feel,” said Dale.  
  
“Hey, I had things set up for maximum safety. If you weren’t feeling so safe at that point, was it me or you who was to blame?” asked Nate.  
  
He looked over and Dale was just looking down at her knees and biting a nail.  
  
“Well, back to Blue,” said Nate. “Do you remember what he told everyone about keeping everything from the Alumni Board? Well, that is another reason that he was concerned about Zack and Roger’s video, and he didn’t know about it until I mentioned it to him. I guess the fraternity has had a few issues, and the oversight they receive from their Alumni Board is something he is very worried about. So the video is taken care of. He may allow Zack and Roger access to it if they really do have legitimate research needs, but it won’t be copied or shared. And if it shows your face at the end, he promises to delete that section right away, as an additional safeguard.”  
  
“Thank you, Nate,” said Dale. “You’re a good guy. I don’t think I deserve you.”  
  
“Oh, Dale, you’re killing me. Are you now telling me that we are less likely to get back together because I’m a good guy?” said Nate.  
  
“I didn’t mean that. I just want you to know that I appreciate you, and that I appreciate that you got me back to the motel last night,” said Dale.  
  
“It was quite a burden to take a naked YOU back to the motel room. There was so little in it for me, you know,” said Nate. “And you do realize that I had no ulterior motives, I’m sure.”  
  
“I guess I’ll have to take your word about that,” said Dale, smiling.  
  
Again, they drove for a while is silence.  
  
After a little more time had passed, they did end up discussing the relative merits of the two schools they had visited. Nate was all out of ideas, when it came to talking some more about their relationship. In many ways, Dale’s logic seemed both sound, and yet fundamentally flawed. It seemed clear that she still liked him, at least ‘Bad Dale’ seemed to like him.  
  
That evening when his mom asked him why he was studying alone, rather than with Dale, his mask slipped. He had tried to keep her from finding out that things with Dale were not going well. He filled her in a little, even going so far as to tell her that Dale had a date coming up with another guy.  
  
Fortunately, his mom just tried to comfort him without asking too many questions.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 161: Nudist on Strike**

Barely ten minutes later, there was a knock at the door. To his surprise, it was Dale. She had come over to see if he wanted to study Spanish together. They had a test on Tuesday, the morning of the party. She ended up staying and then spent about an hour and a half studying.  
  
Nate was sure his mom must be confused, but he was confused, too. He had just told her that they had broken up, and the next thing you know, Dale was there, acting just as she had always acted when visiting.  
  
Fortunately, his mom was smart enough to not say anything. As she had on previous occasions, she baked some cookies so that they could have a milk and cookies study break.  
  
When Nate walked Dale home later, he gave her a small bag from a pharmacy, saying, “For your bruises.”  
  
Dale opened it, reading the label, “Arnica Cream. Where did you hear about this, Nate?”  
  
“A mutual friend, someone who cares about you, told me about it. I researched it, and it should help the bruising be less painful and go away more quickly,” said Nate.  
  
“Your mom, right?” asked Dale.  
  
“It wasn’t my mom, but I’ll give you a hint. She’s an ex-cheerleader,” said Nate.  
  
“Are you talking to Aunt Mary? You better not be scheming with Aunt Mary!” said Dale.  
  
“Who said anything about Aunt Mary? Just give the crème a try, and wear long sleeves,” said Nate.  
  
They said goodnight, in a ‘just friends’ sort of way, and Nate went home and went straight to bed. The last night in Eatonville had been wonderful, but he had not gotten as much sleep as he was used to.  
  
The next morning, Nate said ‘hi’ to Dale at the start of Spanish class. She was friendly, but again in a ‘just friends’ sort of way, and she sat in the front row as before. He observed her all during class. He could not believe how close they had been, less than thirty six hours before.  
  
Could this really be the very girl who had asked him to cut off her imaginary thong, clearing the path for his tongue to her pussy? The very girl to whom he had given her first and only orgasm. The very girl who had instructed him to aim for her mouth, so that she could taste his cum. As he thought about it, he again started to believe that she had multiple personality disorder. Why did girls have to be so hard to figure out?  
  
That evening there was again the knock, and they again studied for their Spanish test together. He liked studying with her. Indeed, a year ago he would have been in heaven, just to be able to study in the same room with her. But now the situation was too full of what-used-to-be’s and what-still-ought-to be’s.  
  
Somehow he survived Tuesday, the Spanish test, his other classes and football practice. Arriving home, he got out the Green Lantern costume. He started to think about the party, but decided instead to just go through the motions and get ready with as little thought as possible. It hurt too much to picture Dale there, on a date with Tyler.  
  
He ate an early dinner, wondering what Dale would be wearing. It hadn’t come up in their conversations. He imagined her wearing a very short mini skirt without panties, but knew that that would never happen.  
  
She would certainly be wearing something more conservative than that. If she wore a short skirt, it wouldn’t be all that short, and she’d probably even be wearing shorts or spankies under it. Maybe that just proved that she was right, after all. Maybe she was safer without him. Would Her costume have ended up being more risqué, had they still been going together? He wondered.  
  
Cody was right on time, and not much later, they arrived at the party. Even though Cody wasn’t Dale, Nate felt pretty good about arriving with Cody. In a way, being seen with him signaled that he was being accepted by a larger group of the popular students, not just the one cheerleader.  
  
Shortly after walking in, he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned and was amazed to discover that it was none other than Alexa.  
  
She was very friendly and talkative. That was a singular experience in his book. She had never been friendly to him. He found himself thinking that maybe she had been treating him as she treated Dale. In other words, treating them alike because they were a couple. She seemed quite sincere and nice, however. Possibly Dale was simply mistaken about her? He doubted it. Dale was probably right about her.  
  
So many thoughts went through his head. Maybe Alexa might be one of the girls that Jodie had spoken of. Just as he was wondering if Alexa might be romantically interested in him, she asked him to dance.  
  
Maybe since he was now Dale’s Ex, Alexa might be taking an interest in having him on her side. He wondered. He didn’t really want to dance with her. She was quite attractive, but he had never given her any real thought as a potential girl to date. She was another one of the girls that was ‘way out of his league’. He hadn’t given any of them any thought as potential dating possibilities, to be honest. Why would he have?  
  
And he didn’t think Dale would like seeing him dancing with her, but he had no desire to be uncourteous, so he agreed. She turned and led the way to the Parker’s family room, the room where the music had been cranked up for dancing.  
  
