**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

by BPClavel

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 296: Cat and Naked Mouse**

That afternoon Nate and Dale took a long walk, just the two of them. While Dale didn’t look any different on the outside, Nate was enjoying knowing that she was wearing the sexy seashell bra and panties just under her clothes. Given the semi-final football game that evening, it was destined to be quite a day. For that reason, they decided to spend the afternoon in as relaxing a manner as possible, yet the first thing that Dale brought up was her sister.

“Tess…she’s such a slut, isn’t she?” asked Dale.

“No comment,” said Nate, not really wanting to talk about Tess any more than they already had.

“I mean, why would a girl EVER try and give her sister’s boyfriend a blowjob?” she asked. “That’s just gross!”

“She’s obviously crazy, and she’s obviously trying to get back at you, trying to break us up,” said Nate.

“But I never did anything to her,” said Dale on the defensive.

“Well, you stole her boyfriends. Were there any boyfriends of hers that you didn’t steal?” asked Nate.

“I did not steal her boyfriends!” said Dale defensively.

“Only the rodeo club guy and the guy who was a friend of the family, right?” said Nate teasingly.

“I told you about them?” she asked.

“Yes…on our drive back from the capital, right after you opened the envelope with the raincheck, remember? You were listing off the boyfriends that you had stolen from her,” said Nate laughing.

“You mean the time I was listing off the boyfriends of hers that I DIDN”T steal,” said Dale.

“But that she thought that you did…yep…that time,” said Nate. “But I know that neither one of us deserves this. Your sister was entirely out of line.”

“You had better not side with her!” said Dale.

“Nope. Not siding with her. After all, I got the pick of the litter!” said Nate.

“The pick of the litter?” said Dale laughing.

“Yep,” said Nate. “One day I was walking past your house, and I saw a sign that said, ‘Free Kittens’.”

“Not, ‘Free Girls’?” asked Dale.

“Nope, ‘Free Kittens’,” said Nate. “So I studied the litter carefully, and I took you home. Later, Luke came by and took Tess home with him.”

“Great story, Buster,” said Dale. “Only they were married before we started going out.”

“Well, maybe I don’t remember quite all of the details,” said Nate. “But I still got the pick of the litter!”

“Well, I appreciate the thought,” said Dale. “Even if it’s a ridiculous story.”

“It is not!” said Nate. “There is only one Jordan girl of worth, and it’s you. And you’re mine! That’s all I’m saying.”

“Well,” said Dale. “It’s still a lame story, but I guess I like the idea of being the pick of the litter. But listen, I don’t like the implication that I somehow caused Tess to do that. I didn’t steal any boyfriends, and I had nothing to do with what she did yesterday. Crazy or mean, whatever that was, it was not my fault. So, say you’re sorry. I already forgave you your role in what happened yesterday.”

Fair enough, Love,” said Nate. “I was just funning about the boyfriend stealing. I know that she somehow managed to go crazy without any help from you. I apologize.”

“That’s better,” said Dale, holding his hand in one of hers, and holding his arm with the other.

“Let’s not talk about your sister anymore,” said Nate. “I want to hear about your run yesterday to Susie’s house.”

“I guess that it is now long enough ago that telling you the tale won’t be too hard on me,” said Dale.

“Good,” said Nate. “I don’t want to torture you through reliving it, but I’d like to hear about it…what you were thinking…what happened. If you didn’t want to go back to the school via the same route because of the dogs or all the people, then you could have looped around somewhere and met us in the parking lot,” he suggested.

“After the fact, I can always think of a number of better things to have done too, Nate,” she said. “When you are naked and panicking, it’s hard to think straight. This time it was even worse because it was full daylight, freezing cold, and I was in town…actually IN Prospect.”

“So why Tink’s?” asked Nate.

“I thought she wouldn’t judge. I considered going to Mary’s, but her house was so much farther. Jason’s house was closer, but I didn’t want to go there. But that’s funny to think about…showing up at Jason’s nude. He’d probably like that! Actually, when the sun is shining and your pussy is flapping in the breeze like it was, it’s hard to think at all. You just react…especially if you’re already running scared like I was. It’s almost as if all decisions are made by one’s instincts rather than by one’s brain. And I’d have to say that my instincts seem to have a pitifully low I.Q.”

“But Dale…one and a half miles!” said Nate.

“I know, I know. I just ran,” said Dale.

“But where? Down the middle of the street?” asked Nate.

“At first. That was the easiest place to run…in the tire tracks. But three or four blocks down, a car on a cross street pulled up to a stop sign just as I came to the intersection. I saw this man’s face peering out at me as I ran across right in front of him. He got a pretty good look at me I expect. I eventually got smart enough to turn my head the other way, but I crossed only about a car length in front of his car. And then he turned and followed me.

“He followed you in his car?” asked Nate.

“Yep, a small sporty silver car. That’s when I left the road. I had just gotten to the older part of town by then, so I cut through between two houses and made it to the alley. At that point I started running along the alley, but all of a sudden the same silver car appeared across the alley just ahead of me.”

“He obviously just went to the next street and turned to try and find you,” said Nate.

“I guess, but there he was, just waiting right ahead of me, and I’m running straight at him. I was close enough to see what he looked like; glasses and a receding hair line. And I’m sure he got a second good look at me,” said Dale.

“Full-frontal,” said Nate.

“I guess,” said Dale pausing to think about what he had probably seen. “So I turned off into a back yard and then again cut between two houses, but as I came out into the front yard, I looked down the same street I had been running along originally, and there was the guy in the silver car again. So I again changed direction, heading back between the houses, back towards the alley.”

“It sounds like you were playing a little cat and mouse,” commented Nate.

“I guess. But it’s not very fun to be the mouse…a naked mouse,” said Dale.

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After a pause Dale continued, “So I went right back to the alley, but rather than following it, I crossed it and went on through between two houses to the next street. I was thinking of crossing that street as well and then cutting through again to get to the next alley, but there was a minivan there. A whole bunch of kids were climbing out of it. Boy did I surprise them! Actually we all surprised each other, so I ran – again right down the middle of the street to put some distance between us. I’m sure they all got a great look at girl butt. And then at the next cross street, I cut over to the alley.

Fortunately the silver car wasn’t there. I felt really lucky about that. I had been sure that by running away from the kids that I would be running right into the man in the silver car. But I was lucky, he wasn’t there, so I started running down that particular alley.”

“This is a pretty good story,” said Nate.

“I’m glad you are enjoying it,” said Dale, “I was not enjoying it at all at the time. It was as scary as hell. I felt so naked, wearing just my ‘track uniform’, and I was just sprinting from one dangerous encounter to another.”

“Were you cold?” asked Nate.

“I’m sure I was, but for some reason I wasn’t conscious of it. I guess I had bigger things to worry about. But I became conscious of being cold when I stopped running…when I got to Tink’s house.”

“Don’t tell me about that part yet. I want to hear the whole story, in order. Go back to the alley…after the minivan, if you don’t mind,” said Nate.

“The alleys were hard to run in. Having my shoes made it possible, unlike on Halloween. However, the layer of snow on the uneven gravel forced me to slow way down. That alley was even worse than the first one. I didn’t want to twist an ankle or trip and fall. A naked girl could get pretty banged up in a fall on gravel like that,” said Dale.

“But you didn’t fall right, not once?” said Nate.

“Not once. I’ve always had good balance. I’ve always been very surefooted, but I didn’t want to take a chance,” said Dale. “But that was when the next dog came at me.”

“Another dog?” asked Nate, his voice full of concern.

Fortunately the chain link fence held,” she said. “But, My God, did that dog scare the bejeebies out of me. I was moving down the alley at a good clip when he launched at me, a big dog, all teeth. It barked so loud, not much more than an arm’s length from my ear. I went back to full throttle. I nearly peed my…”

“…your pants?” said Nate laughing.

