**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

by BPClavel

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 402: Ward’s Pep Talk**

“Well, guys,” Ward said, taking a deep breath and shaking his head. “This first half has proven one thing. We’re not willing to win this game for ourselves. Yep, not for ourselves, not for our coaches, not for our families, not for our town nor our school.

“We want to win it . . . sure . . . but we’re not willing to win it. And yet, we are going to win. I know that. I’m here to tell you how we win. This might sound corny . . . real corny in fact, but we are going to win the game with school spirit. And not our f\*\*king school spirit because we obviously don’t have enough to get the job done.

But there’s one little banned cheerleader out there . . . she’s watching the game . . . she has more f\*\*king school spirit than all of us . . . combined. And I know you know who I’m talking about, because there is only one cheerleader who fits that description.”

Ward paused and kicked at the floor with his cleats as if he were trying to decide where to go next with his pep talk.

“Let me ask you; is there anyone in the room who thinks that Dale Jordan doesn’t know their name?” He paused looking around at all the attentive faces. “Raise your hand if you are not positive that Dale knows your name.” No hands went up. Continuing he said, “Is there anyone in the room who thinks that she doesn’t know their jersey number?” Again no one raised their hand. “How about position,” he said. “Who thinks that the lovely Miss Jordan might not know their position on the field?” Again he paused, and again no hands were raised.

“Indeed,” continued Ward. “We all watched her hand out cookies a couple of hours ago. They were good weren’t they? Big, too. But how in the hell did she do that? And she included everyone. Even you support guys, even our lowly coaches. Everyone, right?”

Ward looked around the room at the coaches, the student trainers and managers, and the ball and water boys . . . they were all nodding.

“Baranski, did she spell your name right?” asked Ward.

“She did!” said Paul Baranski, one of the student managers.

“You guys without jersey numbers worked her a little bit,” said Ward with a chuckle. “Glad to know she came through for you. But I’m not surprised. She’s Dale! With Dale, everyone rates. And today we all rated a personalized cookie. How in the hell did she do that? Anyone see her refer to a list? I didn’t. She didn’t have a list because she doesn’t need a f\*\*king list. I’ll bet she didn’t even refer to a team roster while she was making the cookies, and if she did, she probably created it from memory. And why doesn’t she need a list? I’ll tell you, because she knows us and she likes us . . . every f\*\*king one of us. Well, maybe not me, so much. But that’s a separate issue. Even though the feelings are obviously far from mutual, I have so much respect and admiration for that little lady. She is pure angel, sent down to remind us all that the human race…”

Ward stopped suddenly mid-sentence. After pausing to take a breath, he continued, “Okay, sorry. Getting a little carried away there, but . . . the other cheerleaders? Is there anyone here, raise your hands, who thinks there is another cheerleader who knows one quarter as many names, numbers and positions?” He paused and looked around, but no hands went up. Quite a few guys were shaking their heads. “Exactly . . . we agree,” said Ward nodding. “As quarterback, I expect the other cheerleaders could name my position, but I’ll bet many of them wouldn’t be able to tell you my number.”

“And in Dale’s case, let me tell you, this is not just an exercise in rote memorization,” he said continuing. “She knows this information because she needs it and she uses it. I’ve observed her as she watches football plays. She knows everyone’s number because she is interested in us and mentally recording what she sees. There’s quite a lot of intelligence hiding in that hot little package. The other cheerleaders are always just standing around along the sidelines. Not Dale. She’s always watching the f\*\*king game because she cares about what f\*\*king happens!

“Who has had Dale come up to them in the halls after a game and comment on a specific play? A play in which she recalls having seen you do something outstanding . . . which she then proceeds to describe in detail.”

Hands went up all around the room . . . nearly every hand. “I guess I should have asked that the other way around. Who has not had Dale come up to them to comment on a specific play?” Four or five hands went up. “Well, certainly not very many,” he said. “Even many of you who don’t get much game time and who never handle the ball raised your hands. Just as I thought, the majority of us have had kind complimentary comments from Dale after games.”

“So, let me ask you,” he continued. “Do other cheerleaders, or other students for that matter, do that? Comment on the game the following week?”

There was a chorus of ‘noes.’

“Coach Neal, have you had discussions with Dale about specific plays, specific players, specific strategies?”

“Absolutely!” said Coach Neal. “She comes into my office every week to talk football. She’s always learning, always asking questions, and yet she already has an in depth knowledge of the game. She really seems to enjoy the games. She’s the real deal, a genuine fan of Maverick football.”

“Coach Maynard,” said Ward. “Ever talk football with Dale?”

“I’m actually disappointed to hear that she talks football with Coach Neal. I thought she and I had a thing going,” said Coach Maynard.

Everyone laughed.

Ward asked Coach Quinn, the offense coach the same question. He too reported having regular conversations with Dale about Maverick football.

“How about the other cheerleaders, coaches? Any of them actually discuss the games with you? Before or after?” asked Ward.

They all shook their heads.

“Not even Jodie Parker, Head Cheerleader?” asked Ward.

The coaches all continued shaking their heads.

“That’s what I thought,” said Ward. “We’ve had one cheerleader who is genuinely engaged. One cheerleader who takes football and her football team seriously. One cheerleader who takes cheerleading seriously . . . who understands that it’s not just about looking pretty . . . who understands that it’s about helping her goddam team win. Like Coach Neal says, she’s the real deal!”

After a pause, Ward continued, “Okay, we all know that the sophomore cheerleaders are out there tonight, all alone. Just as they were today at the noise parade. And they are doing their very best to inspire us. They are doing a wonderful job. I need to f\*\*k a few more of them before I graduate, but what a great bunch of young girls, going it all alone, supporting their team in the state final! So, let me ask you, where are the other cheerleaders? The disbanded Varsity Cheerleaders? Well, some of them are here, I’m sure. Like you I’ve been playing football, so I haven’t been able to walk the stands and take role. However, I know for a fact that many of them stayed back in Prospect this evening. Some of those girls deserve everything they are getting and more, but some of them, like Dale, are being unfairly punished. But let’s not dwell on the absent cheerleaders.”

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“But, like I said, one of the Varsity Cheerleaders is here . . . Dale. She’s here. I know that for a fact, and I’ve pointed her out in the stands to a few of you. I guess no one will sit with her. It’s like she’s a goddam leper. She’s sitting all alone, way up in the upper right corner of the grandstand on our side of the field.

Do you know why she’s in that corner? I know. She is there to watch us score touchdowns and field goals. That A-hole McRoberts won’t let her cheer, but she’s here, she’s up there. She’s got her hood up, just like at the noise parade this afternoon. She’s hiding out . . . just watching the game. I really hope not, but she might be crying . . . just like she was crying at the noise parade.

Nate could tell that Ward was getting emotional. He couldn’t see tears forming in his eyes, but his voice sounded a little different.

“And I’ve got a prediction for you. I know where she’ll be seated after half-time. She’ll be in the upper left corner, the opposite corner . . . probably still all alone. During half-time she will have moved the length of the field to have the best view of the opposite goal line . . . the best seat in the house for viewing her team, the Prospect High Mavericks, scoring touchdowns and winning the State Championship. Guys . . . we’re her team.

“Nobody is behind us . . . behind this team . . . more than she is. Remember how I said that school spirit is how we are going to win this game? Not mine, not yours. Her school spirit! Dale Jordan’s f\*\*king school spirit! Nobody has more school spirit than Dale Jordan . . . f\*\*king nobody!”

Sheer emotion seemed to grip Ward as he spoke those words, the depth of his conviction evident in his non-blinking eyes.

After a brief pause, he continued, “Those of us who had the good fortune to be at her table in the lunchroom on Friday saw school spirit oozing from her every pore . . . she kept steering the conversation back to the game . . . and what each of us could do as individual players. My God, was she ever in fine form! And today, she baked us some f\*\*king cookies. Do you know why she baked us those goddam cookies? Because that’s all they’ll f\*\*king let her do! And if McRoberts had thought that she might bake her guys cookies, he would have told the coaches to keep her away from us . . . I’m sure of it.

“No matter what this school does to her, she is f\*\*king fighting for us! She has been stripped! She has been hogtied! She has been teased and insulted! Many of us know what Alexa and a few others say about her, and I know Alexa has said it to her face. Yes, she’s had to hear it. And it’s untrue. And it’s mean. It’s so goddam mean.”

Ward again paused, taking a momentary break to get his emotions in check. He continued, “She has been humiliated! She has been banned from cheering! She has even been suspended! Is that fair?”

Loud ‘noes’ again echoed through the locker room.

“Damn right it’s not!” he yelled in response. “Why in the hell is the victim being punished just as if she were one of the perpetrators? That’s what I want to know. This whole situation is f\*\*ked up.

“And I’ll give you my opinion of which one of these things stings the most. I’d bet money that what hurts Dale the most is being banned from cheering. Not being able to help her team win . . . that has got to be the hardest pill for her to swallow. Here we are in the f\*\*king State Championship . . . and she’s skulking in the shadows . . . even though she helped get us here.

“And why was she stripped? Petty jealously . . . that’s why. And why was she suspended? Because she refused to sink to their level. She probably knows who helped Alexa in the mat room on Thursday. I don’t know that for a fact . . . just a hunch. And why is she banned from cheering? Same f\*\*king reason. She refused to name names. She’s going through all of this, completely undeserved, in my opinion . . . because she’s better than they are.

“I’m an ardent Dale fan in spite of the fact that every time I have asked her out, I have been turned down . . . most recently for the Parker Halloween party. Unless of course we are going to count how I was hitting on her at lunch yesterday.

“And what I’m not proud of is that I have been bonking the enemy.” Ward paused while a number of his teammates snickered. Continuing, he said, “But, as some of you know, Alexa is an awesome lay, but . . . sorry . . . I’m getting sidetracked. But I’m not the only one whose Dale’s aspirations have gone unfulfilled, right? Sadly she seems destined to graduate a virgin, but that’s . . .”

Ward stopped talking, noticing that Felipe’s hand was in the air.

“You got something to say, Felipe?” asked Ward.

“Nate’s going to kill me, but…” said Felipe.

“Damn right, I’m going to kill you,” said Nate interrupting him.

“You’re shittin’ me!” said Ward, his mouth hanging open.

“This speech you’ve got going is so good, I couldn’t stand to see it suffer because of a little bit of outdated information,” said Felipe.

“Goddam you, Nate!” said Ward emphatically. “I wanted to be the one to wreck her shop!”

“You are so dead, Felipe,” said Nate glaring at him.

“Kill him after the game, Nate,” said Ward. “Until then . . . we need him.”

Ward walked over and bumped fists with Nate, saying, “At least it was one of us! Local boy makes good, right? Now guys, stop f\*\*king interrupting me.”

After a pause to shake off his surprise and to gather his thoughts, Ward continued, “The dance is surely off. As a matter of fact, I talked to Jodie, so we can f\*\*king forget about that. Goddam bitches! Coaches, you didn’t hear that. However, if Dale were in charge, the dance would be a ‘go,’ and most certainly better than advertised, as in . . . as in less than advertised . . . I’m sure you guys know what I mean!”

“But back to why we are going to win this f\*\*king game. We are going to win this game because it will make our biggest fan happy . . . plain and simple. And she f\*\*king deserves to be happy! Anyone not want to see her glorious smile return?”

Ward again paused, looking around the room. He continued, “In a few minutes we are going to go out there and we are going to f\*\*king win this game for Dale!” He pounded his fist solidly into his other hand for emphasis. “Not for ourselves, not for our school, not for anybody else, but for Dale! And not by just a few measly points. The f\*\*king Bisons are not going to f\*\*king know what hit them!

“And afterwards, we are going to put her on our shoulders and we are going to take a parade lap. And everyone takes a turn carrying her. She gets passed from man to man. Sorry, Nate . . . you’ve got to share . . . we all get a piece. Nobody hogs her, got that! And then we f\*\*king dedicate the game to her! And that is what the goddam headline reads in tomorrow’s paper. It reads, “Prospect Mavericks win state football title for first time in fifty how-many-ever years and dedicate the game to Dale Jordan.” That is what the f\*\*king headline reads in tomorrow’s paper!”

“Who is with me?” belted out Ward at the top of his lungs.

Everyone stood up and eardrum bursting cheers echoed throughout the locker room.

“Who is ready to kick Bison butt?” screamed Ward even louder.

The yelling grew even louder, clenched fists of determination in the air.

Ward continued, his strong impassioned voice rising above the noise, “McRoberts thinks he decides who can f\*\*king cheer for us . . . and who can’t. I say he’s wrong! I say, tonight we show him who’s really in charge. I say, tonight we show him . . . we show the whole goddam stadium . . . who OUR cheerleader is. Tonight we restore Dale to her rightful position! Tonight she leads us to victory! Tonight we finish on top, and then on our shoulders, Dale finishes on top! Who’s f\*\*king with me?!”

Again there were thunderous cheers, even louder than before, and they went on and on, growing louder and louder.

“Okay, now here is what I want to do as we go about winning this goddam game for Dale,” said Ward more calmly, holding up his hands and trying to get everyone to quiet down a little. “The Bisons and everyone will be expecting us to run out of here acting like we are all charged up and excited to play football. I know I’m all charged up and ready to kick Bison butt, but nobody else needs to know that . . . not yet . . . later . . . in the game. Let’s all stroll out of here acting like we took a half-time nap. That should throw them. Icy determination, that’s the order of the day. And the banner that the sophomore cheerleaders will be holding up for us to crash through, let’s all walk around it. Let’s leave it intact. Let’s crash through it after the game . . . when we are the f\*\*king State Champions. Actually Dale crashes through it . . . that would be better. Whoever is carrying her, after the game has been won, crashes through the paper ‘Go Mavericks!’ banner. Actually, everyone crashes through the banner but whoever is carrying Dale . . . her honor restored . . . leads the charge! Sound like a plan?”

Loud widespread agreement echoed through the room, so Ward said, “Okay, everyone . . . icy determination. Let me go first. I’ll tell the sophomore ladies what our new plan for the banner is while we are walking around it. I don’t want them feeling disappointed, or feeling like they did something wrong. I’ll just tell them that we are playing mind games with our honorable opponents. I’ll probably tell the redhead. She’s the one I’m hoping to f\*\*k tonight . . . after our big win. I’m going to count how many freckles she has on her cute little titties. I’m going to get red pubic hairs caught in my teeth . . . that is, unless she’s a bald beaver babe. But nobody tells her anything, got it? It might jinx me. She has no idea at this moment how steamy her panties are going to get when the State Champion Quarterback starts hitting on her. My magic may not work with Dale, but it works with the rest of them.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 404: The Second Half**

Recognizing that Ward’s pep talk had come to a close, Coach Neal stood back up, “Okay, everyone, we’ve still got five minutes. So, use the restroom and get hydrated. Then we’ll walk out onto the field . . . slowly, I guess.”

A number of guys walked over and congratulated Nate on his successful conquest of Mt. Dale. Nate just smiled. He knew Dale would find out right away that everyone knew. She was going to be very unhappy with him.

