**The Exhibitionist Next Door**

by BPClavel

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 417: Behaving Badly**

‘Where am I?’ Dale wondered, but looking around, she quickly answered her own question. She was in her own bed, in a puddle of sweat. But she was so well-lubricated that she noticed that the smell of pussy hung in the still air. Nate was beside her, miraculously still asleep. It had all seemed so real, and yet it had been nothing more than a dream . . . one wildly exciting dream!

There was no track meet; there were no football players; there was no Alexa, no Michelle; however, she was naked and her pussy was quivering with excitement. She reached down. There wasn’t even a racing stripe. Her pussy was completely bald . . . but it was so very wet.

She placed a couple of fingers on the skin concealing her clit, and started rubbing in a circular motion. It felt good, but she had never been too successful at doing that to herself, and yet something had to be done. She felt an urgent need to succeed at achieving orgasm. She even tried thinking back through her nude at the track meet dream. That helped, but only a little.

However, contemplating the details of her dream did accomplish one thing. It made her realize that it would be imprudent to mention it to Nate. She needed to figure out a way to discourage him from considering having her run track nude. Telling him about the dream was certain to have the opposite effect. If he found out how excited she had gotten at the prospect of competing in the nude, it was certain that he would be inspired to go to work on making it a reality. Yes, keeping the dream to herself was the wise thing to do.

She looked over at her clock. It was morning. Knowing that she wouldn’t be able to get herself off by herself, she thought of Nate lying next to her. Very carefully, so as not to wake him, she reached under the covers which were at that point on top of only him. As she had anticipated . . . as she had hoped . . . he had morning wood! He seemed to be sound asleep, but his dick was as hard as ever. She made the easy decision to try and get some benefit from his wood. There was no reason to let that particular stiffy go to waste, she reasoned.

As carefully as she could, she removed the covers from the lower half of his body. Next she painstakingly pulled down his pajamas by grasping the legs near his knees and slowly drawing them down. His underwear came down part way with them, his erection popping free.

She thought that he might wake up when the cool air hit his dick, and yet he didn’t. She knew he would wake up once his dick was inside of her, but she decided to find out just how far she could get before he did wake up. She thought it might be fun for him to wake up and find himself buried deep within her pussy.

She paused a moment, deviously admiring his morning wood. She had always been fascinated by the concept of morning wood. She wanted to touch it, but she was reserving that morsel for her sopping wet pussy.

As carefully as she could manage, she climbed back onto the bed, straddling his hips. Lowering herself down toward him, she resolved that the first contact should be her pussy lips on the head of his dick. She thought that if she angled and aimed herself just right, that her pussy might be successful at picking his dick up off his belly and enveloping it within her slippery tunnel.

A moment later, her wet lady lips started kissing his mushroom shaped head, and then swallowing it whole. The next thing she knew, his length had started in. At that point, she still had not made significant skin to skin contact with anything other than his dick. Almost not daring to breathe, she slid all the way down until the short pubic hair at the base of his dick tickled her shaven pussy lips. She was careful not to press down against him.

She congratulated herself on a task well performed as she held still, enjoying the feeling of the slumbering boy’s rigid member filling her vagina. She knew he’d wake instantly if she made any sudden or forceful movement, so she slid up and down his pole as gently as she could manage, enjoying the feeling of it moving slowly within her.

Dale’s pent up level of excitement created by her erotic dream coupled with the naughty thrill of getting Nate’s dick inside her without his knowledge was overwhelming. Electric sparks started shooting through her pelvis once she had successfully achieved her position on top of him. Suddenly finding herself unable to resist the need of her clitoris, she rammed it forcefully home into Nate’s pubic bone.

As soon as it hit, bolts of lightning touched off a fierce orgasm, further animating Dale’s athletic pelvis which gyrated violently on Nate’s pole, her clit grinding forcefully against his solid body.

Nate woke with a fright, his eyes flying wide open. His arms and legs flailed wildly as he sought to come to terms with what was happening on top of him. In the past he had woken up from wet dreams, but never into one.

As his mind started adjusting to the astonishing scene, he stared in disbelief at the intense view that met his eyes . . . a sweaty Dale in the throes of orgasmic bliss taking advantage of his body. The phenomenon was so erotic, that it took him no time at all to join her on the climb toward ecstasy.

Surrendering to the moment, Nate sat up, grabbing Dale firmly around the waist. Spinning her around, he managed to get on top of her in one fluid motion, his dick remaining anchored solidly inside her during the entire quick maneuver. Once on top, Nate took over the role of aggressor, pounding her pussy vigorously. Meeting him thrust for thrust, Dale suddenly screamed out. Nate looked around for something within reach for her to bite down on . . . but there was nothing handy.

“Shh…” he said insistently, still pounding away.

Dale nodded. With an embarrassed look on her face, she put a knuckle in her mouth and held it there with her teeth.

Looking down upon her, Nate decided that he had never before seen such raw sexuality. Dale was in such a tremendously horny state. It was all too much for him, and in barely a minute after waking up, he shot his load deep inside her. His body first went rigid, but then mere moments later he collapsed, slumping down on top of her, his sweat and hers intermingling with their sexual fluids.

“Oh, my God!” said Nate, working at catching his breath. “Do you ever have some ‘splainin’ to do!”

“Umm…” said Dale, trying to think of something to say that did not involve her dream. “I woke up feeling so very much in love,” she fibbed.

“Try again,” said Nate, noticing all the signs of stress that he would observe when Dale lied.

“I’m just uncontrollably in love,” she said, doubling down.

“You woke up from a randy dream, didn’t you?” said Nate. “You woke up with your pussy on fire.”

Realizing that the evidence might be overwhelming, Dale tried to change the subject, “I’m going to cook you breakfast . . . because I love you.”

“Okay,” insisted Nate. “Tell me all about the dream. I want all the titillating details. I want to know what got my Dale so hot and wet.”

“There was no dream,” she maintained.

“So, a dream so nasty that you have to keep it from me,” said Nate, putting on his thinking cap. “Let me see. What happened recently that got you so hot and horny . . . that you might not want to fess up to?” After a thoughtful pause he continued, “I know, your mom’s story about the department store. I’ll bet you dreamed of being in her shoes . . . having to buy your freedom with your pussy. You dreamed about masturbating in front of an audience, didn’t you?”