As he followed her, he started noticing her costume for the first time. He decided that she had actually come to the party dressed up as Dale! ‘How odd’, he thought. She was even wearing a cheerleader’s white and black pleated skirt. It looked like an authentic Prospect High cheerleader’s skirt! And her top said “D. Jordan” across the shoulder blades.  
  
The cheerleader’s tops didn’t have their names on them, so Alexa had obviously done that to make it crystal clear that she wasn’t just dressed up as ‘any Prospect High Cheerleader’. Her blond hair hung down in a long ponytail.  
  
When she turned and started dancing, Nate saw the front of her top. In bold letters it read, “Nudist on Strike”.  
  
Nate made sure to not give her the satisfaction of a reaction. To him it seemed clear that she hadn’t asked him to dance out of any interest in him as a person. She was clearly on a mission to torment Dale. He had just been asked to dance, to bring her costume to his attention.  
  
He again thought of the other possibility. Maybe she thought that he might now have his own grievances with Dale, and that they might now somehow team up. That seemed like a bizarre idea, but if Dale’s intuition about the girl was correct, then that might merit consideration.  
  
Alexa was doing a lot of dancing with her back to him, and suddenly he realized why! She was showing off her long single braid! She had long blond hair, just a little darker than Dale’s shoulder length hair. He hadn’t seen her in a ponytail before, but it was suddenly obvious to him what she was doing. She was one of the girls who was certain that Dale was Bungee Girl, so she had braided her hair to match that of Bungee Girl!  
  
‘Dale had been absolutely right about Alexa’, thought Nate. ‘She was either a total bitch, or something else was seriously wrong with her.’ She was obviously fixated on Dale. Images from Dale’s nightmare flashed through his mind.  
  
He hoped that Dale wouldn’t see Alexa’s costume. He wanted to spare her that torment, but he knew that there would be no way to keep it from happening. Dale would see the costume. Alexa would be sure to rub it in her face. He just didn’t want to be dancing with Alexa when it happened. He didn’t want there to be any associations to him when Dale saw this latest Alexa initiative.  
  
He had been doing his best to not make any reaction related to her costume, but the shock of seeing the braid ruined that plan. She was watching him carefully, and he knew that she had seen the look on his face. He was busted, but he forced himself to look away and try and regain his composure.  
  
As the song ended, Alexa approached close saying, “Nate, do you have a date to the Sadie Hawkins dance?”  
  
Nate didn’t want her to ask him. He knew he would tell her ‘no’, and he didn’t want to have to do that. But he answered truthfully, that ‘no’ he didn’t have a date.  
  
At about that same moment, he looked out the window and saw Dale coming up the walk with Tyler. They were even holding hands.  
  
He knew that he needed to get away from Alexa as quickly as he could, so he made some lame excuse with the word ‘bathroom’ in it, leaving her alone on the dance floor.  
  
The downstairs bathroom had a ‘Men’ sign taped to it. He ducked in and closed the door. He didn’t really have to go. He just needed to collect his thoughts. As he exited the bathroom, Alexa was fortunately nowhere to be seen.  
  
However, he caught sight of Dale and Tyler in the foyer where Tyler was hanging up Dale’s coat. He tried to steel himself against what the evening might hold.  
  
He tried to remember if he had held hands with Dale on their first date, but he couldn’t really decide which date that might really have been. And he knew that Dale knew Tyler quite well, and was very comfortable around him. They might jump over some of the preliminaries.  
  
He tried to figure out Dale’s costume. She was wearing a strapless dress with a short, full skirt. He could tell that it had been white, but had been painted, mostly brown and red, around the midsection. And she had what looked to be a comically large red cherry on her head. He decided that he didn’t want to be seen standing there, gawking at her like that, so he slipped out the patio doors into the back yard.  
  
Walking quickly away from the house, he encountered Jason and Ward, the football team’s primary ball carriers. Jason Hooper, Dale’s ex-boyfriend, was the team’s starting fullback, and Ward Kerner, the starting Quarterback.  
  
As he was starting to walk past them, Jason hailed him, “Hey Nate. Do you want to hear something funny?” Nate just stopped and looked at him. “Tell him Ward, the man looks like he needs a good laugh.”  
  
“You mean about Alexa and I?” asked Ward.  
  
“Exactly!” said Jason. “About the costume, you know.”  
  
“Okay, okay,” said Ward. “I guess you may as well know, but don’t repeat this, okay?” Nate nodded, and Ward continued. “Have you seen Alexa’s costume?”  
  
“Yes, she asked me to dance,” admitted Nate.  
  
“That bitch! I’m her f\*\*king date!” said Ward. “She’s as loose as they come. If you screw her, leave some for me for later.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 162: The Club**

“Don’t worry about me. I’m trying to keep my distance,” said Nate.  
  
“Good luck with that, but I presume you saw her Dale costume,” said Ward.  
  
“How could I have missed it?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, this is the funny part,” said Ward. “This is the part that Jason wants me to tell you, and the part that you can’t tell anyone else. Alexa tried to bribe me into dressing up as you. Can you believe it? She wanted me to dress up as you, so we could be Dale and Nate. That girl is bizarre! I told her there was no f\*\*king way. How could I even look like you? Why would I even want to? I’d only look like me anyway, right? She said I could wear a football jersey with your name and number on it. As if I’d be seen with some stupid number in the seventies, eighties or nineties.”  
  
“Seventy-nine,” said Nate, realizing that Ward did not know his number.  
  
“Right, seventy-nine, but no offense. I’m quite attached to number twelve. She dropped the request when I told her I didn’t have to be her date,” said Ward.  
  
Nate just laughed. “I could have done it. She never asked me. But then I wouldn’t have been ‘in costume’. And anyway, I wouldn’t want to be her date.”  
  
“Why not, Nate? She’s a sure lay,” said Jason. “After doing time with Dale, I’m sure you could use a little relief. I think I see sperm swimming around your eyeballs!”  
  
“Yeah, and what is with the green costume?” asked Ward. “You should have come dressed in blue. You should have dressed up as Blue Balls. Everyone would have gotten a kick out of that.”  
  
“And Dale would have deserved it!” said Jason.  
  
“Yeah, Dale,” said Ward wistfully. “I almost decided to ask her myself. Instead I decided that I wanted to get laid tonight, so I asked Alexa. But Dale, in my opinion, is worth the blue balls. What a girl! Prospect’s finest!”  
  
“You liar,” said Jason. “Tell the truth. Nate’s in the club now. He deserves to hear the truth.”  
  
Nate was pleasantly surprised. Just as it had seemed with Cody, it now seemed as if he were being accepted by Jason and Ward. They were talking to him essentially as an equal. Two guys who had never paid any attention to him in the past.  
  