As Nate headed into the restroom, he thought back over Ward’s amazing pep talk. Initially he had been surprised about how effective it had seemed. He knew that his own relationship with Dale made him particularly susceptible to a ‘Dale’ focused appeal, and yet he felt as if high-voltage electricity had been surging through everyone in the locker room.

As he thought about it, he decided that there was no reason to be surprised at Ward’s ability to inspire the troops. He was their quarterback for a reason. His athleticism was unmatched, and he was very resourceful in a tough spot. He was quite intelligent in a ‘street smarts’ sort of way. He had a self-confident air about him that made the guys look up to him as a natural leader. That same quality seemed to make him irresistible to women, all of them except Dale.

As far as Nate knew, Dale was the only exception. To her Ward was an egotistical braggart. She wasn’t wrong; however, Nate saw it somewhat differently. Ward didn’t boast too openly or in a way that seemed especially offensive. And on top of that, he was so capable. Unlike many, his mouth never wrote checks that his body could not cash.

Nate liked the guy, and had a lot of admiration for him. He was frankly glad that Dale found his personality objectionable. Were it not for that, he knew that he would probably not stand much of a chance against Ward.

Another thought that went through his mind was how badly Ward needed this win. Football was his life. He was certainly intelligent enough, but he had never put any effort into making decent grades. A football scholarship was probably his only route out of Prospect. He could picture him as a middle-aged used car salesman with a beer belly in a decade or so, if he didn’t make the leap to college ball.

On the walk out to the field, Nate took Felipe to task, “Goddam you Felipe! Now I’m going to catch hell. What came over you? Why did you have to go and announce that?”

“Don’t worry. No one will tell her,” said Felipe.

“Oh yeah, right!” said Nate. “That’s not how it works. Just wait and see. I’m going to be in the doghouse for a month.”

“She told Carly,” said Felipe.

“So . . . how does that justify telling the entire football team?” asked Nate in disgust. Felipe didn’t reply, but it had been a rhetorical question.

They exited the hallway, returning to the chilly December air of the brightly lit outdoor stadium. Nate saw bewilderment on the young cheerleaders’ faces as they all made their way slowly around the brightly painted paper banner. Ward was talking to the leggy redhead, his hand on the nape of her neck in a friendly but forward manner.

Nate tried to recall her name as he studied her hair. It was that beautiful light orange color that indicated unquestionable authenticity, especially when combined with her fair skin and freckles. Her hair was long and straight with bangs sweeping gracefully to the side across her forehead. She had a flustered expression about her as she looked up into the eyes of the quarterback towering beside her.

Nate studied the modest pointy bumps protruding from the front of her sweater. He had seen her many times, but never before had he tried to picture what her tits might look like bare. It was a fun exercise that Ward’s comment had provoked; imagining her tits, splattered with freckles matching those on the delicate looking skin that was visible. However, he expected that the freckles on her chest would be quite a bit lighter than those on her face, for he knew that sunlight brought out the freckles.

Trying to picture her topless had him longing for a look at her tits, but he forced those thoughts from his head. Even though a little variety might be nice, who needed variety when their girl was Dale? All those thoughts flashed through his brain in a split second, as he continued out onto the field, down the tunnel created by both the drill team and the pep band.

He saw puzzled looks on the drill team as they sang along enthusiastically to the school fight song being played by the pep band. Both the drill team and the band were obviously confused by the spectacle of the football team strolling casually out of the locker room.

Nate looked at a few of his teammate’s faces. He saw indications of a level of resolve that he had never seen. Ward just might have won the game for them, he realized. Suddenly they all had a common cause, a very specific one. Win the game for Dale! Restore her to her rightful position!

After a typical kickoff return, the Mavericks began the half on their own forty. Nate watched intensely as the offense lined up for their first play. Ward looked left then right, calling out, "For Dale, hut one, hut two."

Upon hearing those words, Nate felt a tremendous endorphin rush. He was raring to go, ready to kick some Bison butt! It was so tremendously difficult to be so fired up and yet have to wait on the sidelines.

Taking the snap, Ward took one step back. He turned to his left and handed the ball to Jason. Jason punched a five yard deep hole through the Bisons’ defensive line, right between the nose guard and tackle.

Fists of determination clenched out on the field and along the sidelines. After lining up for the second play, Ward's voice again boomed out, "For Dale, hut one, hut two."

To Nate's surprise they ran the same exact play with the same exact result; another five yards and the first down. They had crossed the 50 yard line and were on their way!

As they lined up for the next play, one of the Benton players called out, "Who the hell is Dale?”

Nate saw Ward stand erect and point her out way up in the stands. As Ward had predicted, she had indeed moved the length of the field. She was now seated way up above the goal line toward which they were advancing.

Nate saw all the Benton players turn and look. He himself turned and looked up at Dale, wondering if she knew what was going on. All of the football players on both teams were looking up at her. He wondered if she could tell that everyone was looking up at her. He wished that she was able to hear Ward's signals, but he knew that the distance and the noise of the crowd had to make that impossible.

"For Dale, hut one, hut two," instantly became the team’s rallying cry, and Ward employed it shrewdly throughout the rest of the game. Every time Nate would hear it, he would feel a surge of energy pumping through his veins. He expected that everyone might be similarly affected; likely meaning that everyone’s adrenalin would spike at the start of every play. Even Cody, Defensive Team Captain, started calling out, “For Dale,” as the defense lined up at the start of every play.

Although that first series did not result in a touchdown, the next one did. Ward had kept the ball on an option play, for twenty yards and the touchdown. The point after and a three point field goal several series later meant that it was a one-point game at the end of the third quarter. The score, Benton still seventeen, Prospect now sixteen.

The offense was certainly doing their job, but similarly important the defense had kept the Bisons scoreless for an entire quarter. Nate didn't know if it were true or not, but Ward told them that they were the first defensive team to hold the Bison offense scoreless for an entire quarter in their last ten games.

When he wasn't on the field, Ward seemed to be doing his best to keep their keen resolve at a fever ‘For Dale!’ pitch. However, as the referees moved the ball at the end of the quarter, Nate observed Ward part way down the sideline chatting up the pretty redhead.

A few minutes into the fourth quarter, the Benton quarterback dropped back to pass. As Felipe closed in on him, his attention was way down the field, looking for an open receiver. In that moment Felipe grabbed him, spinning him violently.

Nate saw the ball shoot out loose. As he turned to fall on it, the ball took a sideways bounce and popped up, hitting him square in the facemask. Almost before he had a chance to realize what had happened, the ball took another erratic bounce up off the field. It seemed to hang suspended in midair.

It was one of those moments a defensive player dreams about. There was the ball and there behind it . . . the goal line . . . nothing in between.

Nate had never been much of a ball handler, but he took two quick steps and with both hands deftly pulled the ball against his chest in one motion. ‘For Dale!’ he thought as he shifted gears, seeking to channel her legs. Emotion and Adrenaline pumped through him like never before. He put his head down and accelerated towards the distant end zone, his thoughts only of Dale and how she ran. He concentrated every brain cell and every muscle fiber on being Dale. He needed her speed and her unmatched ability to rise to any occasion.

He wasn't the fastest on the team, so he didn't dare look back. He raced straight for the goal line, his only strategy being speed. He didn’t turn to look for Dale in the stands; there would be time for that later. Instead he directed his mind to his memories of trying to keep up with a certain gorgeous naked cheerleader on the golf course by moonlight.

He poured everything he had into beating everyone else on the field to the end zone. For a split second he worried that he might be racing in the wrong direction, and yet he knew that he had not gotten turned around.

Only after crossing the goal line did he allow his path to curve. Glancing back he saw three Benton players in hot pursuit, all about five yards back. Just as the reality of what he had managed to pull off started to sink in, he caught sight of the referee, both of his arms extended straight overhead. That part was like a slow motion dream. Looking beyond the ref, he saw Felipe lumbering toward him at what amounted to full speed for the overgrown Latino. Felipe jumped as he hit him, enveloping Nate's helmet in his arms.

"Dude!" yelled Felipe as Nate fought to maintain his footing.

"Thanks for the ball . . . but I'm still going to kill you," shouted Nate loudly to be heard over the roar of the crowd. He shifted his attention to the stands, his eyes searching for Dale, searching for his personal cheerleader.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 405: The End of the Game**

She was easy to pick out, all by herself, jumping up and down exuberantly, her arms overhead. Her hood had fallen back, revealing her pixie haircut. Her exaggerated ecstatic movements betrayed the glee within. Knowing that she had to be looking at him, he extended an arm overhead and waved. Realizing that he was waving at her, she stopped jumping and waved back enthusiastically with both arms.

For a brief moment, everyone else disappeared and they shared a little closeness across the distance. Nate felt the strength of their bond surging through him, but then the rest of the defensive team arrived in the end zone and she was gone. He was enveloped inside a tight swarm of his teammates, all jumping on him, all banging on his helmet and shoulder pads. It was so unusual for any defensive player to put points on the board that the spontaneous celebration that erupted put the offensive team to shame.

Nate's touchdown gave Prospect their first lead of the game. Suddenly they were up by five.

"I guess you scored on AND off the field!” said Ward clapping him on the back as he trotted by on his way out onto the field for the point after.

Because Coach Neal wanted to try for a seven-point lead, Ward called a two-point conversion play. It ended up being one of those goal line plays were all twenty-two players ended up in one giant pile right on top of the goal line. Everything looked static on top, as the referees removed players one-by-one, but Nate knew that down underneath they were still fighting tooth and nail for every inch. To his disappointment he saw the referee signal that the attempt had been unsuccessful.

Even though the conversion attempt had failed, Nate was still feeling on top of the world as he got a quick drink of water and found his field position for the kickoff.

Barely a minute after scoring the first touchdown of his life, he was again sprinting down the field along the left sideline . . . again channeling Dale as he sought to coax a little more speed out of his legs. This time he was suddenly aware of the knee brace that he had been wearing the entire game. Miraculously it had all but disappeared during his touchdown sprint. It was as if he had been hell bent on making sure no excuse kept him from getting the ball across the goal line. If they were winning the game for Dale, then damn straight he was going to pull his weight, knee brace or no knee brace.

This time the ball carrier did come his way, attempting to turn the corner to speed down the sideline; however, Nate's adrenaline was at maximum tilt. He hit the player, forcing him out of bounds well before he had managed much of a turn.

Benton began that series on their own thirty-two yard line. Nate had been lining up across from the same tight end all game, but suddenly there was a fresh player across from him. This guy was clearly second string, and yet he was bigger than the guy whose position he had taken. It was obvious to Nate that this guy had come to the game to do what it took to help his team win; he poured everything he had into his blocking assignment.

In fact, it was obvious that the entire Benton team was there to win. They were behind seventeen to twenty-two, and they did not like being down five points in the fourth quarter. However, Prospect did manage to hold them to just one first down and they were forced to punt from just shy of midfield.

Prospect started their next offensive series deep in their own territory and similarly battled their way to almost midfield before having no choice but to punt.

On their next series the Bisons achieved a number of first downs and crossed the fifty yard line with a short yardage run up the middle. On second down the quarterback dropped back into the pocket, looking deep. He found his chosen wide receiver running a post pattern. Gage, the Safety, with an amazing display of athleticism, leapt way up into the air and got a hand on the ball, most likely preventing a touchdown. To everyone’s surprise, Gage managed to hang on for the interception, bringing Benton’s offensive series to an abrupt end; however, he never got his feet under him. Prospect took possession on their own three yard line.

They made negligible progress on the first two downs with running plays. Hoping to achieve a much needed first down, Ward had all eligible receivers running short pass patterns such as button hooks as he dropped back, well into the end zone to pass. Unfortunately, he was unable to find anyone open in time and he was sacked. The resulting two-point safety dropped Prospect’s lead to just three points, nineteen to twenty-two.

A short time later, when Prospect again had the ball, Nate noticed Gage talking to Susie behind the bench so he walked back to say ‘hello.’

“Hey, Mr. Touchdown!” said Susie enthusiastically as he joined them.

“Hi, Tink,” replied Nate.

“You guys are doing great, but what a nail biter,” she said.

“Yep, it’s close, but we’re ahead,” said Gage.

“Hey, Tink, Dale’s all alone way up in the stands,” said Nate. “I’m kind of worried about her.”

“Kendra and I tried to get her to sit with us,” said Susie. “But she wouldn’t.”

“Why not?” asked Nate.

“Well, what she said was that she wanted to watch the game from way up high,” said Susie. “But Kendra and I didn’t believe her. She’s trying to keep her chin up, but to us it’s obvious that everything is getting to her. She’s sad . . . taking things really hard. This is tough on all of us, but I know it’s worse for her.”

“Would you mind walking up there and checking on her?” asked Nate.

“Of course. I don’t mind,” said Susie.

A few minutes later, Nate watched as both Susie and Kendra made the climb to where Dale was sitting all alone. He saw that they were talking, but then Benton got possession and he had to go back out on the field and focus all of his attention on the game.

A couple of plays later, he noticed that Dale was again all alone. He expected that she had probably appreciated that Susie and Kendra had made the effort to say, ‘hi.’ Maybe she really did just want to watch the game from up high, and he knew that she did have loner tendencies. He knew that she probably didn’t want any company right now and that she was avoiding attention.

The intensity of the game was increasing. Nate could see outward signs of anger and discouragement on the faces of Benton players as a referee stepped off a ten yard penalty for offensive holding. The Benton Bisons had come to the field expecting to win and being down in the fourth quarter had been resulting in flags on a few of the plays.

As the end of the game approached, Benton started to get even more desperate. On a fourth and one situation, when they should have punted, they attempted a quarterback sneak. It was hardly a surprise play and the Prospect line held, the nose guard standing the center up, tossing him to the side and making the tackle right at the line of scrimmage. The Mavericks took possession on the Benton forty-four yard line.

Via a series of successful running plays, Ward and Jason managed to make two first downs, all the while keeping the clock running to eat up most of the remaining time. With just ten seconds remaining, Benton stopped the clock by using their last time-out. The game was all but in the bag as Ward came over to consult with Coach Neal about the final play of the game.

Nate was close enough to overhear the conversation. To coach Neal there was only one play that made sense. Ward needed to take a knee and end the game without any risk of a fumble.

Ward, however, did not want to end his high school football career in that fashion. He was still wanting to make good on his stated goal of winning by more than just ‘a few measly points.’ Fortunately Coach Neal carried the argument by convincing Ward that if any college recruiters were watching, that it would be more important to show them a rational decision making process. Even if they managed to pull off a final play touchdown or field goal, the message would not be positive.

Ward called for the snap just as he had been doing the entire second half, "For Dale, hut one, hut two." He took one step back and reluctantly went down on one knee. The Benton players screamed in agony as the final seconds disappeared from the clock, one after the other. The game was over; the final score: Prospect twenty-two, Benton nineteen!

The stadium went wild, the Prospect side of the field, that is. Somehow the underdogs had erased a significant half-time deficit and come out on top! Dale jumped up and down in utter joy as she watched the jubilation down on the field. All the players and coaches on the sidelines exploded up into the air, running exuberantly out onto the field to join the players there who were all pounding each other’s helmets and shoulder pads, celebrating wildly.