“I did not,” she said, a stunned look on her face.

“You did!” said Nate, tickled with himself for having guessed what she was attempting to hide. Dale’s reaction had proven to him that his guess had been on the mark. “You told me that you don’t want to do that, but in reality you do! You want to rub your pussy into an orgasmic frenzy with people watching . . . just another one of your exhibitionist fantasies. You want it so bad that you dreamed about it, and you woke up in desperate need of relief.”

“That’s not true!” insisted Dale.

“Yes it is!” countered Nate. “I can’t wait to organize a fun little show. I’m sure Ward would come to see that show! Who else should we invite . . . the rest of the football team?”

“Nate . . . No!” replied Dale bluntly. “It wasn’t that. I had a track meet dream. I raced in the relay naked . . . sporting just the racing stripe . . . and a number pinned to my nipples.”

“Pinned to your nipples?” asked Nate in surprise.

Dale proceeded to tell him the entire dream. She of course hadn’t planned on doing so, but his guess had been horrific, much worse than the truth. To her dismay, she found herself employing the truth to get the ‘masturbation for an audience’ dream theory out of his head. The truth was terrible, but it seemed to do the trick. Nate seemed fascinated to hear the details of her track meet dream and the alternate dream seemed quickly forgotten.

“A sign tied to your nipples?” he asked.

“That’s what was in the dream,” said Dale. “I’d never thought of that before, but it is true. Everyone has a number pinned on, so it makes perfect sense.”

“Wow, you really do have a nipple fetish . . . as revealed by yet another dream,” said Nate laughing. “I guess I’m going to need to find things to tie onto these puppies myself!” he said, reaching over and pinching one of her nipples firmly.

“No you don’t!” she said, slapping his hand away and covering her nipples with her palms for protection.

“Yes, I do!” he insisted, pulling her hands away and getting both of her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. “God, this relationship just seems to get better and better, doesn’t it?” he said.

“No it doesn’t!” said Dale, her voice indicating that she was in a huff. Breaking free of him, she pulled on her robe and tied it securely. “Now go get your shower, and bring your parents over for breakfast at . . . say 9:30,” she added looking over at her clock. “Remember, we’re announcing our engagement.”

“You still want to be engaged to me?” he asked teasingly, noticing that the ring was still on her finger.

“Of course I do,” she said. “But I have to hope that one day you’ll learn to behave.”

“Me?” asked Nate. “Who had sex with whom while he was asleep this morning? And I’m the one who needs to learn to behave?”

“Don’t give me that,” said Dale. “You loved waking up to that.”

“Maybe,” said Nate. “But, ‘my body, my choice.’ Wait . . . on second thought . . . have at!” he said. “I don’t need a choice. I want to wake up like that every morning!”

“That’s what I thought,” said Dale with a smile. “Now give me a kiss and go get your shower. And remember, whatever happens, I love you.”

“Whatever happens?” he asked. “That sounds ominous. Are you expecting something to happen?”

“No, I just want you to know that I love you . . . even if my voice might sometimes sound like I am upset,” she said.

“Good to know. It’s okay to get upset,” said Nate, stepping into his pants. “And I love you, too . . . whatever happens.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 418: Showering**

Nate had many things to go over in his mind during his shower that morning, but for some reason Dale’s recent orgasms were at the top of the list. The orgasms while handcuffed to the flagpole as well as the one that morning had been the strongest orgasms she’d ever had, at least in his presence.

He realized that part of the reason for that might be how she was now suddenly a much happier girl. However, he believed that the real explanation might be due to certain other factors. At the flagpole, they’d been outside in a public location and she’d been his captive. And then that morning she had just experienced a dream revolving around her deeply ingrained exhibitionist fetish. He was so relieved and delighted that Dale enjoyed love making as much as she seemed to.

She had matured so much that fall. In fact, they both had; however, in his opinion, Dale in particular. He thought back to the Dale that he’d met in August. While he hadn’t known it at the time, that Dale had been a girl who had run from a relationship with another girl just as things were starting to get physical. Similarly, she was fighting off Jason’s attempts to make their heterosexual relationship physical.

He now thought of her as bisexual; however, at that point in time her sexual orientation could probably have best been described as ‘neither.’ What was more, she couldn’t even manage to achieve sexual release ‘by her own hand.’

The only thing that was working for her back then was exhibitionism, which she had been pursuing all alone and very carefully. It had been her one source of excitement, and had become an integral part of who she was. And she was doing her best to keep that part of her hidden from everybody. Only with her Aunt Mary was she able to discuss it openly.

She was attempting to keep the real Dale Jordan hidden from everyone else in her life. He realized that it was really no wonder that she had been so ready to embrace him as a new friend, once that door had been opened. And not just because he was someone she could have adventures with. But rather, as she had explained, because he had been someone she could be honest with, someone she could simply relax and be herself around.

He remembered back to how, through Kelly, they had both learned of Dale’s submissive tendencies. Thinking back, he realized that Kelly had picked up on that right away, upon their very first meeting on the ski boat at Spruce Lake. Had it not been for Kelly, he might never have figured out that Dale had those inclinations. She was such a strong, self-confident girl that it still seemed to him to be a grand contradiction. And yet she craved surrendering control.

Given what she had said the night before, about the handcuffs as well as the leash, he knew he ought to again redouble his efforts in that regard. Even though she had enthusiastically accepted his marriage proposal and seemed to like the ring, she had felt like she had missed out by not selecting the handcuffs . . . . she had even pleaded with him to return to the flagpole. It was obvious that her yearning to surrender control was as strong as ever.

As he thought about it, he realized that she would probably like being forced to wear the handcuffs for longer periods of time. He got sidetracked a little trying to think of ways to keep her in them and nude for a whole day, in a public or semi-public situation.

His mind shifted over to thinking about how Dale had finally learned that intercourse was enjoyable. For the longest time, she had feared that it would be painful. She had been ready to proceed, but she had always had that concern.

That morning in Madison Park, when they had shaken hands and committed to a lifetime together, Dale had said something like, “You can take me back to Mary’s and do whatever your heart desires with me right now.” She’d been hinting that she wanted him to crash through the virginity barrier, she had wanted to relinquish control, and he’d misread the signs. He’d thrown her back into the driver’s seat by means of the Virginity Lottery. In reality, what she had really wanted was to be taken . . . and yet it wasn’t that surprising that he’d misunderstood. After all, how could she come right out and say what she wanted when she didn’t want to be in charge?