“Yes…my pants… Well, you know what I mean,” replied Dale snuggling against him as they walked.

“What kind of a dog was it?” asked Nate.

“I have no idea. Surely one of the breeds that eats babies,” said Dale. “But thank God for that fence. It saved my life, but not my eardrums.”

“What about the guy in the silver car?” asked Nate.

“I kept looking for him, but I didn’t see him after that. But I was keeping as close to the side of the alleys as I made my way along. That’s why the dog had scared me so…I’d been right next to the fence.”

After taking a breather, acting as if she were trying to force the dog back out of her thoughts, Dale continued, “Well, going along that alley like that meant that every block I would have to cross an actual street. That was challenging. I’d try to find good hiding spots so that I could see both ways to look for traffic, and then I’d jet across and continue again along the alley.

At about Maple, I was hiding right on the sidewalk, behind a telephone pole. There was a car coming, so I stood sideways and as straight as possible…lucky my tits don’t stick way out in front, right? My hiding spot seemed to be working real well, until I noticed a car coming from the other direction too. I sort of panicked…”

She stopped talking, so Nate asked, “You panicked? What does that mean?”

“I ran straight across the street, right in front of the two cars. I mean, I didn’t almost get hit, but both cars… I mean, both drivers slammed on their brakes and slid. So I ran down that alley faster than I should have, crossed the next street without even looking and went part way into the alley. There I crouched down behind a row of garbage cans.”

“Finally Dale Jordan discovers she can hide,” said Nate.

“Yes, I hid. Two drivers had just seen me. I pretty much expected another game of cat and mouse. But after a few minutes, the coast was still clear, so I got up and headed off again. But…Oak Street…I had no idea how I’d get across.”

“I wondered about that. It’s so busy,” said Nate.

“Fortunately, it was Thanksgiving, so there was less traffic than there might have been, but I still had to cross at an intersection and cross with the light. There were just too many cars, going both directions, to risk running across the street mid-block, especially given the snow,” said Dale.

“I’m glad you didn’t do that. Running right in front of the other cars you mentioned was bad enough. Getting hit would of course be much worse than anything that might happen to you because you were caught naked,” said Nate.

“I know,” said Dale. “Being injured AND naked would not be good.”

“We absolutely agree about that, but Oak Street? You crossed at a light?” asked Nate.

“I had to,” said Dale. “And I had to push the button so the light would change…and then wait. I was right where that small video rental shop used to be. That building’s empty now. I’m sure you know which one. So I ran forward, hit the button, and then went back, crouching down low. Once all the cars stopped and the walk light came on, I shot across the street. I didn’t walk; I ran.”

“In front of cars?” asked Nate surprised.

“Duh! Lots of cars… Well, maybe just five or six, but I tried to go so fast they wouldn’t see me. But I knew they would, so I tried to cover my face. I decided that the most important thing was not to be recognized. So I pulled my hair forward and held up my hands like this.”

She demonstrated for Nate. It looked like she was putting blinders on.

“By then I was just three blocks or so from Tink’s house, so I decided, what the hell! And I just put my head down and ran as fast as I could, right down the middle of the street, in the tire tracks, just like before. I only saw one car with people in it on that side of Oak Street. It was an SUV, with at least one other person with the driver. It was headed the other way. I just hid my face and ran right by it. They got quite the view of the naked girl, but I just kept going…going as fast as I dared on the slippery street.”

“Well, this is worse than I thought. I guess I had pictured you making your way slowly and carefully through alleys, going from one hiding spot to the next,” said Nate.

“That’s what I should have done,” said Dale.

“No, it’s not,” said Nate. “You should have stayed near the school.” Pausing he continued, “So then what did you do once you got to Tink’s house?”

“I hid between some vehicles parked on the street. At first I had no idea what to do. I could see people in the windows, so I knew they had company. But I couldn’t give up and go somewhere else. Like I said, I started feeling very cold when I stopped. Had it been summer, then hiding and waiting for it to get dark might have been an option,” said Dale.

“You were outside a long time,” observed Nate.

“So I decided to go around the house and peek in windows. It seemed like a long shot, but I hoped to see Tink and get her attention,” she said. “Their backyard is lower. I peeked in the sliding glass door she mentioned. There were the two girls just sitting there watching TV, probably one of the Thanksgiving Day parades. I hesitated, but then decided that I had to chance it, so I knocked. I knew that I couldn’t knock and hide. That might have made them run off, so I knocked, and just stood there in full view. When they saw me I smiled and waved. They did sort of freak out, just like Tink said. It was pretty obvious. I had hoped that they would open the door and I could ask for Susie, and that they then would go and get her. But they just freaked out, obviously not knowing what to do.

I hadn’t noticed her, because she was facing the other direction, but Tink was already there in the same room. She was sitting in a high backed chair…reading, I think.

“So Tink stood up and looked at me. First she seemed to be reassuring the girls, and then she came and opened the door. She was pretty surprised, to say the least, but then why wouldn’t she be?” said Dale. “She reached out, grabbed an arm and pulled me inside.”

“And then she helped get you into the shower to warm up,” said Nate.

“Yep, after we talked briefly. The rest you know,” said Dale.

“Well, there’s more to that story than I was expecting,” said Nate. “I had thought maybe one or two cars with people might have seen you; especially crossing Oak Street. But you’re one crazy woman. That’s for sure! I love you more than I know how to express, but Tess isn’t the only crazy Jordan. It’s no wonder people called the police.”

“Ouch! Don’t lump me together with Tess. I was just scared,” said Dale. “And it was cold, and it was daytime, and there were people. Fortunately, they were mostly in cars.”

“Okay, Dale,” said Nate. “Let’s review. I guess this is a teaching moment. What are the two things you are supposed to do if you find yourself unexpectedly naked somewhere? I’m sure you remember.”

“But, Nate!” said Dale pleadingly.

“What are the two rules?” he asked again calmly.

“To act like a normal girl and to try and get to you,” said Dale hanging her head.

“Right. So rule number one: would most girls run or hide under those circumstances?” asked Nate.

“How should I know what a normal girl would do?” said Dale.

“Hide, I should think,” said Nate.

“And then freeze?” asked Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 298: Explanation for the Girls**

“No, remember, we’re a team,” said Nate. “I was combing that neighborhood looking for you. You should have realized that I was coming for you. Rule number two; try and find me. While you are trying to find me, I’m trying to find you. And so that we wouldn’t miss each other, I had Felipe take the path so that you’d run into him had you headed back. He had his phone, he would have called me. And then things would have been fine.”

“But…” she said.

“But, nothing. That’s rule number two. I think you get zero points on rule number two. How does running to Tink’s house count as trying to find me?”

“Because she has a phone and could call you?” said Dale hopefully. “I asked her to call you right away.”

“She did, but…that’s a stretch. But okay, ten out of a hundred, still an ‘F’,” said Nate.

Taking a deep breath Nate continued, “I don’t know what to do…frankly. This doesn’t seem to be a case of disobedience. You seem to have just been reacting instinctively, without any real thought, so I don’t know what good punishing you would do. I did say that I didn’t want to change you. I guess I have been successful in that regard. Being my Nudity Slave doesn’t seem to have changed you.”

“Are you going to spank me?” she asked.

“I don’t know, I just don’t know,” said Nate shaking his head. “We have to avoid you being alone while naked. That’s why you are supposed to try and get to me. I’m at a loss at the moment, but spanking doesn’t seem to be a good solution…maybe I’ll change my mind.”

“Thanks for being understanding, Lover,” said Dale, reaching behind his neck and pulling him down for a kiss. “I do think I know why I ran.”

“Why is that?” asked Nate.

“I spent years visiting the golf course on my nocturnal missions. And as I went along, I had this strategy playing through my brain over and over, like a song on repeat. ‘If something happens, run! If something happens, run! If something happens, run!’ In other words, the result is that if something sets me off, I’m sort of programmed to run,” she explained.