Pandemonium seemed to be the order of the day, but as Dale watched the largely circular cluster of football players swirling around on the field, she saw two rays form, shooting out in opposite directions. They reformed into two nearly straight lines of players charging at full-speed towards the grandstand. One was racing towards the stairs along the outside railing to her left, and the other was charging towards the bottom of the stairway to her right. The Prospect High football team was on the move!

Dale watched with curiosity as the players attacked the grandstand. Leaping over the railing they began rapidly ascending both sets of stairs two or even three steps at a time. She was puzzled, still not having fully realized exactly where they were headed.

Nate had decided to observe from below, letting everyone else have their turn with Dale. Indeed, she wasn’t his alone. Today, she belonged to Prospect High!

He watched as the field emptied and the two stairways filled with stampeding football players, all high on adrenalin, each trying to beat the other out in the race to Dale.

Nate caught the very moment where Dale realized that she had an entire football team barreling down on her. She was on her feet, jumping exuberantly around, but suddenly she stopped. He saw her look right and then left as if searching for an escape route. She then turned to flee, starting to climb the few remaining rows towards the top railing.

After ascending a couple of rows, she again stopped. There was nowhere to go. She was trapped in the upper corner. He saw her turn, again looking down at the mass of players converging upon her at full speed.

Nate wondered what she was thinking. It was an exciting moment. Surely she had to know that they were just coming to involve her in their victory celebration, and yet he could sense anguish in Dale’s actions. She was obviously having trouble thinking straight. She was all alone and about fifty large guys in football gear were charging towards her as fast as they could run, many of them outweighing her two to one. He saw her assume a standing fetal position, throwing her arms around herself. She had obviously determined the inevitably of what would occur and looked to be bracing for impact.

As the first players got close, all of a sudden Dale raised her arms overhead in a celebratory pose. A moment later, she was again jubilantly jumping up and down, clearly embracing the moment.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 406: Postgame**

He started walking slowly towards the stands, continuing to observe as the first players reached her, simultaneously arriving from both sides. He saw Dale shoot up into the air. That first time she went up head first, but then she seemed to bounce on top of the players, her legs going up and over her head as the guys continued tossing her around wildly. Given how rapidly they were passing her around, it looked as if she might fall, and yet he knew they wouldn’t let that happen. She was relatively safe, even given that they were in the stands. A dense mass of football players had instantly formed below her, extending in all directions. The guys near the perimeter pushing in, everyone wanting to get their hands on her. She looked light as a feather, her arms and legs flailing as the guys looked to be playing with her as if she were a beach ball.

He stopped, deciding again that he’d wait to take part until they had her down on the field. Indeed, later that evening he’d have her all to himself. He could stand to share her with the team during this momentous occasion. As the football players started down one of the stairways, he saw Dale floating along on top of them like a rag doll, first on her back and then rolling over onto her front. Her black outfit made her easily visible against the guys’ white jerseys.

She was up above their helmets, gliding along on a sea of hands, crowd surfing. It looked as if there were probably always ten or twelve guys with their hands up supporting her. He was sure that she was being groped every which way, and yet he knew it was all innocent enough. There wasn’t going to be any part of her body that would remain untouched in the coming minutes; however, he knew that the primary aim of all the touching was to keep her safe. They weren’t going to let her fall, and yet she was entirely at their mercy.

Again he wondered what she was thinking. He had to imagine that all her sadness had been forgotten. She was suddenly in the center of a triumphal celebration and she had to be having the time of her life. He certainly hoped that she was, for as Ward had said, ‘she deserved to be happy.’

As the throng of football players made their way back toward the field, their prey having been secured, Nate felt a fist bang against his shoulder pads. Turning, he saw Ward and Cody behind him.

“There you are, Loverboy,” said Ward. “Come with us.”

Reluctantly Nate turned away from the spectacle in the stands and followed Ward and Cody.

“Where are we going?” he asked.

“Step one, win the game. Step two, secure the headline,” said Ward. “We are about to give a press conference.”

All of a sudden it made sense. Ward and Cody were the Team Captains and they were headed towards the stadium entrance. Up ahead he could see TV cameras and reporters with microphones.

Ward walked boldly into their midst, hands overhead to get everyone’s attention.

“I’m Ward Kerner, Quarterback,” he announced confidently and without hesitation. “And this is Cody Horton, Middle Linebacker. We are the Prospect High Team Captains. And this is Nate Miller, Defensive End. He’s the guy who snatched that fumble out of midair, running it in for a touchdown early in the fourth quarter. We have an announcement, and then we’ll take your questions.”

As the press gathered around them, Nate looked at Ward with an even greater sense of admiration. Not only had he risen to the occasion and led the team to victory with just the right mix of motivational tactics and on the field prowess, but now he had turned off his signature F-bombs in an attempt to gain the respect of the press.

“What is the announcement?” asked a female reporter in a parka while a few other reporters thrust microphones under his chin.

“Yes,” said Ward, pausing to collect his thoughts. He suddenly looked to have a mild case of stage fright as he seemed to realize that he had TV cameras trained upon him. “On behalf of the entire Prospect High Football Team, I’d like to . . . I mean we’d like to dedicate this victory to Dale Jordan.” Turning and pointing, he continued, “She’s the young lady being carried aloft by our teammates as they take their hard-earned victory lap.”

Nate saw the TV cameras pivoting to the right, being directed toward the action on the field behind them. Indeed, there was Dale. She was no longer being tossed around. Things had settled down a little. She had somehow assumed the posture of an airplane, head up, hood back, arms out straight like wings, legs together. She was ‘flying’ around the field on top of dozens of upstretched arms as the team jogged the perimeter of the field.

After filming Dale being carried aloft for half a minute or so, the cameras panned back to Ward.

“We’re listening,” said the woman in the parka, indicating to Ward that he should continue.

“Well,” said Ward. “Please give our dedication top billing in your newscast. It’s very important to us.” Identifying the newspaper reporter in the group, he continued. “It is our most sincere wish that the headline in tomorrow’s paper include the wording, ‘The Prospect Mavericks dedicate the game to Dale Jordan.” He paused to spell her name, “D-A-L-E J-O-R-D-A-N. This is very important to us . . . to all of us.”

“Why are you dedicating the game to her?” asked the reporter.

“Cody?” said Ward, passing the baton to Cody.

The microphones swung in Cody’s direction as he took a step forward. “She is our inspiration. Without her and what she stands for, we would not have won the game . . . plain and simple. She is the embodiment of all that is good in this world.”

As Cody had said what he could think of to say, Ward added, “We admire her. Her school spirit and her belief in us, saw us through a difficult game and the difficult days leading up to it. She’s a Maverick, through and through!”

Cody stepped back toward the mikes, “And no matter what our principal says, she’s a cheerleader. She’s OUR cheerleader . . . the ultimate cheerleader. She was instrumental in our victory.”

As he had finally thought of what he wanted to contribute, Nate stepped forward. “Here is how you should list her. Please describe her as ‘Dale Jordan, the Essential Cheerleader.’ For she was essential to tonight’s victory. Without her we would not have won the game. Let the headline read just as Ward suggested, but just below that, please print a subhead that reads, ‘Dale Jordan, the Essential Cheerleader.’ That would be most appropriate.”

Nate wanted to write it out for them because he thought that Dale would love reading that in the newspaper. “And whatever you do,” said Nate continuing. “Please don’t use this as a lead in for another article about the hazing incident. Write what you have to about that, but show a little respect to the football team and keep the focus of the main article on just what happened here tonight. If you feel the need for another article about hazing, make it a separate article, and this time put it on page two.”

“Yes, please,” insisted Cody, supporting Nate’s request. Ward also chimed in on that point.

“The Essential Cheerleader . . . I like that,” added Cody.

Just then they all heard an announcement come over the PA system. One of the reporters had been able to understand what had been said. “Ward,” he said, placing his microphone in front of Ward. “They just announced that you have been chosen as the game’s MVP. What do you have to say?”

“All I want to say,” said Ward. “…is please honor our wish and give our dedication of the game to Dale Jordan top billing. Please make sure it is mentioned in tomorrow’s headline. It’s important to everyone on the team. Ask whomever you choose.”

With that, Ward turned and jogged off to where the team was still carrying Dale around the field above them.

With Ward’s abrupt departure, Nate stepped to the microphones, saying, “Yep, Ward Kerner, he absolutely earned the honor of MVP, right Cody?”

Nate looked over and saw Cody nodding. He stepped forward saying, “Dale was our inspiration, but it was Ward’s leadership that won the game. His motivational talk at half-time, his leadership on the field, and his ability to run as well as pass the ball made the difference tonight.”

“Tell us about your touchdown, Nathan Miller,” suggested a reporter referring to a printed team roster.

“What’s there to say?” said Nate.

“Well, I understand that you’ve never been on the track team,” said the reporter. “I’ll bet money that the track coach is going to be looking for you after the speed you showed us all tonight.”

“Track?” said Nate, laughing. “Not me. That’s Dale’s world, not mine. She’s decided to go out for track this spring, by the way. You can mention that in your article.”

As Nate turned to head back to the field, he caught sight of Dale’s dazzling smile . . . so radiant it shone like a beacon across the distance. As he walked toward her with Cody, he witnessed Dale the gymnast make her reappearance. She launched into a vigorous tumbling series . . . handspring after handspring . . . all across the field . . . brazenly violating McRoberts’ terms. It brought tears to his eyes. No one could keep Dale down for long, he thought. She was obviously done with keeping to the shadows!

“Where have you been?” yelled a beaming Dale when she caught sight of him. Sprinting up to him, she joyously bounced on her toes, planting little kisses on and around his lips.

She had smiled in the last few days, but not like this. This was the Dale he had been missing, the sunny Dale that everyone loved. His heart melted as he came to realize just how much healing had taken place in the course of just a few short minutes. The winning of the game and the subsequent attention of the football team seemed as if it might have restored order to Dale’s world. Nate had thought that he couldn’t get any happier, but as he held Dale, her unbounded joy surged through him. In each other’s arms they both found a level of bliss never before visited.

“I had a special project for Loverboy,” answered Ward from behind them, interrupting their private reunion. “He was with me.”

“Don’t you mean a f\*\*king project,” said Dale coarsely.

“Give him a break,” said Nate. “He just won the game for us. He’s the MVP. Deservedly so!”

“Well, congratulations, Mr. MVP!” said Dale, cheerfully offering her hand to Ward for him to shake.

Taking her hand and using it to pull her towards him, Ward reached around her back fluidly. Embracing the happy girl and lifting her completely off the ground, he stole a kiss before she had a chance to realize what was happening. "Thank you for the victory kiss," he said, acting as if Dale had offered it up willingly.

"Eww . . . put me down!” said Dale turning her head and pushing against his chest, fighting to try and get her feet back on the ground.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 407: Postgame continued**

"Come on, Dale," urged Nate. "Give the man a real victory kiss. God knows he deserves it."

"Put me down, I said!" said Dale still struggling, turning her head first one way and then the other to be a moving target so that he wouldn’t be able to kiss her again.

Once on her feet, Dale slapped at Nate. "You don't get to decide who I kiss. You're supposed to protect me! Remember? My body, my choice!”

Nate and Ward just laughed. Dale was as feisty as ever, and she didn’t look truly mad. To some extent if was an act; although, Nate knew that she disliked Ward. He could tell that down inside Dale was still as happy as she had ever been. Even her eyes looked to be smiling ear to ear.

“Tell the truth, Dale,” said Nate. “How many guys have you given victory kisses to since the game ended?”

“Lots!” said Dale with a coy smile.

“And Ward, the State Champion Quarterback doesn’t rate a real kiss?” asked Nate.

“Okay,” said Dale. “But remember, you asked for it. Don’t be getting jealous on me.”

With that, she took two quick steps toward Ward, launching herself back up into his arms. She wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist, hooking her ankles together behind his back. She smashed her face so hard into Ward’s that his heart skipped a beat.

Ward almost fell on his butt due as much to the shock as to the impact. He placed a hand firmly on each one of her butt cheeks to support her as she kissed him aggressively.

Coming up for air, Dale spoke in a husky bedroom voice, “Great game, Mr. MVP!” Before he could reply, she returned her lips to his, kissing him with joy inspired intensity. Nate could tell that her mouth was open as she looked to be giving Ward the kiss of a lifetime, squeezing him against her body with both her arms and her legs.

“I think that’s good,” said Nate after more than enough time had passed.

Breaking off the kiss, Dale turned to Nate saying breathlessly, “Oh, my God, he’s a good kisser, Nate! Just remember whose idea this was.” Turning back to Ward, her nose barely an inch from his she said softly, “Okay, Ward darling, you can put me down now.”

Ward seemed speechless as he relaxed his grip and allowed Dale to slide down until her feet were again under her. As she stepped away from him, Ward finally found his voice, “And I thought I was jealous before. I am so f\*\*king jealous, Nate!”

"I guess it must be time for you to go and find tonight's conquest," said Nate.

“I think I’ve found her,” said Ward, looking deeply into Dale’s eyes.

“Dream on!” said Dale. “The rest of my kisses are for Nate.”

“Yep, time to go and look for the redhead,” said Nate.

“I’m on it,” said Ward, looking around and jogging off.

"And who might this redhead be?" asked Dale curiously.

"Oh, you know her. The befreckled sophomore cheerleader," said Nate shaking his head. "Ward’s got the hots for her.”

“Really?” said Dale. “She’s half his age.”

“Well, not exactly,” said Nate laughing. “But she is young . . . that’s for sure. Ward certainly doesn't seem too broken up over the sudden disappearance of Alexa.”

"Me neither," said Dale with a laugh. “I don’t miss her one little bit!”

Hand-in-hand they headed off to find their parents. Dale seemed to be half prancing, half dancing as she skipped along beside him. Nate loved seeing the sparkle in her eyes and the sheer joy that seemed to be emanating from her every pore. He was still trying to block the image of Dale kissing Ward out of his head, but he had asked for it, that much was true. She sure had surprised both him and Ward with the zealousness of that kiss.

Before finding their parents they ran into Coach Maynard. “It's time to shower and get dressed, Nate," he said. "The bus is going to be leaving."

“Okay, Coach,” said Nate.

“Awesome job out there, by the way,” said Coach Maynard. Eyeing Dale, he continued, “Defensive ends are never really under consideration for MVP, but . . . I do know one award that you should be a shoo-in for . . . most improved player. That’s awarded at the end of the year banquet. You’ve got my vote.”

“Thanks, Coach,” said Nate.

“He’s quite the athlete! You should be very proud of your boyfriend, Dale,” he added, looking at Dale directly.

“I am,” said Dale, smiling at Nate.

Nate gave her a quick kiss and then headed into the locker room. Nate knew that Coach Maynard had purposefully gone out of his way to say something complimentary about him in front of Dale. It had been pretty obvious, but it still made him feel really good.