But now that was all behind them. Dale had finally learned just how enjoyable making love could be, and now that she’d had a taste, she seemed as if she couldn’t get enough.

The primary reason that Nate felt that Dale had matured so much that fall is that she had found, probably to her great relief, that she could find enjoyment and fulfillment in a relationship with a man. As she had confessed, she had worried about how none of her boyfriends had taken Michelle’s place in her heart. Finally, with him, she had found a male who had gotten into her heart. She enjoyed being able to be completely honest with him about everything . . . and she was clearly enjoying the sex.

For a time he had believed that the best way to keep her safe might be to replace her need for exhibitionism with an enjoyment of sex. Indeed that had come up as a topic of discussion during their breakup, while on their trip to Eatonville. Dale had rejected the idea out of hand. She had even made fun of it, saying something like, ‘You’d like that wouldn’t you! You turn me into a nympho, so I forget my exhibitionist past.’

He knew that he couldn’t put her on a ‘sex only’ diet. However, he did believe that through sex she might become a bit less dependent on getting a regular fix from risky exhibitionist exposure. In short, he thought that if he enhanced their sexual activity by occasionally choosing outdoor locations, mixing in a sizeable dose of worry, and adding in some bondage then they might be able to scale back the truly dangerous public nude activity.

Oddly enough, while he thought of that as a logical strategy, he realized that the last thing he wanted to do was scale back her exhibitionist activities. They both enjoyed her public nudity so much. If anything, he wanted to increase it. He also loved the idea of keeping her naked for extended periods of time. Plus the idea of leading a nude Dale Jordan around on a leash was absolutely intoxicating.

And what was more, now that the cat was out of the bag, the potential options for nudity had increased quite dramatically. For example, her nudity would now probably be completely acceptable at just about any private party. Were the Parker Halloween party just ahead, he was sure that she would be able to attend in the buff. Surely there would be parties in the near future, maybe a Christmas party. The number of people who would defend her right to be nude would be many times larger than the number of people who might object.

He found himself indulging in a quick daydream, imagining how much fun a party would be with Dale mingling in the nude. In his mind’s eye he could see everyone staring at her taut nipples, flexed to support the sparkly little barbells. And her smooth as silk mound with its cute little slit visible in all its glory would be an eye magnet, not to mention her tight little gymnast butt. He knew that the guys’ eyes would be glued to her, and he could just picture all the girls being so jealous of all the attention the guys would be showering upon her.

He was sure that there was no longer any reason to limit nudity to occasions involving just one other couple, such as their Carly/Felipe and Susie/Gage evenings. Now Dale could be nude at big parties. Why not? Everyone knew. And it was hardly just parties that she could be nude at. There were many other options in addition to track meets and the upcoming talent show that he already had under consideration.

As he thought about it, he decided to go and discuss things with the head of the drama department. Maybe an upcoming play with a nude role might be on the roster . . . or might somehow be arranged.

And there was no longer the need to try and hide their activities from their parents. As a matter of fact, he now realized that he might even be able to employ Mrs. Jordan in his efforts to surprise Dale in ways that would keep things edgy for her.

He had always thought that the possibilities for nudity might open up in college, but now suddenly the opposite seemed as if it were the case. Things had opened up so wide in Prospect itself, that the opportunities for public nudity seemed as if they would likely be narrower in college.

Nate had been realizing that his nicknames for her had gone by the wayside. First there had been ‘Carol’ and then later ‘Maddie.’ He knew why he wasn’t using them. The need to conceal her identity was gone. ‘Naked Carol’ and ‘Naked Maddie’ had given way to ‘Naked Dale!’

A short time later Nate was dressed and ready to head back over to the Jordan’s. He walked out of their back hall to find his parents both hunched over the dining room table studying the Sunday morning paper.

“Well, Dale’s all over the front page again,” announced his mom as he approached.

“Yep, without Dale they wouldn’t even know what to do with the front page,” said his father. “They’d probably have to go back to covering politics.”

“Exactly,” said his mom. “There could be a new war somewhere in the world right now and no one in Prospect would know about it.”

“I hope they are at least treating her kindly today,” said Nate.

“Very much so,” said his mother.

“Glad to hear that,” said Nate. “Let’s head next door. We’re already a little late . . . I must have taken my time in the shower.”

“Sore muscles after the big game?” asked his mother sympathetically.

“I guess,” said Nate, folding the paper up and tucking it under his arm. “The Jordan’s don’t take the paper, so I’ll bring this along.”

In the process, Nate had gotten a quick look at the headline and the large photo just below it. Both looked perfect. Dale and her parents are going to be so pleased, he thought.

As they started up the steps next door, Mrs. Jordan opened the front door wide, saying, “I knew you’d bring the paper, Nate. Thank you! You’re always so thoughtful. We’ve all been discussing how they might have chosen to cover the game. Dale thinks the front page will feature just football. However, Todd and I are sure that they’ll find room there for Dale somehow. We think they won’t be able to resist. Who’s right?”

“Take a look for yourself,” said Nate, holding up the paper so that the Jordans could see the headline and accompanying photo. “Dale must be selling too many newspapers to leave her off the front page.”

“Oh, wow!” said Mrs. Jordan. “It looks as though we were right, Todd.” Calling into the kitchen, she continued, “Dale, honey, they’re here . . . and you lost the bet. You made the front page.”

Dale came out of the kitchen wearing an apron. Because it was the first thing he looked for, Nate saw that she was still wearing the ring. He hadn’t actually seen the ring, he just knew it was there based on how she was holding her hand.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 419: The Sunday Paper**

They spread out the front page on the table and gathered around so that everyone could have a look. In very large letters, the headline stretching all the way across the paper read, “MAVERICKS WIN!!!” Just below that in a somewhat smaller font, the subhead on two lines read, “Prospect High brings home the State Football Championship, dedicating the Victory to Dale Jordan!”

“What did we say?” said Mrs. Jordan.

“I guess you were right,” said Dale. “It looks like I’ll be doing the dishes.”

“Oh, honey, we’re not going to make you do the dishes. You made breakfast,” said her mother.