“Well, I guess that makes sense, but I still don’t know what the solution might be. We don’t have years to reprogram you,” said Nate. They both walked along in thought for a minute, but then Nate remarked, “By the way, I still don’t know what you told the younger girls at Tink’s yesterday.”

“Oh, that was so hard. I was trying to decide if I should tell them that I had lost a bet or been dared. I was trying to pick between those two options, but then when I looked into their faces, I just couldn’t lie to them. If that had been me when I was younger, I wouldn’t have wanted to be lied to,” said Dale. “I would have wanted to know everything.”

“Don’t tell me that you told them the truth!” said Nate suddenly surprised.

“Sort of,” said Dale. “I told them that growing up female is difficult. That girls experience all kinds of peer pressure and urges as their bodies change. That many girls make some very poor choices; cigarettes and alcohol for example. I told them that nobody had stripped me, raped me, or forced me to do anything. I’d just made some bad choices and everything had gone wrong. I told them that I had run because some dogs had chased me, so I had ended up outside naked. I made it sound like I wasn’t outside naked until I was being chased.”

“Did they believe you?” asked Nate.

“I don’t know,” said Dale. “But I think what was important was that they know that I hadn’t been raped or mistreated, just as Tink said. Young girls have heard of rape. It’s of course very scary. The last thing I wanted to do was make that harder for those two.

“Allie looks like a little Susie…about how she looked in the sixth grade. Long blond hair, she has a little baby fat, just like Susie at that age. Flat as a board, except she’s starting to have a hint of some ‘pebbles’ up front. Maybe there’s no Carly in her school to make her miserable, but I’m going to help her out. Susie’s mom might be oblivious, but it seems like Susie would keep history from repeating itself. Allie should be wearing a training bra already.”

“How are you going to help her out?” asked Nate.

“Simple, I’m going to get her some training bras,” said Dale. “Allie’s pretty quiet, soft spoken like Susie, but not her cousin. Taylor’s not shy at all.”

“What did she have to say?” asked Nate.

“She asked about my nipples, the jewelry, and she asked about my racing stripe,” said Dale. “At first I didn’t know what she was asking about.”

“Why not?” asked Nate.

“Well, she asked, ‘why do you look like that naked?’ I just didn’t clue in right away,” said Dale.

“So what did you tell her?” asked Nate, quite curious about how Dale might explain such things to a young girl.

“Well, I figured out what she was asking when Tink tried to answer for me,” said Dale.

“What did Tink say?” asked Nate.

“I’m actually glad she answered for me. I was trying to be mostly honest to those girls. I doubt I would have told them that a county sheriff named Kelly had arranged and paid for the nipple piercing for a naked Hula Hoop show that I performed for the Forest Service, but that was what popped into my head,” said Dale.

“And you wouldn’t want to leave out how ‘said nipples’ were bought and sold for a dollar,” said Nate.

“Don’t remind me,” said Dale. “And about the racing stripe, I doubt I would have told her that my lover required that I shave it to look like that…to be my track uniform…to help me be as fast as the wind when I’m sprinting around the track naked.”

“Oh, that would have been precious,” said Nate. “That’s what you should have said. Those girls would have remembered that for many years to come.”

“As it was, even with Susie’s more conventional sounding answers, it won’t be something that they’ll be forgetting any time soon. “You should have seen their eyes! What an eye-opener for an eleven year old girl, right?”

“So what did Tink say?” asked Nate.

“Pretty much just that I was trying to be beautiful for my boyfriend,” said Dale.

“I guess that would be what one would assume,” said Nate. “How did they react to that?”

“They seemed very surprised: open mouths, wide open eyes,” she said. “Like I said, Taylor was the talkative one. She’s surely just entering puberty. I guess she hadn’t put two and two together; that a boy might see his girlfriend naked…surely she knows that. But that a girl might do things to try and look even more beautiful while naked…that seemed to be a new concept to her.”

“I wish I could have been there to see both of their reactions,” said Nate.

“I’m glad you weren’t,” said Dale. “That would have been inappropriate. Most of the conversation would not have happened. Girls, we can talk like that amongst ourselves. But it was still very awkward, given the age difference.”

Nate and Dale had a good long walk. After a bit their topic of conversation turned to their double date with Susie and Gage, scheduled for that Saturday night. The evening he had made Susie fear for her panties, he had wondered if Susie would cancel things. He didn’t think she would cancel on Gage, but it occurred to him that she might not want him around.

He had spoken to Gage who had been in touch with Susie. He was glad to hear that the double date was in fact still a ‘go’. Dale pushed him a little for information about what they were planning to do on their date. Nate decided to go ahead and tell her. He thought that it would be fun for her to know in advance, and he and Gage had not talked about it being a surprise for the girls.

“We made reservations at The Bridge for dinner. It’s actually pretty casual, so we won’t need to dress up. Which is good because we’ve got a very active evening planned for after dinner…Laser Tag! There is a new place over in Fairview that a few of the guys say is really fun.” said Nate hoping that she would like the idea.

“Laser tag, really?” asked Dale, her face lighting up. But then her expression soured. “Well, darn it!” she said.

“Darn it? Why darn it?” asked Nate confused.

“That sounds so fun,” she said, disappointment evident in her voice.

“Fun is good, right?” said Nate confused.

“It’s just that I thought of an alternate activity,” said Dale. “I guess it could still work with laser tag, but you’d have to rent the place out.”

“We couldn’t afford that, and besides, I’m sure they don’t do that on the weekends,” said Nate. “So, what is the alternate idea you’ve thought of? We could always do laser tag on the next date.”

“That’s true,” said Dale, brightening up slightly. “I’ve been giving Tink a little thought. I think she needs a little more help to not be worrying so much about this underwear dance idea. As her friends, I thought we might help with that. Have you talked to her about it?”

“Oh, after the panty grab, I’m pretty sure that I’m not someone she feels comfortable confiding in,” said Nate.

“Little surprise, right?” said Dale teasingly. “Well, I think she needs more time in her undies, more time parading around in just bra and panties or even just panties. That’s what I’m thinking…in mixed company, you and Gage. She needs to come to realize that showing a little skin is okay. It would seem that after a bit she’ll be able to relax a little in her undies.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 299: Supporting His Girl**

“Well, I would be more than up for that,” said Nate, only realizing after he had said it that it could be taken two ways.

“Why do I believe you?” said Dale, turning and staring at his crotch. “As a matter of fact, I think you are up for it right now.”

Nate looked down. He wasn’t hard, but he was starting to pitch a little tent.

“Sorry,” said Nate, readjusting after turning his back to her so that she wouldn’t have to watch.

“So what was that, Buster?” asked Dale feeling cheated.

“Nothing, nothing,” said Nate, resuming walking. “So what is the idea to help Tink? I’m all about helping a friend, you know that.”

Dale chuckled, knowing full well how much he would be sacrificing.

“Tink’s family all headed out of town after Thanksgiving, off to visit some relatives somewhere. Tink was planning to go, but making the playoffs meant that she has to cheer tonight. She wouldn’t miss that for the world. I know her, she feels like she’s got a lot riding on this game. And she has the date with Gage tomorrow, so she stayed behind. Bottom line…big empty house,” she said smiling and raising her eyebrows a time or two. “We can play some games, have some fun, maybe dance a little…in preparation for the victory dance, you know. It will be quite a chore, especially for you guys, but it’s got to be done.”

“You’re right,” said Nate, shaking his head as if he would be suffering. “It’s got to be done. I should bring Twister.”

“You better not!” said Dale. “I think we’ll need the no-touching rules. She and Gage are not boyfriend-girlfriend, yet, anyway. And I know you’ve still got the hots for Tink. I can tell.”