“What club is that?” asked Nate.  
  
“The Rejected by Dale Jordan Club,” said Jason. “It is a club that has been growing since we were all in about the sixth grade.”  
  
“How big of a club is it?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, it’s not an official club with an actual membership roster, but there are rules. For example, it takes actual rejection by Dale to be admitted. Just having a crush on her doesn’t count, right Ward?” said Jason.  
  
“Yes, we’ve gone to the effort of codifying this a little bit. To fill time and to console ourselves,” said Ward.  
  
“Yep, sometimes it helps to realize that one is not unique. We don’t have to suffer alone. I’m sure you’ll come to understand, Nate,” said Jason. “But at last estimate, I think we had membership figured at about thirty guys and one girl.”  
  
“Yep, the membership was pretty much frozen for a long time because Dale and Jason stayed together so long,” said Ward.  
  
“One girl?” asked Nate.  
  
“Have you been living under a rock, Nate?” asked Jason.  
  
“Which girl? Do I know her?” asked Nate.  
  
“I’m sure you do, Nutshell,” said Jason.  
  
“Really? You mean, Michelle Thompson, the pole vaulter?” asked Nate.  
  
“Nate, you act like you didn’t know she’s lesbian,” said Jason.  
  
“No, I know that, but Dale?” said Nate.  
  
“Oh yeah, she’s had the hots for Dale since way back in junior high. Not working out very good for her though,” said Jason. “So, about thirty, maybe thirty-five plus the one, like I said. But Ward, go ahead and tell Nate the truth, why not?”  
  
“OK, I’ll tell him,” said Ward. “Before I asked Alexa, I did call and ask Dale to be my date tonight. As soon as I heard that you and she had broken up, I was all over that.”  
  
“And she turned his ass down!” said Jason, with a sound of glee in his voice. “I hold the record. She and I almost made it to two years, can you believe it? She was pretty hard on me, when she broke up with me.”  
  
“But you’d take her back in a heartbeat, wouldn’t you?” said Ward.  
  
“I would,” admitted Jason. “So would you, right Nate?”  
  
“In a heart beat,” admitted Nate. He was actually feeling good talking to Ward and Jason. They were much more normal than he had ever imagined.  
  
“Every member of the Rejected by Dale Jordan Club would have her back,” said Ward. “But in most of our cases, it wouldn’t actually be having her ‘back’, because most of us never had her in the first place. Unlike you two!”  
  
“I expect that is true. That most would take her back,” said Nate. “I don’t think I know of anyone else who is as universally liked as Dale.”  
  
Jason and Ward both laughed.  
  
“What?” asked Nate, looking truly clueless.  
  
“Universally liked and universally hated!” said Jason.  
  
“That’s the nerd mentality, Nate,” said Ward. “To think that everyone likes Dale. If you want to fit in, you’ve got a few things to learn. Should we school the boy, Jason?”  
  
“Why not? He’s in the club,” said Jason.  
  
“Okay, Nate. Dale is an amazing lady. As pretty as they come, and actually so full of life and energy,” said Ward. “I’d spend every waking minute with her, if she’d let me. But she doesn’t like me. She says I swear to f\*\*king much. She’s probably right. I tried to give that up, on her account. She still didn’t like me. And you know what?”  
  
“What?” asked Nate.  
  
“I didn’t care. I still wanted her,” said Ward. “But it wasn’t my destiny, so I live with it. I deal with it. But I still have so much respect for her, and when I’m lucky, she stars in my wet dreams.”  
  
“You need to TIVO those, Dude!” said Jason.  
  
“I do! I could make a mint selling video copies of my Dale Jordan wet dreams!” said Ward. “I have a great subconscious imagination, that body, that face, that flexibility and Oh…so…willing.”  
  
“Alas, never willing around me,” said Jason, shaking his head.  
  
He continued, “Well, at least ninety five percent of the students at Prospect High hold Dale in the highest regard.”  
  
“Yep, absolutely all the guys, and mostly all the girls, at least all the wall-flower girls love and respect Dale,” said Ward. “But the other girls, the girls at the top of the food chain. Many of them hate Dale.”  
  
“Most of them work at hiding it,” said Jason. “Alexa’s the exception. She wants people to know that she hates Dale. But many girls share Alexa’s disdain. Many of them wish they had the guts to be more like Alexa.”  
  
“I’ve started sensing it, but I don’t get it,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m not surprised,” said Jason. “You haven’t been an inner circle guy for long. And you’ve been so close to Dale, that the girls we are talking about would have been hiding it from you as well. But now, that will change. You’ll start to see just how petty and spiteful a jealous high school girl can really be.”  
  
“But Dale is nice to everyone,” said Nate.  
  
“That is true, on the face of it,” said Ward. “But that is not how she is viewed.”  
  
“Think, Nate, think,” said Jason. “Who does she hang with? Almost all of her friends are guys. She’s pretty much a loner. When you guys were going out, she had lots of time to be with you, right? She’s great that way. But when was the last time you ever saw her go out with the girls, the other cheerleaders? They have ‘girls nights’, but Dale’s never there.”  
  
“I don’t think they ever invite her to anything,” said Nate.  
  
“They don’t now,” said Jason. “They’ve given up. As far as girls go, she mostly just hangs with that one wench, Carly. I got so sick of her. The best thing about being broken up with Dale, is never having to talk to or hear about Carly. I even had to go on double dates with Carly and Darrell. Can you imagine? Fortunately that ended when that asshole got locked up. The only other girl friends that I think Dale has are on the gymnastics team. You probably didn’t see a lot of them, since Gymnastics is a spring sport.”  
  
“But Dale isn’t mean to the other cheerleaders, or Alexa,” said Nate.  
  
“Not really, but she makes little effort to get along,” continued Jason. “It’s pure jealously really. These girls are in competition. On the football field we compete, and it is all healthy competition. It’s all above ground. If cheerleading and drill team were more like that, or say girls track, it wouldn’t be this way. The girl with the fastest time would climb the podium and get her gold medal.  
  
“Similarly the cheerleaders each want to win, but there is no race. It’s all about looks and popularity, subjective things, so all the competition goes below ground. They smile on the outside, because there is no socially acceptable way for them to express their competitive nature. They become manipulative, they turn on each other. In short, they become catty, gossipy little bitches,” said Jason.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 163: Red Rover**

“That is about the best summation of a high school girl I have ever heard, Jason,” said Ward.  
  
