**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

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**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 184: Confession concluded**

“I guess you’re going to just have to trust me on this one, Buster,” said Dale. “But just to make you worry even more, I’ll tell you this. It’s a good thing that those girls were holding my arms down when Michelle latched on to my nipple. It felt so wonderful to again have her so close to my naked skin like that. I don’t know what all I might have done, had they not been holding me, but I know that it would have started with me throwing my arms around her and holding her, pressing her face against my…right where it was! And I wouldn’t have wanted to let go.”  
  
Nate let out a big sigh, saying, “Yep, that did the trick. Now I’m really worrying. My confession was something pretty big, but I am sure that you won the confession grand prize.”  
  
“It feels good to have told you about all this,” said Dale, taking in and letting out a deep breath. “Having Michelle close like that, even though it was brief, caused all kinds of memories and emotions to come flooding back. Alexa was so mean to hit her. That really pissed me off!”  
  
“Silly me! I thought Alexa had done you a favor by knocking Michelle off of you,” said Nate.  
  
“Alexa is just plain mean. For the things she does to me, but also for hitting Michelle. Michelle didn’t deserve that,” said Dale.  
  
“Oh, My God! What you put me through!” said Nate.  
  
“You aren’t going to break up with me over this revelation, are you?”  
  
“Excuse me? Wouldn’t we have to be ‘going steady’ for that to be possible?” asked Nate.  
  
“I’m just funning with you, Nate,” said Dale. “You’re so fun to tease. You’re low hanging fruit, if you know what I mean.”  
  
“Well, okay then!” said Nate. “So is that the end of the ‘Dale does herself a lesbian’ story, or is there more?”  
  
“That’s all, or at least all I’m telling you,” said Dale. “I’ll have to keep lying to everyone else, about why I quit track, but at least I’ve come clean with you.”  
  
“So, Dale, I don’t really know what to think. I know my mind is going to be spinning on this for a while. But if the confessions are finished, then we could return to ‘date night’ already in progress,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m game. The dinner from Tres Magnifique! was sure a delightful surprise. Do you have something else in mind?” asked Dale.  
  
“Oh, I have lots of things in mind!” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, you do, do you?” asked Dale. “Maybe the naked lady needs to ask if you brought condoms, before she acts so agreeable.”  
  
“That’s easy to answer. Nope. No condoms. I sure learned my lesson there. Everything about tonight revolves around me trying to reestablish a connection with you as a person, not you as a female body,” said Nate. “I’m hoping to somehow get ‘Good Dale’ to like me.”  
  
“So, date night, right?” said Dale.  
  
“Right! The next thing on the agenda is quite physical,” said Nate.  
  
“Physical?”  
  
“Yes, I remembered how good you were at Red Rover. So I thought we should play that! You know, ‘Red Rover, Red Rover, Send Dale Jordan right over!” said Nate.  
  
“That takes a lot of people, and a lot of room,” said Dale.  
  
“Yep, not very practical for Mary’s living room,” said Nate.  
  
“But it would be so fun to play again!” said Dale with a big smile on her face.  
  
“And you wonder why people think you are a Tom Boy. But, yes, Red Rover is out for tonight, but I did manage to dredge up another grade school era memory. A memory of another recess activity that requires just two people and takes very little space,” said Nate. “And if memory serves, you loved playing it as much as you did Red Rover.”  
  
“And that would be?”  
  
“Indian Leg Wrestling!” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, I’ll whoop your ass at Indian Leg Wrestling!” bragged Dale. “Nobody beats me at Indian Leg Wrestling.”  
  
“Well, that might have been true back in grade school, but you were about the tallest in the class then. I’m pretty sure I can take you now. I’ve got at least ten inches and seventy-five pounds on you now,” said Nate.  
  
“But there’s so much more to it than size, Nate. I’m all muscle, and I’ve got skill!” boasted Dale.  
  
“You sound pretty confident,” said Nate.  
  
“I’ll so own you, Nate!” said Dale.  
  
“I was hoping you’d be willing to give it a go, but now your attitude has me thinking that we need to have something riding on this.”  
  
“What do you have in mind?” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, I brought some massage oil. A little bit later, I was planning on offering you a backrub. But we could always gamble with the backrub. Winner gets, loser gives. What do you say?”  
  
“You’re on. I’ll still be getting the backrub,” said Dale confidently.  
  
“Well, if you do, it won’t be because I’m going to go easy on you. You’ve got to earn it. You’re forgetting that I’m an athlete in training, a football player. And football is a full-contact sport,” said Nate.  
  
“Sounds like we better move the coffee table, “said Dale.  
  
“Yep, and you might want to consider slipping those little shorts on. I know that you know how this goes. Dressed like that, you’re going to be offering up some major beaver shots.”  
  
“Scared of a little beaver, Nate?”  
  
“Absolutely not. I’m just trying to make it clear that nothing about my suggestion of Indian Leg Wrestling has anything to do with sex. It’s not that long ago that I was getting accused over and over of being here this evening for the sole purpose of f\*\*king you. Your words,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m sorry about that, Nate. I’m pretty stressed at times. But right now, given your weight advantage, I think I need The Beav on my team. He might distract you just enough to hand me the advantage.”  
  
“No problem, but I did watch a few YouTube videos to remind me of how this goes, so I know that the beaver just might end up on my face.”  
  
“So what’s the problem? We both know you’ve been there before,” said Dale.  
  
“I have, I know, but one question. Now you’ve got me wondering if I’m dealing with ‘Good Dale’ or ‘Bad Dale’. They both look so much alike,” said Nate.  
  
“There’s only me, Nate”  
  
“Right, of course…only one Dale. So let’s move the coffee table,” said Nate.  
  
“Okay, Nate, this is a quick game, fun, but quick. So, how many points does it take to win the match?” asked Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 185: The Match**

“I’m thinking seven or eleven,” said Nate.  
  
“Let’s make it seven. As I see it, I’ve got the early advantage,” said Dale.  
  
“Why is that?” asked Nate.  
  
“You’ll see. I don’t want to give too much away,” said Dale. “Okay, seven points the match. We hold at the elbow, hook at the knee, switch legs every point. Ready?” asked Dale.  
  
“Why do I get the feeling that I’ve been hustled?” asked Nate.  
  
“Hey, it was your idea. You want me to act like I’ve never done this before?” asked Dale.  
  
Mary’s house had hardwood floors, but the center of the living room was dominated by a giant area rug featuring colorful geometric shapes and stripes. It was much larger than what they needed for their match.  
  
Nate lay down on his back, and Dale lay down next to him, her head pointing in the opposite direction. Dale adjusted her position slightly once. They hooked right arms at the elbow, placing their right hands on their stomachs.  
  
Nate turned his head to the right, looking over at Dale’s thigh which was level with his head. Her hip was even with his shoulder. He lifted his head, looking down at her. Their eyes met. He saw a contented, confident smile on her lips. He felt very good to have thought of an activity that she seemed so interested in.  
  
Turning his still elevated head, he glanced over at her mound, also even with his shoulder.  
  
“Ready, Nate?” she asked. He looked back to her face. “We raise inside legs three times, hooking the third time. So, ‘One, Two, Three, Go!’ Got it?”  
  
“Hey, this was my idea, remember?” said Nate.  
  
“I just want to make sure you don’t have any excuses. No practice points. The first point counts,” said Dale.  
  
“Got it,” said Nate agreeably. He wasn’t planning on going easy on her, but he didn’t really think she stood much of a chance.  
  
“Okay, count with me,” said Dale.  
  
In unison, they counted, “One – Two – Three,” each time kicking their inside leg up past ninety.  
  
Nate looked over as Dale’s leg went up. As anticipated, he was looking past the cheek of her raised leg straight into her pussy barely a foot away. As the leg went higher, the outer lips separated, giving him a quick little peek at the cute inner lips. As her leg was reaching its highest point, the little inner lips slid against one another, popping open right at the end.  
  
On ‘Three’, he felt Dale’s leg hook around his, and on ‘Go’ he felt their legs come into firm contact. An instant later, he saw both of his knees pass over his head as he rolled over backwards.  
  
He looked up, more surprised than anything.  
  
“One to nothing, switch sides,” said Dale, shifting over. She was clearly in a hurry to go again, before he had a chance to get his wits about him.  
  
“What happened?” asked Nate.  
  
“Mr. Beaver won that round. What do you think happened? I think it was pretty obvious. Better get your head in the game, Nate,” said Dale.  
  
This time they hooked their left arms at the elbow. Again Nate looked over at her thigh, stealing a glance at her pussy while they raised their legs the first time, counting ‘One’.  
  
He forced himself to look straight at the ceiling, concentrating on being ready to apply all his strength as soon as they hooked legs.  
  
As he applied the amount of force that he was sure would send her tumbling, he felt his leg being pulled to the side. Losing his balance, he found himself rolling over on top of her, landing with his cheek on her smooth mound.  
  
He discovered that his hip was resting on her chest, his arm twisted awkwardly underneath his body. Carefully he climbed off, trying not to sit on her and put his full weight on her rib cage in the process.  
  
“Sorry, Dale,” he said.  
  
She responded simply, “Two, zip, switch sides.”  
  
“Another point for Mr. Beaver?” asked Nate.  
  
“Nope, I won that through sheer cunning. Better get your head in the game, Nate,” said Dale.  
  
“I guess I should have watched more videos,” said Nate, as he again lined up, again looking over at her bare mound, the cleft teasingly visible from his position near her thigh.  
  
He looked at the ceiling and concentrated as they again raised their legs three times. He made sure to keep his back straight and push parallel. He felt Dale’s leg give a little. As soon as he thought that he had finally won a point, he felt Dale’s leg reverse, sending him tumbling over backwards again.  
  
“Ha! Three, zip!” exclaimed Dale, triumphantly. “You do realize that you just fell for the oldest trick in the book. Do you need a break to try and pull yourself together, Nate? This must be very ego crushing for a big ‘athlete in training’ such as yourself...to be getting beaten so badly by – gasp – a girl, and not a very big one at that. You do realize that I am a girl don’t you?”  
  
“Stop trying to rub it in! That you are a girl is – how should I say – blatantly obvious! There is way too much pussy showing for me to be even the slightest bit confused as to your gender,” said Nate. “Maybe I do need a glass of water.”  
  
“You thought this was a strength game, didn’t you?” said Dale.  
  
“I guess I thought it was fifty percent weight and fifty percent strength,” said Nate.  
  
“That’s where you’re wrong. I think it is one part gymnastics, one part cunning, and the final third is split between size and strength. Do you want to concede defeat, or should we continue?” asked Dale.  
  
“Oh no, I’m having a great time. We definitely need to continue. Leg wrestling with a naked hotty is definitely my kind of fun!” said Nate. “Even though I’m losing.”  
  
“Well, even if giving me a backrub sounds nice, I‘m sure you would definitely enjoy the backrub that said ‘naked hotty’ will be giving you, in the unlikely event that you suddenly get a lot better at this,” said Dale. “So you need to motivate yourself a little.”  
  
“Okay then,” said Nate. “Time to put some points on the board!”  
  
This time Nate tried the trick that had worked for Dale on their second go, pulling her leg to the side toward him. She must have had the wrong strategy of her own in mind, because that destabilized her. She ended up on top of him crosswise, such that they were belly to belly.  
  
Nate grabbed her and held her there with his left hand while spanking her butt with his right hand. He hadn’t planned to do it. The position had just been so optimal for spanking that he couldn’t resist.  
  
Dale did manage to squirm free, but not before he had also tickled her appropriately.  
  
“Nate, No fair!” she squealed. “No spanking. No tickling. You’re not behaving! Now be good!”  
  
“Behaving?” asked Nate.  
  
“Yes, behaving! Behaving like a guy who is trying to patch up a damaged relationship,” said Dale. “You know I didn’t like it when you were saying you were going to spank me on Halloween. Shouldn’t you be trying harder to act more mature and trustworthy?”  
  
“I’ll show you trustworthy, Mads,” he said, pulling her back across his lap and giving her a few more spanks.  
  
Dale had both of her hands, palms up, on her bottom, attempting to protect herself from his swats.  
  
“Ever since Halloween, I’ve wanted to spank your cute little bot-bot,” said Nate. “ON Halloween I felt like I NEEDED to do it to knock some sense into you, but SINCE then I’ve WANTED to do it, just for the sheer fun of it!”  
  
“My bot-bot,” said Dale, laughing. “You are such an odd boy…really! Sometimes you seem to lose sight of your goal, which I thought was patching things up with me.”  
  
She managed to turn and push him back down onto his back. Somehow she got astride his chest, and pinned his hands to the floor at each side of his head.  
  
Nate looked up at the serious look on the girl who was pinning him to the floor, but then his eyes shifted momentarily to her tits dangling from her torso.  
  
She caught him looking, saying, “Eyes up here, Buster!”  
  
With no warning, she bent closer and gave him an amazingly passionate kiss, pressing her lips into his. With her tongue, she licked all around his lips just barely inside his mouth, then plunging her tongue gently in, she tentatively searched out his tongue.  
  
Sitting back up abruptly, she said, “I know what you are trying to do, and you’re not getting away with it.”  
  
“What am I trying to do?” he asked.  
  
“Since you can’t keep me from getting to seven points via leg wrestling, you’re trying to cut the match short to deprive me of victory, via spanking and tickling. But I’m on to you!” said Dale. “Now, switch sides, it’s Three to One.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 186: The Match concluded**

Nate found himself ‘overthinking the kisses’ again. ‘My, God, did that kiss ever seem like a positive development!’ he thought. It made his heart soar.  
  
Dale climbed off him, moving back into position. Nate decided that he had to beat her, if it was at all possible. As much as he would enjoy giving her a backrub, and touching her skin, he decided that getting a back rub might be even nicer. He absolutely loved her touches. He had never been able to get enough of that sort of contact.  
  
They both went back to the Indian Leg Wrestling match in earnest. As Dale had foreseen, Nate did begin to get it figured out, and her initial advantage started to wane. They traded points initially, but Nate’s size and strength did mean that he was able to tie it up at Five to Five.  
  
Dale scored a point putting her in the lead, and they lined up for her match point.  
  
Nate flipped her and after sitting up she was essentially sitting on his chest, her pussy close to his chin, a leg on either side on his head. He reached up and grabbed her hips, holding her there. The idea of pulling her forward onto his face was almost too tempting to resist.  
  
Dale, seeing him looking straight into her pussy commented, “Nate, you look like you’re getting distracted again. If you kiss me there, you lose another point to Mr. Beaver and I win the match.”  
  
“As tempting as that is, this match needs to go the distance. Now climb off me. Six, six, switch sides!” he said imitating her format.”  
  
The next point would decide the match.  
  
For the next point, match point, Dale had saved another one of her tried and true tricks. She hoped that it would surprise him, giving her the last needed point. Just after their legs came into contact, she began a series of pulses, small repetitive fakes similar to the one big fake that had secured her a point early on.  
  
Nate didn’t fall for it. He applied steady hard pressure, sending her tumbling. She climbed up, and crawled over to him. She collapsed on his chest, her head resting just below his chin. Nate hugged her there, caressing her back. He loved how her back felt: so smooth, a little bony, but so very sexy.  
  