“I do not,” said Nate feeling defensive.

“Grabbing her panties, eyeing her tits. I saw you,” said Dale. “Don’t try and deny it.”

“Okay, okay. I did really enjoy seeing her tits. But now I’ve seen them. You know, been there, done that. Yours are the best, and the really cool thing about YOUR tits is that they are mounted on YOU. Because it’s you I like, the titters are a bonus, a big bonus,” said Nate.

“Not so big,” said Dale.

“They are perfect! Perfect! Perfect! Stop saying derogatory things about the woman I love,” said Nate. “I won’t have it!”

“Okay, sorry,” said Dale. “I’m glad you like all of me.”

“I do,” said Nate. “But Tink’s house. Have you asked her?”

“No, I haven’t,” said Dale. “I wanted to talk to you first. Maybe you could ask her?”

“I don’t think that would work. ‘Hey Tink, how about I come over to your house and you can parade around some more in just your panties? You can trust me.’ She wouldn’t go for that. It would give her nasty flashbacks,” said Nate.

“If it were just the two of you, she’d probably rip her panties off herself,” said Dale.

“Stop that!” said Nate. “She’s a friend. You’re my lover. That’s how it will always be. If you keep this up then I’ll have to start talking about all the guys that are dying to get into your pants, because there is a whole school full of them, believe me.”

Nate was glad to note that that seemed to shut her up.

Dale and Nate went their separate ways that afternoon after returning from their walk. Nate didn’t know any of the details, but the victory dance was not the only initiative afoot related to enhancing school spirit. The cheerleaders had other things on their plate, and the drill team and pep band were also getting into the act.

Nate’s role was focusing on football, so most of the things that were going on were not really of his concern. The game that night, the semi-final, was to be the last home game of the season. The Championship game itself was always played on neutral turf, so even if Prospect advanced, their next game was certain to be an away game.

All of Prospect was excited about the big game, and a big noise parade had been hastily thrown together. A series of flatbed trailers pulled by pickups would form the core of the parade. They would be driven though Prospect with a police escort. The marching band, the cheerleaders, the drill team, and even a great number of students would be on these ‘parade floats’. The band would play and everyone else would be cheering. It promised to be quite an event.

Students were even being invited to join the procession in their own cars. Honking was not only permitted, but being encouraged. Dale had even told him that many students were decorating their cars for the event. It was all sure to be a raucous event as the noise parade snaked through town ultimately delivering everyone to the school for the big game.

The cheerleaders were also preparing large paper banners that the team would tear through as they made their dramatic entrance onto the field. This would happen twice, at the start of the game and after half time.

Nate knew that Dale was going to have a busy afternoon, but it was all stuff that she enjoyed tremendously. She was a dyed in the wool cheerleader; it was in her blood. He wondered if she would be able to survive if it were taken away from her. He knew how much it meant to her.

Nate could have gone to the first part of the noise parade; some players were doing just that. He had decided to just stay home and take it easy, thinking that that would be the best pre-game activity for him.

He went to his room and took his weight off of his still recovering knee by stretching out on his bed. He put his headphones on to listen to some music and started looking through his vast collection of photos from that fall. There were really so many. Every time he indulged in the pleasurable activity of looking at photos of Dale, he would be struck by how much they had experienced together that fall. They had seemingly packed a lifetime into just a handful of months.

Invariably he would end up studying an individual photo for a time, zooming in on Dale’s face. Even though they were mostly nude photos, he loved zooming in on her face, usually doing that first, studying it in great detail. He loved the curve of her chin, the corners of her mouth, the twinkle in her eye…everything about her face really. He especially loved the look of her often mussed up tomboy hair. It was always so ironic to him, that the other girls, who almost never had a hair out of place, were so jealous of Dale, who so often had hair going every which way. She seemed like the type of girl that would always put her hair in a ponytail, and yet she typically just let it fly loose.

He would typically study her face first when he looked at an individual photo, but he was a guy. He would zoom in on other portions of her body as well. He would, at times, enlarge an individual titty or her pussy to well beyond life size, many of his images were that good! This activity always resulted in erections…always. Being a teen male, he would typically relieve himself in the traditional manner. But being that it was game day, he decided to not engage in that activity. He forced himself to set his laptop aside.

As his hard-on started to deflate in the slow painful ‘blue-balls’ manner, he found himself thinking about the cheerleaders as a group. In the past, he had had a pretty shallow understanding of what it meant to be a cheerleader. He had to some extent thought of them as beautiful, yet somewhat self-centered girls; popular girls who were not especially smart and who joined the squad seeking attention. They had always seemed two-dimensional to him as he had only been able to observe them from a distance. Dale had always been the one exception, in his mind.

That fall, however, he had had enough contact with Dale, Susie and some of the other cheerleaders to gain a more accurate understanding of who they were and what motivated them. One thing that he had learned was that there really wasn’t such a thing as a stereotypical cheerleader. They were all individual girls, each different in just as many ways as the various members of the football team. Initially that had been a surprise.

And they were all highly motivated individuals. They went to practice and worked hard, just as any sports team might, and yet they didn’t have events in which they competed in their own right. They attended and participated in the events of the various teams. If they were successful, then all the glory would go to the team, not the cheerleaders who had cheered them on to victory.

As he thought about it, he decided that the victory dance was a perfect example. The cheerleaders were offering to do something that was quite selfless. They were for the most part, willing to give of themselves, for the good of the team. Many of them might end up enjoying the event, should it occur, at least he hoped they would, but all the glory would go to the team.

He thought again about how they attended everyone else’s events, but how there weren’t cheerleader specific events for others to attend. Indeed he decided, cheerleaders were one of the least understood and most underappreciated group in the school; admired, envied, yet underappreciated.

Suddenly it struck him. Dale came to all his games. She always supported him. And at that moment she was out their cheering in the streets, whooping up town support for the game, and where was he? He was lying in bed with his headphones on.

Catching a little of the noise parade wouldn’t hurt his performance in the game. He needed to be out there supporting her girl. This was her thing, and he should be there. Besides, for some reason he had found that he missed her. Even though they had been together for about the last forty-eight hours solid, he missed her.

He called Felipe, and arranged to pick him up early so that they could catch a little of the noise parade on their way to the locker room.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 300: The Luckiest**

A little later Felipe and Nate were both standing with a small group of football players on a street corner as the parade approached. As her float passed by, Nate waved to Dale, hoping to catch her attention. To his delight, she saw him. For an instant they both just stared into each other’s eyes across the sea of people . . . sharing a quick moment . . . emotion coursing back and forth between them. He saw her smile. She jumped up and down in excitement, and then she hopped down from the trailer bed, racing to him on the sidewalk, colliding with him energetically, jumping up into his arms. She hugged him enthusiastically, her feet hanging straight down but off the ground. She placed a quick, yet almost pornographic, kiss on his mouth.

“Hey stranger,” she said pulling her lips from his. “You came!”

“You look great up there,” said Nate.

“Thanks. Good to see you! …but I have to get back,” she said. “But I love you. See you at the game?”

He stared into her happy eyes, thinking about all the depth that was there…depth that only he could see.

“Yep, at the game,” he said, and like that she was gone.

He watched her run ahead buoyantly, jumping gracefully back up onto the makeshift float. For an instant she turned and looked longingly back at him. As they again shared a moment across the distance, a song that he had heard recently popped into his head: ‘The Luckiest’, by Ben Folds.

And in a wide sea of eyes
I see one pair that I recognize
And I know
That I am, I am, I am, the luckiest
I love you more than have
Ever found the way to say
To you

Nate glanced around at the faces of his peers, knowing that at the very least they had seen the hugs and kisses, if not the depth of the emotion that had just flowed between the two of them. Indeed he felt like the luckiest guy in the world! He turned his attention back to the parade, trying to get another glimpse of Dale on the float as it moved away. He was sure that it had meant something to her that he had come. That seemed obvious, and it had meant so very much to him as well. It had been a golden moment, brief yet golden.