“Thanks,” said Jason. “I spent so much time at Dale’s side, trying to figure this all out. She really doesn’t deserve it, and she’s mostly unaware of it, and to some extent I think that she lives in denial. But there are quite a few girls who really hate her.”  
  
“More than just Alexa and a few of her Drill Team minions?” asked Nate.  
  
“Kendra and Susie are the only two cheerleaders from whom I have never heard anything negative about Dale. Lucky thing for Dale, actually. If Kendra felt like Erin or Vanessa, then I’m sure she would have been dropped a time or two by now. Broken bones maybe. Those two, Erin and Vanessa, are the worst, but they hide it the best. They are pretty straight forward with me about their feelings. I’m sure they trust me not to talk about it like I’m doing at the moment,” said Ward, chuckling.  
  
“Exactly,” said Jason. “They think that we’ll help them keep up appearances, because that is what we do.”  
  
“I’ve expected that Jodie might not have positive things to say about Dale in private,” said Nate.  
  
“Jodie is funny,” said Jason. “She’s a switch hitter. She actually goes back and forth. In my opinion, it’s because she is not really all that bright. She is sort of like a chameleon. She adopts the opinion of those she is with. So it’s funny that she is Head Cheerleader, but actually that is probably why she is Head Cheerleader.”  
  
“But I still don’t get why they dislike Dale,” said Nate. “With Alexa it is probably because she was never selected to be a cheerleader. But even that makes no sense. Dale has never been in charge of who gets to be a cheerleader.”  
  
“Nate, it’s pure competition. These girls are all trying to be the prettiest and most popular. Frankly, they are all locked in a battle for second place. And they hate that. Starting in about sixth or seventh grade, it was obvious to them all that they had lost. Dale has always held first place. It was obvious to the guys, and it was obvious to the girls. And it was all the more maddening to the girls because Dale seemed so unaware of it. I think she really just didn’t give it a second thought, but that made it even worse for the Alexas, Erins and Vanessas of the bunch. To them Dale comes across as aloof and conceited.”  
  
“But it makes little sense,” said Nate. “So you are telling me that they all got together and decided this.”  
  
“Of course not. I suspect they discuss it, but they all feel it individually, I expect. You were there, you felt it too, right?” asked Ward.  
  
“I guess, but she was my neighbor. I was fixated on her, but I guess I thought it was because she was always right there,” said Nate. “And, of course, because she was so gosh darn hot!”  
  
“You know, Nate, I’ve always thought that we, us guys, were to blame for the girls’ jealousy. I think we caused it. Back in grade school, when we picked teams for games like Red Rover or Kick Ball, we would always pick Dale first. Even all the way back in first or second grade,” said Jason.  
  
“But we picked her because she was fast and she was tenacious. She was always so athletic,” said Ward.  
  
“That’s true, but the real reason, in my opinion, that she was always picked first in Red Rover is that we simply wanted to stand next to her and hold her hand. Admit it!” said Jason.  
  
“My, God, I’d forgotten about Red Rover,” said Nate. “But you are right! There wasn’t a more ferocious Red Rover player on the playground, girl or boy. Dale was invincible. She was scrawny but tall back then, and she would run so fast and hard that no one could hold the line where she tried to bust through. She was fearless. I don’t think she would have slowed down for a brick wall.”  
  
“That’s true, but that’s not why we picked her,” said Jason. “We picked her in hopes that we’d get to stand next to her and hold her hand… she would hang on so tight. Dale and Red Rover made me love recess!”  
  
“So we boys brought it about in grade school. I remember that in Mrs. Wilcox’s class, I sat in the front. I always sit in the back, but in that class, I sat in the second row, just to be behind Dale,” said Ward. “Other girls must have been conscious of guys doing that.”  
  
“I was too shy. I sat across the room, but admittedly in a spot where I could see her,” said Nate.  
  
“And then later in junior high, if there was a dance, the other girls would only get asked to dance after Dale had been asked,” said Ward.  
  
“And part of what drives the girls crazy is how easy it is for Dale. They themselves spend so much time and money on hair and makeup. It really makes them mad. It makes them mad that guys think Dale looks so good, when she hardly tries,” said Jason.  
  
“Clothes, too,” said Ward. “Erin, and Vanessa, for example, surely have ten times as much money as Dale to spend on clothes, and they’re hardly alone. Dale’s parents can’t even afford a car for her to drive. Dale gets by pretty good, mostly by bumming rides, but most of the other girls have cars. I’m sure you’ve seen Vanessa’s new blue Mustang.”  
  
“Yep,” said Jason. “To have a Tom Boy upstaging their attempts at glamor and beauty, that really steams them.”  
  
“A Tom Boy?” said Nate. “I made the mistake of calling her that once.”  
  
“Yeah, don’t do that,” said Jason. “But that is what she is. Rough and tumble. It was probably more obvious back in junior high, before she needed a bra. She’d dress like the boys, usually wearing just a pony tail. The other girls discovered dresses long before Dale ever did.”  
  
“And size was a factor,” said Ward. “She was as tall as most guys in sixth or seventh grade. But she stopped growing, and girls like Erin, and her BFF Carly passed her up.”  
  
“Especially Nutshell,” said Jason. “She must be the tallest girl in the class, but back then Dale was taller.”  
  
“But it continues to this day,” said Jason, directing his comment to Ward. “Take Alexa, for example. She knows that you only asked her to be your date for the Last Parker Halloween Party because Dale had already turned you down.”  
  
“How could she know that?” asked Ward.  
  
“Because I told her,” said Jason.  
  
“You asshole! Why would you do that?” asked Ward.  
  
“Because I’m an asshole. And because I love to torment Alexa. She is low hanging fruit, if you know what I mean,” said Jason.  
  
“You are seriously an asshole, Man. If I don’t get laid, I’m coming for you,” said Ward.  
  
“If it had been me, you would have done the same thing, Dude,” said Jason. “We’re all assholes, right Nate? Ward, show Nate your picture.”  
  
“You mean the… He might tell,” said Ward.  
  
“Who’s he going to tell? Dale? Dale should know anyway, right?” said Jason. “Who’s side are you on anyway?”  
  
“Tonight I’m on Alexa’s! Dale turned me down,” said Ward.  
  
“Just show him. And Nate, promise us you won’t tell Dale. But if you do, promise us that you’ll leave Ward and I out of the conversation.”  
  
Nate agreed, not being very clear about what he had agreed to.  
  
Ward opened up his phone, and located a photo, showing it to Nate.  
  
“What’s that?” asked Nate.  
  
“That’s Dale! I mean, it’s a close up of her bare snatch, or don’t you recognize it?” said Ward.  
  