Once she was alone, Dale took the opportunity to scan the crowd looking for Jodie. Not seeing her, she sent her a text that read, "We won!"

"I heard," came the reply a few moments later.

"Are you here?" asked Dale.

"Nope. Home.” answered Jodie.

"Can you call a cheerleader meeting? Maybe for tomorrow?" replied Dale.

"I could, but what would be the point?" asked Jodie.

"We've got fences to mend. We’ve got a dance to plan," replied Dale.

"Really? You’ve got to be kidding. The victory dance?" asked Jodie.

"Absolutely the victory dance! We made a commitment!" said Dale texting back.

"Well, I don't know if everyone will come, and I doubt we’ll be planning a dance. I think everyone has forgotten about that," replied Jodie. "But okay, we can meet. Let's say 2 pm. I'll put out the word. No boys allowed."

"Okay," replied Dale.

Dale found herself wondering about Jodie's last comment, ‘no boys allowed,’ as she went looking for her parents. She wondered if she should even tell Nate about the cheerleader meeting. She knew it would probably just get him worrying. He might even tell her she shouldn’t go.

A little bit later, the team was getting on the bus for the ride back to Prospect. Dale was there as she had persuaded their parents to wait.

All the players were trying to persuade the coaches to let Dale ride back on the bus with them. Dale had even told a few of them that she would if they could get Coach Neal to agree.

"Come on, please coach," had been one typical request. “She’d probably even ride back naked."

"That's exactly what I'm afraid of," Coach Neal had said. "No cheerleaders, or former cheerleaders, dressed or undressed. No girls, period! Thank God for rules!”

As Dale was saying goodbye to Nate, she threw her arms around him and kissed him. It was a nice kiss, but not nearly as heart stopping as the kiss she had given Ward.

"Meet me at the flagpole?” requested Nate.

"Okay," said Dale. "I'll have my parents drop me off at school. Everyone will be going to pizza. I could just have them drop me off at the pizza parlor."

"We’ll go to pizza, but let's go together,” said Nate. “Let's meet at the flagpole."

"Call it, MY flagpole," said Dale. "I earned it . . . fair and square. I'll meet you there.”

"Perfect," said Nate, giving her a goodbye kiss.

"Nate," said Dale, whispering into his ear. "What does it mean if a guy says he wants to wreck a girl’s shop?"

Nate looked into her eyes, trying to figure out what she was really asking.

Turning and climbing up into the bus, Nate yelled out, "Where is Felipe? I'm going to kill him A LOT!”

As the bus headed out of the stadium parking lot for the long drive back to Prospect, Nate found himself regretting that he had missed out on the parade laps with Dale. That might have been a once in a lifetime experience. Based on how happy it had made her, he knew that it would be a cherished memory.

His time with her after her feet were back on the ground had been somewhat brief, but he was so glad to note that she seemed like a changed woman, again so self-assured and full of deep-seated joy. He hadn’t been especially conscious that her truly happy smile had been missing until it had returned in all its high-wattage glory.

Again Ward had taken the seat next to him. “Where in the hell did Dale learn to kiss like that?” asked Ward. “I don’t recall Jason ever bragging about that woman’s ability to suck face.”

“I think you definitely got her best effort,” said Nate. “But she didn’t learn it from me, you’ll be glad to know.” As Nate answered Ward’s question, he found himself recalling Dale’s own stories of learning to kiss. Michelle had of course been the co-star in all of those stories.

“She’s an even better kisser than Alexa, and that’s saying something,” said Ward. “You are such a goddam lucky bastard!”

Nate didn’t respond. He knew he was the luckiest guy alive.

A little later, Ward even brought up Michelle, saying, “I’ve decided that I’m going to give Michelle Thompson a call later this evening.”

“Oh, really?” said Nate, trying not to sound too surprised or interested. “I thought it was the redhead you had in your sights,” he added thinking that an obvious misunderstanding might cause Ward to explain.

“Oh, yes, the redhead,” said Ward nodding. “Her name’s Riley. She’s so f\*\*king cute, I could just eat her up. I’m thinking my chances of getting into her panties are pretty good tonight, given that we just won the state championship. She agreed to share a pizza with me. But, Michelle. I just want to hear what she says when I tell her I’m going to report her relationship with Alexa to the police.”

“I’m curious how she’ll respond if you come at her with that,” said Nate, not wanting to give away that he knew of her involvement. “Will you let me know what she says?”

“Sure. I have your number from when we were all working on putting that victory dance meeting together.” said Ward looking through his contacts. “Jodie’s attitude about the dance sure pisses me off. What a bitch!”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 408: A Game of Chance**

A bit later Ward got up and again went to the back of the bus. It sounded as if there was a full-scale party going on back there. Indeed, the entire bus was party central.

Nate decided that he was actually glad Coach Neal had not allowed Dale to get on the bus. As he thought about it, he realized that there might have been no way of keeping her clothes on. He would have been the only one on the bus thinking that she shouldn’t undress. And given the enthusiasm she had poured into the kiss she had given Ward, he started to realize just how far out of control things could have gotten. Her libido would have cranked up to ‘Bad Dale’ level, at which point there would have been no way to keep a lid on things, Nudity Slave agreement or not.

Just before arriving back at school, Nate got a text from Dale. They must have gotten onto the road ahead of the bus, for she said that she was already at ‘my flagpole’ waiting for him.

As quickly as he could, he retrieved his gear bag and raced it into the locker room. They didn’t have to unpack. The next thing that they would do with their gear would be to check it all back in. Football season was over. Right away he was headed back out into the crisp night air to meet up with Dale.

“Hey!” he said, walking up to Dale, who was standing there watching him approach, her arms folded and her back against the pole.

“Nate, why does the entire football team seem to know that I lost my virginity?” she asked accusingly.

“It wasn’t me,” said Nate. He wasn’t surprised that she knew, he was just unhappy about the course the conversation seemed to be taking. He had his own agenda for their time at the flagpole.

“Oh, excuse me for thinking it might have been you,” said Dale. “My memory is that you were the only other person on the clubhouse roof.”

“I was,” said Nate. “I mean, the sex part . . . that was me, of course, but I didn’t tell the team. You told Carly. I told Felipe. I guess that was my mistake, but I didn’t tell anyone else. Felipe gave it away, but let’s get this over with. What is my penalty?”

“No penalty,” she said. “I’m not mad . . . just a little surprised and disappointed. For some reason I guess I don’t really care. I’m not sure how important my reputation is to me anymore. I’m in a committed relationship, so I’m not expecting anyone to think I’m too sleazy. I guess it is the privacy, more than anything.”

“I know,” said Nate. “But really . . . I didn’t tell everyone.”

“Oh, I know exactly what happened,” said Dale. “This time, I made sure I got the full scoop.”

“Oh, good,” he replied. “I do try and do my best by you.”

“I even got a full report on Ward’s half-time speech. It sounds like he laid it on real thick,” she said.

“I guess,” said Nate. “But it sure was effective. Ward figured out the one route to victory . . . you! The guys love you. And Ward took full advantage. If pressed to say who won the game tonight, I’d say that it was the two of you. Ward put you on the field beside us. The result was superhuman effort, every guy, every play. ‘For Dale, hut one, hut two,’ that’s how Ward called for the ball. I was hoping you could hear that.” He saw her shaking her head. “That’s how we won. The Dale Jordan, Ward Kerner team won the State Championship!”

"I almost started crying when I heard the guys telling me how much they were inspired by Ward’s signals, ‘For Dale, hut one, hut two,’" said Dale emotionally.

“I’m not surprised,” said Nate. “It was such an emotional game for me . . . for all of us, I think.”

“I actually did start crying when the guys told me that I was their cheerleader. That McRoberts had no say. That they themselves had chosen me! Unbelievably nice of them to say that,” said Dale. “But Ward and I a team. Forget about it!”

“An unlikely duo, right?” replied Nate.

“I’ll say,” said Dale. “A first and a last. I’m never teaming up with him again.”

“That’s not how it looked when you were kissing him,” said Nate.

“Ha! Gotcha, didn’t I?” said Dale gleefully. “I just don’t want you to take me for granted. I figured you were right . . . Ward did deserve a victory kiss . . . and given how I starred in his speech, I decided it might as well be a good one.”

“Oh, that it was,” said Nate. “Beyond good. He’ll never forget that kiss.”

“Will you?” asked Dale.

“Probably not,” said Nate laughing.

“Just trying to keep you on your toes,” said Dale, laughing as well and rubbing her knuckles into his ribs.

“Keep me on my toes?” asked Nate.

“Absolutely! Like I said, I don’t want to be taken for granted. As a matter of fact, I could probably bed both Alexa’s girlfriend AND her boyfriend. I don’t think either one would turn me down. Now wouldn’t that get Alexa back!”

“It would,” said Nate, suddenly wondering if Dale had that type of revenge in mind. “You’re not going to do that, are you?”

“Of course not,” said Dale. “I’m a one man woman. You know that. Lifetime monogamy . . . we talked about this!”

“I remember,” said Nate. “But you still have the potential to surprise.”

“I’m glad. A woman needs that. Let’s go get some pizza. I expect the party is in full swing, and the spaghetti I ate earlier is a distant memory. Given your amazing touchdown, I’m expecting the place will be packed with girls wanting to give you victory kisses. Fair is fair. Kiss as many as you like, but tonight only,” she said with a wink.

“Victory kisses? For me?” said Nate.

“We’ll find out,” said Dale. “Just remember to save the real kisses for me . . . for later.”

Dale had remained standing with her back to the pole, leaning against it. Nate was facing her, facing the entrance of the school. She was in exactly the same place as she had been when Nate had handcuffed her to the pole during her flagpole date months before.

“Before we go to pizza,” said Nate. “I have a surprise for you.”

“A surprise?” asked Dale.

Nate dug around in his back pockets. Slowly he brought his hands around in front of him. Each hand was a fist, palms facing down. A number of somewhat distant parking lot lights provided the only illumination.

“Pick a hand, any hand,” said Nate with a smile.

Dale glanced back and forth between the two hands, but with little hesitation she slapped the back of one of them.

“You picked the right hand,” he said.

“Your right hand,” she remarked.

As Dale watched, Nate took his left hand and returned whatever he had in it to his back pocket.

Taking her hand in his, he studied her carefully.

Dale looked up at him curiously.

Still holding her hand, Nate dropped down onto one knee in front of her. He extended a small open jewelry box toward her.

Dale froze.

“Dale, will you marry me?” he asked solemnly, looking up into her eyes.

Dale stared at the ring, her mouth open.

"I love you,” he said after giving her a little time to collect her thoughts.

Looking into his eyes, she started nodding quickly, her eyes wet.

Bending forward she encircled his head with her arms, her cheek against his ear. “I’ll absolutely marry you, Nathan Miller!” she managed to say.

As Nate stood up to return her hug, Dale’s attention shifted back to the jewelry box in this hand.

“Is it really a ring?” she asked, trying to get a better look in the limited light.

“An engagement ring,” said Nate.

Nate saw a twinkle in her moist eyes as she took a breath.

“There is a diamond, but it’s small. It’s what I could afford, even with a loan,” he added.

“Size doesn’t matter, silly,” said Dale. “Haven’t you been telling me all fall that my titties are perfect, even if they are small?”

“They are perfect,” said Nate.

“Well, this ring is perfect,” said Dale, carefully removing it from the box and trying it on her ring finger. It seemed to fit.

“I’ll absolutely marry you, Lover,” she said a second time, hugging him around the middle and angling her face up and closing her eyes in a clear invitation for Nate to kiss her. He kissed her tenderly.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 409: A Game of Chance cont.**

“You already knew I’d marry you,” she said between kisses.

“I remember you saying you would,” said Nate.

“We can go to the courthouse this week,” said Dale happily. “If you’re ready, we can be married right away. In my heart, I’m already your wife.”

“I wasn’t thinking we’d get married right away,” said Nate. “I guess I’m just a little traditional. I love our ‘no breakup ever’ agreement, but I also like the sound of being engaged. I was ready to give you a ring. I don’t expect you to wear it, and it may need to be sized. I just like what an engagement ring says . . . that I will always love you. Because I will always love you.”

“I know what…” said Dale enthusiastically. “Let’s get married in Vegas! We need to get that set up . . . like we talked about . . . a week in Vegas during Christmas break.”

“You’re ready to do your hula hoop routine . . . on a Las Vegas stage . . . in just a sequin thong?” he asked.

“You better believe I am,” said Dale. “But they’ll have to glue it on me.”

“I’ll glue it on you!” said Nate. “Slave girl obeys! If we go to Vegas, you’ll be on a short leash.”

“Literally on a leash, or figuratively on a leash?” asked Dale, worry evident in her eyes.

“We’ll see,” said Nate with a mischievous smile.

“Well, like I said, we could get married there!” said Dale.

“And cheat your mom out of a big traditional wedding?” said Nate. “I don’t think so!”

“A traditional wedding?” asked Dale.

“Well, yes,” said Nate. “Lots of guests, maybe the whole town. I mean, everyone will want to come when they learn what the bride will be wearing.”

“What will I be wearing?” asked Dale.

“How many guesses do you need?” asked Nate.

“Nothing?” asked Dale apprehensively.

Nate laughed his evil laugh. “Not exactly nothing,” he said. “Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue. But I’m not sure how to cover all the bases. However, I’m thinking that there will need to be a garter . . . at least until I take it off your leg for the traditional garter toss. Do you know anyone with an old blue garter that you can borrow?”

“So . . . no dress?” asked Dale.

“I’m sure your mom will back me up on that,” said Nate. “The tricky part might be getting your mom to agree to wear a dress. But I’ll insist upon that, or convince her . . . somehow. It’s your wedding. You’ll be the only one naked.”

“Naked at my own wedding?” asked Dale.

“I expect so,” said Nate chuckling.

He knew that most girls’ dreams of the perfect wedding included a lovely wedding dress. He didn’t want to deprive Dale of that, if it were in fact something that was important to her. But there would be plenty of time to figure everything out. He wanted her to have her dream wedding; he just knew that Dale’s dream wedding just might require that she be stark naked. He knew that he’d do what it took to make it perfect for her. In the meantime, it was a good opportunity to keep her worrying.

“So when is this wedding,” asked Dale. “You’ve obviously given it a little thought.”

“Well, probably after college . . . just like we talked about,” said Nate. “I just like the idea of being engaged. I hoped you would be ready to be engaged.”

“I am,” said Dale. “And we are. I said ‘yes,’ so we’re engaged! I’m now your fiancée!”

“I love the sound of that! And . . . we don’t need to tell anyone. We can tell people when the time is right. And you don’t need to wear the ring,” said Nate.

“I’m already wearing it!” said Dale, her voice full of joy . . . making Nate so very happy in turn.

Suddenly Nate felt her hands roaming around on his butt, reaching into his back pockets.

“Handcuffs?” she said in sharp surprise. “Is that really what you had in your other hand?”