Just below the headline there was a giant photo. It was a postgame photo of the football team carrying Dale high above them, at arm’s length. Her hood was back, and her head was up. Her short hair looked to be blowing in the wind, but it was her dazzling smile that stole the show.

“What a fabulous picture!” said her mother. “Todd, we’ll need to go and buy lots of copies before they run out. I want to send one to all our relatives.”

“Read the caption,” suggested Mrs. Miller.

“I’ll read it,” said Mr. Jordan. He leaned over the table and read aloud…

“Dale Jordan, Prospect High senior, being carried aloft during a celebratory victory lap after the Maverick’s upset 22-19 win over the Benton Bisons in the State Football Championship yesterday. In an outpouring of emotion, completely unprecedented in this reporter’s experience, every single Prospect High player interviewed spoke about dedicating the hard fought victory to Miss Jordan. The enthusiasm and support for Miss Jordan was both sincere and heartfelt and seems entirely based upon the most honorable of character traits. Players spoke of the respect they have for her due to her integrity, loyalty, school spirit, courage, kindness, and perseverance, among other things. A few players even became quite emotional as they discussed the admiration they have for this young lady. ‘She’s OUR cheerleader!’ was heard too many times to count.”

Nate felt emotion welling up within him as Mr. Jordan read aloud. It made him feel indescribably good to realize that finally Dale seemed to be getting her due. She had been raked over the coals, but now it seemed as if the tide had turned. Those who knew the real Dale were finally letting their voices be heard.

Looking over at Dale’s mother he saw both a proud smile as well as tears of happiness. He felt Dale’s hand on his waist, and turned to face her. She also had tears on her cheeks.

“Nate, look!” she said quietly, pointing at a smaller article at the bottom of the page.

The headline read, “Dale Jordan: the Essential Cheerleader!”

Dale pulled him to her, pressing her damp face into his chest.

While Nate held her, he looked over his shoulder at the article. Below the headline was a beautiful photo of Dale. It had been taken before she had gotten her hair cut. She was wearing her predominantly black cheerleader uniform and balancing on one foot on the back of the school’s mascot, the Maverick. Her other foot was extended straight overhead, her toe pointed perfectly, her muscle tone rippling just beneath a thin layer of skin in her flexed legs.

He recognized the position. It was the needle. He had learned the name for it during their first weekend together. He still recalled vividly Dale telling him how Jodie and the others were jealous because she was the only one on the squad flexible enough to be able to do it. As he thought about it, he realized that the front page before him would likely continue to fuel those sorts of jealousies, and yet how could Dale be blamed? She had been doing her best to avoid the spotlight, and yet here were two large images of her on the front page.

Getting her mother’s attention Dale said, “Mom . . . the essential cheerleader!”

“I see that,” said her mother. “What a huge coincidence, right?”

“Actually,” said Nate, deciding that it would be best to fess up. “I sort of planted a bug in the reporter’s ear. Cody and Ward were telling the reporters that you were the team’s inspiration . . . instrumental to our victory. I took that one tiny step further, saying that you had been essential to our win . . . the essential cheerleader. But they wouldn’t have printed that wording had they not decided that it was indeed true.”

“I’m going to frame that article . . . and hang it next to my grandmother’s picture,” said Mrs. Jordan. “Thank you Nate . . . from the bottom of my heart . . . you don’t know how much this means to me . . . to have this association between my two dear Dales.”

Nate looked over and saw profound emotion on Mrs. Jordan’s face.

“Go on,” said Dale, giving him a shove. “Give mom a hug.”

As instructed, Nate turned and embraced Dale’s mother.

“I must be missing something here,” said Nate’s mom. “I’m sure it’s a wonderful article, but there must be more to this.”

“Have the Millers seen the biography?” asked Mrs. Jordan.

“Oh, you mean my VERY late birthday present?” asked Dale, scowling teasingly at her mother.

“What biography?” asked Nate’s mom.

“Run and get it, honey. It will explain everything,” said Dale’s mom.

Less than a minute later Dale was back with the ‘Votes for Women’ biography of ‘Dale Parsons: the Essential Suffragist’ in hand. Dale’s parents and Nate stood by while Dale showed the Millers the book. They had already heard much of the story, but were seeing the book for the first time.

“Wow . . . now I get it,” she said. “Two Dales, both essential in their own right.”

“Yes,” said Dale. “But being a cheerleader . . . even a good one . . . is insignificant in comparison to being a suffragist who helped get the nineteenth amendment ratified.”

“Please don’t belittle what you’ve accomplished, dear,” said her mother. “You’ve done what every cheerleader must dream of doing. You made a difference! Based on what I’ve seen and heard, you single handedly won the State Football Championship. You’ve earned the respect and admiration of the entire football team. Dale Parsons would be so proud of you!”

“I guess,” said Dale meekly. “But not single handedly. Me and Ward, right Nate?” she added teasingly, elbowing Nate in the ribs.

“Right,” agreed Nate. “But you were essential . . . the Essential Cheerleader.”

“. . . who has essentially been fired,” added Dale, trying to find a little humor in a still painful situation.

“Let’s focus on the positive,” said her father. “And today there is so much positive to focus on. We’re celebrating a monumental victory; a victory in which both of our kids played instrumental roles. By the way, where is the mention of Nate’s touchdown? That definitely belongs in the paper!”

“It’s on the cover of the sport’s section,” said Nate’s father, taking apart the paper. “There’s even a photo . . . number Seventy-Nine, sprinting toward the end zone!” he beamed.

“That’s the photo that should have been on the front page,” said Dale, proudly. ‘That’s who really won the football game!”

“Me and Ward, right?” said Nate laughing.

“Yep, you and Ward,” said Dale. “Anybody and Ward is an unpleasant combo. But let’s eat. I’m sure breakfast is getting cold.”

“I’ll help you bring it out, dear,” said Mrs. Jordan. “The rest of you can take a seat.”

After they were all seated and dishing up, Mrs. Miller commented, “How thoughtful, Dale. You made Nate’s favorite breakfast, ‘Acon and Begg sandwiches.”

“I do love ‘Acon and Begg sandwiches,” interjected Nate.

“We’re celebrating!” said Dale with a genial smile.

“Dale, I don’t know if you noticed,” said Nate. “But the picture of you in the ‘Essential Cheerleader’ article had a Kenny photo credit just under it.”

“Oh, cool,” she said. “I didn’t notice. I think I was too busy crying right then.”