“Where did you get it?” asked Nate.  
  
Indeed, Nate had some great pictures of Dale’s pussy, but this one was an exceptionally detailed close-up. He knew it was not one he had taken, or seen.  
  
“First answer my question. Have you seen Dale’s snatch in person,” asked Ward pressing the point.  
  
“I can only get myself in trouble by answering that, Ward. Everything I say seems to make it back to her,” said Nate.  
  
“Okay, here’s the deal,” said Ward. “We’ll do a trade. I’ll tell you who took it, but you can’t repeat that. You tell Jason and I if you have seen Dale’s twat in person, and we’ll keep that a secret. If either of us tells the secret we are supposed to be protecting, then the other can retaliate. For example, if you tell Alexa…dang it….”  
  
“You told him, Dude,” said Jason laughing.  
  
“Oops, well, we can still make the deal. I don’t want Alexa to ever hear that I told you that she took the snatch picture, but if Dale finds out that you told us what we want to know, then you would have a green light to tell Alexa,” said Ward.  
  
“I guess that’s a deal,” said Nate. He wasn’t so sure that Ward really cared if Alexa found out what he was supposed to keep secret, but he wanted to be on good terms with Jason and Ward. They really did have a lot of prestige at Prospect High. It couldn’t hurt to have them on his side. And on the flipside, Alexa had surely been telling them that she was convinced about Dale being Bungee Girl, which must mean that on some level they must already know that he had seen Dale’s pussy in person, at the fair. He continued, “I guess I agree to your terms, Ward. Did Alexa really take it? Is that really Dale?”  
  
“You don’t recognize her?” said Ward.  
  
“Well, truth be told, I have seen her pussy. And it pretty much looks like that, but I haven’t seen enough pussies to know that they don’t all mostly look like that,” said Nate.  
  
Ward and Jason laughed.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 164: Tink**

“So you’ve seen her naked, but she’s still a virgin?” asked Jason.  
  
“True on both counts, but, please. I’m in trouble enough with her. Please don’t make my life any harder!” pleaded Nate.  
  
“That’s the deal, right, Ward?” said Jason.  
  
“Yep, that’s the deal you lucky fool. I’d love to see that in person, but if I got that close, it would be all over for her virginity,” said Ward. “It’s a crying shame that girl’s a virgin. A blight on Prospect High, actually.”  
  
“So, Alexa took the photo?” asked Nate.  
  
“She did; the time those girls all pantsed Dale in the locker room in the days after Homecoming. She says that she was ready to photograph a tattoo, but then when there wasn’t one, she decided that she needed a few pussy close ups like this one,” said Ward. “I expect the other girls must know about it, but apparently Dale doesn’t. There must have been too many girls holding her down for her to see, I guess. Surprising really, that Dale had that many girls gang up on her, and she still isn’t all that wise to all the animosity that is out there,” said Ward.  
  
“She probably doesn’t want to believe it,” said Nate, thinking that what he was saying was probably true. It would seem that on some level, Dale must know. How could she not know, based on Ward’s solid logic. Maybe it was, in fact, denial.  
  
“It is a great photo, Ward. Do you think Alexa’s a lesbian?” asked Jason.  
  
“Hell No! But what an awesome photo of a beautiful twat, right? I think it’s cool that Alexa is good between a girl’s legs! I mean, how she can get between a woman’s knees and produce results…results like this photo,” said Ward, trying his best to be funny. “I’m jealous of Alexa…and you, Nate. I want this view!”  
  
Jason laughed, “I know Alexa sure knows what she is doing between a guy’s legs!”  
  
He continued, “But on a more serious note, Nate. Well, there is a young lady here that you might want to go and say ‘hi’ to. I told her that I wouldn’t say anything, but I owe you one, remember? The shove in the bleachers? She’s a bit shy. She is planning on approaching you herself, asking you to dance, even asking you to Sadie. But like I said, she’s shy. You wouldn’t know it. She’ll probably chicken out.”  
  
“Who are you talking about?” asked Nate.  
  
“Susie Chandler. I’m sure you know her. Don’t say I told you. But she would be quite a catch. She’s not Dale, but she doesn’t have to be. She is pretty and very sweet. Much more honest and down to earth than the other girls we’ve been talking about,” said Jason. “I could introduce you, but that would be awkward in a small town like this. Everyone knows everyone.”  
  
“Oh, I know her,” said Nate.  
  
“Yep! But she’s cute as a button, and sweet. You could do a lot worse. She’s as pretty as they come, and always in a good mood,” said Jason. “And, you’ve caught her eye.”  
  
“That actually isn’t that much of a surprise,” said Nate. “She has been saying ‘hi’ to me in the halls lately. That’s new. I’m probably shyer that she is, but maybe I’ll wander around and see if I see her.”  
  
“Look for Tinker Bell,” said Jason, as Nate walked away. “Little green dress, wings. Like I said, cute as a button!”  
  
Nate wandered back into the Parker house. He wasn’t thinking he’d actually initiate a conversation with Susie, but he thought he might make himself available in her proximity, and see if she spoke to him.  
  
He had been thinking that he wouldn’t go to Sadie Hawkins, except with Dale. He had pretty much decided to just turn anybody down that might ask him. But the idea of Susie Chandler was testing his resolve on that point. She was certainly top tier pretty. Not as flamboyant as some, just wholesome, cute and probably mild-mannered, as Jason had indicated.  
  
Had she expressed an interest in him the year before, he certainly would have thought he had died and gone to heaven.  
  
He was surprised at himself. He was actually thinking about a girl other than Dale. Up until that evening, he had thought that would be impossible. He only wanted Dale, but suddenly part of him was realizing that there might be life after Dale, should worse come to worse.  
  
Walking in, he saw Dale dancing with Tyler. The black clouds returned. She looked to be having fun. Memories of all the fun they had just had dancing at the Fiji house after the Wheel of Death permeated his thoughts.  
  
Why did she have to look like she was having fun? It was shear torture. He was about to force himself to stop staring, to force himself to wander off and see if Tinker Bell could be found, when Dale saw him, and their eyes met. She smiled and waved.  
  
That made him feel good. What an emotional roller coaster the evening was shaping up to be. He so very much wanted to talk to her, but she was dancing, so he wandered off. Without an alternate plan in mind, he found himself still looking to see if he could find Susie in her Tinker Bell costume.  
  
She didn’t end up being hard to find, even though he wasn’t planning to talk to her. But what Jason had told him must have been true, for as he walked through the room where she was talking in a group, she came over and said, ‘hi’.  
  