“There is something so tremendously sexy about a woman’s back, completely uninterrupted by any clothing whatsoever,” he said.  
  
Dale ignored his comment, saying, “It looks like you won, but that sure was fun. I’ve done my share of Indian Leg Wrestling but I have never had that much fun before.”  
  
“I know I haven’t,” said Nate, “but only because you’re naked.”  
  
“Liar! Admit it. It was fun and not just because I’m naked,” said Dale sitting up. “Besides, I think you’ve become almost completely desensitized to my naked body.”  
  
“Yeah, I hardly notice anymore,” said Nate, rolling his eyes.  
  
“You know, I really tried to beat you,” said Dale.  
  
“You almost did beat me,” said Nate.  
  
“This was win-win for me. I wanted to win the match, but I also wanted to be the one giving the backrub tonight,” said Dale.  
  
“Why is that?” he asked. He could sense that he was supposed to ask.  
  
“At times I feel selfish. I’m not going to start crying on you again, or anything, but our relationship has made me realize that I must have a born-in selfish streak,” said Dale. “Tonight I feel like trying to pamper you a little. Where is the oil?”  
  
As he got up to get the oil, she continued, “And part of what I was thinking relates to how you added up that our relationship is just twelve weeks old. I can’t believe what we’ve crammed into just twelve weeks. I mean, I’ve gotten to know you so much better than I ever got to know Jason in the nearly two years that we were going out.”  
  
Returning with the oil from his bag, he said, “Oh, Mads, please! No more Nate - Jason comparisons. I really don’t think you are aware of how much you hurt me earlier with the ‘You’re no different than Jason’ comments.”  
  
“That does sound pretty insensitive to me now, but I can’t rewind and unsay that. I wish I could. But it’s part of what got us to this nicer moment, I suppose,” said Dale. “But like I was saying, it struck me that in twelve weeks, I’ve never given you a single backrub.”  
  
“Please don’t tell me how many you gave Jason,” said Nate.  
  
“I wasn’t going to. I just felt like it was something that I’d like to do tonight, especially since we are getting along so well,” said Dale.  
  
“I haven’t given you a backrub either,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, pretty recently you worked me over with a wash cloth, ice cubes, and your mouth. That was pretty special…”  
  
Nate interrupted her saying, “Don’t forget my nose, the Eskimo kisses.”  
  
Grabbing his nose between a thumb and forefinger and shaking it she said, “You and your nose!”  
  
Continuing she said, “So we’ve crammed years of relationship into twelve weeks, and in all that, I still haven’t given you a backrub.”  
  
“Or a blowjob,” said Nate.  
  
“Stop it! I can never figure you out. Here I’m trying to be all serious, and you’re trying to convince me that you love me. And that you aren’t only interested in f\*\*king me, and then you go and do that…you go and shoot yourself in the foot,” said Dale.  
  
“Self-deprecating humor, maybe?” said Nate. “Like the matches on the anniversary card, right?”  
  
“Yes, like that,” said Dale.  
  
“You know, just this week I started having very similar thoughts. To some extent I think that it is a good sign…that we think alike. This week I started thinking of all the nice things I’d never done for you, an embarrassingly long list I’m afraid. Tonight you received flowers and a card, the first time I’ve given you either. Not a very good boyfriend, I guess. If you’ll let me be your boyfriend again, then I plan on being a little more well-rounded. Focusing on a lot more than just nudity.”  
  
“That sounds like it might be a good idea. We do have a problem, however. Some time ago I made a solemn promise to myself. I promised myself that Nate Miller would never, ever again be my boyfriend. Stubborn me can’t stomach the idea of breaking promises that I make to myself.”  
  
“You broke the ‘the lingerie stays on’ promise,” said Nate.  
  
“I did, or maybe ‘Bad Dale’ did, but I’m not proud of that. It can’t mean that now I start breaking all of my promises.”  
  
“No I suppose not,” said Nate. “But maybe you can reconsider.”  
  
“So, now I have the oil. What’s this called? ‘Soaring Spirit’,” said Dale. “Where did you get this?”  
  
“Frisky Business,” said Nate.  
  
“You went in that sleazy looking sex shop?” asked Dale, surprised.  
  
“What did you want me to do, give you a backrub with canola oil?” asked Nate.  
  
“What else did you buy?” asked Dale.  
  
“Nothing,” said Nate pausing. “At least not on that particular visit.”  
  
“Nate…” said Dale, drawing it out and acting incensed.  
  
“Remember…self-deprecating humor!”  
  
“Now don’t get your hopes up. I don’t have any skill at giving backrubs, no experience to speak of. But I am feeling very motivated to try and make your muscles feel very nice. You do have some very attractive muscles – probably something else selfish little me has been very remiss in – telling you how good I think you look with your shirt off.”  
  
“You look good with your shirt off!” said Nate.  
  
“Shut up! Shirt off! Now!” said Dale, taking charge, pointing her index finger at him. “Now lie down!”  
  
Nate did as instructed.  
  
The lights were already pretty low, but Dale got up to turn them off. Before doing so, she turned on the gas fireplace, casting a nice warm flickering glow across the living room where they had just had their wrestling match.  
  
“Good thing I know my way around Aunt Mary’s house, isn’t it,” she said, obviously pleased with herself for setting the mood using the fireplace light. Next, she brought in the still-lit candles from the dining room table, placing them on the mantle.  
  
Dale struggled with the oil bottle cap. Nothing would come out until she discovered the foil seal hiding underneath. It turned out to be tough, but once it came off, it came off altogether, and she spilled quite a bit of oil on Nate’s back.  
  
She sloshed it around, but it was way too much and threatening to run off onto the carpet.  
Getting up to get some paper towels, she said, “It looks like I’m not the only one slippery tonight.”  
  
Nate looked over his shoulder at her as she walked away towards the kitchen.  
  
”You’re slippery?” he asked.  
  
“Self-deprecating humor, right?” said Dale. “I’m sure you’ve already noticed my girl body betraying me again.”  
  
“I put up with my oft embarrassing hard-ons. You put up with that. I guess we each have our cross to bear,” said Nate.  
  
“Around each other, anyway,” said Dale returning and kneeling next to him.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 187: The Sandbox**

“Well, this oil does smell nice. It smells like Juicy Fruit gum,” said Dale.  
  
“It does smell nice, but it is masking all other fragrances in the room…unfortunately,” said Nate.  
  
“Fortunately!” said Dale.  
  
Dale used the paper towel to wipe off some of the excess, and then started spreading the remaining oil around. She ran her hands all over his back, shoulders and upper arms. She wasn’t applying massage pressure, just gently acquainting herself with his skin, caressing his skin actually.  
  
Nate was very much enjoying her touches, allowing himself to relax and feel happy and content.  
  
“You have a nice wide back and such gorgeous broad shoulders, Mr. Miller,” said Dale.  
  
“All the better to warm you up with during piggy back rides, My Dear,” said Nate.  
  
“And what big teeth you have, Grandma!” said Dale.  
  
“All the better to eat you with, My Dear!” proclaimed Nate.  
  
“Oh, My God, Nate. Stop it! I’m going to have a second childhood at this rate. Red Rover, Indian Leg Wrestling, you spanking me, and now Little Red Riding Hood. What are you trying to do to me?” asked Dale.  
  
Nate started to get up.  
  
“Nate where are you going?” asked Dale. “I’m giving you a backrub. Don’t you dare go anywhere!”  
  
“I have another present for you,” said Nate. “I was planning to save it for morning, since I gave you the card already, but this childhood discussion makes this the perfect moment.”  
  
Nate returned from his bag with yet another wrapped present.  
  
“Nate, I don’t need more presents,” said Dale. “You can’t buy my love.”  
  
“Nobody’s trying to buy your love, Mads,” said Nate.  
  
“That’s not what it looks like,” said Dale. “That’s not what it feels like. If you aren’t trying to buy my love, then what are you trying to do?”  
  
“Don’t go getting defensive again. We’ve been having a nice evening. Let’s not cycle back,” insisted Nate.  
  
“Okay, okay,” said Dale, forcing herself to calm back down.  
  
“I think we’re both just trying to do a little catch up. For me it was meaningful to give you some roses…something I felt remiss about never having done before. And you mentioned wanting to give me a backrub for a similar reason. Frankly, I’m just trying to be a little romantic. Cut me a little slack, being romantic isn’t something I’ve had much practice at,” said Nate.  
  
“Okay, I’m sorry. I guess I’m still working through some issues. I’ll open the present,” said Dale, taking it from him.  
  
Before opening it, she felt it. She instantly knew that it was a framed picture. Nate’s giant collection of photos came to mind. She wondered what could be romantic about a naked photo of herself, even if he was in it. ‘For him maybe,’ she thought, scowling at him.  
  
She was sitting cross legged on the floor where she had just been starting to give him the backrub. Nate had turned a light back on before kneeling down next to her. He smiled at her, not reacting to the scowl. She went ahead and ripped the paper off.  
  
Studying the framed photograph, she said quietly, “Oh, my God! Nate…what is this?”  
  
“What does it look like?” asked Nate.  
  
After taking a few moments to study the picture, Dale said, “This is my backyard. This is my sandbox. This looks like it has to be me.”  
  
“Yep, that’s you,” said Nate.  
  
“Is this you?” asked Dale, moving her face close to the image, looking intently at the photo of the young boy.  
  
“Yep, you’re right. My mom found this. This is me and you playing together in your sandbox in the bright summer sun,” said Nate.  
  
“Oh, my God! This is too much,” exclaimed Dale.  
  
“Isn’t it though? I imagine we’re making sandcastles together,” said Nate.  
  
“Not me,” said Dale. “I’m probably making a cake. That’s what my mom says that I always did. She says that I was always making food out of sand.”  
  
“Hmm…a sand cake sounds delicious.”  
  
“I’m sure I didn’t eat it,” said Dale.  
  
“I certainly hope not,” said Nate.  
  
“But, I probably tried to get you to eat it,” said Dale, with a smile.  
  
Holding the photograph out at arm’s length and studying it, she continued, “Nate, I so love this. It’s absolutely precious.” Nate could hear in her voice that she was getting a little choked up. “God, you’re going to make me all weak in the knees, young man.”  
  
“That’s what I’m trying to do. I’m not trying to buy your love. Certainly not that. I’m sure it is not for sale,” said Nate pausing. “I was just floored when my mom showed me this. There’s nearly a whole roll of photos of us together from that particular day. I picked this one out to enlarge and frame. I thought it showed our faces nicely.”  
  
“How old are we?” asked Dale.  
  
“My mom thought, three,” replied Nate.  
  
“Three years old! How precious,” said Dale.  
  
“And did you notice the matching sunhats?” asked Nate.  
  
“Why would we have matching hats?” asked Dale, studying them closely.  
  
“I asked my mom about that,” said Nate. “She said that your mom put your sister’s hat on me to keep me from getting sunburned.”  
  
Dale pulled the picture to her chest. She wrapped her arms around it, hugging it tightly.  
  
“This is an absolute treasure, Nate,” said Dale.  
  
Nate saw her batting her eyes, as if trying to hold back the tears. They started running down both cheeks anyway. She wiped them with a hand, but her eyes instantly replaced them.  
  
“How am I ever supposed to stay mad at you?” she mumbled.  
  
“Don’t try to stay mad at me,” said Nate. “Please let it go.”  
  
“I love this picture,” said Dale. “Will you help me hang it up in my room?”  
  
“I’d love to help with that,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate,” said Dale.  
  
“Yes?” said Nate.  
  
“I’ve been so mean to you,” said Dale, the tears continuing.  
  
“I might I have to agree with you a little bit, but I’m sure you’ve had your reasons,” said Nate.  
  
“Maybe, but you don’t deserve it. I’ve been mean so many times. Like just now…accusing you of trying to buy my love. You’ve been so nice, and then I go and lash out at you like that,” said Dale. “How can you stand to be around a person like me?”  
  
“I love you,” said Nate.  
  
Dale looked up into his eyes, wiping her tears.  
  
Nate continued, “You do experience your mood swings, but they never make me question my feelings for you.”  
  
“Well, I’m sorry,” said Dale, again wiping her eyes. “I’m sorry to be so emotional. I just had no idea that such a picture existed.”  
  
“Can I tell you something?” asked Nate. Dale looked up into his eyes, so he continued, “I cried, too. When my mom first showed it to me.”  
  
“You’re so cute, Nate. I mean, when you were three. What a pair of towheads! We were both so cute,” said Dale.  
  
“I think we look like we belong together,” said Nate. “And I love your cookies. The cookies that you’ve baked for me. I’m so glad that you moved on from sand.”  
  
“Can I finally give you this darn backrub?” insisted Dale.  
  
“Certainly,” said Nate, returning to his spot on the carpet next to her. “I’m glad you like the picture. I love the picture, and it has all the more meaning because I have you to share it with.”  
  
Dale turned the light back off. She propped the photo up against the hearth, right where she would be able to look at it in the subtle romantic light. Then she returned her attention to Nate’s back, first, climbing astride his hips.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 188: Steamroller**

For about a minute, Dale rubbed along his spine, pushing as hard as she could with her thumbs and adjacent palm pads. Nate felt her lean down, and then he felt a nice little kiss between his shoulder blades.  
  
It was a tiny little gesture, lasting barely two seconds. He felt moisture forming in his eyes, and he shifted his head to a straight ahead position. He knew that he wasn’t going to be able to keep the tear that was forming from running down and out of his eye, and he didn’t want her to notice.  
  
‘Don’t overthink the kisses,’ he tried to remind himself.  
  
He felt her shifting.  
  
“Nate, is it okay if I try kneeling on top of your butt?” she asked.  
  
“Sure,” he said, “but why?”  
  
“I just don’t feel like I weigh enough to give you a very good backrub, and my hands seem small on your big strong back. But if I get a little higher, maybe I can lean into it better. Bring more force to bear, so to speak,” she said.  
  
“You’re in charge, Mads,” said Nate. “Try what you like.”  
  
He felt her climb up and kneel on his butt. Surprisingly it was fairly comfortable. She managed to spread her weight out along her shins. He also noticed that she was indeed able to apply more weight with her hands, thus increasing the intensity.  
  
“That is a nice improvement, Mads,” he said. “Good idea.”  
  
After at least ten minutes of a very nice backrub that extended from his belt to the top of his neck and included his arms all the way out to his elbows, Dale again paused to speak.  
  
“I thought of something else I’d like to try,” she said.  
  
“Go for it. It’s your backrub,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m going to call this the steamroller,” she said. “I’m going to have to be quite conscious of my Center of Gravity to make this work.”  
  
“You mean your CG?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, not what we’ve been calling my CG…my pussy. This time I mean my actual CG…my point of balance,” said Dale.  
  
Nate felt her shift, and then felt her lying down on top of him, crosswise to his body. She ended up balancing on him face down, plank fashion, her pelvis centered on his butt.  
  
“Is that okay?” she asked.  
  
“No complaints from me,” he replied.  
  