Shortly thereafter it was time to go and suit up. While the noise parade took a circuitous route, Nate and the other football players took the direct route.

Nate sensed a very different feeling in the locker room. It was as if the combination of the proposed victory dance and the day off for Thanksgiving had had a profound effect on everyone’s attitudes. There seemed to be a real sense of determination and an overwhelming sense of purpose in the air. Everyone was much quieter, and yet quite upbeat. He thought his fellow players seemed optimistic that they could win, not that they would win . . . but that they could in fact win. In other words, it wasn’t going to come easily, but the game would go to the team that wanted it the most, and they were all determined to not be ‘out-wanted’.

He knew that the victory dance was a significant component, and yet he knew that the attitudes might be quite similar without that carrot hanging out there. But, to him, it seemed as if it just might end up making the difference; although, he knew that such would never be able to be proven.

In a contrarian frame of mind once he had also thought of a few ways in which the proposed dance might end up costing them the championship. One scenario that had come to mind, involved them winning the semi-final, but then over the course of the next week having word of the dance get out. If that were to happen, then it would be cancelled. That could result in the team feeling very demotivated for the final. It might feel as if the cheerleaders had pulled the carpet out from under them, and yet he knew that if that happened, it would be their own fault…or Jason’s fault.

Nate still thought that the topless dance was a long shot. First they had to win two games, and second, fifty four football players had to keep it a secret for something like a month. Additionally, all twelve cheerleaders had to keep it secret. He thought that they would, but it had also occurred to him that one reluctant or disgruntled cheerleader could end the whole thing by somehow leaking the plan anonymously. He didn’t know exactly how that might be done, but he was sure that there were ways.

Keeping it all secret after the fact had to be a big concern as well, especially to the cheerleaders he realized. Once the dance had taken place, the guys would no longer have any real incentive to keep it quiet. It seemed as if there could be a lot of damage to a lot of girls reputations, worse case. But maybe by then it would be the second half of their senior year, so it wouldn’t be such a big worry. However, that was only true for half of each squad. Half of the cheerleaders and half of the football team were juniors.

He also considered the possibility that some of the cheerleaders might want word to get out. Maybe they would want some of the credit for winning the state title. All in all, maybe dancing topless wasn’t such a reputation ruining proposition after all. After all, it was hardly sex with multiple partners. Indeed, Alexa was not the only girl rumored to have slept with a sizable number of guys. But then again, those weren’t the girls that might be concerned for their reputations. It was more the Susies, the Kendras and the Dales of the world who might be concerned. The girls who were widely considered to guard their virtue very carefully.

It was these considerations that filled Nate’s head as the coaches gave their pre-game motivational talks. Nate didn’t hear a word of what was said, at least of the motivational speeches. He didn’t need any additional motivation. Dale had asked him to win the game. If it was within his power to do so, he was going to win it for her.

He did manage to tune in a little when Coach Maynard ran through the starting lineup. He had wondered if he would be starting Defensive End given that he had spent the entire last game on the bench. Coach Maynard announced that he and Blake were to alternate series. In other words, one of them would stay in as long as the defensive unit was on the field, but then the other would go out the next time.

Nate was pleased with that solution. It meant that they would each be much less tired, and the other team’s offense would be facing a varying landscape each series. He would have preferred to be the starting player; however, the point was winning the game. He felt that Coach Maynard had made the smart call.

Nate was three-quarters of the way back in the team, as they stormed onto the field by the usual route. The Wards and the Jasons of the team would have been up front. By the time he got to where it had been, the ‘Go Mavericks’ banner that the cheerleaders had made was in tatters. As he entered the corridor of cheerleaders just beyond, Nate made a special effort to try and catch a glimpse of Dale. The moment went by too fast for him to recognize her. Just beyond the cheerleaders, the drill team was lining their path, and beyond them, the pep band.

Similarly Dale, who was screaming a cheer at the top of her lungs as the team raced by, tried to recognize Nate. She too was unsuccessful. The football players looked so alike racing by at close range like that with their helmets on. Her height disadvantage compounded the difficulty for her.

But later, after the team had warmed up and the game was about to start, she snuck over to say ‘hi’. She had known before Nate that he would be alternating with Blake. Coach Maynard had shared that piece of information with her earlier when they had met during the setup for the noise parade. She had promised not to tell Nate, and Coach Maynard trusted her. She wouldn’t have told him, but she hadn’t really had the chance. Even now that he knew, she did not mention that she had known.

Everyone was impressed with how full the stands were. The town had really turned out in force, in spite of the low temperature, clear and cold. Even the visitor side of the field was nearly full. Nate learned later that they had been forced to seat Prospect fans on that side as well once the home team side had filled up. He had never heard of that happening before.

During their brief moment together, Dale said, “Hey, guess what. Our snowman’s still there, can you believe it? All the snow is gone. Just the snowman remains. When you get a chance, walk down to the end and take a look. Cool, huh?”

Nate looked down toward the end of the track where Dale had started her 800 meters run, but he couldn’t see it. It was back quite a ways, hidden from that angle by the bleachers. He thought again about how Dale had just brought up the events of Thanksgiving morning. She hadn’t mentioned anything negative about how his plan had gone awry. In fact, she never had. She was just a resilient as ever.

From the start, the game was a brutal slugfest. Both teams were concentrating on the ground game, mostly trying to run it up the middle. Felipe was proving his worth over and over as their plays seemed to be aimed right at the two tackles. Both Blake and Nate were heavily involved with defeating the running plays as well. Cody was calling the IUD defense every time, so he was right there, just a few feet behind them every time he was needed, whichever side he was needed on.

The first quarter ended scoreless. Very few passes had been attempted by either team. The second quarter began somewhat differently as both teams tried to surprise the other by suddenly passing. No one was surprised. Those in charge of pass defense were fresh and up to the task. Nate preferred it when the other team called pass plays because he was quick enough to sack the quarterback on occasion. Sacking the quarterback would hit the other team with a loss of yardage that would often result in them not being able to make the fourth down.

Nate saw Gage pull off an amazing save on one such pass play. Had he not batted the ball to the ground, it might have resulted in a touchdown. He made a mental note to ask Susie if she had seen his key play.

Because he was alternating, Nate had had more time on the bench than he would have had otherwise. He and Dale had managed to clasp hands a time or two, but they didn’t really want to be seen doing so. So they would do it at moments such as when Nate was moving along the sidelines getting ready to go in for the next series. Those moments, though brief, caused his ‘The Luckiest’ feelings to surge within his breast, always inspiring him to greater levels of exertion on the field.

Late in the second quarter, Prospect finally got a touchdown. On a Third down, one yard to go situation, Ward called a Quarterback Sneak. The defense should never have been caught napping on that call as it is used so often in such short yardage situations. However somehow, Ward found daylight and went over forty yards for the touchdown. The whole stadium erupted into a state of euphoria. Due to an unsuccessful point after attempt, the half ended with the score 6 to 0.

Nate was concerned that being in the lead might give the team just enough confidence to relax. Fortunately, their lead was too miniscule for anyone to imagine that it was other than a tie game.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 301: Post Game Pizza**

During halftime, Nate found himself wondering why he had not yet heard the, “To the “G”, to the “O”, Yell “Go! Go!” cheer; however, as the third quarter began, the cheerleaders finally did it. They had seemingly held it back as their second half secret weapon.

The Varsity Cheerleaders lined up in a row twelve long and rolled it out loud and proud…tits up and out. The sophomore cheerleaders seemed to be caught off-guard. After seeing the guys’ reaction to Dale and Susie doing that particular cheer while topless, Nate had suggested to Jodie that they use it as their rallying cry to motivate the team during the game.