After he had said ‘hi’, she continued, “Hey Nate. If we switched your mask for a little green cap, then we could be a couple. You could be Peter Pan, and I would be Tinker Bell.”  
  
Nate was surprised. Jason had just been telling him that Susie was shy, but the first whole sentence out of her mouth was about them being a couple. It was very disarming, and very refreshing to be approached by a smiling Susie. He took off his super hero mask and chucked it.  
  
Wondering where his shyness had gone to, he surprised himself by saying, “Who needs a little green cap, Tink?”  
  
“You can tell I’m Tinker Bell?” asked Susie.  
  
“What else could you be? It looks pretty obvious to me, and you did just say that you were Tinker Bell.”  
  
“Oh, right, I did just say that, didn’t I?” she said, looking down with a hint of shyness. She continued, “People have been guessing all kinds of green fairies this evening. It’s been driving me crazy. Some Wood Fairies, the green Fairy form Sleeping beauty…” said Susie.  
  
“Nah, she has a big long dress,” said Nate.  
  
“Jodie guessed the Green Fairy from Moulin Rouge,” said Susie. “Why do you think I look like Tinker Bell?”  
  
Fortunately Nate had gotten much better at thinking on his feet around pretty blond cheerleaders. “The hairstyle and the jagged hemline are unmistakably Tink,” said Nate.  
  
Susie was pleased with his answer, and they settled into a pleasant conversation, mostly having fun looking at and talking about the other costumes at the party. Eventually Susie did ask him if he’d like to dance. He knew that he should have been the one to ask, but, ‘Oh, well’, thought Nate.  
  
Nate was glad, when they got to the dance floor, that Dale and Tyler were nowhere to be seen. It would be much easier being himself around Susie he thought, if he didn’t have Dale there, stealing his concentration.  
  
Nate ended up discovering that Susie was fun to dance with. As he thought about it, it was amazing to him that he was enjoying the company of a non-Dale girl at the party. That had not been something that he had considered as being even a remote possibility.  
  
But after four or five songs, they both felt ready to take a break, so they visited the kitchen for some refreshments. From there, they took their Halloween cake and drinks, and headed out into the backyard.  
  
There were quite a few people there, but Susie seemed to know right where she wanted to go. She led Nate to a bench in a less populated part of the yard, near a wood pile. They even had to move some stuff off of it in order to sit down.  
  
Nate was impressing himself. He had long believed that Dale was the only pretty girl he could relax enough around to be himself, but here he was having a nice time getting to know Susie.  
  
They talked about a great many things. It was amazing how much one had in common with someone else who grew up in the same small town, even if you had managed to go through life without really ever talking to one another.  
  
As Nate suspected might happen, the Sadie Hawkins dance did eventually come up in the conversation. It was the one girl-ask-guy dance during the year, so he knew that the girls took the opportunity very seriously.  
  
Susie turned toward him, laying just the tips of the fingers of her left hand gently on his right forearm. That caught him off-guard, that one little physical connection. It felt friendly yet so very personal, essentially disrupting his ability to think straight.  
  
She said, “Nate, I’m enjoying being with you. Even before tonight, I had been considering asking you to the Sadie Hawkins dance. After getting to know you a bit better this evening, I think we’d have a lot of fun together. Would you be my date for the dance? We can both dress as ourselves.” She chuckled nervously at her minor attempt at humor.  
  
Nate could tell that she was as nervous as he was. He didn’t know what to say. He had decided to just say ‘no’ if anyone asked him to the dance.  
  
But he was having second thoughts. Maybe Dale had already asked Tyler. If she was going to continue being crazy, why shouldn’t he go with Susie? He even started thinking the unthinkable, that Susie might be a better match for him.  
  
They could date, and he wouldn’t have to try and find crazy ways to get her naked. He could be like a normal guy, trying to get the clothes off of a normal girl, for the normal reasons. Maybe a more typical relationship with a slightly more ordinary girl was what he really needed. And she was hardly ordinary, she was way hot. She probably wasn’t nearly as good at Red Rover, and a few other things, but he liked her.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 165: Dale vs. Alexa**

Susie was just looking at him, and he knew that his time to think of a response had to be up. Finally, he decided that he had to answer, even though he expected it would come out sounding stupid.  
  
“Susie, I’m honestly at a loss for words, and I’m so flattered. Going out with Dale was a shock to my system, and having her break up with me has been an even bigger shock. My life is honestly in turmoil. I decided a while ago to just say ‘no’ if anyone asked me to the dance, anyone other than Dale that is. I have been resolved to just stay home if Dale and I hadn’t managed to patch things up by then,” said Nate.  
  
“I understand,” said Susie. “I sort of imagined that you would say ‘no’. I had hoped you would say ‘yes’, but I understand. You guys just broke up. Maybe another time, then.”  
  
“Wait Susie,” said Nate. “I didn’t say ‘no’, I was just thinking out loud.”  
  
“Well, you didn’t say ‘yes’ either,” said Susie.  
  
Nate looked across the yard and noticed Dale looking right at him. Oh, how awkward, he thought. He saw Dale walking toward them.  
  
“Susie, what I said was that prior to tonight, I had decided to say ‘no’, if anyone asked me, but I’ve been enjoying talking to you so much that now I don’t know what to do,” said Nate.  
  
He had to stop what he was saying, because Dale was now getting close enough that she would be able to overhear.  
  
“Hi Susie,” said Dale. “Hi Nate.” They both said ‘hi’ and then Dale continued, “Nate, it doesn’t have to be right now, but when you get a minute, I’d like a chance to speak with you. I’ll be inside somewhere, okay?”  
  
“Sure, Dale, I’ll come find you in a bit,” said Nate.  
  
“Thanks,” said Dale. “I’m sorry to interrupt like this. I just have something on my mind, and waiting for you two to finish talking was taking forever. Again…sorry.”  
  
She turned and walked off.  
  
“Well, my guess, Nate, is that you’ll have the Sadie date you really want before the night is out,” said Susie. “But that is fine. I’ve always liked Dale. Some of the girls let her get to them, but she doesn’t have a mean bone in her body. She and I have always gotten along well.”  
  
“She’s not going to ask me to the dance,” said Nate. “Something else is bothering her, I can tell.”  
  
“I’m pretty sure she is, but that’s okay,” said Susie. “We’ve all gotten used to it. Dale has always gotten first pick. The rest of us just fight over what she leaves behind. Those aren’t my words. That is just what I’ve heard other girls say. I’m not bitter. Do you want to give me your answer later, Nate?”  
  
“Can I?” asked Nate. “I feel bad.”  
  