“And there are more photos of you inside A-section, where the article continues,” said Nate’s mom. “There’s a particularly nice one of you on the balance beam, similarly showcasing your flexibility. I haven’t yet read the article; it’s quite long. If I had to guess, I’d say that they’ve spent the past three days doing in-depth research on everything having anything to do with you . . . and now they can finally print what they know because this is not an article about hazing . . . so they can openly identify you by name.”

“Maybe,” said Dale.

“Of course there is the obligatory article about hazing, also in A-section,” added his mother. No one commented, and for a short time there was silence as the serving plates made their way around the table.

Nate looked over at Dale and noticed that she was no longer making any effort to conceal the ring. He was not surprised when a few minutes into the meal Dale’s mom suddenly asked, “Dale, are you wearing a ring?!”

He saw Dale look into her mother’s eyes and nod, her eyes again starting to look moist. ‘She cries a lot,’ he found himself thinking. ‘But at least the tears today are happy tears.’

A moment later both Dale and her mother were on their feet and hugging.

“Nate asked me to marry him last night,” he heard Dale say somewhat quietly.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 420: Breakfast**

“Wow, honey! What exciting news!” exclaimed her mother. “I’m so happy for you.”

“Well, congratulations, Nate,” said Mr. Jordan, extending his hand across the table. “Congratulations to you both!”

“Thank you, sir,” said Nate shaking his hand.

Once they had completed their handshake, Dale pulled Nate to his feet and Mrs. Jordan gave him a congratulatory hug. “You two are perfect for each other,” she said, sounding a little choked up.

“Now I guess we know what will be on the front page tomorrow,” said Mr. Miller, chuckling. He got up and walked around the table to congratulate the happy couple. “Damn, son,” he said to Nate, shaking his hand and then embracing him. “You sure know how to pick ‘em!”

“I did pretty good, didn’t I, dad?” said Nate proudly, looking at Dale endearingly.

“Prettiest girl in the neighborhood,” said his father with a wink. “And Dale’s appeal extends way beyond her beauty . . . just like that caption says.”

“Ahh…” said Dale, giving Nate’s dad a hug.

Nate discovered that both sets of parents were more emotional about their news than he had anticipated. However, upon consideration he realized that it made complete sense. They had not known about their ‘no breakups ever’ agreement. In his mind, he and Dale had pledged their lives to one another at that point. However, from their parents’ standpoint, the two of them planning to marry was fresh news.

To his parents, this was the big one. He was an only child, so they had only the one kid to marry off. And in the case of the Jordans, Dale was the last of just two.

“But in regards to tomorrow’s front page article…” said Nate addressing his father directly. “They’ll have to find something else to write about. We’ve decided to keep our engagement a secret. We don’t want it to go beyond the six of us. It might be a very long engagement.”

“Or not,” said Dale with a coy smile. “I suggested to Nate that we could go to the courthouse this coming week.”

“And I’m picturing a traditional wedding, with almost all the trimmings, once we graduate from college,” said Nate. Only Dale seemed to catch how he had stressed ‘almost.’

“Or not,” said Dale teasingly.

“Well,” said Nate’s mother laughing good naturedly. “It’s good to see that you two are heading into this in complete agreement. Finding common ground is the secret to success in marriage.”

“On the contrary,” said Nate’s father. “Learning to let one’s wife make all the important decisions is the secret to marital success.”

Nate and Dale looked at each other and smiled. A moment later they were both cracking up.

A little while later Nate and Dale were both doing school work. In addition to their Spanish test, Dale had to write a paper for English and Nate had a math assignment due. Their fathers had volunteered to do the dishes, so their mothers were at the dining room table reading the articles relating to Dale and the football game.

While their fathers were still in the kitchen, there was a knock on the door. Mrs. Jordan got up and answered it.

“Oh, Susie. Well, hello. Do come in,” she said.

Nate and Dale stood up as Susie stepped into the house. She was wearing a blue dress with a parka over it for warmth.

‘Hey, Tink,” said Dale. “What a surprise.”

“If you think this is a surprise,” said Susie. “Wait until you hear what I heard at church this morning. I came straight here. Have you heard about Jodie?”

“Jodie? No, what?” asked Dale.

“One of her neighbors told me that the police were at her house this morning. She saw them walk Jodie out to their car in handcuffs, put her in the back seat, and drive away.”

“Wow!” said Dale in surprise.

“So, she’s been arrested,” said Nate. “What else did her neighbor have to say?”

“Just that. That’s what she saw,” said Susie. “Do you think this means that she was in on it with Alexa?”

“That would be my first guess,” said Nate.

“Let me take your coat, Susie,” said Mrs. Jordan.

A minute later Nate, Dale and Susie were all seated around the coffee table discussing that morning’s development. Mrs. Jordan had left to start a fresh pot of coffee.

“Are you really surprised, Tink?” asked Nate.

“Well . . . yeah. Aren’t you?” she asked.

“Let me ask you, how did Alexa’s butt end up in your skirt at the Halloween party?” asked Nate.

“Jodie,” answered Susie.

“Exactly,” said Nate.

“And whose house was Dale stripped in that same night? And who must have put up the signs on the bathroom doors, forcing the girls to all use the upstairs restroom . . . where Dale was attacked and stripped?” asked Nate.

“Jodie, but…” said Susie, stopping as if she didn’t know what more to say.

“It’s not really that surprising, is it, Tink?” asked Nate.

“If you knew, then why didn’t you turn her in?” asked Susie.

Nate shrugged, looking over at Dale.

“We both had our suspicions,” said Dale,

“I’m calling Kendra,” said Susie. “I wonder if she’s heard.”

Kendra was even more surprised than Susie. Not knowing what else to do, she hopped in her car and drove to Dale’s house.

A little while later the four of them were all discussing the Jodie development around the coffee table when again there came a knock on the door. To their surprise it was Mr. McRoberts with Mrs. Shepherd. The surprise was mutual as Mr. McRoberts and Mrs. Shepherd had not expected to find Susie and Kendra there.

“Well, what brings you two out on this brisk December morning?” asked Mrs. Jordan.

“Well, I had an early morning phone call from the police informing me that our case was breaking wide open. There was too much to relate for a phone call, so I ended up down at the station. And as most of the girls involved were cheerleaders, I called Mrs. Shepherd. She met me there,” explained Mr. McRoberts.