“You snoop!” said Nate, scolding her. “But, yes. I figured, right hand or left hand, tonight the flagpole would become ‘our flagpole.’ And it has. That happened when I proposed and you said ‘yes.’ Because we got engaged here, it is now . . . ‘OUR flagpole’ . . . for evermore.”

“But, handcuffs?” asked Dale again.

“Yep, like I said, it was destined to become ‘our flagpole’ tonight. And it was your destiny to be ‘mine’ tonight . . . one way or another.”

“So, what were you going to do with the handcuffs, Nate?” she asked.

“You picked the fairytale ending, so I think we’re good,” said Nate. “You don’t need to know anymore.”

“Yes, I do!” she said insistently.

“Let’s go to pizza,” said Nate.

“But I want to know,” pleaded Dale.

“Well, if I tell you, then I can’t surprise you with it at a future date,” said Nate. “So, let’s just go to pizza.”

Reluctantly Dale followed him to his car. She was beside herself thinking that she had just randomly chosen between an engagement ring and handcuffs. Nate was an odd boy, but she liked that about him. She knew she wouldn’t have it any other way. She loved him dearly, that she knew.

As they drove out of the parking lot, she asked, “How would it be a traditional wedding if I’m wearing just a garter?”

“I guess that would bend traditions a little,” said Nate, chuckling happily. “But you’d be wearing more than just the garter . . . shoes, probably a veil, certainly carrying a bouquet.”

“My nipple rivets?” asked Dale.

“Of course!” said Nate. “I can’t honestly imagine a lovelier bride. Maybe we’ll start a new trend. Wouldn’t it be cool if the nude bride thing took off!”

“And my engagement ring!” said Dale, holding her hand out in front of her and observing how the light caught the small stone.

“Yep. If you noticed, the ring matches the barbells,” said Nate. “But they’re probably not real diamonds.”

“I know,” said Dale. “It’s going to be so hard not telling people that we are engaged.”

“But if we tell a few select individuals, then word will get out,” said Nate. “Just like what happened with the news about your virginity.”

“What about your virginity?” asked Dale.

“Nobody cares about my virginity,” said Nate. “It’s almost as if a guy’s virginity doesn’t exist. However, a girl’s virginity . . . now that’s a precious thing!”

“I suppose,” said Dale. “There does seem to be a double standard.”

“Even the word itself seems to . . . well, it just seems to mean a girl,” said Nate.

“There is someone I’d like to tell,” said Dale.

“Let me guess . . . Michelle,” said Nate.

“How did you guess?” asked Dale.

“I just know that she seems to constantly be in your thoughts right now,” said Nate.

“You’re on to me, aren’t you?” said Dale.

“Let’s just say that we’ve gotten to know each other pretty well,” said Nate. “However, I’m pretty sure it would not be a good idea to tell her. I don’t think it’s the sort of news she wants to hear. Also, I’m still not convinced that she’s on Team Dale.”

“Don’t worry,” said Dale. “I won’t tell her.”

“Was she at the game?” asked Nate.

“No. Like I said, I was going to talk to her at the noise parade about going together . . . but then I decided not to.”

“Maybe we should tell our parents,” said Nate. “I think they’d enjoy being privy to our news. And I’m quite sure they’d be able to keep it a secret.”

“Let’s do that!” said Dale. “My mom will be so happy! In the morning maybe. We can all have breakfast together . . . and tell them then!”

“That’s a fine idea,” said Nate. “Why don’t we all get together under the guise of celebrating the football championship . . . so they won’t be suspicious . . . and then we can spring our engagement on them.”

“They’ll be so happy for us . . . not just my mom,” said Dale.

“I think they will be,” agreed Nate. “I’m so happy for us!”

“Me too,” said Dale. “But . . . but . . . I’m still wondering what my life would be like right now if I had picked the left hand. I can’t believe that you were doing an engagement ring –– handcuffs game of chance.”

“Why not?” asked Nate.

“Oh, never mind,” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 410: The Pizza Parlor**

As expected, things were beyond crazy at the pizza parlor. It would have been almost impossible to get in the door, had they not been Nate and Dale. Like never before, they were both celebrities. And for once, Nate didn't feel like he was just Dale’s sidekick. As usual, she was getting more attention, and yet everyone seemed to have something to say about his touchdown. It had been the longest touchdown run of the game, and more than one person seemed aware of that bit of trivia.

"You made that touchdown possible, Dale," he whispered into her ear at one point. "I pictured myself trying to catch up to your cute little naked butt on the golf course. That's how I found the speed necessary."

Dale threw her head back, laughing heartily. For Nate it was so nice to have the real Dale back, and looking as happy as ever.

Nate knew that she still had the ring on, and was working at keeping it hidden. Just as the week before, she had a death grip on his arm, her left arm hooked tightly around his, her hand in the pocket of her hoodie, her right hand gripping his same arm only further up.

They made their way through the crowd slowly, as one, having small random conversations with the people they encountered as an inseparable team. Nate could tell that Dale was enjoying herself, but above all else she seemed to be herself again. The story of how the game had been won had spread far and wide. To both of them it felt as if Dale was getting a lot of credit that she didn’t exactly deserve, and yet all the football players were saying that they couldn’t have done it without her . . . that they had won the game for her . . . and wouldn’t have managed to do so had it not been for the inspiration that she had provided.

It was a wild time indeed. Everyone was being so nice and talkative to the both of them, in particular to Dale. She gave hug after hug, victory kiss after victory kiss. At times it almost seemed as if a receiving line had formed, for there were always people waiting to talk to them, standing just behind whoever they were speaking with at any given moment.

Nate thought that no one would have a kiss for him, when out of the blue, Susie came up and kissed him saying, “Congratulations, Mr. Touchdown!”

“Thanks, Tink,” he replied. “Dale did give me permission to accept victory kisses, but until you showed, I’ve had no takers.”

“Well, that’s hardly fair,” said Susie, giving him a passionate kiss that went on and on.

“Umm, Tink . . . I think that’s starting to cross the line,” said Dale, after it looked as if the kiss was not going to end any time soon.

“He is a good kisser, isn’t he,” said Susie taking a break. She immediately returned to kissing him.

“Kiss him all you like,” said Dale capitulating. “But my permission expires at midnight.”

Nate noticed that, even with all the hugs and kisses, Dale’s left arm never lost contact with his right arm. She would hug people one handed, holding tight to him and keeping her left hand hidden in her pocket.

They were delighted to see and talk to Kenny and Hannah. To their surprise they were holding hands. Dale gave Kenny a very quick kiss on the cheek, whispering into his ear, “Way to go, Kenny!”

“I got some great shots during the celebration after the game. So many photos that include you, Dale,” said Kenny. “I’ll put together the best and give you and Nate copies.”

“Oh, Kenny, that would be wonderful. I can’t wait to see them!” she said.

Sensing that Kenny wanted to be alone with Hannah, Dale directed her attention to a girl standing next to Kenny, waiting patiently for her turn to say ‘hello.’

“You’re so brave, Dale. And now you’re really one of us!” announced the stocky brunette that Nate recognized as ‘Em’ from their Spanish class.

“One of who, Emmalyn?” asked Dale.

“You know my real name?” she asked, sounding surprised.

“Of course,” replied Dale. “Emmalyn Schultz. We’ve had Spanish together, this year and last.”

“That’s true,” she replied. “It’s just that everyone always guesses that Em is short for Emma or Emily.”

“Who’s guessing?” said Dale. “You and I had Speech class together in middle school. You gave a speech in which you mentioned that your mom named you for two of her aunts, one named Emma, the other named Lyn.”

“Wow, good memory,” she replied, clearly impressed. “I actually like being called ‘Emmalyn,’ but I guess everyone is too lazy and I’ve gotten used to ‘Em.’ I even just introduce myself as Em now.”

“You mentioned that in your speech that day as well . . . that you like being called ‘Emmalyn.’” said Dale. “I’m not sure why I remember that. Maybe because it is something that we have in common.”

“Something that we have in common?” asked Em.

“You know . . . unusual names . . . names that we like,” replied Dale. “And I guess I remembered it because I’ve always liked the name Emmalyn. I should have told you so long ago.”

“That’s so nice,” said Em.

“But what did you mean when you said, ‘now you’re one of us?’” asked Dale.

“Well, many of us have been bullied by members of the so-called in-crowd. I always considered you one of them . . . even though I know you’d never bully anyone. So, now I guess you’re just one of us,” said Em.

“Thanks . . . I guess,” said Dale. “I’m still not sure what I did to deserve it, but I guess I went wrong somewhere.”

“That’s crazy. It’s not your fault. Nobody deserves to be bullied,” said Em.

“You’re right . . . nobody deserves to be bullied,” echoed Dale. Hoping to change the subject, she added, “And Monday we have a test in Spanish. My life has gotten so crazy that I’ve had no time to study.”

“Me neither,” said Nate. “Off the top of my head, I don’t know what to study. I don’t even know what chapters the test is going to cover.”

“The test is on the preterite and imperfect past tenses,” answered Em.

“I’m so worried about this test,” said Dale.

“So am I,” said Nate.

“I could help you,” offered Em. “I’ve got these two tenses all figured out, but I’ve had time to study. I haven’t been through hell this week . . . like you have.”

“You’d help us?” asked Dale.

“Absolutely,” said Em. “We could study together. Tomorrow is Sunday, so it would have to be tomorrow. I think I could make it easy for you.”

“Just say when and where, and we’ll be there, right Nate?” said Dale.

“You bet,” said Nate enthusiastically.

“Why don’t you come to my house . . . say 2:00pm?” suggested Em.

“Sounds great,” replied Dale, but then remembering the meeting at Jodie’s, she said, “Wait, I’m busy at 2:00pm. How about 4:00pm?”

“Sure, 4:00pm,” said Em.

They exchanged cell phone numbers, and Em sent them her address.

“That’s so kind of you, Emmalyn,” said Dale. “Something else that we have in common is that Dale is a family name, too. I’m named for a great-grandmother.”

“That’s cool,” said Em. “I’m looking forward to tomorrow. You don’t know how delighted I am to be able to do you a favor, Dale. You’re a good person.”

As she walked off, Nate commented to Dale, “You are always so nice to people. You continually impress me. By the way, what’s happening at 2:00pm?”

“You know, Nate,” said Dale, purposefully avoiding his question. “Emmalyn is the first person I have ever told that my name is a family name. Just think of the number of times that I have lied about where the name ‘Dale’ came from.”

“I don’t think it counts as lying if you are simply repeating the best information that you have,” said Nate.

Dale was having second thoughts about having suggested and agreed to go to Jodie’s for a cheerleader meeting. Probably half those girls had been in on Alexa’s plot. She really did want to ‘mend fences,’ but she could just hear Nate telling her that it would be unwise to go. What if Jodie only invited the girls who had been in on the stripping? She would again be outnumbered. She tried to block that thought out of her head.

As the two of them continued talking to people, Nate found himself realizing that the love and respect that everyone had for Dale seemed to have grown much stronger.

It was as if the rest of the students . . . those who hadn’t known what to think nor how to relate to her after the pep assembly incident . . . had now all returned to her fold en-masse. Suddenly she was popular again, but it was more than that. It was like Emmalyn had said. She was now one of them. More than ever before she seemed to be a card carrying member of every social group at the high school.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 411: The Pizza Parlor continued**

For his part, Nate was on cloud nine. He realized that he had probably never been happier. His ‘Get in the Game’ plan, conceived way back in August, had worked! He'd gotten a starting slot on the football team. He'd gotten a date with THE cheerleader . . . and here he was today . . . engaged to the love of his life! They'd won the State Championship. And even though recovering the airborne fumble had been more fortune than skill, it meant that he had more than carried his weight. Maybe things could have been better, had Dale been allowed to cheer, and yet the ‘win the game for Dale’ strategy seemed as if it might have erased most of her pain. And as she had said before the game, she felt really good about no longer having to hide the real Dale Jordan from everyone.

He caught sight of Ward. He and Riley were in the back corner of the pizza parlor. Riley was leaning with her back against the wall, both of her hands behind her. Ward was towering over her. He had his arm out straight, his hand above and to the right of her head on the wall. It almost looked as if he were trying to make it impossible for her to escape, and yet Nate could tell that she didn’t look as if she wanted to get away. She had a happy yet shy, infatuated look about her. Ward seemed to have her under his spell.

Nate was eventually able to get a pizza on order. Upon ordering, he learned that a local real estate office, owned and operated by a Prospect High alum, was picking up the pizza for all the football players. Nate didn’t even have to get out his wallet.

While they were waiting for their pizza, Dale had excused herself to use the restroom. No sooner had she left his side, than Ward had rushed over to him. “Okay, Loverboy, we need to talk,” he insisted, leading the way out into the parking lot.

“What’s up?” asked Nate, once they had found a little privacy some distance from the front door.

“I called Michelle,” said Ward. “She started crying when I told her I was going to give her name to the police.”

“She did?” said Nate. He was frankly a little surprised. He hadn’t seen any indication that Michelle could be brought to tears. Ward must have managed to finally scare her into thinking that there might be consequences for what she had done. Seemingly Michelle had always felt safe around him, possibly because Dale’s umbrella of protection had always been present.

“Yep. So, now I know she was in on it, that bitch. I hate them for doing that to Dale,” said Ward angrily, all the while eyeing Nate carefully.

“So, Michelle was part of the plot?” asked Nate, trying to sound surprised.

“You knew that!” said Ward accusingly. “How in the hell did you know that Michelle was in on it with Alexa . . . that she had done that to your own goddam girlfriend . . . and you didn’t damage her ass . . . or at the very least turn her in to the police?”

“I wasn’t in the mat room,” said Nate. “What makes you think I knew?”

“Don’t deny it,” said Ward. “Michelle knows that you know. She didn’t come right out and say so, but she asked if you put me up to calling her. That gave it away.”

“She did?” asked Nate, suddenly surprised to find himself on the defensive.

“Why are you protecting one of Dale’s attackers? Were you in on it too?” asked Ward. “Just what kind of a boyfriend are you anyway?”

“It’s complicated,” said Nate, with a heavy sigh. “But, no, I wasn’t in on it?”

“And what’s with Dale and Michelle . . . at the noise parade, I mean?” asked Ward.

“It’s not how it looks,” said Nate. “I want to turn Michelle in, believe me. However, Dale is dead set on protecting her. I frankly hope Michelle gets what she’s got coming; however, I can’t play a role in her downfall. I feel I have to do as Dale wishes, even if it violates my sense of right and wrong.”

“Well, this is perfect then,” said Ward. “I’m glad I talked to you. I don’t mind being the f\*\*king bad guy. Michelle, Alexa, and whoever else was involved should definitely pay. Mostly for what they did to Dale, but also because they used me, Jason, Cody and Gage in their plot to ruin her. I’m still pissed about that. Especially at Alexa. She f\*\*king used me!”

“You should be pissed, and I agree. They shouldn’t get away with it,” said Nate.

“I told Michelle that I’d give her twenty-four hours to turn herself in . . . and if she didn’t, I’d turn her in. Before my call, I just thought she might be a suspect. Her crying confirmed her guilt.”