“I know you’ve had a tough couple of weeks. So has Dale. Remember it was me who spent fifth period in the bathroom with her, trying to comfort her. You guys are both great. If you can work it out, then I’ll be sincerely happy for you,” said Susie. “If it works out that you and I get to go to the dance together, then I’m sure we’ll have a lot of fun. No deadlines, Okay? But just try and not make me wait too long for my answer.”  
  
With that, Susie got up giving him a quick kiss on the cheek, and headed back in to the party by herself.  
  
Nate sat there for a moment trying to understand what had just happened. Susie was way too nice to say ‘no’ to, especially to just sit at home. How could he figure this out? And the little kiss on the cheek, the way she had touched his arm. Those little things had been amazing; so very friendly and unexpected. He found himself imagining a low stress relationship, something that certainly had a lot of appeal after the last few weeks.  
  
Finally, he got up and went looking for Dale. She was easy to find, waiting for him just inside the patio doors.  
  
As he walked up, she said, “Nate, I’m sorry about interrupting your conversation with Susie, but you have been a tough guy to corner this evening. I finally had to give up the notion that I’d eventually find you somewhere all alone. Let’s go out front and talk, if you don’t mind,” said Dale.  
  
“Absolutely,” said Nate.  
  
Together they went out the front door, away from the party, and found a little privacy standing in front of the large garage doors in the Parker driveway. They were visible to those still arriving, but no one was near to overhear their discussion.  
  
“Your bruising looks like it has mostly cleared up. At least I can’t see any from here. If you need a full body inspection, I’d gladly offer me services,” said Nate.  
  
“No need, but what an unselfish offer!” said Dale, sarcastically. “But you’re right. The crème you gave me seemed to help. I’m so glad the bruises are gone. This little dress would not have had the same effect with bruised arms and legs.”  
  
“Yep, but lots of Halloween costumes go well with bruises,” said Nate.  
  
“Maybe, but I put a lot of time into painting this dress and these shoes,” said Dale. “You sure spent a long time talking to Ward and Jason. I suppose you guys just talked about football, right?” asked Dale.  
  
“Hardly. They were inducting me into the club,” said Nate.  
  
“The club?” asked Dale.  
  
“Yep, The Rejected by Dale Jordan Club,” said Nate.  
  
“There’s no such thing,” said Dale.  
  
“That’s not what they say,” said Nate.  
  
“And why were you looking at Ward’s phone for so long?” asked Dale.  
  
“Oh, Ward’s phone?” said Nate, trying to think fast. “Something from Alexa, she’s his date tonight, even though I have yet to see the two of them together. Have you seen Alexa’s costume?”  
  
“Oh, she made sure I did, as soon as I walked in the door. That’s actually why I wanted to talk to you,” said Dale.  
  
“I must have had about the same experience,” said Nate. “As soon as I walked in, she asked me to dance. I’m sure that the only reason that she asked me to dance, was to rub her costume in my face.”  
  
“Do you believe me now?” asked Dale. “It’s like she is obsessed, possessed even.”  
  
“I always believed you, but you’re right. It’s worse than I thought,” said Nate.  
  
“So what was on Ward’s phone from her?” asked Dale.  
  
“Oh, what he was showing me? Well…. You probably didn’t know that Alexa tried to get him to dress up tonight as me,” said Nate, doing his best to avoid flat-out lying.  
  
“As you?” said Dale, laughing out loud. “Let me guess: his ego wouldn’t permit him to dress up as a lowly lineman, right?”  
  
“Something like that, but I’m glad he didn’t. That would have freaked me out,” said Nate.  
  
“So maybe now you know how I feel!” said Dale.  
  
“I tend to think that he simply wasn’t willing to sink to Alexa’s level,” replied Nate.  
  
“Did Alexa ask you to Sadie?” asked Dale.  
  
“Pretty nosey tonight, aren’t we?” asked Nate.  
  
“Nate, I liked it better when we were on the same team,” said Dale.  
  
“In all honesty, so did I,” said Nate. “But no. She did, however, ask me if I already had a date. So, I took off, preventing the conversation from continuing. It seemed like it could get real awkward, real fast.”  
  
“Erin told me that she was going to ask you,” said Dale. “But she might have just been trying to make me mad, or maybe jealous. It will be hard for me to see you with another girl, especially certain girls. Alexa would be the worst.”  
  
“You do realize that you don’t now get a say in who I go out with? But there is an obvious solution to that,” said Nate.  
  
“I may have been the one who pulled the trigger on the breakup, Nate. But don’t forget who and what forced my hand,” said Dale.  
  
“I don’t care to rehash it all, Dale, but I do still love you,” said Nate. “Do you want to dance?”  
  
“Sorry, Buster,” said Dale. “I’m here with a date, remember?”  
  
“I guess I’m in denial, Dale. I’m actually hoping that he is just a buddy who gave you a ride to the party.”  
  
“Nice try,” said Dale. “But I am hoping for your help with something. I found this Sharpie in a drawer in the kitchen. I really want to know which one of the other cheerleaders is scheming with Alexa. I’m sure you saw her skirt. There should be only twelve of that exact skirt in all of Prospect. There are just six senior cheerleaders, and six junior cheerleaders. I know where my skirt is, so that leaves just eleven potential suspects.”  
  
“Okay, count me in. How do we narrow it down?” asked Nate.  
  
“Here is what I’m thinking,” said Dale. “Take the Sharpie. Sneak up behind her, and put a small dot on one of the white stripes, probably near the hem to keep her from noticing you. Just a little dot, and then show me where it is. It won’t wash out, and then at the next game, I can see whose skirt has the dot on it.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 166: Alexa vs. Dale**

“And her accomplice will be busted, right?” said Nate.  
  
“Exactly!”  
  
“But what exactly will that prove?” asked Nate.  
  
“Maybe not much at all, but I’m still curious, and I can’t believe that anyone would lend Alexa their skirt for her mean spiteful costume without being sympathetic to her twisted sentiments,” said Dale.  
  
“But what if she turns around?”  
  
“And sees you?” asked Dale. “Don’t let her.”  
  
“No, what if she turns around and…asks me to the Sadie Hawkins dance?”  
  
“Well, like you just bluntly informed me, I don’t get a say in who you date,” said Dale. “But I know why guys, like Jason and Ward, go out with her. And I’d like to think that you’re different.”  
  
“Well, that point aside, I already have a better offer,” said Nate.  
  
“You do? Susie, right?” asked Dale.  
  
Nate nodded.  
  