“This promises to be quite a discussion,” said Mrs. Shepherd. “May we come in?”

“By all means,” said Mrs. Jordan.

Once they were inside, Mrs. Jordan helped them with their coats.

“You said, ‘cheerleaders’ plural,” commented Mrs. Jordan. “We’ve only heard about Jodie. Susie heard about her being taken into custody from someone at church earlier this morning.”

“A total of five of our varsity cheerleaders were taken into custody this morning,” said Mr. McRoberts.

“Five?” said Susie in astonishment.

“Yep, three seniors as well as two of the juniors,” said Mr. McRoberts.

“Who?” asked Kendra.

“Well, the three other seniors . . . Jodie, Erin and Vanessa,” said Mr. McRoberts.

“And the juniors?” asked Dale. “Let me guess . . . Danielle.”

“Nope, not Danielle,” said Mrs. Shepherd. “Why were you guessing that she was involved?”

“Oh, she’s been acting a little snide lately,” replied Dale.

“No, Sierra and Erika,” said Mrs. Shepherd.

Upon hearing that, a sad look came over Dale. A moment later she burst into tears. She ended up between Nate and Susie on the couch, both of them doing their best to comfort her.

“I’m so sorry, Dale,” said Mrs. Shepherd.

“I guess the hurt was easier to deal with when most of those who were involved were nameless, faceless,” said Dale between sobs. “What did I ever do to Sierra and Erika?”

“Or Jodie, Erin and Vanessa, for that matter?” said Susie. “Nothing, I’m sure. Right, Kendra?”

“Exactly,” said Kendra. “We were there. We know what went on.”

“What broke the case open, Mr. McRoberts?” asked Mrs. Jordan.

“I’m sure Nate knows,” said Mr. McRoberts. “Care to elaborate, Nate?”

“Huh?” said Nate. Everyone looked at him, seeing the astonished look on his face.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 421: Visitors**

“This morning Michelle Thompson turned herself in. She was involved, too. She even gave the police Alexa’s cell phone, which she had in her possession for some reason. It included all the texts that Alexa sent and received as she put the attack together. The police now know that it was in fact a joint effort. She and Jodie hatched the scheme and more or less coerced the other girls into taking part,” said Mr. McRoberts.

“Oh, my God! Michelle, too? But she’s been so friendly lately,” commented Mrs. Jordan, pain and surprise evident on her face. After a pause she continued, “Mr. McRoberts, why did you say, ‘I’m sure Nate knows?’”

“Mrs. Shepherd and I had the opportunity to speak with Michelle at the station,” said Mr. McRoberts. “She related to us how Nate called her yesterday, giving her an ultimatum. He told her to turn herself in, or else . . . or else, he would turn her in himself, I suppose.”

Nate was sitting on the couch next to Dale, holding her hand. He looked over at her. Without turning to look at him, she returned his hand to his own lap, depositing it there. He saw her expression harden almost imperceptibly.

“Well, good for him!” said Mrs. Jordan. “It’s about time that we get some justice.”

“Agreed!” said Mr. McRoberts. “The police have wasted enough time. This breakthrough was overdue. I’ll have to think up some award for you, Nate.”

Nate saw Dale wipe her eyes. He knew she was angry, so angry in fact that her tears had stopped flowing. She stared straight ahead, refusing to look at him, her eyes a little narrow.

Nate’s first thought was to deny involvement, and yet he was unsure if it would be a good idea to mention Ward’s name.

“Will you excuse us for a minute?” asked Nate, standing up and reaching for Dale’s hand. He hoped she would take it. Not wanting to betray her anger at Nate to the group, Dale took his hand with no obvious outward signs of reluctance.

“Sure, Nate. I expect Dale could use a minute to absorb all this news,” said her mother sympathetically. As Nate led her down the hall toward her room, he heard her mother offering coffee to the new arrivals.

Once her bedroom door was closed, Dale shook her hand free of his and folded her arms. She glared at him savagely.

“First off, Dale,” said Nate in an even tone. “That was a close call. I don’t think that anyone picked up on the fact that you knew about Michelle and have been protecting her . . . essentially obstructing justice. Had you shown real outward signs of anger in there, then we might have had a bigger problem on our hands.”

She continued giving him the eye . . . and the silent treatment.

“Before you get too mad at me, think this through,” he added.

In her eyes he saw what he thought was a first indication that she was doing just that, thinking rather than just reacting.

“She’s lying?” asked Dale skeptically.

Nate nodded.

“But why would she lie?” asked Dale.

“Duh! Maybe you can answer that for yourself,” said Nate, hoping that she might be coming around.

“She wants to break us up?” asked Dale.

“That’s what I think,” said Nate. “But you need to find the answer within yourself.”

“Is she really lying, Nate?”

“She is. I didn’t give her an ultimatum.”

“I guess I believe you,” said Dale, relaxing a little and taking a deep breath.

“Thank you. That means a lot to me. I know this is very emotional,” he said.

“I’m sorry for not trusting you, Nate,” said Dale, swinging an arm up and touching his forearm.

Nate took a step, and Dale accepted his hug. They held each other as the tension dissipated.

“I’ll tell you the whole truth,” said Nate. “I probably should have told you before now. Not quite all of what Michelle told Mr. McRoberts was a lie. But you were present for every conversation that I had with her, so you know everything that I have said to her. However, there was an ultimatum, but it didn’t come from me. I only learned about it after the fact.”

“What? You knew?” said Dale, sounding as if her ire was ramping back up.

“I’m telling you the whole story, so please . . . just listen. Alexa and Michelle obviously thought that they had Ward fooled. In reality, he knew that they sometimes spent time together. He didn’t know that they were a couple, but he could tell that Alexa was trying to keep her relationship with Michelle a secret. I guess he didn’t give that much thought . . . until recently. Well, last night at the pizza parlor, when he and I were talking in the parking lot, he told me that he had called Michelle. She betrayed her guilt, so he issued an ultimatum. So the ultimatum part is certainly true, but it came from him, not from me.