He then felt Dale rolling her body up his. First, her hip fell into the small of his back. She kept rolling such that her butt cheeks pressed into his back further up. She had herself balanced such that one hundred percent of her weight was pressing down on him.  
  
As she continued up he felt her mound touch down between his shoulder blades. As her hip bone came into contact with the back of his head, she asked, “I’m not too heavy to be doing this, am I?”  
  
“It feels really good, Mads,” said Nate. “I just felt my back crack.”  
  
She reversed direction, rolling back down along his back. She crossed his butt and kept going down along his thighs. Once she reached his feet, she again reversed direction, rolling back up his body.  
  
“This feels really nice, Mads, where did you learn of this trick?” asked Nate.  
  
“I just thought of it,” she said.  
  
“You should patent it. It’s wonderful,” said Nate. “And believe it or not, I can totally tell that you’re nude. That might be the best part.”  
  
“I’m enjoying the skin on skin feel myself,” said Dale. “But I’m not going to admit that. This backrub is all about making you feel nice. Nice and steamrollered!”  
  
Nate knew he was in love. Once in a while, he’d get a glimpse of the old Dale. The fun loving girl he’d gotten to know in the early weeks of their relationship.  
  
“I love you, Mads,” he said. “You don’t seem to like hearing it, but I do love you.”  
  
There was no response, as she continued to roll her body along his, but he could sense that their relationship seemed to be changing, and in a very positive direction.  
  
After too many trips up and down his body to count, she climbed off.  
  
“That made me all sweaty,” she said. “That’s actually an amazing core workout.”  
  
Next she moved to a position near his head. His face was turned to the side, and he was looking straight at her inner thigh. She was kneeling with her knees on each side of his head.  
  
“I wanted to try this,” said Dale. “I thought that this might be a good position from which to massage your shoulders.”  
  
He felt her applying more oil. Indeed, she was probably now wearing much of the oil she had applied initially. The new position was quite good, and her finger strength proved sufficient to knead the muscles on either side of his neck.  
  
She would rise up a little to increase her ability to apply pressure, and at one point he felt her pubic bone knock against his head. She shifted back just a little to keep it from happening a second time.  
  
Finally, to finish up, she moved to a kneeling position next to his torso. From there she applied very light touches by gently dragging the backs of her hands in straight lines across and along his back. She did it such that the only significant contact with his skin was made by the smooth backs of her fingernails. It felt quite relaxing.  
  
Nate knew that the backrub had come to an end when she leaned in and again planted a nice little kiss right between his shoulder blades. Nate lay there feeling happy and contented.  
  
After a bit of relaxing silence, Dale asked, “Did I put you to sleep?”  
  
“Oh, no, I’m just resting my eyes. You made me feel wonderful,” he said, rolling onto his back and extending his arms up in the universal, ‘how about a hug?’ gesture.  
  
He saw a little smile cross her lips. She hesitated, but then leaned down accepting his hug. He had hoped she would lie down on him or next to him, but she just leaned over him from her kneeling position. Nate decided to enjoy it for what it was.  
  
As she rose back up, Nate said, “I brought a movie for us to watch. It’s a loooooooove story,” he said drawing out the word ‘love’ to emphasize it. “My ulterior motive is surely obvious. I thought that watching another couple fall in love might be catching. I doubt you have seen it. It saw only very limited release,”  
  
“What’s it called?” she asked.  
  
“It’s called, ‘Before Sunrise’. It’s about a French girl and an American guy who meet on a train in Europe. Have you seen it?”  
  
“I might have heard of it, but I know I haven’t seen it,” said Dale. “Have you seen it?”  
  
“No, but I picked it for several reasons. It was in the Romantic category and had very good ratings. Mostly I picked it because I thought it went with our French dinner, and one other aspect reminded me of the genesis of our relationship. The whole movie supposedly takes place in a less than twenty four hour period, as the couple first meets and gets to know each other. So it must be a little like the intensive period we spent together that first weekend. On the one hand, we had known each other all our lives, and on the other hand we had hardly met.”  
  
“Yep…and the rest is history,” said Dale with a chuckle.  
  
“Don’t make fun of ‘us’,” said Nate jokingly.  
  
“But in all seriousness,” said Dale. “Think how well acquainted we became with one another in that single weekend. Jason’s fate was sealed at that point.”  
  
“It was?” said Nate.  
  
“Yep, not to belittle the connection that we made that weekend, but his fate was probably already sealed prior to that. As a matter of fact, I’m sure it was,” said Dale. “He, like all the other boys I dated… Well, since I’ve told you about her, let me put it this way: they never pushed Michelle out of the number one position in my heart.”  
  
Nate replied, “I pictured a romantic evening, just the two of us. But I’m feeling like there is an elephant in the room…your relationship with Michelle. You suddenly seem to be working through issues that I had no idea were even there. In addition to my concerns about your sexual orientation …”  
  
Dale interrupted, “I told you I’m not a lesbian!”  
  
“I know what you said, but I also know what I heard. They weren’t exactly the same. But that issue aside, I can tell that you never achieved closure with Michelle. You haven’t been able to put that in the past. That’s what it seems like to me. Based on her behavior, I’d say that neither of you have been able to move on,” said Nate.  
  
After a pause, Nate continued, “And I’ve been putting two and two together here. I’ve concluded that your most intimate physical experience might very well have been with a female…”  
  
Dale interrupted, “That’s not true.” But after a little consideration she continued, “But it was true for a very long time actually. It was true until a week ago….in Eatonville.”  
  
“Hmm,” said Nate, thoughtfully. Nodding he continued, “I guess that makes sense.”  
  
Obviously wanting to change the subject, Dale said, “Nate, let’s watch the movie. And what ever happened to dessert?”  
  
“Sure, time for dessert! And here…let me get the movie,” said Nate, getting and handing her the disc. “I expect you know Mary’s TV better than I. Do you want to get that cued up, while I put the finishing touches on dessert?” said Nate.  
  
After a few minutes, she called out to Nate in the kitchen, “What’s taking you so long?”  
  
“Just chillax! This is a little involved,” he replied. “I’ll be done in a minute.”  
  
Nate returned a short time later carrying two plates. He still felt that they should talk more about Michelle and the various issues that revelation was bringing to mind for him, but he decided to let that rest for the time being.  
  
“Dessert is served! And it looks pretty good, if I do say so myself,” he said, sitting down next to her on the couch. “I originally ordered ‘Napoleon pastries’, but when I called and pulled the trigger on dinner while you were still in the shower, they told me they were all out. They suggested this as a substitute.”  
  
“It looks awesome,” said Dale. “Now I see what took you so long.”  
  
“Yep, I had to heat the chocolate ‘chauffer au bain Marie’ and then pour it on top,” said Nate. “I’m not sure exactly how you pronounce it, but these are called, ‘Profiterolles’ –see – here it is listed on the menu card.”  
  
“You got so much chocolate on the plate,” said Dale.  
  
“I was just following the instructions,” said Nate.  
  
“Wow! Are these ever good!” said Dale. “I’ll have to try and remember the name.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 189: 'Before Sunrise'**

They started the movie and sat side by side on the couch. Once they had finished their desserts, Nate decided to see if he’d get away with putting an arm around the naked girl’s shoulder. To his delight, he received no pushback and was overjoyed to feel her snuggle against his side.  
  
With the exception of a quick bathroom break, they watched the movie straight through. As the credits rolled, Dale asked, “They didn’t tell each other, ‘I love you’ at the end. Do you think they were in love?”  
  
“Their feelings for one another sure looked pretty deep. Love? Who can say? I guess it can’t be seen. It has to be felt,” said Nate.  
  
“And yet they said goodbye for six months,” said Dale.  
  
“That would be hard. It would be so hard to not see you for six months,” said Nate. “But, then again. I know I am in love with you. I know you so much better than that guy could know that girl after such a short time.”  
  
“The length of their story makes twelve weeks seem like a lifetime,” said Dale.  
  
“All a matter of perspective, I guess,” said Nate.  
  
“What happens to this couple? Do they meet back up in six months?” asked Dale.  
  
“There is a sequel, but it was made many years later,” said Nate. “So that’s what I know, but I guess they must meet again if there is a sequel, right?”  
  
“So, are you all out of romantic ‘date’ activities yet?” asked Dale.  
  
“No. I’ve got one more thing I thought we could do before turning off the lights,” said Nate.  
  
“Are we going to sleep together?” asked Dale point blank.  
  
“You, of course, have veto power, but in my ideal world we do,” said Nate. “But in the literal ‘sleep’ sense of the word, not in the ‘have sex’ sense of the word.”  
  
“You said you didn’t bring condoms,” said Dale.  
  
“I didn’t,” said Nate. “Tonight was supposed to be all about trying to get ‘Good Dale’ to like me. I know I like her.”  
  
Snuggling against him, Dale said, “Nate, ‘Good Dale’ likes you.”  
  
He kissed her forehead and held her close for a few minutes.  
  
“I’m really sorry for all the times I accused you of just wanting to f\*\*k me,” said Dale. “I was out of line.”  
  
“I guess it was what was bubbling up inside of you right then. The whole evening obviously caught you off guard,” said Nate.  
  
“You should have slapped me,” said Dale. “I deserved it.”  
  
“I’m pretty sure that would have been counterproductive. That would have been the end of the evening…possibly the end of ‘us’ period,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, I promise you that I will never again accuse you of just wanting to f\*\*k me. I know it’s not true, and I know it was mean,” said Dale. “And if I break my promise, I want you to slap me.”  
  
“I’m not going to slap you! But maybe I’ll spank you,” he said with a wink.  
  
“Okay, if I mess up, you spank me,” said Dale.  
  
“You know, if you deserve a spanking, it’s going to be on your bare bot-bot,” said Nate.  
  
“It probably has to be. It might be unavoidable,” said Dale. “I mean, it would be odd to get dressed just to get spanked, and at times I have nothing to put on.”  
  
“Okay, but don’t be too mad at me when it happens. And for the record, you did say, ‘if I mess up’. That’s pretty broad…clearly not limited to accusations of me wanting to f\*\*k you.”  
  
Dale didn’t respond. She just looked into his eyes while biting a thumbnail, her head tilted down slightly. Nate thought he saw a hint of something naughty about her expression.  
  
After a few moments, Nate said, “So the last romantic thing on the docket for the evening is a bath.”  
  
“We’re going to take a bath?” said Dale, acting surprised and wrinkling up her nose.  
  
“Not we, you,” said Nate, “I stay dry, but I am hoping you’ll allow me to wash your back. My plan is to give you a bath in Mary’s nice tub. I brought a bath bomb to make it special. It’s a very girly one, citrus flavors and rose petals.”  
  
“You’re going to give me a bubble bath?” asked Dale. “Is this designed to fit with the second childhood theme of the evening?”  
  
“Not a bubble bath, per se,” said Nate. “…maybe the big girl version. Originally, I decided that I might end up giving you either the backrub or the special bath, but since I received the backrub, I think this works out perfectly.”  
  
“I’ve never had a bath bomb bath before. I expect it might end up being a little addictive,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, that makes me feel good. It sounds like you like the idea,” said Nate. “I understand it is a very girly thing to do. And you are a girl!”  
  
“You noticed?” said Dale.  
  
“I can’t help but noticing. You are an extremely pretty girl!” said Nate. “And it’s my turn to pamper you.”  
  
“I like the sound of that,” said Dale. “Maybe it’s a girl thing, but it is much nicer to think that a boy might want to pamper me, than that said boy just wants to ffff…fudge…oops.”  
  
“Yep, you’re not going to say that anymore,” said Nate. “That’s clearly a spanking offense now.”  
  
“Just make sure I really deserve it, before you bend me over your knee,” said Dale with a little coy smile.  
  
“Hmm…and on that interesting note, I think I’ll go and start filling the tub,” said Nate, heading back to Mary’s large bathroom.  
  
When Nate returned a few minutes later, Dale was clearing the table.  
  
“Hey, Mads, you don’t need to do that. I can get that in the morning,” said Nate.  
  
“Why don’t we work on it together?” said Dale. “I’ll bet we can hand wash these few plates in much less time than it will take that big tub to fill.”  
  
They did end up making quick work of the few pieces of china and the small amount of silverware that they had used. As they were finishing up, Nate went back to check on the progress and make sure the temperature was still okay. He lit a ring of tea lights, and returned to the living room where he had asked Dale to wait.  
  
As Nate led her back, she was delighted to see the candlelight flickering in the bathroom.  
  
“Nate, you lit candles!” exclaimed Dale.  
  
“All the better to see you with, My Dear,” said Nate.  
  
“Stop it, Granny!” said Dale. “Just when I think you are finally ready to act all grown up and refined, the kid in you shows his head again.”  
  
“Be honest. I think you like me for who I am,” said Nate. “You wouldn’t really like it if you thought I was putting on an act for you.”  
  
“But isn’t that what you are doing tonight?” asked Dale. “Trying to act all romantic and debonair.”  
  
“I don’t see it that way,” said Nate. “I’m just letting you see a part of me that probably was not very evident before. But it’s not an act. You know I’m a bad actor. You said so yourself.”  
  
“That’s true,” said Dale, laughing. “You’re a bad actor.”  
  
Once the level and temperature of the water seemed right, Nate got out the bath bomb and handed it to her.  
  
“Here, Mads, why don’t you do the honors,” said Nate.  
  
Dale examined the colorful ball. It was about the size of a baseball and had the texture of chalk. It was mostly yellow and pink, swirled together. She could see rose petals peeking out of the granular surface.  
  
“You’re really not going to join me?” she asked.  
  
“Nope, I’m going to wait on you. Pamper you by providing, ‘Special Services’,” said Nate.  
  
“Such as?” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, washing your back for one. And I will be bringing you some ice water, with a slice of lemon, at some point to keep you from getting overheated. And I’ll be here so that you have some company. You be the Princess! I’ll be your Servant!” said Nate.  
  
“Are you going to be my Eunuch tonight?” said Dale. “You know that is the only type of ‘male’ servant that the King and Queen would allow to give a bath to the Princess.”  
  
“Well, your parents trust me, so I don’t think I need to play the part of your Eunuch tonight,” said Nate. “Don’t look so deep in thought, Mads. You’re worrying me.”  
  
“Well, okay, if my parents trust you, then maybe I can trust you to bathe me,” said Dale. “What do I do?”  
  
“You drop it in the tub, and then watch,” said Nate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 190: A Special Bath**

Dale tossed it in. “Wow, it really fizzes doesn’t it,” she said. “What is in it?”  
  
“In addition to the rose petals, it has bicarbonate of soda, citric flavors, and essential oils. I remember that peppermint oil was one of them,” said Nate.  
  
“It smells great,” said Dale. “But it looks like I’m going to be getting into a bucket of paint. When do I get in?”  
  
“The directions said to wait five minutes,” said Nate.  
  
Eventually the bath bomb had dissolved and Dale climbed slowly into the tub.  
  
“Bathing is so easy when you don’t have to bother to undress, isn’t it, Mads?” said Nate.  
  
“I should just live naked,” said Dale, settling down into the warm colorful water and leaning back, relaxing. “And you should just give me a candlelight bath every night.”  
  