Doing the cheer and clapping, the girls all jumped up and down, their tits all pounding out the beat within their sweaters. It was especially effective given that the guys had all seen it on video. There wasn’t a guy there that could watch that cheer and not think of the two girls’ tits jumping happily up and down. The cheerleaders, other than Dale and Susie, did not know of the existence of Jason’s video. They did not realize just how motivating that particular cheer was for the guys as they repeated the chant over and over, faster and faster, louder and louder.

Jodie and the others knew right away that they really had something. Nate had been right, they realized. They could tell by the reactions they were getting. For the rest of the game they launched into that cheer at the start of every offensive series.

Midway through the third quarter, Coach Maynard started sending Nate in to replace Blake on Blake’s series when the ball got near the thirty yard line. “You’re stronger near the end zone. Especially when it comes to goal line defense,” he had told him.

After doing that about three times, Coach Maynard pulled he and Blake aside. “Guys,” he said. “I’ve decided that Nate needs to play the rest of the game. The game is just too close. You’re doing a great job out there, Blake, but…I’m sure you understand. Nate’s knee is clearly up to the task. Nate, we obviously can’t let these guys score…not once. One touchdown would do it.”

The next time Dale was close by, Nate mentioned the change to her. She was happy for him. For the second time, she didn’t let on that she was aware of Coach Maynard’s plans before he was.

In the fourth quarter, the other team kicked a field goal bringing the score to 6-3. A while later the other team was again within field goal range. They chose to not make the attempt, presumably because it would only tie up the score. Instead they gambled and tried for the first down. That attempt was unsuccessful, and Prospect’s offense took the field. The score would end there, Prospect winning 6-3.

In the last minute of play, Prospect had the ball. It was one of those games that ended with Ward simply falling on the ball each time it was hiked to him…to run down the clock. From a spectator standpoint, that doesn’t make for a very exciting end to a game; however, the crowd and the team erupted in celebration. Even though the victory margin had been narrow, they had played a great game and they had won solidly. They had beaten an opponent that had beaten them during the regular season. Unlike the prior two wins, it was a win that everyone could be proud of.

As soon as the game ended, Dale raced to Nate’s side. She was obviously elated…one happy cheerleader basking in the joy of an important victory. She grabbed on to his arm and acted as if she wouldn’t be letting go anytime soon. Everyone was milling around, congratulating each other, and Dale was right there, with a death grip on his arm. It was so much fun to win, all the much more so when you had your own personal cheerleader to enjoy it with. Nate’s feelings of being The Luckiest again surged within him.

Eventually the team did go to the locker room to change. When Nate emerged, there she was waiting for him. As he had come to expect, she had a ring of players around her as he came out. He overheard her commenting on how well one of them had performed on the field during a particular play. Upon seeing Nate the guys had said their goodbyes, leaving her to him.

“Well, that was interesting,” said Dale. “Given that it was just me and some of the football players, you’ll never guess what the topic of conversation kept cycling back to.”

“Umm…the victory dance, maybe?” guessed Nate, knowing that it had to be correct.

“Yep, the team has obviously qualified at the first level,” said Dale.

“Oh, don’t I know,” said Nate. “Lot’s of conversation about that in the locker room.”

“It doesn’t sound like they are being careful enough,” said Dale.

“Well, they weren’t really talking about ‘the dance’ per se. There was just a tremendous amount of conversation about you twelve…in various states of undress, cheerleaders in little panties, if you know what I mean,” said Nate.

“Oh, I do,” said Dale. “That sounds very much like how the conversation out here went. In short, they wanted to know if I would wear a thong to the dance. It would seem that all these guys know that I was wearing a thong the night that Susie and I cheered topless. Imagine that!”

“What a surprise, right?” said Nate. “What did you tell them?”

“I told them that I would commit to it if they won the next game, but if not I just might have to go shopping and find some granny panties.”

“Smart move!” said Nate.

“I thought so,” said Dale acting proud of herself.

“They’ll spread the word, and everyone will know that they have to win the next game to see your tits AND your butt,” said Nate.

“And my butt’s a force to be reckoned with!” said Dale with a cute little smile.

“You got that right, girl,” said Nate, reaching behind her and grabbing it as they walked toward his car. “I’d love to reckon with it right now!”

“You can reckon with it all you want, but right now you need to buy me some pizza,” she said. “Everyone went for pizza. Let’s go there, okay?”

“I’ll bet you worked up quite an appetite. Between the game and the noise parade, I think you have been cheering for five hours straight,” said Nate.

“And after pizza, you can have another slice of pie, I’m sure you burned at least as many calories as I did this evening, Mister Star Defensive End!” said Dale.

A short while later they arrived at the pizza parlor. At first, they couldn’t even get near the front door. The place was packed, and there was a sizable crowd in the parking lot as well. Once they did get inside, they found the crowd shoulder to shoulder. Nate was sure he would have lost track of Dale had she not still had a firm grip on his arm, one arm looped through and the other holding his hand.

It was a scene unlike he had ever witnessed in person. Everyone was yelling and screaming. Some of the other cheerleaders, unlike Dale who had changed, were still in their uniforms. They had gotten up on the long back counter, and they were leading the crowd in still more cheers.

The crowd, composed partially of a great number of football players, seemed preoccupied with looking up their skirts. In a somewhat obvious reference to the victory dance, there were occasionally various chants, such as, “Take it off, take it off, take it off…”

However, that fit typical teen male behavior so well that no one who wasn’t in the know would have suspected a thing. The girls did look perfectly positioned to start undressing for the crowd. Someone had managed to redirect a couple of lights upon the girls, mostly juniors, but a couple of seniors did take a turn or two up on the counter as well. Given the angle and the lighting, there was some serious camel toe on display. Even Nate couldn’t resist working his way that way to get a good look up Danielle’s skirt. He hoped that Dale wouldn’t notice, but the chance to see camel toe like that, in her shiny black spankies, was not an opportunity to be missed.

As he allowed his eyes to glide up Danielle’s smooth, shapely legs, from her ankles along her calves and thighs, all the way up to her spankies under her skirt, he heard Dale whisper into his ear, “Nice cameltoe!”

He looked over, and she just smiled at him looking into his eyes, all the while hugging his arm tightly.

“Busted,” said Nate just loud enough to be heard above the din.

“That’s right, Buster. I’m so on to you!” she said teasingly, but she just smiled and held his arm ever so lovingly.

Together, like that, they made their way slowly through the crowd, stopping to have conversation after conversation with other students. They were searching for Susie and Gage. Eventually they did find Gage, but Susie was nowhere to be found.

Gage said that he too had looked for Susie. Eventually he had sent her a text. He had learned that she had gone straight home after the game, saying that she needed a quiet evening all alone. He had offered to drop by and see her, but she had graciously declined.

Once they were finally headed home, Dale told Nate, “I might have caused Tink to skip the pizza parlor and head home alone. We talked while you were changing. She was already in quite a state of consternation, realizing that the first level of the victory dance was a ‘go’. She has some severe hang-ups about being underdressed like that around guys. And I am sure that I only made it worse.”

“What did you say to make it worse?” asked Nate.

“Oh, you know me,” said Dale. “She was focusing on a dance with panties AND a bra. In my opinion, she was purposefully blocking out the possibility that it might end up being a topless event. I want to help her, I do, but I don’t think it helps to go easy on her. I told her that given her anxiety, she should just resign herself to being topless, topless for hours with the whole football team. Then if it doesn’t end up that way, she’ll be able to breathe a sigh of relief. I think it might end up being less scary for her if she does that…whether it ends up being topless or not.”

“Let me guess, she didn’t like you shifting her anxiety up to the topless level,” said Nate.

“Not at all! She’s such a weenie,” said Dale. “But I mean it in the best sense of the word. I do really like her. I know you like her, too.”

“I do,” admitted Nate.