“Dale will be upset, but I honestly feel that this is for the best,” said Nate. “This should result in the right people being punished. McRoberts can lay off Dale, Susie and the others who had nothing to do with it.”

“So you’re okay with this?” asked Ward.

“Of course,” said Nate. “But let’s not say anything to Dale. It’s probably best if she not know about this. She’ll just be mad at you for your role, and very unhappy with me if I don’t try and stop you. Between you and me, she doesn’t think straight when it comes to Michelle.”

“Okay, good,” said Ward. “I know there’s a lot of history between those two . . . ancient history. Like I said, I don’t mind being the bad guy. But maybe Michelle will do the right thing and turn herself in, and then neither of us needs to be connected with this in Dale’s mind.”

“Hopefully,” said Nate. “But Dale has an uncanny way of finding everything out. Someone already told her that everyone knows that she lost her cherry. She seems to know what was said in the locker room, word for word.”

Ward laughed. “I know. Guys seem to tell her everything. They just love having an excuse to talk to a pretty girl . . . all the more so if that pretty girl happens to be Dale.”

A minute later they went back inside. They found Dale talking to Riley along the back wall. Nate noted that Dale had her hands in the pockets of her track hoodie. It looked innocent enough. He really loved the idea that she was wearing the engagement ring. It made his heart sing.

“So, look who’s all buddy-buddy now,” said Dale suspiciously as they walked up.

“Just getting a little fresh air,” said Nate.

Dale frowned. Nate could tell that she had a hunch that something was up.

“They just called our pizza,” said Dale, reattaching herself to Nate’s arm.

As they headed off to get their pizza, Dale called back to Riley, “Good talking to you, Riley.”

“Once they were out of earshot, Nate asked, “What did you say to Riley? You didn’t ruin Ward’s chances with her, did you?”

“Oh, so now you’re rooting for the wolf, are you?” remarked Dale.

“Not so much that,” said Nate. “I just don’t like the idea of interfering.”

“Oh, don’t worry,” said Dale. “She’s a big girl. She’ll make her own choices. But I might have encouraged her to find true love . . . like I have found . . . as opposed to guys who just want serial sex partners. But I didn’t mention Ward specifically. He’s such a lecher, but some girls seem to be attracted to that . . . or blind to it.”

“In his defense,” said Nate. “I think he seemed pretty committed to Alexa. More committed than she was to him . . . more committed than she deserved.”

After they had eaten their pizza, Dale surprised Nate by asking, “Can we go now?”

“You’re ready to go already?” he asked. “You seem to be having a good time.”

“I am,” she admitted. “But I’d rather go.”

As the two of them were walking to Nate’s car, two girls emerged from the shadows, approaching Dale. Nate instantly recognized them as Shelby and Grace. They were among the drill team girls that he had been keeping a close eye on because they had both been in on the bathroom ambush that had taken place at Jodie’s on Halloween.

“Hi, Dale,” said Shelby in a friendly voice.

“Hi, Shelby. Hi, Grace,” said Dale agreeably.

“Can we speak with you . . . in private, maybe?” asked Shelby.

“Umm . . . sure,” said Dale agreeably.

“I don’t think so, Shelby,” said Nate. “We both know that you two helped Alexa on Halloween. Whatever you have to say to Dale, you can say in front of me.”

“Is that your preference, Dale?” asked Shelby. “We do want to talk to you . . . just talk.”

“Nate’s just trying to look out for me,” said Dale. “He means well. I’m sure you understand.”

“Well, okay,” said Shelby. “We just wanted to tell you how much we admire you. Grace and I have talked . . . just the two of us . . . but we’ve also talked with others. And we had you all wrong. We should never have listened to Alexa. She took advantage of us, but it’s our own fault . . . we let her use us . . . we were too gullible. Like you and Nate know, we did both take part in what happened at the Halloween party.”

“And we are very sorry,” interjected Grace.

“Yes, we’re sorry,” said Shelby. “We refused to help Alexa with her more recent plot. As a matter of fact, no one from the drill team helped her. She was so mad. Unfortunately she was still able to get the help she needed.”

“But you knew, and you did nothing to stop her,” said Nate. “That’s the same as helping, as far as I’m concerned.”

“We only knew she was looking for recruits,” said Shelby. “We didn’t know that something was going to happen that soon, at that assembly, did we Grace?”

“We didn’t,” replied Grace. “Just go ahead and tell her, Shelby.”

“Well, other than that we are sincerely sorry, what we wanted to say is that we have decided that you should run for Drill Team Captain. You’d be great, and we’d support you,” said Shelby.

“What she means is that we’d vote for you,” interjected Grace. “Lots of girls would. We think you’d win. And then we’d support you as Drill Team Captain. We’d be so loyal.”

“Me? Drill Team?” said Dale in surprise.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 412: Drill Team Captain**

“Yeah, we’re supposed to have elections to replace Alexa this coming week,” said Shelby. “Cheer has been disbanded, so there would be no conflict. You should think about crossing over. We could run your campaign and you’d win. You are much more popular among the girls on the Drill Team than you might imagine. A lot of us pretended not to like you to try and get on Alexa’s good side. We never really hated you, and we are sorry.”

“Dale, I know you might not believe us, but we made a big mistake. Alexa put us on the spot, and we chose sides. It never should have happened. We do regret what we did to you. We want to try and make it up to you,” said Grace.

“But I don’t know your routines,” said Dale. “I couldn’t be on the drill team. Your routines look difficult.”

“You’d learn them so fast,” said Shelby. “And you’d get us new material. We want new routines. It would be fun for you, and the girls on the Drill Team would have something to be enthusiastic about again . . . finally. We could really use a fun leader with a positive attitude. Everyone’s been so down in the dumps.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” said Dale. “But I don’t know. I mostly want cheerleading to make a comeback.”

“We hope cheer can recover,” said Grace. “Drill Team needs to recover too.”

“Maybe one of you should be Drill Team Captain,” said Dale.

“We need you, Dale! We need your energy and your star power,” said Shelby. “Just think about it. We can talk some more next week. One of the problems that we have is too many girls running. And none of them have very much support. That’s why we think a candidate from the outside can win, but only if she’s you.”

“I’m sure I can’t even run,” said Dale. “Because I’m not on Drill Team,”

“That’s just a technicality. I think that we can do what we want, no matter what our bylaws say . . . majority rules, right? And right now we don’t have an advisor nor a captain, so there is no one in charge . . . except maybe Mrs. Shepherd, and I know she would support you,” said Shelby. “Just think about it.”

“Okay,” said Dale.

“I know, Grace,” said Shelby. “Why don’t we make a petition? Let’s gather signatures! We’ll prove to Dale that she would win the election.”

“Really?” said Dale.

“Really!” said Shelby.

Dale wanted to tell them not to bother with the petition idea, yet she found it flattering . . . the idea that they might really do such a thing. And she was also curious to see if she really did have supporters on the Drill Team. She’d always regarded the Drill Team as the enemy, but only because she had assumed that they all thought like Alexa and took their orders from her. The idea that there might be a large number of them that would consider voting for her made her feel good.

Dale managed to say goodbye to the two girls in a very noncommittal way, and a little bit later, she and Nate were climbing into his car.

“Wow, was that ever a surprise!” said Nate. “At first I was quite suspicious, but now I think I believe Shelby and Grace. What they said . . . well, they seemed to be talking honestly. What do you think?”

“I want to believe them. At first the idea of Drill Team was too foreign to even consider, but now I’m thinking that it might be fun to have a new challenge. I’m not going to do it, but…”

“Why not?” said Nate. “At least don’t write it off before you’ve spent a little time thinking about it.”

“Okay,” said Dale. “Last year I did cheer and gymnastics spring semester. Wouldn’t it be funny if this year I did drill team and track instead.”

“You should do what you’ll enjoy,” said Nate. “I’m just hoping you’ll have time for me. I won’t have football, so I’ll have a lot of free time.”

“That’s right!” said Dale. “You’ll get bored.”

“Maybe,” said Nate. “But most likely I’ll just have spare time to figure out evil ways to get you naked and keep you that way!”

“Nate!” said Dale, chastising him. But then noticing which direction he was driving, she said, “When I said I was ready to leave the pizza parlor, I didn’t mean I was ready to go home.”

“Where do you want to go then?” he asked.

He looked over and saw Dale nervously biting the knuckle of a bent index finger. She looked as if she were trying to summon some courage. When she didn’t reply, Nate slowed down, assuming he was headed in the wrong direction.

Finally, she said sheepishly, “Can we go back to . . . our flagpole.”

You want to go back to our flagpole?” asked Nate in surprise.

He looked over and saw Dale nodding, so he put on his blinker to turn around.

“Why would we go back to the flagpole?” asked Nate.

“I can’t get the handcuffs out of my mind,” said Dale so quietly that Nate barely heard her. Continuing she said, “I want to go back and pick the left hand.”

“You want to trade your ring for the handcuffs?” asked Nate.

“Please let me keep my ring,” pleaded Dale.

Nate smiled, chuckling inside. “You want both the right hand AND the left hand?”

“I guess I’m being selfish, huh?” said Dale. “I’m just so curious. I guess I like the idea of having my cake and eating it, too.”

“Even if it involves being handcuffed?” asked Nate.

“Especially if it involves being handcuffed! I mean, that’s what I’m guessing that you were planning to do tonight with the handcuffs. I like the handcuffs . . . ever since that drive to Kelly’s . . . when you opened my robe up wide . . . and left it open. That was so mean!”

“A cherished memory, right?” said Nate.

“I suppose,” admitted Dale. “But the handcuffs . . . you can put them on me . . . more often . . . you know.” After a lengthy pause she continued, “Besides, I still have bruises on my wrists from being tied to the Maverick, so new bruises won’t show,” she added as if trying to bolster her case.

“Like I said, whichever hand you would have selected, we were going to make it ‘our flagpole’ tonight,” said Nate chuckling.

“Were you going to strip me and handcuff me to the flagpole again?” asked Dale.

“I guess you’ll find out now, won’t you?” said Nate. “That is, if I agree.”

“Please,” said Dale. “Won’t it make it even more ‘our flagpole’? It can be our flagpole squared.”

“It’s pretty cold out there,” remarked Nate.

“I trust you,” said Dale. “I’m sure you weren’t planning to leave me handcuffed nude outside overnight.”

“Only now, if we do it this way, I can’t take you to the pizza parlor handcuffed,” said Nate.

“You were going to do that?” asked Dale, never having considered that Nate might have had something humiliating in mind.

Nate didn’t reply. He had her worrying, and he knew that was the sweet spot for Dale. He parked his car on a street just outside of the school grounds, and they got out and walked up the hill toward the high school; two young lovers walking hand in hand.

“Nate, were you going to take me to the pizza parlor in handcuffs?” she asked again.

“Well, I don’t have a leash,” said Nate teasingly. “…yet.”

“You’d take me to the pizza parlor wearing a leash?” asked Dale.

Dodging the question, Nate asked, “Who’s the Nudity Slave?”

“You’d take me there naked?” she asked. “On a leash and naked?”

“Could I?” asked Nate. “I mean, where’s the line, Slave Girl?”

“I don’t know,” said Dale sheepishly.

“I’m not so sure I do either,” said Nate. “But it must have to do with state of dress. A leash seems a bit like an article of clothing.”

“I guess,” said Dale. “I guess I want to worry that you’ll do that . . . someday. But I don’t want you to ever actually do it. It’s just that it’s scarier if there aren’t any limits.”

“We’ll see,” said Nate. “But just so we are on the same page, I think we just agreed to expand the scope of our agreement.”

“I guess,” said Dale.

“I guess?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Dale.

“Okay,” said Nate. “I choose when and where you are dressed . . . or naked, and I choose if your outfit, or lack of an outfit, includes handcuffs or a leash, or both.”

“Both?” asked Dale, her apprehension jumping up a few notches.

“Of course both,” said Nate. “I think you’ll like a leash more if your hands are cuffed behind your back.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 413: Having Her Cake and Eating it too**

This was a little further than Nate had been planning on taking their discussion right away, and yet Dale had just expressed an interest in wearing the handcuffs more often. He saw the terror in her eyes as she pictured herself in public like that, so he knew she liked the direction things were taking.

“So, to be clear, the Nudity Slave agreement now includes blanket permission for me to have you on a leash and/or in handcuffs at my sole discretion, right?” asked Nate.

“Yes,” said Dale so quietly that he almost didn’t hear.

“You need to be sure, Lover. You can take a few days to think about this. I don’t want you to feel pressured. But if and when you’re ready, I’d like to hear you say it loud enough so that I can hear, and in a full sentence,” said Nate.

“I’m ready now, Nate. I agree. Just like with my clothes,” said Dale. “You can have me wear a leash or handcuffs.”

Nate loved the sound of her voice when excitement and apprehension seemed to both be at high levels and mixing together.

As they reached the flagpole, Nate pointed, indicating that she should hop back up into the garden area where it was located. Dale hopped right up, again standing with her back to the pole.

“Have me strip and then handcuff me, Nate,” insisted Dale.

“Excuse me?” said Nate. “I’m not going to tolerate a bossy submissive! It doesn’t work that way. This is my game of chance. If this time you pick the handcuffs, then our relationship changes . . . temporarily. I become the boss.”

Nate again held up his hands, the left hand as before, but his right hand open and palm up so that she could see that it was empty.

“Okay, choose,” he said.

“I get to keep the ring, right?” asked Dale.

“Of course,” said Nate. “You know I want you to have the ring. We’re engaged. I’m in love . . . with you . . . and I love that we’re engaged.”

“I love you, Nate,” she said with an endearing smile, looking deep into his eyes. And then, with only the slightest hesitation, Dale slapped the back of his left hand.

“Okay,” said Nate. “Who’s the boss?”

“You are,” she said confidently.

“And who’s the Slave Girl?” he asked.

“I am,” she said.

“Good,” he said approvingly. “Hands back.”

“Aren’t you going to have me strip first?” said Dale.

“What part of, ‘I’m the boss,’ are you struggling with here, Lover,” he asked, nuzzling her cheek playfully.

“Sorry,” she said, standing erect with her chin up and extending her arms back.

Nate walked behind her and secured her to the pole. He did his best to make sure that the cuffs were not too tight. He definitely wanted any additional bruising to be minimal.

Walking back in front of her, he knelt down and started untying her shoes. He removed them and her socks, placing them a short distance away near one of the bushes. Returning to her, he unsnapped and then unzipped her pants. He looked up into her face and saw that she was just calmly observing him. He eased the pants down past her hips.

They were tight ‘skinny jeans’, but a minute later he had them all the way off. He folded them in half and placed them on top of the bush near her shoes to keep them up off the ground. He turned and glanced back at Dale. She looked so cute, so vulnerable standing there.

Above the waist, she was wearing the track hoodie with a few layers under it for warmth. Below the waist, she now wore only one of her tiny thongs. In the dim light, she looked essentially bottomless.

Nate returned to her and kissed her. She returned his kisses passionately as Nate’s hands found the thin waistband on her slender hips. Slipping his thumbs inside, the little garment began its trip down her legs; a trip that only came to an end once it lay atop her pants. Now she was bottomless.