“That wouldn’t take a lot of arm twisting,” said Nate. “I like being with you.”  
  
“Nate, do you know what I feel inspired to do after this evening?” asked Dale, closing her eyes and breathing deeply.  
  
“Tell Tyler you’ve changed your mind and then try to reconnect with Michelle by asking her to the Sadie Hawkins dance?” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, where in the world did that come from?” asked Dale.  
  
“I haven’t been able to get your confession out of my head all evening, Mads,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, just forget about it. The days of DJ and Nutshell are long gone. We’re ancient history. And I told you I’m not a lesbian,” said Dale.  
  
“Yes, but you also told me that you were going to give up nudity. We both know how well that has gone,” said Nate. “I’ll cut right to the point. I think there is a big difference between not being a lesbian and deciding not to be a lesbian. You made me think that maybe, just maybe, you have decided to not be a lesbian. If it is a born in trait, then that’s probably not going to work. Or it will only work for so long. For example, the nudity. It’s part of you. You can’t wish it away.”  
  
“Nate, how many times do I have to tell you that I’m not a lesbian?” said Dale.  
  
“I heard the emotion in your voice as you talked about Michelle,” said Nate. “There’s still something there… a lot there. You are still very attached to her, and dare I say it, you are still very attracted to her.”  
  
“She’s a good person. She’s fun. I very much miss all that we did together. I miss her. I admit all that. Happy now?” asked Dale.  
  
“That’s fine, but what I’m trying to figure out is if you are attracted to her as a person, or if you are attracted to her gender,” said Nate.  
  
“You’re torturing yourself,” said Dale. “Someday I’m going to marry a man. I’m going to have his kids, and I’m going to be their mother. My kids aren’t going to have two mommies. They are going to have a mommy and a daddy.”  
  
“Mads, that’s not really very convincing…that’s what ‘Good Dale’ does every day of the week. She pretends to be ‘normal’. It sounds like you have decided to be someone’s wife,” said Nate. “I heard you talk about how much you enjoyed sucking on Michelle’s titties. I’ve heard plenty of Jason talk, but never anything like that. Nothing about how much you enjoyed kissing any part of him. I mean, I’m glad I haven’t. I don’t want to hear about past boyfriends, especially in that regard. I’m just saying that I’ve never heard you express something that deeply emotional about physical contact with a male.”  
  
“Do you really want to know why that is?” asked Dale. “I’ll tell you, but I’m not sure you’ll like hearing it. And if I tell you, you can’t repeat it.”  
  
“Dale, I need to know. I need to know everything. I think you want me to know. Sure, it might be hard for me to hear, but I care about you. I’ve been making no secret of my desire to be with you, but that becomes very problematic if your destiny lies with a female partner,” said Nate.  
  
“Okay, here’s another Michelle related truth that you should know about. It’s likely good that you’re sitting down,” said Dale. “All my boyfriends. Wait, let me start over. Until you came along, not a single one of my boyfriends had displaced Michelle in my heart. In other words, I spent years going out with boys, and all that time, it was a girl holding the top spot in my heart. Have a little sympathy. Do you know what that is like? For me, I mean. All those dates, so many dances, all those kisses, and the whole time, my heart was with Michelle. Can you imagine how hard that was on me? I mean, to be dating one gender, but having my heart belong to a member of the other gender?”  
  
“I’m sorry,” said Nate. “I’m certainly not trying to be hard on you.”  
  
“I so very much wanted to find the boy that I could fall for, so that I could move on. And Jason and the others…they were okay, but what I was looking for in them was just never there. I was looking for the guy that would finally displace Michelle,” said Dale. “You see, I’m not deciding to be hetero. I’m convinced that I’m hetero. I mean, my relationship with Michelle fell apart because I wasn’t like her. I wasn’t lesbian. And yet, I spent years dealing with this. Do you know what that was like? I mean, all those years I was worried about myself, too. I know why you are asking, because it is the same question I was asking myself. If I’m hetero, then how come none of these boys ever made me feel like Michelle did?”  
  
Nate could tell that Dale was very emotional. He hadn’t often seen her talking so emotionally before. He felt as if he were finally hearing from her soul…just the tone of her voice and the look in her eyes told him that. He reached into the water and took her hand…holding it.  
  
“Thank you for talking. Whether I can deal with the truth or not, going through this is important. Important for both of us I feel,” said Nate.  
  
“But Nate, a few things happened this fall,” said Dale. “Looking into his eyes. One of them, I don’t know when it happened, because it had already happened by the time I realized it. One day it hit me. Michelle was still in my heart, as solidly as ever, but someone else was there too. It was you, Nate. Finally there was a boy in my heart. That was a first. No other boy had ever gotten there. It felt so good.”  
  
Nate reached for Dale. He reached behind her neck, and he pulled her towards him. She came willingly across the tub, and he hugged the side of her face against his.  
  
“Nate I spent years convinced that I was heterosexual, but always there was this one little piece of contradictory data that wouldn’t go away: Michelle. I’ll bet other girls don’t grapple with this. I thought, if I’m so sure about this then, why am I always thinking about it? It’s probably obvious. I was thinking about it because I was never completely sure. You can’t imagine how happy I was the day I realized that you had joined Michelle in my heart.”  
  
“I hardly know this girl, and yet we are both there, huh?” said Nate. “That seems strange, and yet it is so exciting for me to hear. It’s not an outright ‘I love you’, but it makes me happy. I can tell that talking about this is emotional for you, but it must be good to get it out.”  
  
“It’s good,” admitted Dale, nodding. “I’ve kept so much bottled up for so long. I’m sure you remember me saying that…you are the only person I feel like I can talk to…the only person that I have ever opened up to. I was hiding so many things from everyone. And it’s been gradual. The real me keeps leaking out…we were getting there. And now we are really getting there, if you know what I mean.”  
  
“You’re amazing, you really are! Do you want to know what this is like from my perspective? I didn’t think my life was boring. I didn’t think it was that exciting either. But now, now, I know that it was REALLY boring. I mean before our adventure together began,” said Nate. “REALLY boring.”  
  
“So I’ve spiced up your life a little have I?” asked Dale, raising an eyebrow.  
  
“Oh, My God. You have no idea!” said Nate. “But back to your heart. So Michelle and I? Are we duking it out?”  
  
“Duking it out? Not really. She has been stagnant for years, until this week anyway. But you’ve been the dynamic one. Bouncing all over the place,” said Dale.  
  
“I’m trying to find out if she and I are tied,” said Nate.  
  
“I told you before that you were in my heart. Do you remember? The Epic Patty Cake Song?” asked Dale.  
  
“When you were trying to make me feel better after breaking up with me?” said Nate.  
  
“I told you that you would always be in my heart. And I knew it was true, because of how it went with Michelle. I knew you’d always be there,” said Dale. “But no, you’re not tied. If my heart were a ladder, then you would be on the top rung. I don’t know if you know how much that means to me.”  
  
“I don’t know if you know how much it means to ME!” said Nate.  
  
“It’s a funny evening. After years of wondering, I’m convinced that I am for sure not lesbian, and you are suddenly thinking that I might be. We’ve got to get back in sync, Buster!” said Dale.  
  
“I’m with you there,” said Nate.  
  
“So what’s it going to take to get you to drop the ‘are you sure you’re not a lesbian?’ line of questioning?” asked Dale.  
  
“You’re doing pretty good,”’ said Nate. “Now I guess I’m just left wondering if you might be bisexual. But bi, from my standpoint, is infinitely better than lesbian.”  
  
“I’ll bet it is,” said Dale. “I’ll bet you are even thinking of a Dale-Nate-Michelle threesome.”  
  
“I wasn’t going to go there,” said Nate.  
  
“But your mind did, didn’t it?” said Dale.  
  
“I think I better take the fifth,” said Nate.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 191: Bedtime**

“It doesn’t matter. She hates me, and I’m sure she doesn’t want a guy in her bed, even if I were there,” said Dale. “I guess I need to take this argument one step further and burst your ‘Dale might be bisexual’ bubble, too. Discovering you in my heart with Michelle wasn’t the only thing that happened this fall that relates. I’m sure you haven’t forgotten how Kelly made me shave three pussies one evening at the lake.”  
  
“I wasn’t thinking about it, but I certainly haven’t forgotten it,” said Nate.  
  
“I complained about it to you later that evening, vehemently as I recall,” said Dale. “It was not a nice experience, but it did have a silver lining that I only realized later. If there was ever a moment that made me certain beyond a shadow of a doubt that I am not attracted to female genitalia, it was that. Are you ready for my conclusion remarks? Michelle’s tits…Hell Yes! Kelly’s pussy…Hell No! Can we move on now? I’m convinced, aren’t you?”  
  
“Hmmm…I guess I’m losing this argument, aren’t I? I don’t think I’ve ever been happier about being proven wrong before,” said Nate. “You are one amazing lady! What people put you through, me included.”  
  
Nate found himself feeling relieved, and yet, unlike Dale he was not ‘certain beyond a shadow of a doubt’. He knew that Dale now hated everything about Kelly, so a ‘hell no’ in regards to her pussy didn’t prove or disprove much at all.  
  
He suspected that, given her strong feelings for Michelle, Dale might feel a little differently about pussies if the pussy in question were Michelle’s. He considered asking about it specifically, but he couldn’t figure out how to word a question about Michelle’s pussy that didn’t sound stupid. He decided not to try; Dale obviously was ready for a change of topic.  
  
Dale’s attraction to Michelle in general, and her ongoing interest in mutual titty kissing with her made it obvious to him that Dale was at a minimum a little bisexual.  
  
“Okay then,” said Dale, “if we are moving on, can I finally tell you what I started to say? Remember me saying, ‘…do you know what I feel inspired to do after this evening?’”  
  
“Okay, what do you feel inspired to do?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, I’ll tell you. That is if you’re tired or accusing me of being a lesbian. But while I’m telling you, you need to be doing my back. Remember, I’m the Princess, you’re my Servant!”  
  
“I’d be happy to be your Servant tonight. I’m glad you’re no longer asking me to be your Eunuch,” said Nate.  
  
“Right!” said Dale. “I definitely want you to have a dick. I think you’ve worried enough that I prefer dickless. But I’m the Princess, so grab the loofah. And if you do a nice job on my back, then you’ll be doing the rest of me. Head to toe.”  
  
“Thanks for talking through all that with me,” said Nate.  
  
“Just a hint,” said Dale. “Be gentle with that loofah. You’re only getting to do the rest of me, if you leave some skin on my back.”  
  
“I’ll do my best,” said Nate, reaching down into the tub with the loofah and washing her back firmly yet ever so gently.  
  
“Oh that feels nice,” said Dale. “By the way, you earned major points for the candlelight bath bomb loofah Princess experience. I’m going to be mush in your arms in bed after this bath.”  
  
“Mush is good,” said Nate. “Now tell me what you feel inspired to do.”  
  
“Well, while you were apparently worrying about my sexual orientation, I was thinking about the sandbox photo. I’m inspired to go home and go through all the family photos,” said Dale. “I mean, what if there is another photo of us together? How cool would that be?”  
  
“That would be cool,” said Nate. “But don’t get your hopes up. I never thought there might even be the ones my mom found. It never even crossed my mind to look. But if we played together later, like first grade or later, then I think I’d definitely remember it.”  
  
“You’re probably right, but it’s fun to think about. Maybe there could be one of me in my yard with you photo bombing over in your yard. Even that would be cool,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, I’d be more than happy to help you look,” said Nate. “Even if we don’t find a shot of us together, just seeing lots of photos of you when you were a kid would be a lot of fun.”  
  
“I’m still a kid, Nate,” said Dale.  
  
“You have the body of a woman, a sexy woman,” said Nate. “But there’s still a lot of kid in you, that’s true. I love that about you. Sometimes that kid comes out, full force. Not always at the best times, but sometimes it is absolutely wonderful. I still have beautiful images in my head of the happy girl dancing in the rain on the mountainside. Tits on the outside, but a little girl at heart. I love the contrast!”  
  
True to her word, Dale did have her ‘Servant’ give her the full-body loofah treatment, intimate areas included. Nate went pretty easy on her most sensitive areas. He didn’t think her labia, for example, looked like they needed serious exfoliation. He enjoyed trying to give them just the right amount – some but not too much.  
  
With her head at one end of the tub, Dale had managed to get both her legs up on opposite sides of the tub, pointed exactly away from each other. Essentially she had been in the splits, legs and pussy completely out of the water. This had allowed Nate to do the entire insides of her legs, entire pussy area included. She had watched intently as he had roughed her up with the loofah. He figured that what he had done must have been just about right, as she had made no comment, neither telling him, ‘more’ nor telling him, ‘that’s enough’.  
  
She had then gotten into about the same splits position, balanced on the tub edges, butt cheeks up. That had allowed him to get the portion of her legs that had not been accessible from the other side.  
  
He was careful to keep the exfoliation to a moderate level. She had young, tender skin, and it didn’t look as if it needed harsh treatment. She seemed to enjoy the attention. At certain points in the process, she even seemed to act like a purring kitty having his head scratched.  
  
As soon as that was complete, they opened the drain, and let the colorful solution run out of the tub. Nate then carefully dried a very limp Dale. She was so relaxed, that he literally had to pour her into bed.  
  
Cognizant of Dale’s mother’s attitude about the two of them being together, Mary had provided then with fresh bedding for their ‘date night’ together.  
  
Dale was out, even before Nate climbed in next to her. He took the liberty of snuggling against her spoon fashion as she slept. He was slightly disappointed that she was out like a light. He had been hopeful that she might be ready to go the one last little step and tell him that she loved him. She had seemed so close earlier. But he was happy. Being on the top rung in her heart was quite a consolation prize, indeed.  
  
Nate thought back through the events of the evening. He spent the most time, considering the details of Dale’s relationship with Michelle and her thoughts about her own personal sexual orientation. He had never expected to be blindsided like that. At certain points during the evening he had been almost convinced that she might be a lesbian.  
  
He realized that most of his fears had been put to rest. He still had some concerns about if she could or would have a normal physical, sexual relationship with a man. She had come right out and said that she was not attracted to female genitalia, but the subject of male genitalia had not come up. Her interest in it seemed somewhat lukewarm, and difficult to categorize.  
  
He had heard locker room conversations about Alexa and other girls. Dale did not behave at all like the girls in a few of those stories. She had stroked him, but only once, and only for a limited amount of time.  
  
At the very least she didn’t seem to be a lesbian. He also found himself thinking about her Tom Boy nature, as regards her relationship with Michelle.  
  
He decided that he should try and help Dale reconnect with Michelle, but then he started to wonder if there might be some risk for him in doing so. What if he was successful?  
  
One of the many successes of the evening related to his decision to celebrate their twelve week anniversary. He had specifically picked a date to celebrate that had nothing to do with them going steady or not going steady. He had thought that she might say something like, ‘nine good weeks, three bad weeks’. Instead she had gone along with the idea of lumping it all together. Even worse she might have said that the clock had stopped ticking at nine weeks. He much preferred the idea that it was twelve weeks…and counting.  
  