“But then I made it worse. I told her my plan for our double date. I told her that she needed practice, so that tomorrow night we both needed to go topless,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 302: The Uniform Comes Off**

“Did she agree?” asked Nate.

“I don’t think she should have a choice. I’m sure she would say ‘no’, but she needs to gain a comfort level with being in just her panties. How is she going to do that with fifty-four guys if she can’t manage to do it in a group of four?” said Dale.

“So is that what we’re doing?” asked Nate.

“Like I said, I don’t think she should have a choice,” said Dale. “But I guess you have final say. I’m your Nudity Slave. Talk is cheap. I can only participate in something like that if you give me the go ahead, right? Because I wouldn’t make Tink do it alone.”

“Oh, I like the idea, Slave Girl,” said Nate. “It’s okay for you to suggest ideas like this. But you are exactly right. The finally decision is mine, but I can choose to give you a little latitude. So, you may do the evening with or without your bra. Whatever you think makes sense for the two of you. Your pantie stay on.”

“Okay,” said Dale, but she paused, thinking. “Nate, if we do this, will you to do me a favor?”

“Sure, Love, anything.”

Tomorrow night…if Tink is topless…no touching her…please. I’d be uncomfortable,” said Dale. “I know you wouldn’t touch her tits or anything, but maybe no hugging either. Like when you were hugging her in Jodie’s bathroom before our cheer show. Not when she’s topless, okay?”

“You don’t need to worry about that, Love,” said Nate.

“I guess I’m a little bit, you know, sensitive. I know how much she likes you, and I know you have a thing for her. A smart girl probably wouldn’t be arranging for her to be around her guy…topless and all,” said Dale. “You know, playing with fire.”

“Oh, Honey, you really have nothing to worry about. There’s only one girl in my heart. It’s you. It will always be you,” said Nate. “Tink is a friend. I’ll always be a one woman man.”

“You’re a sweetie,” said Dale, snuggling against him.

“And besides, tomorrow night, we’ll be following the dance rules. That means that neither Gage nor I will be able to touch either of you intimately,” said Nate. “And that’s important to me. Gage can have viewer rights to my girl’s titties, but absolutely no touching. That I absolutely won’t stand for.”

“Okay, good. It sounds like we are on the same page for this double date,” said Dale. “But about Gage, Tink talked to me a bit about him as well. She does like him; although, it is obvious that she sees him as sort of s consolation prize because she can’t have you. And they’ve only just kissed, but now she is getting all hung up about Gage.”

“Hung up?” asked Nate.

“She can’t get out of her little head that he saw her titties the night that everyone else did,” said Dale. “You and I went through this.”

“We did?” asked Nate.

“Real similar, anyway,” said Dale. “When we first started dating. You had already seen the goods, much more so than Gage. It wasn’t a problem for us because I had it all figured out. I’d thought through all the details, and I didn’t have all the hangups about nudity that Tink has. Remember? I told you that you were a brand new boyfriend.”

“Shiny, I think you called me,” said Nate.

“Right, a brand new shiny boyfriend…and that you needed to take it slow. Just because you’d seen everything, it didn’t mean that you were getting to second base on the first date,” said Dale.

“Even though I’d already been to second base,” said Nate. “How can I forget?”

“Well, that’s where Tink is. She was almost talking like she can’t go out with
Gage just because he has seen her boobs. Some girls, right?” said Dale. “That he’ll think she is loose or that he has full access to her boobs, and if she says ‘no’ that it will be rude. But I tried to set her straight. I told her to just imagine that she has been asked out on a first date by her attractive gynecologist.”

“You didn’t say that. Tell me you didn’t say that,” said Nate.

“No, but I thought of saying it,” said Dale. “I mean, it seems so easy to me. What happened, happened. To me it’s clear that Gage doesn’t get to touch her tits now, just because he got to see him.”

And will be seeing them tomorrow evening,” said Nate.

“Right!” said Dale. “He saw mine too. So did some other guys. None of them gets to touch them. They’re yours.”

“I like that they’re mine,” said Nate.

“I do too. I like that they’re yours,” said Dale. “And hey, it’s not yet that late. It’s not a school night. Just reminding you, should you feel like exercising some rights of ownership.

“Your place or mine?” asked Nate.

“Mine,” said Dale. “And don’t forget, this is your last chance at the racing stripe. I shave it first thing in the morning. I’ve got my instructions.”

“Yep, I’m glad to see that you remember,” said Nate.

After a considerable pause, Dale continued, “And I remember something else. I remember my sister telling you that I am a lesbian, a dishonest lesbian.”

“But you’ve told me you’re not, so who do you think I’m going to believe? You or your sister?” he asked.

“She also told you that I like having my pussy licked, because while you’re doing it I’ll be imagining that it’s Michelle who is doing the licking,” she said. “I’d like to prove to you that she’s wrong, but I haven’t figured out how I can prove to you what I’m thinking about.”

“Well, let’s do that then,” said Nate. “I’ll do the licking. With any luck, you’ll have two maybe three orgasms, and then we’ll know, right?”

“But how will I prove to you that I wasn’t thinking about Michelle,” said Dale.

“You’ll tell me what you were thinking about,” said Nate. “And then we’ll both know.”

“But what if I don’t tell the truth?” asked Dale. “How will you know for sure?”

“I know I can believe you,” said Nate. “You don’t lie to me.”

“But I have, just as Tess told you. I’ve lied to you about Michelle,” said Dale.

“I know, but you came clean. I learned about that from you, not from your sister,” said Nate.

“But she told you that there are still things that I’m lying about,” said Dale.

“Well, are there?” asked Nate.

“No,” said Dale.

“Okay then. I believe you,” said Nate.

“You do?” she asked seeking reassurance.

“Of course,” said Nate. “Now let’s get in the house and get your panties off so that you can prove to me that you’re not daydreaming of Michelle’s tongue while I’m giving your pussy the princess treatment.”

“Okay,” said Dale giggling as she climbed out of the car and skipped up the walk to her front door, her hair bouncing joyously as she skipped.

Nate chuckled to himself, following along behind. “That looks like a girl excited about the prospect of a few orgasms, if I’ve ever seen one,” he mumbled to himself.

“What was that, Lover?” she said, turning to him as she opened the door.

“I was just mumbling to myself about how exciting it is that the Mavericks will be playing in the state championship football game,” he said, as they both went inside.

The next morning Nate awoke with a bit of a start. Dale was straddling him, sitting on his chest. She leaned over him, letting her still wet hair hang down, brushing against his face.

“Guess what, Nate!” she said full of energy and enthusiasm.

Looking up into her radiant face, Nate managed a hoarse, “What?”

“Shaved Pussy Girl is back!” announced Dale, rising up onto her knees, bringing her pelvis up into a position just above his face.

Nate looked up at the beauty of a freshly showered and shaved pussy less than a foot from his face. He looked on past, past the now absent racing stripe, past the titters to the radiant face just above.

Smiling back at her he said, “Bye, bye racing stripe! That was fun, but this is the pussy I fell in love with.” With that, he reached up and grabbed a butt cheek with each hand, squeezing and pulling.

Dale hadn’t anticipated that. She fell forward into the headboard. Nate lifting his head up to close the narrow gap, planted a big sloppy kiss on the cleft of her pussy. He allowed his kiss to slide up onto her mound where her racing stripe had been.

“Didn’t you get your fill of that last night, Buster?” asked Dale.

“It’s a new day!” said Nate enthusiastically. “But last night was fun! Four orgasms by my count,” he said between pussy mound kisses.

“I’m sure it was more than that, but I lost count,” said Dale. “You sure spoiled me something awful.”

“So now the big question,” said Nate. “Who were you thinking about as the fireworks were going off inside your pelvic region, me or Michelle?”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 303: Somewhere West of Laramie**

“I told you last night. Didn’t you believe me?” asked Dale.