Using just two fingers, Nate playfully poked and fiddled around with her bare pussy a little. It was fun and he thought it would make her feel vulnerable, knowing that she couldn’t get away nor slap his hand to make him stop.

But while that was fun, he decided to get back to the project at hand, stepping to the side. Dale eyed him carefully as he kicked off his own shoes and unbuckled his belt.

“It’s cold out here,” said Nate, once he too was bottomless, and his rock-solid erection was pointing at the heavens in the chilly air.

“Wimp!” said Dale. As he placed his pants and underwear on a bush near Dale’s and turned back toward her, she asked, “Are you going to rape me?”

“It wouldn’t be rape, now would it?” said Nate. “Even though you are my captive, this is an entirely consensual relationship. Say the word, and I’ll unlock you and you can get dressed.”

“I don’t want to be unlocked,” said Dale apologetically.

“I didn’t think so,” said Nate.

“I want you to have your way with me. I don’t want you to make love to me. I like that, but . . . not this time. This time I want to be f\*\*ked. What I mean is that I’m a tough girl. You don’t have to be gentle because I’m a girl. You can be a little rough.”

“Shhh…” said Nate, placing a finger across her lips. “Not your call. Remember who the boss is.”

“Okay,” said Dale nodding. She was glad that she had at least managed to voice her preference before he had chastised her.

“I didn’t want to gag and blindfold you . . . especially so soon after Alexa did that to you . . . but now I guess I see that I’m going to have to . . . so you’ll realize who’s boss.” said Nate.

Dale stuck out her lower lip. With a sad expression on her face, she shook her head slowly.

“Still trying to influence me I see,” he said, laughing.

He wrapped his arms around her, one at shoulder level, the other down low, caressing a bare butt cheek. He kissed her, and she again reciprocated with passion. She couldn’t hug him, but she more than made up for that fact by expressing how hot she was for him with her lips and tongue. He felt her shifting her belly side-to-side, gently rubbing his stiff dick where it was snuggling into the front of her hoodie.

Nate slid his lower hand around to investigate things up front. What he found was one very wet girl.

“Sorry . . . pretty slippery, huh?” said Dale.

“It’s nice, but . . . shhh…” said Nate again. “If you don’t want to be gagged, why don’t we find out if you can obey a gag order.”

“Okay . . . zip!” said Dale closing her mouth.

“But if the handcuffs . . . or anything else . . . is hurting you, or is uncomfortable . . . then you have to tell me, okay?” said Nate.

Dale nodded and Nate returned to kissing her as he again gently fingered the moist folds where her legs met . . . not penetrating, just gently exploring the interesting, slippery terrain.

After another minute of affectionate but somewhat aggressive kissing and pussy petting, Nate squatted down in front of her. He inserted both arms between her knees. Sliding his palms up the back of her legs, he gripped her upper thighs tightly in his large hands, just below her buttocks. With his hands he pressed her pelvis forward, clamping it against one of his cheeks. Holding her tightly like that, he stood up slowly.

Dale let out a gasp of surprise as her feet left the ground, her back sliding up along the pole. Up, up she continued until Nate was standing. Looking down at the top of his head, Dale bit her tongue, resisting the urge to comment.

She felt Nate move his elbows up and out, forcing her dangling legs apart. A moment later, she found her legs comfortably supported on his upper arms, just outside of his broad shoulders.

Nate now had about half her weight on his hands, the other half on his shoulders.

Using his hands which were firmly supporting her butt cheeks, he pressed her against his face. Tipping his face to look up into her eyes, he slid his puckered lips back and forth across the upper end of her slit.

Looking up, he saw Dale smile as she tilted her pelvis by rounding her back. Angling his head back down, he stuck out his tongue and amorously explored a little farther down into the area between her soft outer lips. He tasted her tangy nectar while regretting that in that position his boner was now all alone out in the cold night air. It was no longer receiving any warmth or friendly contact from Dale’s belly within her soft hoodie.

From her raised position, Dale took a moment to survey the deserted parking lot. It was a strange position indeed, her back against the pole and her arms around it, out of commission behind her. She was essentially sitting on Nate’s shoulders, her pussy in his face. It was surprisingly comfortable, Nate steadying her with his strong hands while at the same time fondling her butt lovingly.

Several memories flashed through her mind, all of things that had happened there in front of the school. She thought about the first time she had been cuffed to the flagpole, the day before school had started in the fall. How Nate had left her there, vulnerable and naked. And how a few minutes later the groundskeeper had appeared, driving straight toward her.

As Nate continued licking her, she indulged in glancing over at the concrete area in front of the school’s main entrance where she had recently made the snow angel . . . on Thanksgiving morning. What a crazy day that had been! Scenes from her bare naked sprint through town to Susie’s house flashed through her mind.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 414: Having Her Cake and Eating it too, cont.**

As her breathing rate increased due to all the ardent attention she was receiving, she continued looking at the school entrance, thinking back to Thursday. Barely two days ago she had walked out of that entrance nude . . . tits and pussy on full display . . . in front of everyone . . . making her escape from the pep rally . . . Nate at her side . . . her hands tied behind her back.

Her heart rate increased as she pictured in her mind the faces of the hundreds of people who had seen her freshly shaven pussy on the Maverick and out in the bright sunshine that morning. As nightmares go, it had been a dream come true . . . for a girl that likes to be naked . . . that likes the crazy emotions and the burning in her cheeks when she is seen . . . as no girl is supposed to be seen.

Dale closed her eyes, shifting her attention back to the present. She allowed herself to focus on the pleasure she was experiencing down below . . . the oral attention being showered upon her by Nate. Her heart warmed as she realized that he was the best thing that had ever happened to her . . . she was in love with her best friend.

She looked down at him and smiled. To make it easier for him, she tightened up her buttocks, transferring more of her weight to his shoulders. That had the pleasurable secondary effect of pushing her pussy against his mouth, increasing the pressure.

Down below, Nate alternated between licking and nibbling with his lips. Once in a while, he would suck her clit into his mouth and then tickle it there with his tongue. Glancing up, he observed Dale looking down at him. Their eyes met, but then while he watched, he saw her eyes close. He saw her lips part, as if to make breathing easier, her face taking on a relaxed look.

Nate took a careful step back. The suddenness of his move startled Dale. She felt as if she might be falling, her back sliding down along the pole.

“Nate?” she called out frightened, realizing that she would not be able to catch herself.

“Sorry,” he replied. “Just adjusting.”

Once she realized that she was safe, Dale took a deep breath, again relaxing. She could tell that she was now at a better angle. To help him further, she raised her pelvis a bit higher. She felt the tip of his tongue enter her opening as she glanced down and saw his nose nestled in the cleft of her pussy. She felt her cheeks becoming warm as she realized just how embarrassingly intimate the contact was. Again closing her eyes and relaxing, she focused on the wonderful sensations emanating from between her legs. After all, Nate was the boss. He had the key. She reveled in the fact that she was locked to the pole, fully at his mercy.

The firework like sensations bouncing around inside her lower tummy increased. His oral ministrations . . . combined with her prisoner status . . . combined with how she was not allowed to talk . . . combined with being in such a public place . . . all added up to one amazingly erotic experience. Her level of sexual excitement rose higher and higher.

Dale abandoned all pretense of self-control and started grinding against Nate’s mouth, pushing into him for all she was worth.

Realizing that Dale was using her legs to hold herself up on his shoulders, Nate moved one hand to her lower back. The other hand he slid up inside of her shirt. Upon reaching her bra, his hand made its way around her torso to one of her tits. He tried to undo the front closure. Quickly giving up, he forcibly pushed the bra up and off her tit on the one side.

First he grabbed her whole tit firmly, but a moment later he zeroed in on her nipple, pinching it as roughly as he dared, crossways to the jewelry. While nipping her clit with his lips, he stretched out her nipple.

Suddenly having her upper body in the mix seemed to send Dale off the cliff. Her breathing became heavier and Nate heard a little moaning, ‘Mmm . . . mmm,’ followed by a little breathy vocalizing, ‘Oh, oh…”

Nate felt her excitement continuing to build. He felt a few tremors or thrills, a few shudders pass through her body.

He was enjoying himself tremendously. Dale began thrusting against his face, the force increasing with each thrust. All of a sudden the muscles in her legs seemed to go rock solid. Still pinching and pulling on her nipple, he continued to lick and kiss her innermost details. He knew she was at the plateau, and he tried to hold her there.

She began to relax as her orgasm subsided, but Nate didn’t relax. Stepping up his efforts, he grabbed her entire tit, using it as a handle to pull her forcefully into his face. He started a rapid back and forth motion with his mouth, using his tongue like a buzz saw on her clitoris. Dale again climbed toward the summit and a second orgasmic wave washed forcefully over her, seemingly stronger than the first. The fireworks inside her pelvis turned into a full-blown volcanic eruption.

These two orgasms had been the most powerful Nate had ever witnessed. He recalled Dale mentioning the intense orgasms she had experienced on the Maverick, and he realized that in both cases she had been restrained . . . in public areas . . . not in the privacy of a bedroom.

In keeping with his original plan, Nate kissed her pussy one last time and then started to allow her body to slide down. His fully erect penis was just waiting for her, waiting to catch her. His aim was true and his target was as wet as wet can be. In one smooth motion he slid all the way in, Dale’s warm wet pussy swallowing him whole.

He stepped closer to the flagpole. Dale was sandwiched between it and him.

As if to emphasize the point, Nate removed his hands from her body entirely. She hung there in midair, her feet dangling. Only his stiff dick, hooked deep within her vagina, was supporting her.

He shifted his hands up to her face, caressing her lovingly. He kissed her deeply and affectionately. Dale was putty in his hands. She was so very relaxed. He felt her swinging her legs around a bit, as if she were enjoying the idea of being held up by just his cock.

Dale kissed him passionately, and Nate thought about how she had to be tasting herself on his lips. She didn’t seem to mind, and Nate’s thoughts jumped for the umpteenth time to her sexual orientation. Even though she had yet to admit it, he knew that she was bisexual. She had yet to come to terms with her attraction to women, but it was real. He was convinced of it even if she still seemed to be in denial.

But he was at peace with it. She was also attracted to men and she did enjoy intercourse, so his fears had been put to rest. Her sister’s prediction, that she would one day leave him for a woman, was no longer something that he worried about.

Nate leaned into her slightly, so that she would feel secure. He held her there between his body and the pole. He started bouncing slightly on the balls of his feet, thinking about how her entire weight was essentially being borne by her clitoris which rested on the base of his dick. He felt her stiffen slightly, and then she curled her lithe legs around his, digging her heels into the backs of his thighs, pulling him into her.

Dale had said that she wanted to be f\*\*ked, and Nate had every intention of doing his best to make her wish come true. He continued bouncing up and down, gradually increasing the vigor of each thrust. He returned his hands to her butt cheeks. Rather than supporting her weight, he grasped them forcefully, pulling her into him as he pounded her pussy. He focused on increasing the tempo and the stroke steadily.

Although his dick was only so long, he tried to press it farther up inside on each stroke. Attempting to loft her body at the top of the movement, he concentrated on pulling down quickly to open up an airgap. In that manner the base of his dick would slam into her clitoris, smashing it, as he powered into the next upstroke.

He felt Dale’s body stiffen even more as she seemed to be getting into the pogo stick ride. He felt her heels slide up onto his butt, angling her pelvis. She seemed to be half gripping him, half spurring him on by kicking her heels forcefully into him. If it was a Maverick ride she wanted, then it was a Maverick ride she was going to get, thought Nate as he concentrated on pounding her for all he was worth.

Nate was delighted to discover that his own staying power was better than he had been expecting. He imagined that it was because he was not allowing himself to think about the pleasurable sensations his dick was experiencing, mostly focusing on the f\*\*king he was delivering.

He felt Dale’s level of excitement rising. Her pelvis began to dance energetically, trying to extract even more enjoyment out of the pistoning that it was receiving. As her level of sexual frenzy rose, so did his. All of a sudden, a powerful orgasm shook her body, as spasm after spasm ripped through her. Her back arched, and her head disappeared from view, leaning back on one side of the flag pole. Nate could take no more, and his own earthshattering orgasm tore through his body. His body went rigid as hers started to relax. It felt as if his dick had exploded within her.

A moment later, her weight was too much for him. His legs buckled. He thought her feet would hit the ground, and yet they were still wrapped around him. As he crumpled, she crumpled with him. At the base of the pole, their bodies merged into a tangled laughing heap of teen flesh. Nate would have been on his knees, but as soon as they had hit, he’d collapsed to the side such that his bare butt was now down in the dormant winter weeds. Dale was essentially on his lap, but her arms were twisted awkwardly behind her, her face resting on his chest, her short hair tickling his nose.

“Here, let me get the key,” said Nate, struggling to get up.

“Don’t you dare leave me here . . . not for a second . . . not without holding me . . . not without telling me how much you love me,” said Dale.

“Oh, honey,” said Nate, grasping her need for reassurance. He tried to help her into a more comfortable position as he continued, “I love you more than any man has ever loved a woman in the history of the universe . . . and that’s a lot!”

Dale started laughing. “Yes, that would be a lot,” she said. “Thank you for loving me, Nate. What I put you through, right? Making you come back here tonight.”

“That’s silly lover. What you put me through? I thought I just put you through this,” he said.

“That was quite the f\*\*king!” she said.

“I figured you deserved it. I love you so very much, and I can’t tell you how much fun it is to pound into you like that.”

“You’re pretty good at it!” said Dale.

“But what do you know?” said Nate. “It’s not like you have experienced other guys to compare me to.”

“I’m sure they’d all come up short,” she said laughing.

“Well, the important part is that we’re having fun. You are having fun, right?” he asked.

“The important part is that we’re in love. We’re in love AND we’re having fun! That’s what makes it beautiful. We really made it our flagpole tonight, didn’t we?” said Dale.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 415: Bedtime**

“That, we did!” replied Nate.

“You can get that key now,” said Dale. “I mean, do what you want to. I shouldn’t have stopped you before. I’m a little demanding, and selfish sometimes, aren’t I?”

“Sometimes,” admitted Nate. “But frankly, you’re perfect! Now you wait right here, while I get the key.”

Nate got up, helping Dale into a slightly more comfortable sitting position as he did so. A moment later he returned with the key retrieved from his pants pocket.

As she stood up, stretching her arms every which way, she said, “I think I’ve got bark stuck to my butt.”

“Oh,” said Nate. “That reminds me. I brought you something.” A moment later, Nate returned with a small wash cloth. “I hadn’t thought about the bark, but I imagined you might need something to dry off with once things started dribbling out.”

Dale gladly accepted the washcloth as she went about trying to clean up a little. “That was thoughtful,” she said. “Do you need to dry off too?”

“A little maybe,” said Nate. “But I didn’t manage to get my sticky parts all the way down in the bark.”