He fell asleep realizing that he knew way too little about sexual orientation and what influenced it and how it manifested itself during adolescence and early adulthood. He even found himself wondering about her exhibitionism. ‘How might it relate to, or be influenced by, her struggle to be sure about her sexual orientation?’ he wondered. She had been seemingly discovering exhibitionism at the same time that Michelle must have been coming to grips with her own sexual orientation.  
  
As he finally drifted off, he was deciding that he didn’t have to fully understand the complexities of the woman sleeping in his arms. She could be unusual, and everything could still be wonderful. They could still be happy and be a couple. He found himself congratulating himself on a successful date night. Like many of his experiences with Dale, there had been ups and downs. But most of his fears had been allayed and seemed as if they could be forgotten.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 192: Playing Kitchen**

As Nate first began to wake up, he felt unusual sensations…sensations on his lips and warm breath around his mouth. Opening his eyes, he jumped. Dale was right there, kissing him awake.  
  
Startled, he jerked his head slightly to the side to get a sense for where he was, and what was going on. Dale, adjusting to his movement, continued to kiss him.  
  
She pulled back a few inches, saying, “Good morning, Nate. Sorry about not letting you sleep longer.”  
  
She leaned back in and resumed kissing him. Nate turned his head and saw that she was standing, leaning over him where he lay.  
  
After taking a moment to get his wits about him, he said, “Don’t overthink the good morning kisses, right?”  
  
“Yep, better not do that,” she said, lying down next to him and giving him a hug and a few sweet little kisses. “So is ‘date night’ finally over?” she asked.  
  
“Do you want it to be over?” he asked.  
  
“Well, it is morning, so at the very least the name would have to change,” she said.  
  
“You’re still here,” said Nate. “That means it was a very successful date! I figured the odds of you making it to the movie were very low, much less the odds that you might be here in the morning. In part, I didn’t want to jinx myself by setting my expectations too high.”  
  
“I’m still here. You’re still here. It’s morning. It’s our twelve weeks anniversary. I’m still naked. I’m not a lesbian. I’m pretty sure you’re not gay,” she said. “So much good news really! Oh, and I made coffee. Want a cup?”  
  
“Sure, I’d love a cup. But the highlight of my morning is seeing you naked, and hearing you again say that you aren’t a lesbian! As you say…so much good news!” said Nate,  
climbing out of bed and heading into the bathroom.  
  
When he walked into the kitchen a few minutes later, Dale was leaning with her back against the counter, sipping her coffee. She had a cup for him, ready on the counter next to her.  
  
“Don’t you look lovely, Mads,” said Nate. “I like the pony tail.”  
  
“It was a challenging morning,” said Dale. “Going to bed with wet hair isn’t the best prescription for waking up lovely. I had some major Medusa going on.”  
  
“Well, you handled it well. Waking up to the lovely, naked Mads is about as good as it gets in my book,” commented Nate. “I had a great time last night.”  
  
“It was fun!” said Dale with a cheery smile.  
  
“And now I’m going to make you breakfast. I’m making you my famous breakfast specialty,” said Nate.  
  
“You are?” said Dale.  
  
“I’ll bet you didn’t even know that I had a breakfast specialty,” said Nate.  
  
“I didn’t!” said Dale. “What the heck have we been doing these past twelve weeks?”  
  
Nate leaned in and kissed her, “Happy Anniversary, Lovely Lady!”  
  
Nate was delighted to notice how warmly she accepted the kiss, returning it full measure and placing a hand tenderly on his cheek as she did so.  
  
“Happy Anniversary, Big Guy!” she said.  
  
“So, my breakfast specialty is ‘Acon and Begg Sandwiches’, at least that is what we call them in my house. In reality, it’s ‘bacon and egg sandwiches’. When I was little, it was my favorite breakfast. I’d always ask my mom to make, ‘Acon and Begg Sandwiches’, so the name stuck. It was the first thing that I learned to cook, so now I’m in charge of breakfast about once a weekend, and that’s what I make.”  
  
“So, eggs and bacon on bread, right?” asked Dale.  
  
“Yep, but toast actually,” said Nate. “Over easy eggs, crisp bacon, on white bread lightly toasted. If you don’t toast the bread, it can get soggy. I’ve got the recipe memorized.”  
  
“Amazing what the human brain is capable of, isn’t it?” said Dale. “It sounds so easy…I won’t even have to help.”  
  
“You already made the coffee, so you can just watch. But it might help if you tell me where things are as I need them,” said Nate. “It’s usually a challenge cooking in someone else’s kitchen,” said Nate, walking over to the fridge and taking out the ingredients that Mary had put together for him on a prearranged shelf.  
  
“I’ve got a better idea,” said Dale. “I’m not going to help, and I’m not going to watch. Instead I’m going to make it as HARD for you to cook as I can!”  
  
“Oh really,” said Nate. “And just how do you plan on doing that?”  
  
“Getting in your way as much as is humanly possible,” said Dale. “And otherwise trying to distract you. For example, you probably need a frying pan or two,” said Dale, walking over and leaning forward against the counter top next to the stove, legs apart, elbows on the counter.  
  
“So are the frying pans in one of those drawers?” asked Nate, indicating the three large drawers just in front of her legs.  
  
“However did you guess?” asked Dale, looking back over her shoulder and giving him her cutest smile.  
  
“Well, I guess I’ll just have to explore a little,” he said, approaching her from the rear.  
  
Nate decided to look in the upper drawer first, thinking that they were least likely to be there. He reached around her allowing his forearm to graze her hip, and he slowly pulled the drawer open, stopping when his hand came in contact with her lower abdomen.  
  
Looking into the drawer on both sides of her he pronounced, “No frying pans here.”  
  
“Guess you’ll have to keep looking,” said Dale.  
  
Nate bent down and reached the handle of the lowest drawer by reaching between her legs, his face mere inches from her butt. He pulled the drawer all the way out until it touched her shins.  
  
“This drawer is going to be a bit tough to see into, Mads,” announced Nate, getting down onto his knees and placing his head between her legs to look inside.  
  
He made sure that the side of his head rubbed her leg on one side, his shoulders coming into contact with her legs just behind her knees. He had hoped the needed pans wouldn’t be there, and they weren’t. The drawer held just deep pans. With his head still between her legs he closed that drawer.  
  
“They must be in the middle drawer, Mads,” said Nate rising up as far as he could. His shoulders came in contact with her butt cheeks and he felt her mound against the nape of his neck. As he opened the middle drawer, he gently increased the pressure he was putting against her pussy. He realized that in that position he could have stood up and she would have been sitting on his shoulders.  
  
“Oh, here they are,” he announced, reaching around her leg, allowing his hand to brush against her thigh.  
  
He removed two pans, one at a time, making sure to take his time and maximize skin contact as he went. Once he had the pans on the counter, he closed the drawer, and then pulled his head out, rubbing against her upper thighs as he went.  
  
As he stood back up, she turned toward him, saying, “I better check if I’m making this HARD enough for you.” He felt her hand slide up his thigh and then brush across his groin diagonally.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 193: Morning Walk**

Yep…perfect!” she said, after having given his hardon just the smallest hint of a squeeze as her hand passed over it. Walking to the other side of the stove, she placed one hand on the counter and then asked, “Might you be needing a spatula or two?”  
  
The scene repeated itself several times as Nate gathered up the items that he would need to cook, get the table set, and start some toast in the toaster. Each time Dale indicated where the item he needed next was by strategically placing her body right where it would be the most in the way, and yet not prevent him from accomplishing what he needed to do.  
  
In turn Nate would take full advantage of the opportunity by ‘accidently’ coming in contact with about as much skin as he could manage in the process of finding and extracting the needed item.  
  
In the end ‘playing kitchen’ turned out to be a very fun game. Nate knew he’d never again make ‘acon and begg sandwiches’ without thinking back to this particular morning. It did make it very hard for him, but a very exciting sort of hard. And somehow he was managing to not get so distracted that breakfast was indeed coming together.  
  
Once Nate was actually frying the bacon and eggs in the two frying pans, Dale kept her distance, standing off to one side. It wouldn’t have been safe for Dale to be between him and the stove. Splattering bacon grease and exposed skin are not a good combination.  
  
Even though she was not literally in the way, she was still attempting to be just as distracting as possible. She did a little shimmying…the cute little movement that some girls can do with their shoulders that causes beautiful side-to-side breast jiggling. Nate couldn’t take his eyes of the titters while she was demonstrating that skill.  
  
“My God, that looks so hot, Mads,” he commented. She just smiled, pleased with herself.  
  
Next she strutted around a little with her arms back, one hand gripping the other arm just above the wrist. She would also spin a little on the balls of her feet. It was quite a distracting body position combined with the slow walk that involved a subtle amount of to and fro hip movement. Her shiny smooth mound with its evident slit was on full display and swinging rhythmically back and forth with her hip movement.  
  
Having her arms back like that forced her firm little titties up and out, and the hip movement translated into some mesmerizing ribcage undulation that in turn caused her nipples to point this way and that in a most hypnotizing way.  
  
Looking over at him and winking, Dale said, “Keep your mind on breakfast, Buster. Just because there is a naked girl in the kitchen, it doesn’t mean that you have a good excuse to burn her bacon.”  
  
Nate was doing his best, but Dale could be unbelievably distracting when she set her mind to it. Indeed the nudity alone made her about as distracting as could be imagined. Add to that a little effort on her part, and almost any teen boy would be unable to avoid burning breakfast.  
  
“So what is the point if it is not to take my attention off of what I am doing?” asked Nate.  
  
Walking over and pressing her nipples into his back she said, “The points are to make it HARD for you.”  
  
“You’ve always liked making things hard, haven’t you?” said Nate.  
  
She didn’t respond immediately, instead she started tracing figure eights on his back with her rock hard nipples. While continuing to do that she reached around him and traced the outline of his boner in his pants with her index finger.  
  
“Yep, hard!” she said. After a pause, she continued, “Now I want to show you the new dance moves I’ve been working on.”  
  
She walked back to where she had been before. There was more room there.  
  
Nate took the eggs out of their skillet, but continued turning the bacon over with a fork.  
  
Dale did a little bit of hip swinging and butt bouncing somewhat reminiscent of twerking. This transitioned into a hip movement more like belly dancing. Then she turned, facing him and did a very randy move that involved her knees shooting apart. Next came an upper body move that involved her interlacing her fingers and then moving her hands back and forth above her chest while pumping her tits first to one side to the other.  
  
“Pretty hot!” said Nate, turning off the burner under the pan with the bacon. “That’s way racy. What has you learning moves like those?” he asked.  
  
She didn’t respond. He was bound and determined not to burn breakfast despite a level of distraction that few if any other teen boys had ever been subjected to.  
  
Dale acted quite dissatisfied with her dancing, saying, “It’s really hard to do certain dance moves without the music playing.”  
  
“What music goes with those outlandish moves,” asked Nate.  
  
She looked at him askance saying, “Play your cards right, and you might one day find out.”  
  
As they sat down to breakfast, Nate thought back over what Dale had subjected him to while he was cooking. ‘Holly Shit, was she ever hot!’ he found himself thinking.  
  
Suddenly he had a revelation. He realized what she had been doing! He’d seen some of these particular facial expressions before! Dale had been flirting with him!  
  
She’d never flirted with him before, but this had had every attribute of flirting. The pool game in the fraternity popped into his head. That had been the first time he had observed honest to God Dale Jordan flirting. That had seemed so very racy at the time; a cute teen in skimpy lingerie coming on to two big college guys playing pool. He recalled her laughter, her facial expressions, her comments to them. And re recalled how jealous he had felt.  
  
The instance in the kitchen had been so similar, yet quite different. She had of course been nude, and many of the movements had been quite lewd compared to the more behaved teen in the fraternity basement. And unlike there a lot of touching had taken place.  
  
She had even touched his dick through his pants several times. It had been so very flirty, everything about it. It made him feel so very good to realize that she had targeted him for a little flirting. He chuckled to himself thinking about how all she had to do was say the word and he would be hers, and yet she was acting like she was trying to seduce him.  
  
“What’s so funny?” asked Dale suddenly.  
  
“Oh, don’t mind me, Mads,” he said. “I was just thinking about you and how unusual you are.”  
  
“Unusual good, or unusual bad?” asked Dale.  
  
“Unusual great!” said Nate. “You are really something!”  
  
“So are you!” she said.  
  
“I am?” he said. “I don’t think I compare. I cook breakfast. You make it hard for me to cook. Exponentially different in my book.”  
  
“Let’s go for a walk, Nate,” said Dale. “Can we leave the dishes for later?”  
  
“Sure, no problem,” he said.  
  
Dale made a quick trip to the bathroom. When she emerged, she pulled on her new shorts and her blue jacket. There was a bra and thong panties there, but she didn’t bother.  
  
“Is it okay if I wear my matching jacket?” he asked.  
  
“Wear it for me,” she replied, looking into his eyes.  
  
“I didn’t know what you would think of the matching jackets,” he said.  
  
“They’re fun!” she replied. “Let’s go.”  
  
It was a beautiful crisp morning, and the sidewalk was littered with fallen leaves, in fact it was completely covered for long stretches. They walked along, each enjoying the company of the other immensely.  
  
Nate noticed that while their path seemed somewhat like haphazard wandering, Dale was, in fact, steering them somewhere. If he chanced to turn left and she wanted to go straight, she would skip on ahead a bit. And then she’d look up into a tree and notice something like a squirrel to comment on.  
  
Their route ended up being a little zig zag, but eventually they found themselves at Madison Park.  
  
Pretending to be somewhat surprised that they were there, Dale said, “Nate, I want to swing!”  
  
Before he could reply she was off running toward the swings. She picked one and hopped in.  
  
As Nate walked up, taking the swing next to her, she said, “These are the two swings we were in the night you asked me to the Homecoming Dance.”  
  
“I remember. The night we decided to go steady, even before our ‘first date’,” said Nate. “And we made it official with a hand shake.”  
  
“I thought that this would be a most fitting spot to talk about our relationship,” said Dale.  
  
“It’s nice to hear that you want to talk,” said Nate.  
  
“I’m finally ready to talk,” admitted Dale.  
  
“I’d so much love to talk about being back together, and this is the perfect spot. In my opinion we are meant to be boyfriend and girlfriend,” said Nate.  
  
“Whoa, whoa! Hold your horses, Nate. Who said anything about that? I told you last night that that is not under consideration,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 194: Talking in Madison Park**

“Dale, we’re both in love. I can feel it. Keeping promises is a good thing, but not if you let it prevent us from being happy,” said Nate.  
  
“Please, Nate…just hear me out,” said Dale. “You and I used to have the best talks. And from talking to you, I have learned a lot about myself. During these past weeks, you’ve been rock solid…steadfastly professing your love.”  
  
“I absolutely love you, and I never wanted you to be able to forget it, “said Nate.  
  
“Well, at times, I’ve given you glimpses of what I have been thinking. But I largely went ‘dark’ on you. I’ve mostly been trying to hide my true thoughts and feelings. I’ve tried to make you think that I have been more sure about things than I have been. I thought it would be easier on you if I resolutely pushed you away. But, inside I’ve been experiencing a lot of turmoil. It’s been hard, but I’ve been trying to sort things out.  
  