“Maybe I just want to hear it again,” said Nate.

“You, silly! Michelle was the furthest person from my mind,” said Dale with glee.

“Then I guess your sister was wrong,” said Nate. “I guess I don’t have to ditch you because you are a dishonest lesbian.”

“Please don’t ditch me!” said Dale playing along. “Anything but that! Not that you have the option. You gave me your word. We shook on it. Forever and ever. Repeat after me, forever and ever.”

As instructed, Nate did repeat the phrase, “Forever and ever.”

“Okay, now get your lazy butt out of bed and get your shower. Make it quick. I’m feeling spontaneous this morning. I’m taking you out to breakfast at the truck stop AND today it’s my turn to give you a present. You can open it at breakfast,” she said.

“Okay,” said Nate. “I’ll get up. It’s just a little difficult with you on top of my head like this.”

“And about that shower,” said Dale. “Special instructions: shave your face. Smooth pussies demand smooth faces. And one more thing. Down below. You’re looking a little unkempt again. Take care of that. Shorten everything back up. Shorter than Ika night, okay? Quite a bit shorter.”

“Shorter?” asked Nate.

“You heard me,” said Dale commandingly. “Don’t forget who owns what!”

“Oh, I haven’t forgotten,” said Nate, pulling on yesterday’s clothes for the short walk home for a shower and apparently a little pubic hair trimming.

Somewhat later they were seated at their regular table at the diner. Dale had carried in a medium sized rectangular present. After they had ordered, Dale handed it to Nate.

“So, what’s the occasion?” asked Nate taking the present from her. It felt like a framed picture.

“Hmm…occasion? Okay, let me think,” said Dale. “I know…it’s Saturday. That means we’re exactly three weeks into forever and ever.”

“Three weeks,” said Nate, trying to think a little nostalgically. “Three wonderful weeks! Why is my life with you so much happier than my pre-Dale existence?”

“Because we have so much fun!” said Dale charmingly. “Now open your present.” After a quick moment she interjected, “Wait! Before you open it. Where’s Laramie?”

“Laramie? You mean Laramie, Wyoming?” asked Nate. “A long ways from here; North of Denver…I think. Why?”

“Right! So are we West or East of Laramie?” she asked.

“West, definitely West,” said Nate.

“You got it right! Good job!” said Dale with enthusiasm. “Now you can open your present.”

Nate tore the paper and started examining the printed item within the antique frame.

“Somewhere West of Laramie…” he read out loud. “That’s why you asked about Laramie. This is an old advertisement. Help me out, Dale. What am I looking at?”

“Look at the company name at the bottom,” she instructed.

“Jordan,” said Nate. Then looking at the smaller printing just below, he read, “Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio.”

“That’s right,” said Dale. “The Jordan Motor Car Company. Cool, huh?”

“Way cool!” said Nate. “Your ancestors owned a car company? How old is this anyway?”

“No, not my ancestors,” said Dale. “I guess we could be related, but as far as I know, we aren’t. But it’s still neat. It’s our family name.”

“It’s really neat,” said Nate, admiring it.

“This is an actual ad from 1923, not a reproduction; the Saturday Evening Post, June 1923 to be exact. My Grandfather Jordan had this on his wall. I remember looking at it when I would visit. He passed away when I was twelve, and he gave me this shortly before he passed. He wanted me to have it. It’s very special to me because it reminds me of him,” she said, emotion clearly evident in her voice.

“Oh, Dale,” said Nate. “I love it, but you shouldn’t give it to me. If it’s a special present from your grandfather, then you need to keep it.”

“No, I want you to have it,” said Dale. “Besides, it’s not really like I’m giving it away. We’ll always be together. Someday we’ll have our own home and we can hang this in a position of prominence where we can both enjoy it.”

“Oh, Dale, I love you so,” said Nate, reaching across the table and taking her hand. “Do you have any idea how happy it makes me when you talk about our future like that?”

“Well, it’s what we’ve decided, right? And today we’re three whole weeks into forever and ever!”

“I really, REALLY love you…but tell me more about this ad.”

“Well, my grandfather told me that it is one of the most famous ads of all time. I looked it up on the Internet. Everything that he told me checks out. Prior to this ad, car advertisements were pretty boring: engine size, number of gears, so many doors, so many seats. This ad is supposedly the first modern advertisement. Read it to me out loud…if you don’t mind.”

Nate held up the ad and read:

“Somewhere West of Laramie . . . there’s a broncho-busting, steer-roping girl who knows what I’m talking about. She can tell what a sassy pony, that’s a cross between greased lightning and the place where it hits, can do with eleven hundred pounds of steel and action when he’s going high, wide and handsome. The truth is—the Playboy was built for her. Built for the lass whose face is brown with the sun when the day is done of revel and romp and race. She loves the cross of the wild and the tame.

“There’s a savor of links about that car—of laughter and lilt and light—a hint of old loves—and saddle and quirt. It’s a brawny thing—yet a graceful thing for the sweep o’ of the Avenue. Step into the Playboy when the hour grows dull with things gone dead and stale. Then start for the land of real living with the spirit of the lass who rides, lean and rangy, into the red horizon of a Wyoming twilight.”

“See what I mean?” said Dale enthusiastically.

“It is amazing… The Jordan Playboy!” said Nate.

“Yep. The car model was the Playboy. I don’t know what ‘Playboy’ meant in 1923. That is even before Hugh Hefner was born, so it surely had little to do with Playboy Centerfolds or Playboy Bunnies.”

“Probably no,” agreed Nate.

“But here’s why my grandfather chose to give this to me specifically,” said Dale. “He said I reminded him of the girl in the ad. See the image of the girl on the horse. Well, he told me the story of how this ad came to be. He said that Mr. Jordan, the founder of the car company was on a train trip, when all of a sudden he looked out the window and saw a tan young blonde girl riding bareback. She was racing the train. It was a sight that had quite an impact on him, so he asked the porter where they were. His reply was, ‘Somewhere West of Laramie.”

“That’s a cool story,” said Nate.

“So I never had a horse, just my motorcycle, but to my grandfather, I was always this girl, ‘… the lass whose face is brown with the sun when the day is done. The lass who loves the cross of the wild and the tame. The spirited lass who rides, lean and rangy, into the red horizon of a Wyoming twilight,” said Dale.

“I’d have to agree. There’s so much of you in this. ‘Loving the cross of the wild and tame!’ Just how well did your grandfather know you?” asked Nate suspiciously.

“Well, he didn’t know about that…what you are thinking about,” said Dale. “I was only twelve, but I was always me even before I started streaking. I was a bundle of energy, as he would say, probably even more so back then. Always outside, always doing all kinds of stuff.”

“I know, I know,” said Nate. “I admired you from the yard next door. It says, ‘…the lass whose face is brown with the sun’, but it should say, the Tomboy whose face is brown with the sun.”

“Nate…” she said reproachfully.

“I know, you’re not a Tomboy,” said Nate. “I would have liked your grandfather.”

“Why do you say that?” she asked.

“Because we both admire you. We admire the qualities that Mr. Jordan saw in the lass racing the train bareback Somewhere West of Laramie,” said Nate.

“So, do you like your present?” she asked.

“I love it!” said Nate enthusiastically. “I guess I’ll need to buy you a bronco someday, so you can do some bronco busting.”

“Oh, I don’t need a bronco,” said Dale. “I can always use the school’s Maverick whenever I need to feel like a bronco-busting, steer roping-girl. I’ve ridden that thing at many an assembly, as you know. That Maverick and I, our destinies are linked.”

“You always look great on the Maverick,” said Nate. “Especially naked! And I have the Homecoming night photos of you to prove it.”

“You do, don’t you!” acknowledged Dale, recalling that evening fondly.

The waitress delivered their breakfasts, and the framed car ad was set aside while they ate.