“At that point, there wasn’t much that I could do. Ward had set the wheels in motion. I could have told you last night, that’s true. Be mad at me for not telling you, if you must. But I did not get in touch with Michelle, and I did not initiate anything. Personally, I think this development is for the best. Justice will finally prevail, and fortunately Michelle turned herself in and offered up the phone. I expect they’ll go easy on her. She has probably burned her bridges with Alexa, but I imagine that has to be a good thing, too. I can’t help but think that Michelle is a better person than she has become under Alexa’s influence.”

“Nate, I have a confession to make,” said Dale, casting her eyes down. “I’ve also been keeping something from you.”

“You have?” said Nate in surprise. This sounded like it could be bad.

“I sent Jodie a text after the game. I requested a cheerleader meeting. That meeting won’t happen now, but it was scheduled for 2:00pm today at her house. I was hopeful that the twelve of us could all meet, and maybe find a path forward . . . find ways to get along better. And I hoped that we could begin planning the dance,” said Dale.

“You were going to go into the lion’s den? And you weren’t going to tell me?” he asked.

“Jodie said, ‘no boys.’ I thought that you should be involved, given how you were given a role in the planning. However, she said ‘no boys,’ so I didn’t push it. I’m not positive, but I think I was planning to go . . . without you and without telling you. But as the time was drawing near, I was starting to get quite worried.”

“That would have been too risky, Lover. Going there without even telling me.”

“That’s what I was beginning to realize,” she said. “I was starting to think that I might show up, and it would be just me and the other girls from the mat room. When I saw Tink at the door, my first thought was to ask her if she had been invited to the meeting. I’d still like to know.”

“You need another hug,” said Nate. “And I could use a hug. We just need to concentrate on being a team. You and I make a really good team. We love each other. We’re strong together. Let’s work on trusting one another.”

“I’d like that,” said Dale, squeezing him tightly. “I’m sorry that I was so slow to realize that Michelle still has loyalties elsewhere, and possibly ulterior motives. I should have been more suspicious of her . . . and listened to you when you were cautioning me.”

“You’re figuring it all out now. That’s what counts,” said Nate. “You and I . . . that’s what is important.”

“Agreed, Lover, but I’m still angry with myself for giving her the benefit of the doubt and reacting towards you with suspicion. I know you love me and have my best interests at heart. I guess I was suffering from a lot of wishful thinking when it came to Michelle.”

“Well, we can talk about that in detail later. Right now there is a room full of people out there. The longer we spend alone, the more suspicious they might become. Here is what I’m thinking. I’ll tell everyone that I became suspicious of Michelle, but I want to leave you out of it completely. You were questioned, so neither one of us should say anything that contradicts your testimony. As long as you are convinced that it didn’t come from me, I won’t deny that I gave Michelle the ultimatum. So, Michelle, Jodie and the other girls being in on it . . . news to you, right? Just as you’ve always maintained.”

“Okay, agreed . . . news to me,” said Dale.

“If anyone inquires as to why we needed this time, just talk about how sad it makes you to realize that these girls all decided to undertake something so mean. That you needed to shed a few tears in private,” said Nate.

“Wow, what a tangled web we weave, right?” said Dale.

Nate chuckled, “Don’t look at me. I’m not the one who decided to give false testimony. I just have my priorities. You decided to protect Michelle. I’m protecting you. That’s important to me. That’s my priority. We just need to have our stories straight. Hopefully we’ll both be able to get back to being more truthful with everyone once this has finally blown over.”

A short time later they returned to the living room. Everyone was pretty much as they had been with the exception of Mr. McRoberts. He was up on his feet and again had his coat on.

“Oh, good,” he said as Nate and Dale reentered the room. “I have to get going, but I was hoping to have the chance to say a few things before leaving. First, Dale, the suspensions for you and the other girls who were NOT involved . . . cancelled. Second, Varsity Cheerleading . . . reinstated. However, the five perpetrators are permanently removed from the squad. So all’s well that ends well.”

“So all’s well?” asked Dale indignantly. It was quite obvious that Mr. McRoberts had gotten under her skin.

“Don’t start with me again, Dale,” replied Mr. McRoberts. “We’ve all been through hell. No one more than you, I know. And if you are unhappy about the ‘punish the cheerleaders as a group’ strategy, take that up with your mother. It was her suggestion . . . and it worked like a dream. The team got to play, and they won. I know they are giving you much of the credit for that. I have no issue with what they are saying. By the way, the headline in the morning’s paper . . . absolutely wonderful.

“They played a tremendous game, and if your inspiration put it over the top, as they say it did, well then . . . congratulations . . . to them and to you! One person definitely deserving a lot of credit is your mother. She’s a smart woman, and she did save the game. I wasn’t bluffing. I was absolutely going to forfeit on behalf of Prospect High. I’m so glad I didn’t. Beth, I owe you one. But I do have to go now, so goodbye.”

With those words, he turned and walked out the door, closing it behind him before anyone had a chance to respond.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 422: Three Options**

“Mr. McRoberts is very pleased, Nate . . . that your ultimatum paid such handsome dividends,” said Dale’s mother. “He told me a few minutes ago that you have made him look good. He feels vindicated because things are working out so wonderfully, and your astute chess move vis-a-vis Michelle looks to be a big part of that.”

“Well, great!” said Nate, straining to make it sound as if he meant it. He knew that he and Dale had just decided that it would be best if he accepted credit for the ultimatum, but now he wasn’t so sure. He wanted no part of making Mr. McRoberts look good.

He looked over at Dale. She was silently laughing at him. She had sensed his discomfort and was acting as if she were enjoying seeing him suffer a little. In reality she was just finding a little levity in their mutual predicament . . . at Nate’s expense. The child in him felt like sticking his tongue out at her, but he managed to resist the temptation.

“Okay, girls,” said Mrs. Shepherd. “We need to have a cheerleader meeting. Mrs. Jordan has graciously offered her living room for the purpose. Time for everyone who is not a Varsity Cheerleader to make themselves scarce.”

Dale and Nate’s parents stood up, preparing to leave.

“Mrs. Shepherd, can Nate stay?” asked Dale.

“Why was I thinking that you’d ask that?” said Mrs. Shepherd, shaking her head in amusement. “No.”

“Okay,” said Dale quite maturely. Turning to Nate, she continued, “You’re probably going to work on your math, so we can go to Emmalyn’s later.” Nate nodded, and she gave him a goodbye kiss on the cheek.

Dale sat back down on the couch. Only she, Susie, Kendra and Mrs. Shepherd now remained in the room.