“I’ll clean you off anyway,” said Dale, shaking the debris off of the washcloth and then wrapping it lovingly around his deflating dick. “We fit together good tonight, didn’t we?”

“I’d say,” replied Nate. “It’s almost as if my dick and your pussy were made for each other.” Nate paused and then continued thoughtfully, “You know, that’s another thing that I never thought I’d say to my beautiful neighbor, the incomparable Dale Jordan.”

“One day, I’ll be Dale Miller,” she said wistfully.

“That sounds okay,” said Nate. “However, I really like the name Dale Jordan. It has always been synonymous with the ultimate female, in my mind. I love the idea of you taking my name, but if that happens, I know I’ll miss ‘Dale Jordan.’ You’d still have your great-grandmother’s name, but I’d miss the ‘Jordan’ part.”

“We’ll figure out the ideal solution, Lover,” said Dale. “As long as we’re together, everything else will work out perfectly.”

A little later they were dressed and headed home, and shortly thereafter they were snuggling together in Dale’s twin bed. Dale was of course nude, but Nate was wearing his pajama bottoms. He had never gotten accustomed to sleeping nude, especially not in the Jordan home. It had been such a big day that it felt very nice to just cuddle. They kissed a little, but mostly they just held each other tenderly.

Sometime later, Nate realized that Dale had fallen asleep. He lay there thinking of all that had happened, starting with the revelations surrounding her ancestor, Dale Parsons. So in one day he’d learned about that and that Dale’s mother was herself an exhibitionist, then after breakfast Dale had gone nude at the cemetery. Then the noise parade, Dale had baked cookies, they’d won the game, he’d asked her to marry him and screwed her while she was handcuffed to the flagpole. No wonder she had fallen asleep quickly. It had been a very big, very full day.

He lay there wondering why he was not yet asleep; he’d also had a big day. Mostly he lay there feeling happy. To some extent, her position as cheerleader had been restored . . . at least in the informal way that the football team had the power to bring about.

Mostly he was happy about how enthusiastically Dale had reacted to his marriage proposal. And they had won the state championship! Even though that would indeed be one of the high points of the year, it took a backseat to hearing Dale say ‘yes.’ Nothing could top that. He was in love with the treasure in his arms, and they were engaged!

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Dale ran her fingers through her short hair. Trying to come to grips with her unusual situation, she kept her eyes tightly closed. Stretching her neck, she turned her head first one way and then the other. As if she were trying to expand her lung capacity she took deep breaths, slowly drawing in as much air each time as was physically possible. Looking down she opened her eyes, studying her new black and white track cleats on the freshly resurfaced red track.

Shaking out her arms, she jumped up and down a few times, testing out her legs. They felt like tightly wound springs, ready to explode. Bending way over, she reached for her calves and pulled her upper body way down, stretching her hamstrings. At least that is what she wanted it to look like she was doing. In reality she was trying to discreetly discern how noticeable the growing wet spot might be on her shiny black running shorts.

Earlier, as she had walked out of the locker room, she had noticed that she was offering up some extreme camel toe. Without underwear, the form fitting polyester/spandex shorts fit like a second skin, the seam plunging deep into the cleft of her pussy. She had tried pulling it out, but it had gone right back in . . . pulling it out only served to focus attention on the problem, not solve it.

The other girls on the track team were not experiencing the same issue. They were wearing panties. They were also wearing bras. Dale wore neither. Her Nudity Master had instructed her to wear neither. Indeed, she had to admit that it made little sense to put them on given that very shortly she would be competing in the nude.

She was still amazed that Nate had managed to get everyone who had any say in the matter to agree that a high school girl could compete in a high school track meet in the nude . . . and yet he had. She hadn’t wanted it to happen, but she had not intervened. She understood her role; she had no say. It was Nate’s decision, so when asked, she had always answered in the affirmative, that ‘yes,’ it was something that she herself desired.

Indeed, she did . . . on some level. But that was essentially a fantasy level. As far as she had been concerned, her interest in running track nude could have remained an unfulfilled fantasy and she would have been completely happy. Fantasies still had a purpose, even if they remained just that . . . fantasies . . . unfulfilled fantasies.

The time was drawing near, so she moved into the staging area, meeting up with the rest of the relay team. Other than Michelle, they were a bit standoffish. She expected that they were opposed to her running her leg of the relay naked, and yet they hadn’t actually come right out and said so. Essentially no one was willing to voice opposition to Dale competing in the nude.

They were next up, and Dale saw Michelle hold out her hand, indicating that she should hand over her clothes. She shuddered as renewed anxiety coursed through her body as she looked around at the large crowd. A high school track meet typically had people just standing around the track. Things were completely different this time. There were actually people in the grandstands, a lot of people. All her peers were here; probably every Prospect High student had made it a point to be here for this first track meet.

She again looked down at Michelle’s hand and then glanced over at Nate. She saw him nod. It was time. The wheel had been set in motion a long time ago. There was nothing to do but comply. Her cheeks flushed bright red as she put her thumbs into the waistband of her little shorts. She hesitated briefly. Looking into Nate’s eyes, she found the courage to whip them down to her ankles. Bent way over, she managed to step out of them while still holding onto the waistband. She tried not to think of the view she was giving to whoever happened to be right behind, preferring to focus instead on getting them off over her shoes quickly.

She stood back up and handed them to Michelle. She had decided to start with the shorts on the theory that her shirt was relatively long. Looking down now, she realized that she had misjudged how much her shirt might cover. She tried not to allow the sight of her neatly trimmed racing stripe and her smoothly shaven pussy lips to distract her from what she had to do. In one quick motion she had her tank up and off.

She heard the murmurs spread throughout the crowd as what everyone had come to see suddenly appeared before their eyes, Dale Johnson, high school athlete, wearing only a pair of track cleats. She was now completely and stunningly nude from the ankles up. Of course she was also wearing jewelry in her pierced nipples, but it was too small to be visible to most of the crowd. Naked teen girl skin –– that was what they had come to see –– and what they were now seeing in abundance.

As Dale watched, Michelle walked her track clothes over to Nate. He stowed them in his backpack and slung it over a shoulder, smiling warmly across the track at her. She sighed. As far as she was concerned, her clothes were now gone. She expected she would see them again, but she had no idea when. It might be at the end of the race. It might be at the end of the track meet. She also knew that she might see her regular clothes again before she would again see her track shorts and top.

Looking away from Nate, she took a deep breath and tried to find something, anything to look at that was not staring back at her.

She looked up at the high clouds, and forced herself to think ahead to her run. Part of the justification that Nate had used to convince the school and her coach was that she would be faster without her clothes. Shortly it would be time to find out if that were in fact going to be true. Feeling the adrenaline surge through her, she expected that it would be. She was excited beyond belief, and not just sexually. Although she knew that the erotic nature of what she was about to do would make her feet fly.

Her coach handed her the baton, but she didn’t hear what he had said in the process. She walked slowly towards the blocks. This was the women’s 4x200 relay, so she had just a half lap of the track to run. It would be an all-out sprint. The first leg runners were staggered along the track, and they all had to maintain their lanes. Dale was in about the middle lane, so she had competitors both ahead and behind her as she arrived at her blocks.

She kept her eyes on the starter as she concentrated on visualizing herself exploding out of the blocks. Just as she thought he was about to say, ‘on your marks,’ he suddenly started walking straight toward her. Once he had cut the distance between them in about half, she heard him say, ‘I’m sorry miss, but you can’t compete like that.’

Dale didn’t know what to do. Everyone was staring at her. Her cheeks and upper chest flushed an even brighter shade of red. Everyone had already been staring at her, but now they were really staring at her. She felt so very naked, as naked as she had ever felt. Probably a thousand pairs of eyes were on her as the starter drew near. She started panicking, not knowing what to do. She thought everything had been cleared. Nate had told her that everyone had given their approval.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 416: Bedtime continued**

“Oh, I’m sorry,” she heard Michelle say from the sidelines. Glancing over she saw her running towards her. “What was I thinking? You need your number,” she said.

“Yes, that’s right,” said the starter once he and Michelle were both right in front of her. “The regulations require that every competitor wear both a number as well as school identification.”

This was a detail that no one had mentioned to Dale. She looked down and saw a small lightweight white sign in Michelle’s hands. It was a bit larger than half a sheet of paper. Looking at Michelle and the other runners, Dale saw that they all had similar white signs pinned to the front of their tank tops. Of course they did.

“There’s nothing to pin it to,” said Dale, turning to Michelle.

“Don’t be too sure about that,” said Michelle with a mischievous smile. “Nate and I have it all worked out.”

Dale looked over at Nate and saw him smiling. Looking down at her chest, she saw Michelle wrap a small piece of white yarn around one of her nipples, just behind the barbell. The sight gave her a feeling of déjà vu, and she instinctively started to pull away.

“Don’t worry, DJ, it won’t hurt,” said Michelle.

Trying to be brave, Dale reversed course. Standing her ground, she thrust her chest up and out. She watched as Michelle tied her number to first one nipple and then the other. Michelle wasn’t Kelly or Alexa, but she couldn’t help think about the Nipple Dream as she watched Michelle attach the number. Fortunately, she was being very careful to not pull the knots too tight. The loops had to be snug, but not cut off any circulation. Thinking about it, Dale decided that it seemed as if it would be alright as long as nothing happened. Above her large number, the sign included her school, ‘Prospect High School.’

“Yep, that meets regulations,” said the starter nodding. He turned and walked back to where he had been.

“That looks so hot! I absolutely love your nipples,” said Michelle with a wink. “Just don’t fall or snag that on anything. Ouch!”

With that, Michelle turned and walked back off the track. Dale found herself admiring Michelle’s sleek legs and nicely toned butt before turning her attention back to the starter. Michelle had to make her way all the way across the field for her anchor leg, but she had plenty of time. She was planning to do that after watching the start of the race.

Dale reached up and touched her number. Giving it a little tug, she noted that it was indeed very securely attached. She didn’t know what might give first if it were really yanked, so she tried to not think about that.

“On your marks,” she heard the starter call out.

She moved her feet into the blocks and found her hand positions on the track, the baton firmly in her right hand. Now that it wouldn’t be very noticeable to the hundreds of people with their eyes glued to her, she did something that she had been wanting to do ever since she had peeled her shorts off. Looking down between her legs, she confirmed what she had feared, her pussy was sopping wet. There was even moisture glistening around the tops of her thighs. What was more, her little inner pussy lips looked to have bloomed.

She tried not to think about what was coming next, preferring instead to think about getting out of the blocks as quickly as possible.

“Set!” yelled the starter. This was the part that Dale had been fearing. Her face reddened as she extended her legs, popping her butt way up into the air. She knew it wouldn’t last long, but she knew there were people and surely cameras behind her. Whether they were located there strategically or accidentally, it hardly mattered. Everything between her legs was now on display and would be captured. She anticipated that even shots showing anus detail would be on the Internet before nightfall. She had gotten used to the idea that the web was awash in her nude pictures, many of them quite explicit, and yet this was likely to push the envelope further still.

“Bang!” she heard the gun fire. Like an arrow suddenly released she shot forward. Keeping low, she directed all her pent up energy into rapid acceleration. This was what her body was built for, and even though she had taken years off of track team, sprinting was in her DNA. It couldn’t really be taught. A person either had it or they didn’t.

Blocking out everything else, she concentrated on pumping her arms and legs. She was so focused on the race that she probably wouldn’t have been conscious of her own nudity had her tits not been leaping all around on her chest, her little nipples being whipped mercilessly every which way.

She always thought of herself as being rather underdeveloped up top . . . that is, until she ran. And then suddenly her little titties seemed to take on a life of their own. She always felt more like a woman and less like a little girl when she ran. She couldn’t even begin to imagine what big boobs might feel like at a full sprint given how vigorously her little titties bounced all over the place.

And yet it didn’t slow her down one little bit. Actually she was more used to sprinting while nude than while wearing a bra, so it felt completely natural. Halfway through the turn she had reached full speed; she was all the way up and her legs were pounding out a steady rapid rhythm.

Time to show them it’s not about nudity, she thought as she felt the adrenaline surge through her system. That did it; the afterburners popped on and she accelerated out of the turn into the back stretch. A rush of excitement surged through her as an encouraging cheer rose up from the crowd. She didn’t even stop to think that she had never before heard a crowd cheer like that during the first leg of a relay.

She knew she had probably established a new personal best as she gave the signal for the second runner to lead off. She had given the signal a little early, but she was moving so fast that it worked out perfectly. Given their staggered positions on the track, it was difficult to be sure, but it certainly felt as if she had won the first leg of the relay.

She jogged back to where Michelle was lining up for the anchor leg.

“My God, are you ever fast!” said Michelle, giving her a hug.

Dale felt Michelle’s larger sport bra encased boobs press against and flatten her somewhat pointy bare titties as they hugged.

“Make me proud, Nutshell,” she said to her ecstatically as they separated. “Don’t let those clothes slow you down too much!”

She left the track, going over to the sidelines. She had decided that she would be able to watch Michelle begin the anchor leg as well as watch her cross the finish line if she ran across the infield. The hand off wasn’t as clean as it might have been, but Michelle took off like a bolt of lightning once she had the baton securely in hand. Dale admired her so much, and she seemed to have a commanding lead. It was abundantly clear that they would win the event, but the state record was surely something that they’d have to work up to during the course of the season.

Dale ran across the field, trying to keep an eye on Michelle rounding the far turn. She was so completely into the race that she was nearly unaware of her own nakedness and all the people unabashedly staring at her. Indeed she probably had ten people looking at her for every person watching the race.

She made it in time and watched Michelle jut out her chest into the tape, hitting it so far ahead of the second place finisher that it almost seemed as if they had run the event alone.

As Michelle coasted to a stop, Dale ran toward her. They shared a celebratory hug, their boobs again mashing pleasurably together.

Now that the race was over, Dale suddenly found herself feeling both very naked as well as extremely self-conscious about that fact. Blushing, she turned away from Michelle, looking for Nate. She wondered if he would give her the track clothes back to wear between events, but he was nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly in every direction all she could see were football players in full gear. Everyone else had disappeared. And all the football players were running straight for her. She turned back to where Michelle had been, but she had disappeared as well. Surprisingly Alexa was in her place, causing Dale’s heart to skip a beat. While she looked at her, Alexa raised an arm. In her hand Dale saw a remote control, now pointed right at her chest. Reaching up, Dale felt the sign tying her two nipples together.

She turned and ran from Alexa, but before going more than a few steps, the football players had her.

The next thing she knew, they had picked her up and tossed her naked body up into the air. Falling back down on top of them, she felt hands everywhere. She felt herself being carried along on top of all the football players, being supported only by their hands. Their hands were everywhere, and she felt their eyes on her most intimate areas. The guys were all staring at her tits, and their eyes were boring into the shaved area between her legs . . . from close range. She felt more naked than ever as all the guys all seemed to be scrutinizing every minute detail of her bald pussy.

All the skin on skin contact as well as the close, within arm’s length, examination of her narrow little racing stripe caused her already wet pussy to gush even more slippery fluid.

Right then, with quite a start, she woke up.