“You two did look like you were getting pretty chummy there in the backyard. I guess I didn’t butt in quite soon enough, huh?” said Dale.  
  
“Dale, it can be just you and me. It really should be just you and me,” said Nate.  
  
“You know that’s what I wanted! That was my plan, once. But…. Nate, will you please just help me with the skirt. I don’t have anyone else I’m comfortable asking,” said Dale.  
  
“That’s very interesting. Only me, huh?” said Nate. “Why don’t you ask Tyler? Don’t you trust him?”  
  
“Please, Nate!”  
  
“Okay, I’ll do it. Give me the Sharpie,” said Nate.  
  
As soon as Nate had the Sharpie, Tyler came out of the house and approached them saying, “Oh, there you are, Dale.”  
  
“Yeah, just talking to Nate, sorry,” said Dale.  
  
“No worries, but guess what! There’s a juicy rumor ripping through the party…about you, Dale,” said Tyler.  
  
“About me?” asked Dale.  
  
Nate looked at her, and saw a hint of extreme worry on her face. She was trying to hide it, but he could see through that. He knew what she was thinking, because he was thinking the same thing.  
  
He was thinking about the pictures and videos on the lawn in front of the Phi Gamma Tau house, the many photography attempts during the Wheel of Death scene, how Dale had told him that she’d seen Martin in the crowd, and the other Prospect students they’d seen at the U. There was indeed quite a bit to worry about.  
  
“Yep, people are saying that you’re pregnant,” said Tyler.  
  
“You’re kidding, right?” said Dale.  
  
“I’m not. But if you are, then it wasn’t me. I swear!” said Tyler.  
  
Dale laughed, saying, “So, Tyler, what is this obnoxious rumor based on? I’m quite sure I’m not pregnant.”  
  
“I don’t know yet, but we should be able to find out,” said Tyler.  
  
“Yes, let’s head back in and find out,” suggested Dale.  
  
“Sure, unless you two need a little more time. You looked to be deep in discussion,” said Tyler.  
  
“Tyler, I think we are almost done talking. Can I find you inside in a minute or two?” asked Dale.  
  
“No problem, Dale. Take your time,” said Tyler, turning and heading back in.  
  
After he had gone, Dale said, “I just wanted to make sure we are clear on the skirt marking idea, before we go back in. Tyler showed up just as we were finishing that part of the conversation.”  
  
“I’m clear. We can head in. Finding out about pregnant cheerleaders seems like a priority to me!” said Nate enthusiastically.  
  
“Nate, I’m not pregnant,” said Dale, punching him.  
  
“Wow, just like old times,” said Nate, rubbing his shoulder, pretending like it hurt.  
  
They went back in the front door together. Once inside, Nate and Dale started looking for Alexa. They finally found her. She was dancing.  
  
“Maybe you and I should go and dance, just behind her,” whispered Dale.  
  
Nate thought about saying something, remembering what she had said when he had proposed that they dance. But contemplating his tricky mission, he said, “I don’t think that the dance floor is the right spot for ‘operation black dot’. I think I might be seen. Let me just stalk her for a while. Hopefully, I’ll be able to catch her in a crowed area, like a hallway or the kitchen, where everybody is bumping into everybody.”  
  
“Thanks, Nate,” said Dale. For a second Nate thought he was about to get a little kiss on the cheek, but it didn’t materialize. Dale continued, “While you do that, I’ll go and find Tyler and see what I can learn about the tiny little baby forming in my belly. You do realize that if this rumor turns out to be true, I’m pinning it on you. I mean, you’re the only suspect.”  
  
Nate laughed, and Dale wandered off. Alexa was still dancing about five minutes later when Dale and Tyler returned with the answer. They were both laughing.  
  
“Nate, it was our costumes,” said Dale. “People coming in saw our costumes as we were talking in front of the garage, and supposedly, thinking that they were ‘couples costumes’, they decided that we were announcing that I was pregnant.”  
  
“I don’t get it,” said Nate. “You’re a dish of ice cream, and I’m a super hero. So how does one get to ‘Dale is Pregnant’ from that?”  
  
“First off, I’m Katy Perry, a blond Katy Perry, and I’m wearing my ice cream dress designed by sisters, Claire and Shawn Buitendorp,” said Dale.  
  
“Ok, and I’m still Green Lantern,” said Nate.  
  
“You look like a pickle, Nate. Don’t you get it?” asked Dale. “Pickles plus Ice Cream equals Pregnant.”  
  
“That’s kind of stupid,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, why else would a couple decide to dress up as Pickles and Ice Cream?’ asked Tyler.  
  
“But I’m Green Lantern, darn it. Now you kids run off and dance, or something,” said Nate, laughing and returning his attention to Alexa.  
  
About half an hour later, Nate was in the kitchen talking to Cody. He had completed ‘operation black dot’ shortly after Dale and Tyler had explained the rumor to him. Alexa had wandered down the hall toward the kitchen. It was crowded, and he had been able to ‘brush’ past such that she never noticed him lifting up the hem of her skirt momentarily.  
  
Nate and Cody were just talking, when Tyler suddenly came rushing up excitedly, saying, “Nate, quick, come here!”  
  
Nate followed him into the nearly empty dining room next door where the healthy snacks were laid out on the table. A very curious Cody tagged along.  
  
“What’s got you so excited, Tyler?” asked Nate.  
  
“Somethings going down, and it can’t be good. The downstairs bathroom is marked ‘Men’, so Dale went upstairs to use the restroom up there. Well, I was waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs, and you’ll never believe what I saw,” said Tyler, nearly hyperventilating as he spoke. “I caught a glimpse of Alexa and Nutshell, walking down the hall upstairs, across the top of the staircase.”  
  
“So,” said Nate excitedly. “Spit it out!”  
  
“Nate, Alexa was carrying Dale’s dress and the ice cream high heels that she made!” said Tyler.  
  
“Oh, My God! You’re f\*\*king kidding me! Let’s go guys!” said Nate. “Cody…coming?”  
  
“I’m in,” said Cody. “Let’s roll!”  
  
The three of them charged out of the dining room, crashing through the people in the hallway.  
  
Nate was in the lead, followed closely by Cody. This was familiar territory for the two of them. They were very used to attacking in exactly this formation. If, for example, they saw the ‘Option’ play forming in an opponent’s backfield, Nate, as Defensive End would lead the charge straight for the Quarterback, forcing the pitch. Cody, as Linebacker, would follow him, swinging a bit wide, his assignment: the pitchman.  
  
Tyler, the gymnast, was right behind them as they rounded the corner and bounded up the stairs, three at a time.