“Initially, I was in fact quite resolved. I mean, I was so mad and hurt to see you ganging up on me with…THAT…woman. You lost sight of the fact that it was supposed to be fun for me. You weren’t supposed to traumatize me!” said Dale.  
  
“I’m sorry about that,” said Nate.  
  
“I know you are. I’m not fishing for another apology,” said Dale. “Maybe if I hadn’t told you that I loved you that night. Boy, did that ever backfire on me! Boy did I ever screw up. I so much regret telling you that! While I’m sure that I felt it and meant it at that very moment, it was so very ill advised.”  
  
Nate started to say something, but Dale shushed him.  
  
“What I mean to say is that I was in a cell! What a state of duress! A rational person knows that emotions run amuck at such times. Everything that one feels at such moments is suspect. Under stressful conditions like that one should never make important decisions. I’ve been working very hard at learning to understand myself, and I’ve been researching things and reading articles on the Internet. One helpful article dealt with how one should never make important decisions when under stress, like never quit your job or buy a house. The bottom line is that I basically convinced myself that, simply because of the circumstances, that the feelings that I professed to you that night did not exist or were otherwise falsely interpreted.”  
  
“I hope this is not a long build up to you telling me that not only do you not love me, but that you never did,” said Nate.  
  
“No shortcuts, Buster,” scolded Dale. “I’ve got a few things to get off my chest, and I promised myself something – something else – way back when. That if we again had a serious talk, that it would not occur under circumstances in which I might not trust myself. I don’t want to again be reconsidering my decisions and what I said because they might have been driven too strongly by emotions. I thought about having this conversation last night, but we were having fun, I was naked, and well… I guess to be honest, my emotional side might have won out over my rational side.  
  
“So that is why I wanted to come here. I wanted to have this conversation in broad daylight, with my clothes on. So that’s what I am doing. I’m talking to you now as Dale, the Dale that is in charge. Me at my rational best. And not as Mads, the girl that was in such a rush to lose her virginity that night in the motel. It’s so good that the condoms were gone that night. At least I was wise enough to not want to do it without condoms, but I know that that is not saying very much. But had we had condoms, I would have lost my virginity and I would have ended up having so many regrets.”  
  
“Thank you for talking with me like this…dressed. I do love ‘Good Dale’,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, can I ask you something?” asked Dale.  
  
“Absolutely. Anything,” said Nate.  
  
“How mature do you think you are?” asked Dale.  
  
“This sounds like a trick question,” said Nate. “I’m suspecting that I’m supposed to come up with a certain answer. Am I supposed to admit to a lack of maturity, and a willingness to work on becoming more mature?”  
  
“Nothing like that. No tricks. You’re eighteen. Are you old enough to make good decisions? Or do you think that in five years you will be more mature and make better decisions?” asked Dale.  
  
“I expect that I’ll gain knowledge and have more information upon which to base decisions in the future, but other than that, I think I am mature enough to make good decisions now,” said Nate.  
  
“I’ve been thinking about this a lot,” said Dale. “And it has occurred to me that the government largely agrees. With the exception of drinking, we basically have the full rights of citizenship by eighteen. We can drive, we can vote, we can marry, we can enlist and die for our country. Voting rights are interesting. To me it seems like we aren’t supposed to drink, but we can participate, on a theoretical level anyway, in setting the drinking age.”  
  
“You’ve always been such an intelligent and aware individual, Dale,” said Nate.  
  
“So tell me. Are you mature enough to make very important decisions regarding your own future?” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, on the one hand,” said Nate. “I think I have no choice. When I study for a test, when I obey traffic laws, when I force myself to get out of bed and be in calculus each morning before the bell rings, I’m making decisions that impact my future. Every day I am making an effort to make wise, mature choices. On the other hand, I do feel mature enough to make important decisions, to be completely honest with you. Soon I will have to choose a college and then a major. I am not planning to delay such choices, nor ask my parents to make them for me. If that answers your question, then ‘yes’, I do feel mature…mature enough to make important decisions.”  
  
“I’ve gotten to know you pretty well, and I thought you would answer that way,” said Dale. “That is exactly how I feel. Maybe I will feel more mature in the future, but I do feel mature now. This is also something I’ve been studying up on. One thing that I have learned is that ‘adults who write articles’ think that the youth of today are immature and make poor choices. Part of me understands that. I wouldn’t be mature if I didn’t. I know that a lot of poor decisions are made by young people. But I don’t tend to think it is just a matter of age. I mean, plenty of older people make very bad choices, too. Kelly, for example. Sorry, I had to stick that little dig in! But my point is that I don’t feel that making good choices simply comes with age.”  
  
“That’s absolutely true,” said Nate.  
  
He didn’t know where she was going, but he could tell that Dale was following a predetermined outline. It was something she would do, a mode she would click over into, and it was his job to hear what she had to say and play along. That much he knew.  
  
“Well, to answer the same questions, I feel mature enough to make important decisions,” said Dale. “Another thing I’ve learned about myself relates to how I make decisions. Believe it or not, I’ve learned a lot from you these past few weeks. I haven’t reacted much, but you’ve given me a lot to think about. I’ll give you an extreme example. Right after I asked you to cut off the imaginary thong, you said something about being concerned about my decision making process.  
  
“Part of why I have to mention that now, is that you probably will be surprised that I can remember anything that was said at that juncture,” said Dale.  
  
“Actually I am… You seemed to be one hundred percent in ‘Bad Dale’ mode right then. Excuse my use of that terminology. I’m not trying to offend,” said Nate.  
  
“It’s okay. We both know what you’re talking about. And regarding that moment, I think that it is a fair assessment, to be honest,” said Dale. “Can I tell you what you’ve helped me to understand about myself?”  
  
“Absolutely. Please do,” said Dale.  
  
“I used to think of myself as a very rational person. I thought I made choices based on logic…carefully thought through decisions. The whole time I was doing my nocturnal missions on the golf course, I considered myself to be a very rational person. Hard to believe, right? You have helped me understand the role that emotions and impulsiveness play in my own personal decision making process. Initially I did not want to acknowledge this because I thought that emotions were an inferior way to make decisions…versus a truely rational decision making process. And I probably still do, but I’ve been able to find some peace with the whole thing.  
  
“Nate, this is probably going to sound cold and unfeeling…I love you,” she paused, looking over at Nate, who had been swinging very low, just looking down at has feet, concentrating on listening to what she was saying.  
  
Nate looked up. He’d been wondering where she was headed. He’d been hoping that it was in a positive direction, but the suddenness of the mention of love caught him completely off guard.  
  
Their eyes met as he put his feet down to stop. He couldn’t help it; he instantaneously felt himself getting choked up.  
  
He managed a response, “Do you?”  
  
“I do. I’ve loved you all along, but…”  
  
Nate interrupted her, “Can I have a hug before you put me through the ‘but’. Just for a moment allow me to think that this might be real love…love without any, ‘ifs’, ‘ands’, or ‘buts’.  
  
They stood, and between the swings they shared a close and tender hug. Nate rested his cheek against the top of her head. He felt her kiss his chest through his jacket.  
  
“It is, Nate. My love is unqualified and unconditional. Love…pure and simple,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 195: Dale Hits Nate Hard**

“So, you love me?” he asked, just a hint of suspicion evident in his voice.  
  
“I just love you. That’s all,” said Dale.  
  
“Why did you say ‘but’ a moment ago?” asked Nate. “Dare I ask?”  
  
“Oh, what I started to say was, ‘I love you, but I have spent a lot of time trying to understand the basis for my feelings, essentially trying to figure out why I love you’. You see, rational me, was suspicious. I’d let my mind wander and find myself feeling in love, but then I would think, ‘how can I be in love, why am I in love?’ Things like that.  
  
“And then last night, it hit me. There doesn’t have to be a good reason, a logical, rational reason. Isn’t love an emotion? I decided that it made no sense for me to try to understand it on a logical basis. To only believe that it was real if it could be explained rationally. That wouldn’t make sense. I mean, to deny the authenticity of emotions simply because they are, in fact, emotions.  
  
“So last night during date night, ‘I love you, but why?’ became ‘I love you’. Period. Nothing more. I wanted to stop everything and tell you right then, but I decided to stick with promises and wait until morning. I decided to only tell you once I was dressed,” said Dale.  
  
Nate was content to hold her and let the emotions wash over him. There was lots to say, but not really anything that had to be said. It was a surprise to hear Dale go all the way to unconditional love, all in one step. He had been hoping that they might start dating again, rebuilding trust over time, and then get to love eventually. Last night he had heard Dale say that he was ‘in her heart’. He had expected that the relationship might idle there for a while as trust was rebuilt.  
  
But he recalled their first serious discussion at these swings, and how she had gone all the way from going steady with Jason to going steady with him in the same conversation in which they had decided on a first date.  
  
When Dale made decisions, they were typically big, and she had usually considered them carefully and was quite resolute.  
  
“Are you okay, Nate?” she asked, wanting some insight into his thoughts.  
  
“Just enjoying the idea that our feelings might be mutual,” said Nate. “So this must mean that we are in love with each other?”  
  
“I guess it would. Unless I’ve been too hard on you during this difficult period. Unless you are now having trouble loving me,” said Dale.  
  
“Oh, I’ve never questioned my own love for you. This has been a tough rollercoaster ride, that is for sure. But I’ve always been completely committed to you. Can I ask you something?” said Nate.  
  
“Please, what would you like to know, Lover?” said Dale.  
  
“Lover! I like the ring of that,” said Nate.  
  
“What did you want to ask?” asked Dale.  
  
“Well, if we are in love, then putting the relationship the rest of the way back together would seem to be in order. Dale, would you go steady with me? Can I again consider you my girlfriend? Can I again be your boyfriend?” asked Nate.  
  
“That’s where we have a problem. I did decide that you would never again be my boyfriend, so I can’t agree to that,” said Dale.  
  
“Are you ever a confusing girl! At some point keeping a promise might be indistinguishable from stubbornness. Surely you aren’t telling me that we are in love, but going to date other people,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, you do have your date with Susie to Sadie coming up,” said Dale.  
  
“Actually not. I told her, in all honesty, that it didn’t feel right to go to the dance with her, when I was in love with you. So I’ll be at home that night, while you are enjoying yourself with Tyler,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, I did ask Tyler. But he’ll be in California visiting colleges with his mom that week,” said Dale.  
  
“You mean neither of us has a date,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, I know I don’t. This is an unexpected development. A girl just might have to consider her options,” said Dale, acting deep in thought.  
  
“Just imagine the possibilities!” said Nate. As he said that, Michelle popped into his head as a potential date for Dale, but he knew not to bring her up again.  
  
“But, Nate, about the going steady thing. How committed do you feel?” asked Dale.  
  
“I don’t think I could feel more committed. I don’t think my love could be any deeper, and yet it is deeper now than when I first felt that way,” said Nate.  
  
“During our time in the desert, so to speak, you said something that I’ve spent quite a bit of time thinking about,” said Dale. “You said something like, that if you lost me, you felt as if you’d never fall in love again.”  
  
“I was just being honest,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, I found myself feeling the same way,” said Dale. “I could not picture another guy that I might have a serious interest in getting to know. And if I lost you I know I would feel such an immense loss. I don’t know how I would ever recover. Initially I didn’t worry about losing you, but then suddenly Susie came out of nowhere. She really spooked me! Suddenly I was imagining nightmare scenarios…you two finding a connection…our window of opportunity closing forever. In my heart I knew that you were the one for me, and for some reason, that I probably won’t be able to explain, those feelings grew stronger in our weeks apart. Maybe it is that during that time, you were so good to me – you seemed stable – like the port in the storm. A lot of it might have been how you didn’t get mad at me or distance yourself from me, even when I was testing you.”  
  
“You were testing me?” asked Nate.  
  
“Sorry, but I might have done that a little,” she said, hanging her head down and looking at the ground, indicating embarrassment. “I mean, what better way to find out if someone loves you, or just says they love you, right? Another thing that you said a few times was that we could make it work by figuring things out together. Well, I love you, and I also think that we can make it work by figuring out the details together,” said Dale.  
  
“I think we can figure everything out together, Dale. We can make it work. I know we can,” said Nate. “But Dale, next time – I seriously hope there is never a next time – but next time, please rethink the testing idea. You don’t need to test me. I’m a mature, honest guy. I’m never going to tell anyone I love them when I don’t. I just would never do that, and I think you know that. If you have questions, come to me. We can talk everything through. Next time, let’s avoid the games. Let’s talk out the issues adult to adult.”  
  
“That does make sense. In retrospect, I’m sure I made mistakes. But, Nate, I can’t stomach the idea of a ‘next time’. One thing that I’ve learned is that breakups are no good. This hurt bad. I never want to feel that much hurt again. I’ve been through breakups before. Most of them were no big deal. This time was different,” said Dale. “I cried a lot, and it didn’t make the pain go away. Usually crying helps…not this time.”  
  
“Maybe you weren’t in love the other times,” suggested Nate.  
  
“That is largely true. I certainly had relationships that came to an end without causing me any pain whatsoever. Now that you know about Michelle, I can readily acknowledge that that was the exception. There was pain and anguish, it was a different sort of pain, but it did change me. I don’t want to have another discussion about Michelle right now, but it even affected my relationship with you. At times I was feeling the need to keep friendship, emotional attachment, and sex all completely separate. With Michelle things got all messed up because those things got all mixed up,” said Dale.  
  
“I also don’t want to have another detailed Michelle discussion right now,” said Nate. “After all, she’s your past, you say. Call me selfish, but I’d rather discuss OUR relationship. You’ve just told me that you love me. It’s so exciting to hear you say that. So, where do we go from here?”  
  
“That’s exactly what I want to talk about. Like I was saying, our breakup hurt a lot,” said Dale. “But I have an idea…an idea about how to avoid the pain of breakups, how to avoid the hurt.”  
  
“You do?” asked Nate.  
  
“I do. I’m going to hit you pretty hard, Nate. Maybe you better sit down at the picnic table there,” said Dale.  
  
After sitting on the picnic table bench, Nate said, “So you’re going to hit me pretty hard, huh? The rollercoaster ride continues, I suppose,” said Nate.  
  
“Yes it does! Remember my questions about maturity? I wasn’t asking about that for no reason,” said Dale.  
  
“Oh, I knew that there was method to your madness. I know you well enough to know that everything would tie together, eventually,” said Nate.  
  
“It will,” said Dale. “It’s time to find out just how committed you really are. So, my idea about how to avoid the pain of breakups is simple really. If you are similarly ready, then I am ready to make a big commitment. I’m ready to commit to no breakups.”  
  
Nate could tell from how she was acting that Dale was excited but also quite nervous. She was trying to hide it, but it was there. He took a deep breath and looked into her eyes while he considered in detail what she had just said, as well as what her nervousness might indicate.  
  
“Okay, so no breakups. So, we aren’t girlfriend and boyfriend, and we commit to no breakups. That’s a bit confusing, but I can be open minded. Explain to me how this works. What would I be agreeing to?” asked Nate.  
  
“I will commit to not breaking up with you, if you are ready to make a similar commitment,” said Dale, her hands shaking almost imperceptibly as she spoke.  
  
“Okay, now the obvious question. How long does this commitment last?” asked Nate.  
  
“It doesn’t have a term. Just no breakups…period. Like I said, I feel mature enough to make important life choices. You sounded like you felt similarly mature,” said Dale.  
  
“Dale, am I hearing you right? Are you talking about forever?” asked Nate.  
  
“Forever and ever. Agreeing to not breakup means exactly what it sounds like it means. It means we stay together, period. It’s big, I know. But I’m ready. When I decide to do something, I decide to do it.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 196: A Meaningful Handshake**

“So, no messing around,” said Nate.  
  
“Nope. No messing around. Go big or go home!” said Dale.  
  
“Go big or go home, huh? Is this an ultimatum then?” asked Nate.  
  
“No, certainly not,” said Dale. “I’m in love. I’m ready to make the ultimate commitment. I’m wondering where you are. That’s all. If you’re not ready, then I’m still in love, and we go forward.”  
  
“But if I’m ready?” asked Nate.  
  
“Then you and I walk out of this park today, hand in hand, and we embark on a life together,” said Dale. “It’s big. Think about it. I’m probably ahead of you on this. I’ve been thinking about it for a while now. You, on the other hand, I just hit you with it.”  
  
“So, marriage? I have to ask. Are you asking me to marry you?” asked Nate.  
  
“Not marriage. I mean, we are just eighteen. I’m not ready for marriage. I guess I’m sort of thinking that this is our relationship, and we can do what we want. We can do what feels right for us. Everything we do doesn’t have to fit into society’s boxes. I’m ready to make the ultimate commitment to you. I’m certain that I will always love you. I know that there may be issues, but I am positive that we can solve them together. I know that I’ll want to solve them…together. So, marriage and kids? That will follow. How could it not?” asked Dale.  
  
“Kids?” gulped Nate, caught off guard.  
  
“Yep, I’ll let you put a baby in my belly someday,” said Dale. “But not for a long time.”  
  
Nate coughed in surprise.  
  
“I don’t know what to say, Dale. I know you said you were going to hit me hard. I just had no idea how hard you could hit,” said Nate. “Hypothetically speaking, if I were to ask you to marry me right now, what would you say?”  
  
“I’d say ‘yes’. I’m there, Nate. I don’t want to get married now, and I don’t even want to be engaged now. But if you asked me, I would definitely say ‘yes’. I love you,” said Dale.  
  
“Wow!” said Nate.  
  
“So, do you want some time to think?” asked Dale.  
  
She was sitting next to him on the bench, holding both of his hands in hers. She stared deeply into his eyes, searchingly.  
  
“Oh, I’m thinking. I’m thinking hard,” said Nate. “So, would this be legally binding?”  
  
“Of course not. You mean like we’d sue each other?” asked Dale.  
  
“No, I guess I didn’t mean that,” said Nate. “I was just thinking out loud. This is a lot to think about…all of a sudden.”  
  
“Like I said, plain and simple. I will commit to you that I will never break up with you, that I will be your girl forever. I am ready to do that. I’m wanting to find out if you feel similarly. I’m wanting to know if you’ll be my guy, my man, forever and ever. I don’t want you to tell me that you are ready, if you aren’t. I’m ready to make the ultimate commitment to you, that’s what I am saying,” said Dale.  
  
She leaned in and kissed his cheek, lingering there, with her face touching his.  
  
“And the nudity, the matches, the gasoline, and everything else?” asked Nate.  
  
“Stuff we figure out,” said Dale. “Stuff we figure out together. I think things get easier, more comfortable, if we both know that we are committed. Totally committed. I’ll be there for you…always. And you can be there for me…always. If breaking up is off the table, then I imagine that everything is simple. We can be the most solid team the world has ever known! We aren’t talking about one hundred, or one thousand, we are talking about infinity. A simple concept really,” said Dale.  
  
“Infinity is simple?” asked Nate, somewhat puzzled. He did not think that mathematicians, scientists and the like thought that it was all that simple of a concept.  
  
“Sure, infinity is simple,” said Dale.  
  
“But what if someday we aren’t in love, or we argue, or we want to get divorced?” asked Nate.  
  
“It won’t happen. We can commit to each other here, now, in Madison Park. Afterwards, no more ‘you’…no more ‘me’…only ‘us’, a solid inseparable team – tackling life side-by-side. What do you say, decide now? Or think about it?” asked Dale.  
  
“I would love for it to be only ‘us’. For me that is a dream come true, but last night I learned that there is someone else in your heart. To be completely honest, I’ve been thinking that you probably need to spend some time sorting that all out,” said Nate.  
  
“Nate, you just learned about Michelle and my feelings for her last night. Believe me, I’m years ahead of you on this. Personally, I think it is nice that the human heart can care for more than one person at a time. I hope that she always means something to me. But she’s part of my past. She’s a lesbian and I’m not. My future is with you, Nate,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, I guess you must be serious. You wouldn’t put me through this if you weren’t serious, right?” said Nate.  
  
Shaking her head, Dale said, “I wouldn’t. I’m absolutely serious.”  
  
“Well, I do love you, and if spending my life with you is on the table, then I don’t need any time to think. I’m one hundred percent convinced that I’d like nothing more. I can commit to what you are suggesting. I’m ready,” said Nate.  
  
He reached behind her neck, pulling her towards him. He kissed her first on the lips, and then just below her ear.  
  
“I hoped you’d say ‘yes’, but like I said, I knew I was hitting you pretty hard,” said Dale.  
  
“So if we are both ready, then how do we make this official?” asked Nate.  
  
“We could shake on it,” said Dale, with a coy smile.  
  
“Why did I think you would say that?” said Nate.  
  
“Okay then…let’s do this. Come to think of it, let’s go out into the sunlight. We have to do this right. Like losing one’s virginity, this is something that we can only do once. We need to do it right. So twelve weeks from Sunrise Ridge to the ultimate commitment. Do you think that is a record?” asked Dale.  
  
“Maybe not, but for me it is a personal best,” said Nate.  
  
Dale laughed. “For me, too,” she said.  
  
“Okay Nate. No getting cold feet. Show me your hand,” said Dale.  
  
Nate held up his right hand. He extended it toward Dale as she did the same. They both felt a rush of emotion as the gravity of the situation penetrated into their souls. Their palms touched, and their fingers closed. As they stood there looking into each other’s eyes, they felt their hands moving up and down together in unison. It was official!  
  
They hugged…both feeling the tears well up in their eyes. The hugged, gripping each other tightly, full of emotion, pressing their bodies together.  
  
“Now, it’s just you and me, Nate,” said Dale, deep emotions and happiness evident in her voice.  
  
“Just you and me,” echoed Nate, his voice almost failing him. “But not boyfriend, not girlfriend, right?”  
  
“Nope. Boyfriend and girlfriend. Those terms are for temporary statuses. Things that most people will have multiple of in their lifetimes. Whatever this is, there is only one of this,” said Dale.  
  
“So what do we call ourselves? We test drove ‘husband’ and ‘wife’ in Eatonville, but that wouldn’t be right other than in the Phi Gamma Tau fraternity house,” said Nate. “I don’t think I can introduce you as my wife around town.”  
  
“I’ve thought about this,” said Dale.  
  
“Why am I not surprised?” said Nate.  
  
“I tried out my idea a little while ago,” said Dale.  
  
“You did?” asked Nate.  
  
“I did. I called you, ‘Lover’”, said Dale.  
  
“So…’Lover’ then. ‘Lovers!’ I like the sound of that. So, Lover, what do we do now?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, Lover, I could ask you if you’d go to Sadie with me. Surprisingly, it seems as if we both have the evening open,” said Dale.  
  
“If you’re asking, then I’m saying ‘yes’, said Nate.  
  
“Ok, shake,” said Dale. And they shook on it. She continued, “See, Lover, it works. We just solved our first issue by working together.”  
  
“Okay, Lover, if you are now mine forever and ever, can I take advantage of you?” asked Nate.  
  
“Frankly, it is obligatory,” said Dale. “If you want, you can take me back to Mary’s and do whatever your heart desires with me right now.”  
  
“Wow! I guess I wasn’t thinking that big. I was just thinking of taking you back to our special picnic table here, and making out with you a little bit. I mean, for old times’ sake. That is what we did after the first agreement that we shook upon,” said Nate.  
  
“Good idea…race you!” said Dale, sprinting the ten yards to the table.  
  
“Well, you beat me,” said Nate, arriving a second behind her.  
  
“Too much talking and too little kissing,” said Dale, jumping up onto Nate and wrapping both her arms and both her legs around him, pressing her lips against his.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 197: Pants or Panties**

Nate held her against him as tightly as he could, one arm behind her back, the other on her butt to support her weight. He felt her modest breasts smash and flow out to the sides as their ribcages were forced together by the sheer power of the hug they were exerting on one another. Dale especially was using all four appendages to force her body firmly into his.  
  
They both approached the kissing with new happy attitudes. The rough patch seemed now to be completely in the past, presumably permanently so. The kisses were intermixed with full measures of time spent hugging cheek to cheek, and time spent looking into each other’s eyes, from very close range. Nate felt her fingers in his hair. She lowered her legs until she was standing on her tip toes.  
  
Without separating, Nate sat down. He sat on the bench facing out, and she moved into position straddling his lap, facing in. That had always been their favorite position for hugging and kissing. They weren’t the only ones in the park that sunny Saturday morning. But neither would remember seeing anyone else there that day.  
  
Nate had never been happier. On many occasions he had felt like he had died and gone to heaven. ‘If that had been dying and going to heaven, what was this?’ he thought. Everything prior paled in comparison. He couldn’t believe that Dale had proposed that they spend their lives together, and yet she had. The world had changed entirely for him, for them, on that one sunny November morning in Madison Park. ‘If beyond infinity existed, then this was it,’ thought Nate.  
  
After a few minutes of tender kissing, Dale spoke, “ Hey Lover, one little regret. Telling you ‘I love you’ in that way short changed you. I mean, it would have been much more romantic to hear it from a naked girl, right?”  
  
“It was perfect,” said Nate. “It was special, exactly as it happened. I would change nothing. With all due respect, my thoughts were somewhat similar. Hearing it from a clothed Dale Jordan, not from a naked, Mads, or a girl behind bars, made it all the more real, all the more true sounding…to me. This way it feels like true love.”  
  
“It is true love, but, I’ll make it up to you anyway, Lover,” said Dale. “I want to rip off my clothes and say it to you over and over.”  
  
“How about NOT right now…NOT here in the park,” said Nate, knowing full well what she was capable of.  
  
“Party pooper! Well, I will make it up to you. I’ll make sure you get to hear it from a most naked me. I’m sure that the opportunity will present itself,” said Dale.  
  
“I certainly hope so,” said Nate, with a huge smile.  
  
“So, Lover, when are you going to take my virginity? I mean, it’s yours for the taking. You’re the man. I think you’ve lived within my silly imaginary thong rules quite long enough,” said Dale. “I just want the first time to be beautiful. You and I will make love a thousand times, maybe ten thousand. I know we’ll have a lot of fun. But the first time…it should be special. As you know, we’ll both be losing our virginity together. How great is that?”  
  
“Well, I think you already had this part figured out perfectly. I mean, I still have a lottery ticket. What could be more perfect?” asked Nate.  
  
“I was secretly hoping you’d still be game for the lottery. But I also want you to know that I am yours for the taking…right now if you choose. Complete commitment, you know. The pussy hiding in these shorts is just as much yours as it is mine now.”  
  
“And the dick in my pants?” asked Nate. “Our dick, right?”  
  
“In that case, we are going to have to make an exception,” said Dale, with a coy smile. “I think the shared ownership rule might break down in that particular instance. I’m pretty sure it is my dick.”  
  
“Well, I guess you do seem to wear the pants in the family,” said Nate. “I mean, I feel like you essentially asked me to marry you today.”  
  
“Nate, I want YOU to wear the pants in the family,” said Dale. “I want to wear the panties in the family. That sounds way cuter. And sometimes panties have a lot of clout. And sometimes, there won’t even be any panties. In which case, it will be pants versus pussy. Pussies have a lot of clout, too, you know!”  
  
“So, it sounds like I get to wear the pants, but I won’t exactly be in charge,” said Nate.  
  
“I think you and I will have a fairly balanced relationship,” said Dale. “We’re both pretty assertive individuals, so we might butt heads a little. But that won’t usually be a problem. We’ll talk things out, and find solutions that we both like. All I know is that I can’t let you be in charge of my nudity. But I still want you to wear the pants in the family.”  
  
“Well, that sounded a bit confused, but I’m willing. Together we can make it work, that I know. What you’re describing sounds a bit like democracy,” said Nate.  
  
“Exactly, but as the saying goes, ‘She who has the pussy, makes the rules’,” said Dale.  
  
“Now, wait a minute. Was this all just a big test?” asked Nate. “Did we actually agree to a life together today, or are you just messing around with me?”  
  
“Oh, no, we agreed all right,” said Dale. “You’re locked in now, Buster. You’re all mine. And I’m all yours. And we are going to have so much fun. And we’ll decide everything together…that is except when ‘she who wears the panties’ has to step in to break tie votes.”  
  
“You mean, she who wears the pussy,” said Nate.  
  
“There’s a difference?” asked Dale.  
  
“Okay, now I am remembering something that I want to ask about,” said Nate. “Why did you make me promise to not jack off for three days? Were you testing me?”  
  
“Do you want to know the truth?” asked Dale.  
  
“Of course,” said Nate.  
  
“Well, because it seemed fair. After our weekend in Eatonville, I came home and tried again to achieve an orgasm like the one I had in the motel. By my own hand, you know. Again, it did end up feeling a little nice, but by no means did it work. No true orgasm resulted. So I decided that if you were, in fact, in charge of my orgasms, then it would be only fair if I were in charge of yours. So I decided, on the spur of the moment that night, to test drive that idea,” said Dale.  
  
“Are there orgasms in your future?” asked Nate.  
  
“Lots! But I’m sure I’ll need your help,” said Dale. “But first, let’s go tell our parents. Probably not about the forever stuff, though. But I know my mom will be so excited to hear that we are back together. She thinks the world of you. And we should probably tell Aunt Mary. We can let her think that her plan worked, is that okay?”  
  
“It didn’t?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, I guess that all depends on how you look at it,” said Dale.  
  
“You know we still have her house. She told me she would leave us to ourselves until I called her,” said Nate. “I would sort of like to hear my Mads tell me that she loves me. Before during and after her second orgasm.”  
  
“And this time, she won’t be tied to the wheel, so she’ll be able to engage in play time. We’ll wait on the lottery then, but that dick is all mine…remember. And I’ve got plans for it,” said Dale.  
  
“You do, do you?” said Nate.  
  
“Yep, squirt, squirt, squirt! Like I said, we are going to have lots of fun. Maybe this time you’ll be the one tied down spread eagle. If I were you, I’d be worried!” said Dale, with a wink. “Come on! I’ll race you.”  
  
And with that, she was off, sprinting down the street, straight for Mary’s house. Nate followed as best he could, but her unexpected start meant that she had a significant lead by the time he got up to speed. He knew he wouldn’t be able to catch up, but at least now he knew why. Dale wasn’t a gymnast who could run. She was a track star who had forced herself to channel her energy into gymnastics.  
  
Nate and Dale took full advantage of the opportunity afforded to them by Mary. What had the day before seemed like a rude trick, being trapped in Mary’s house nude with Nate, now seemed to her like a gift from heaven. After an extended period of energetic play, they snuggled together under a light sheet, their naked bodies pressed together.  
  
It felt so wonderful to be skin on skin as they basked in the glow of their love for one another. It was a wonderful moment that neither wanted to have come to an end and that neither would ever forget. The skin on skin contact combined with their verbal commitment to one another made them much closer than they had ever been. During that time together, the ‘I love you’s’ were both sincere and plentiful.  
  
However, Dale was dead set on informing their parents about their reconciliation prior to the evening football game, so they finally got up and dressed. As before, they wore their matching jackets. Again, Dale wore the shorts, nothing underneath.  
  
As they cleaned up and packed their things, Nate called and thanked Mary, but they left before she arrived with the rest of Dale’s clothes.  
  
As Nate drove them home, he asked, “What are you planning on saying to our parents? Just so I’m not caught off guard. I don’t know what you told your mom about the breakup, but I never gave my parents any specifics. I had no idea how to tell them anything at all. Like, I couldn’t say, ‘Dale got mad about being locked up, and then she felt hurt when she saw what she thought was me sharing a tender moment with an older married woman.’ And then I could have explained how no matter what it looked like, there was absolutely nothing romantic going on between me and the sheriff.’ Or I could have explained how you were discovered by a deputy naked under some newspapers, or I could have just shown them the mug shots. Basically there was no way to tell them even a little bit of what happened.”  
  
“Really, Nate. You need to learn to trust. I told my parents everything,” said Dale. “Just kidding. I told Mary what happened, but I told my mom and dad nothing. Don’t worry. As far as they know, you are the safe neighbor boy who doesn’t pressure me sexually like their daughter’s former boyfriend…and who, of course, doesn’t show my pussy to strangers.”  
  
Nate laughed.  
  
“So what are you going to tell them?” he asked again.  
  
“I’m going to wing it. There’s not much to say. They’ll be happy for us…just play along,” said Dale.  
  
“Okay, you do the talking,” said Nate. “I know you’ll do the talking no matter what I say.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 198: Overcorrecting**

As they both walked into Dale’s house, they met her mother.  
  
“Hi, mom,” said Dale. “Sorry about last night. I know I should have called to let you know where I was.”  
  
“That’s all right, dear. Nate let us know that he was going to be with you, so we knew you were safe,” said Mrs. Jordan.  
  
“You did?” said Dale, slightly surprised. She had been expecting to receive a little bit of a reprimand. “Mom, we talked through our differences, and Nate and I are back together.”  
  
“Oh, honey, I’m so excited for you both,” said Dale’s mother, hugging them both in turn.  
  
Deciding to test the limits, Dale said, “Mom, I’ve invited Nate over for a sleepover after the game.”  
  
“That’s great, but you might want to pick up your room a bit, and maybe change the sheets,” said her mother. “By the way, I love the matching jackets! You two look great together.”  
  
“Aren’t they great,” said Dale. “They were a present from Nate, the shorts, too.”  
  
“The boy has good taste, that’s for sure. Your father’s out in the back yard. He’ll be excited to hear that you two have patched up your differences,” she said, turning back to what she had been doing.  
  
As they walked toward the back of the house to tell Dale’s dad, Nate said, “Dale, a sleepover?”  
  
“Cool, huh? Mom didn’t even bat an eyelash,” said Dale. “She was never like that with Jason.”  
  
Dale and Nate had similarly short conversations with her father and Nate’s parents. Everyone seemed universally pleased that they were again together.  
  
Nate’s mother acted a little surprised or unsure about her son having a sleepover with the girl next door, but she didn’t say anything.  
  
The two of them ended up in Nate’s room. As Nate closed the door and turned around, he was surprised to discover that Dale was already nude. She had taken the shorts and the jacket off in a matter of seconds.  
  
“That was quick,” he commented.  
  
“So, Lover, have I ever been naked in your room before?” she asked.  
  
“I don’t think so,” said Nate.  
  
“Am I the first naked girl you’ve ever had in your room?” asked Dale.  
  
“You need to ask?” said Nate.  
  
“Come here and kiss me while I tell you what I was just thinking about,” said Dale.  
  
They leaned back on the bed and kissed for a bit. Nate couldn’t help himself, and started caressing up her thigh to her butt cheeks, massaging them and pressing her pelvis into his. While he was doing that, he found himself tickling her bejeweled nipples with his tongue.  
  
Taking a quick break he asked, “So, Lover, what were you thinking about?”  
  
“Monogamy,” said Dale. “I was thinking how cool it was that two virgins had committed to lifelong monogamy.” Reaching into his pants and taking a firm grip around the base of his dick and squeezing hard, she continued. “How cool is it that this dick is the only one that will ever enter my ‘tunnel of love’?”  
  
“Tunnel of love?” said Nate. “That’s a new one.”  
  
“I heard it somewhere once, so it is hardly original,” said Dale. “But I hope your dick ends up being a perfect fit. I don’t think I need to be concerned about buying the car before taking it for a test drive, do I?”  
  
“Too late now,” said Nate.  
  
“At least it doesn’t seem like you suffer from erectile dysfunction,” said Dale thinking of all the Viagra ads she had seen growing up.  
  
“I don’t suppose so,” said Nate. He sucked in a breath, then continued, “Mads, what do you think you are doing?”  
  
“Bad Dale is going to be very bad!” said Dale. “She’s going to make you cum for the second time today. And then she’s going to go home and clean her room to get ready for her sleepover guest, just like her mommy suggested. Now let’s get these pants off. It probably wouldn’t be very nice of me to make you cum in your pants,” said Dale, gently but firmly squeezing and stroking him up and down.  
  
While she attended to his member, Nate went about getting his pants off. He didn’t want to interrupt what she was doing, so he managed to kick them off by himself.  
  
“You sure are spoiling me with all the long overdue attention I’m receiving today,” said Nate.  
  
“Long overdue, huh?” said Dale. “A week ago I might have used a comment like that to fuel my negative feelings. But now you know what I’m going to do with it?”  
  
“No, what?” said Nate.  
  
“I’m going to agree with it. You did put up with a lot from me didn’t you? Parading my little shaved pussy in front of your face for hours on end, only to send you home with an unsatisfied stiffy,” said Dale.  
  
“It’s called blue balls, but you don’t have to apologize,” said Nate.  
  
“Who’s apologizing?” asked Dale. “I’m just enjoying thinking about how much I made you suffer. And I’m enjoying thinking about how much I’m going to enjoy overcorrecting.”  
  
“Overcorrecting?”  
  
“Yep, from one extreme to the other! You poor guy,” said Dale as compassionately as she could manage. But then she followed that up with the cutest little feminine evil laugh that Nate had ever heard.  
  
Nate was enjoying her unexpected rough and vigorous handling of his dick too much to get very worried. With her naked body pressed against his and her hand working his hardon, he simply could not picture how ‘too much of a good thing’ could possibly be bad in this particular case.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 199: Spreading the Word**

After she left for home, Nate next saw Dale when she arrived at the field behind the school for the football game. He was out on the field with the team stretching and warming up.  
  
A few times during the first half, they smiled at each other when their eyes would meet.  
  
On his way to the locker room for half time, he reached out his hand. She gripped it briefly but firmly as he walked past. It was so wonderful to feel as if he had his own personal cheerleader again. And to him she wasn’t just “a” cheerleader. In his mind she was “the” cheerleader. She was Dale.  
  
He was still struggling to wrap his mind around the commitment that she had proposed that morning, the lifelong commitment that they had both agreed to. He decided that he really did feel mature enough to make decisions with such long term implications, at least when it came to this girl.  
  
‘Life with Dale? Hell Yes!’ was his primary train of thought. He wanted to tell everyone, brag to everyone, but he knew better. It was just so hard to keep such a major life changing development like that to himself.  
  
Ward’s comments at the party popped into his head, ‘…so full of life and energy. I’d spend every waking minute with her, if she’d let me.’ He found himself in wholehearted in agreement. He was on cloud nine at her side. Now that they were back together especially, but even during their breakup she had been fun to be with. Just doing something as tame as walking around the two campuses together had been so enjoyable.  
  
While waiting on the sideline while the offense was on the field Nate found himself thinking about ejaculating. He knew that standard advice for football players was that they were supposed to avoid ejaculating in the 24 hours before any game. It supposedly sapped their strength. And he had cum twice that day. But he felt great, as full of energy as ever.  
  
Frankly, he felt like he was on fire. He found it so invigorating to be in the position he was in. He was playing his heart out. He knew he’d never be able to stand out, but he knew that Dale would see him making tackles, so he poured his heart into his assignment, rushing.  
  
There was talk that the Prospect Mavericks could make the playoffs, and Nate wanted that, for himself and for his school. He wanted it badly.  
  
Another thing he found himself thinking about was how excited he was about having a sleepover. Wasn’t a cheerleader sleepover every teenage boy’s wet dream? And he wouldn’t have to dread waking up in the middle of a great dream, and having the naked cheerleader vanish on him. Unfortunately too many great wet dreams ended exactly that way.  
  
He thought about her twin bed. He, too, slept in a twin bed. He knew it would be tight for two, but he really liked the idea. So what if he would have to hug her all night? There’d be no nightgown…of that he was sure.  
  
They’d slept together quite a few times, in quite a few beds, but never in a twin bed. He knew that he could bring over a sleeping mat from his tent and sleep on the floor next to the bed, but he was going to make sure the small bed would work.  
  
He also thought about how actively interested in sex Dale suddenly seemed to be. ‘Maybe she really was a nympho in the making,’ he thought. And the best thing about her interest in sex was that her interest in his dick seemed intense and genuine. His fears in that regard seemed to have been completely unfounded.  
  
She might still be at least partially bisexual, but did it matter? Even if she still cared for Michelle, she had, in fact, committed to him. And besides, bisexual could be cool. What if she brought another girl home to bed once in a while? He found himself liking the idea of two women in his bed…even if they only let him watch.  
  
He thought back to her nympho comment at the end of their stay in Eatonville. She had said, ‘You’d like that wouldn’t you! ‘Dale becomes a nympho, forgetting her exhibitionist past.’ Even though the comment had been in jest, after today if seemed to indeed have merit. And he thought, ‘the day is not yet over’.  
  
In the end, they won the game handily. During the post-game celebration he made his way over to the sideline where Dale was.  
  
As he walked up to her, his helmet in his hand, she reached up to his neck and pulled him down so his ear was at the perfect height to whisper into, “Time to spread the word, Lover. Are you ready?”  
  
Without waiting for his reply, she grabbed his hand, pulling him along the sideline past the other cheerleaders. She walked up behind Jodie who was putting her belongings into a duffle bag.  
  
“Jodie, would you do us a favor? Would you take a few pictures for us? For some reason we don’t have any of us together in our uniforms,” said Dale extending her phone to Jodie.  
  
“Sure,” said Jodie, very agreeably.  
  
“Let’s try and get the lit up scoreboard in the background…to make it look ‘game night’ authentic,” said Dale.  
  
Initially they stood side by side, their arms around each other’s back, while Jodie took a few photos.  
  
As Jodie started to hand the camera back, Dale said, “I’d like a few friendlier poses, too, if you don’t mind.” Turning to Nate she continued, “Nate, pick me up.”  
  
With her arms around Nate’s neck, she kicked both her legs up together, such that she was supported by an arm behind her back and one underneath her thighs, her legs straight, and pointed up at a sharp angle.  
  
“Okay, Nate, now kiss me,” said Dale.  
  
Hoping down after Jodie had taken a half dozen or so shots of them kissing, Dale walked back to Jodie and thanked her.  
  
“So Dale,” inquired Jodie, “That didn’t look like how a girl kisses her ex. Have there been any developments that you want to tell me about?”  
  
“Well, I’d like to keep it quiet for now, but Nate and I are back together,” said Dale. “But just since this morning.”  
  
“Well, that’s great news. Congratulations you two,” said Jodie, seeming very genuine.  
  
“You guys didn’t make it very long the first time. Any idea how long you’ll be together this time,” asked Jodie.  
  
Nate noticed a hint of condescension in her tone, but Dale, if she heard it, ignored it entirely.  
  
“Well, I’ll tell you Jodie,” said Dale. “These photos that you just took…they’re for our grandkids. We’re back together forever! Nate, let’s get going.”  
  
Once they were well out of earshot, Dale said quietly to Nate, “That’s how that’s done. By Monday morning, you and I will be old news.”  
  
“I figured that was the plan,” said Nate. “I just thought we were planning to leave the ‘forever’ part out.”  
  
“Oh, that,” said Dale. “She won’t believe me. After all, when you’re eighteen, ‘forever’ means a year or two, right?”  
  
“Not for me, Dale,” said Nate.  
  
“Not for me either. Forever is forever…and don’t you ever forget it!” said Dale, pinching his cheek and giving it a shake.  
  
Continuing, Dale said, “And I don’t know how we’ll manage, but next week, let’s do photos again. You in your football uniform but me in my naked uniform, okay? I want to teach you a High-T for that particular photo.”  
  
“What’s a High-T?” asked Nate.  
  
“Well, to start off, I lay across your shoulders on my side like a plank, my hips just behind your head. You support me with a hand below my rib cage and one below my upper leg. That position is called a Low-T,” said Dale. “From the front it looks like the letter ‘T’. And then you lift me up by pressing your arms overhead. It takes a strong guy like you, and a light weight girl like me. So you hold me overhead with your arms straight. That is called a High-T. Again it looks like a ‘T’ from the front. I stag my lower leg, in other words, point the knee down and touch my toes to the knee of the upper leg. That is why you support me by the upper leg.”  
  
“So I’m going to hold you overhead while you’re naked…for a photo,” said Nate.  
  
“Yep…scoreboard behind…so it looks authentic,” said Dale.  
  
“Well, I’m game, but we are only doing it if we can figure out how to make it safe,” said Nate. “And we’ll need to find a photographer we trust. If I’m in the photo, I obviously won’t be able to be the photographer.”  
  
“Yep, Lover, together we can figure it out,” said Dale. “Now get your shower quick. I set up a double date for pizza.”  
  
“Sure, sounds fun. Carly and Felipe, right?” asked Nate.  
  
“Nope. Susie and Gage,” said Dale.  
  
“Really?” asked Nate. “That’s a surprise.”  
  
“After you turned her down, she asked Gage to Sadie,” said Dale. “When she told me that, I suggested the four of us get pizza after the game. She was going to have to check with Gage, but she thought he’d come.”  
  
“Okay, I’ll try and be quick,” said Nate, running off to the showers.