“What about the juniors?” asked Dale.

“We’ll be fine without them,” said Mrs. Shepherd. “You three are the remaining seniors. We have a couple of things to decide amongst ourselves. We’ll include them, as appropriate, at a future date. In the meantime, we need to discuss the big picture. And you girls need to pick a new Head Cheerleader. One of you will need to fill that role . . . provided of course that we decide to continue.”

“Decide to continue?” asked Dale.

“Right,” said Mrs. Shepherd. “Let’s talk about that first. I’ve already talked this over with Mr. McRoberts, so we have three options. Option one; we disband . . . essentially remain as we are now, disbanded. In other words, no more cheer for the rest of the year. And then I’ll start it all up again for next year. That would probably be the easiest option.”

“What? No cheerleaders for basketball season?” asked Dale.

“Well, the sophomores,” said Mrs. Shepherd. “But it’s probably not a very attractive option. Option two; we finish out the year with the reduced squad of seven varsity cheerleaders. That would also be easy to implement. And option three; we go to work. We build the squad back up to full strength before basketball season starts early next month. As you can all well imagine, that would entail a lot of work, especially for whoever becomes our new Head Cheerleader. So what do you girls think?”

“Option three, clearly,” said Dale.

Seeing that Kendra and Susie were nodding their agreement, Mrs. Shepherd said, “That’s fine, if you all three feel that way. Each of you, please give me a little insight into your thoughts. Kendra?”

“We have a month. That’s enough time for tryouts and then some training. The new girls won’t have learned all the cheers before the games start, but we can keep working with them as the season progresses,” said Kendra.

“Sure. Thank you. Susie?” said Mrs. Shepherd.

“I agree with Kendra,” said Susie. “But viewed from another angle, I don’t want what Jodie, Erin, Vanessa, Sierra and Erika chose to do to have any lasting impact. They all did something stupid, and at the end of the day, I want them to have paid the price . . . and then I want them to be forgotten. I sincerely hope that Dale manages to get through this with no long term consequences. I’d need therapy, but she’s stronger than me.”

“Good thoughts as well. Thanks, Susie. Dale?” said Mrs. Shepherd, turning her attention to Dale.

“If I didn’t have Nate, I’d probably need therapy, but . . . I definitely agree with what both Kendra and Susie have said. We have a great tradition of sports at Prospect High . . . great teams and now a brand new Football Championship for the trophy case! How great is that?! Cheerleading is important . . . on so many levels . . . on and off the field. I’d like to think that the basketball team might also be able to bring home the State Championship. Just possibly we cheerleaders will be able to play a role in inspiring them to that end . . . whatever it takes, right girls?” Upon hearing those words, Susie looked over at Dale and saw a hint of a smile on her lips and a discreet wink.

Dale continued, “Echoing what Susie brought up, I also do not want what Alexa and Jodie did to have any lasting negative impact on the school. The school needs a strong cheerleading program. It’s the American way! And I’m sure there are a lot of senior and junior girls who would love the opportunity to join our ranks. Five girls will now get to experience what Jodie and the others apparently took for granted. How great is that? I want that for them. There are many girls in drill with loads of talent and a great deal of school spirit. They’d make great cheerleaders. And there are girls who aren’t on drill team who should try out . . . if they want to.”

“Dale, you’re open to drill team girls joining the squad? I fear that Alexa has had a lot of influence there. Some of those girls might be little Alexas,” said Mrs. Shepherd.

“I’m not worried,” said Dale. “I’m done being a victim. I’m a different person now . . . battle scars, you know. I’m the new me, not afraid to be myself. I’m done tip-toeing around, hoping people will like me. Look where that got me. I’m ready to be the real Dale. Not everyone will like me. I’m at peace with that.”

“Okay,” said Mrs. Shepherd. “All three of you seem to have great attitudes. If we’re going to do this, then let’s do this! Let’s roll up our sleeves. First order of business, we need to select a new Head Cheerleader. She has to be a senior, so it needs to be one of you three.

Dale noticed that Susie had raised her hand.

“Yes, Susie. You have a comment?” said Mrs. Shepherd.

“Dale,” said Susie. “That’s my vote.”

“Yes . . . Dale,” added Kendra.

“Okay, well, it looks like we have two votes for Dale,” said Mrs. Shepherd, acting as if she had thought that it wouldn’t be so easy.

“Mrs. Shepherd,” said Dale. “Would you mind very much if I spoke alone with Kendra and Susie? I feel an obligation to try and talk some sense into them.”

“No problem,” said Mrs. Shepherd. “I hear your mother in the kitchen. I’ll go talk to her. Maybe she can refill my coffee cup. Not that I haven’t had too much already.”

After she had left, Dale looked at Kendra and Susie saying, “I just think that you should know what you’re getting yourselves into here. I was being completely honest when I said a minute ago that I was ready to be the real me.”

“I think we like the real you,” said Susie.

“Thanks, but hear me out, Tink. In cheer I’ve always tried to be easy going and let others decide things. At least that’s how I saw it. I tried to let Jodie run it the way she wanted to. But if I’m going to take on this challenge, I’m going to insist on doing things my way. And if you don’t already know, I’m a very driven individual. That means that we are all going to work our butts off . . . literally . . . and become better cheerleaders.”

“I like hearing that,” said Kendra. “Practice has been way too lax in my opinion . . . and my butt could stand to be a little smaller.”

Dale laughed. “I’m glad we agree that practices have been lax, Kendra,” said Dale. “If I’m Head Cheerleader, I’m going to work hard and expect everyone to keep up . . . strength workouts, cardio as well.”

“I think we’re all on the same page,” said Susie.

“And there is one thing that is very important to me. Varsity Cheer made a commitment to the football team. Roughly half those girls are now off the squad, but if I take on the duties of Head Cheerleader, then fulfilling that promise becomes my personal obligation. On my watch, that will not be forgotten . . . as Jodie seemed inclined to do. As a matter of fact, I’ll only remain on the squad if you commit to me that whichever one of you becomes Head Cheerleader will ensure that the Victory Dance happens. If either of you don’t want to do that, then I’ll turn in my resignation today. I’m not threatening. I’m merely stating that my conscience won’t allow me to go back on that promise.”

“But you can’t resign!” pleaded Susie.

“I can and I will,” said Dale. “Like I said, I’m ready to be the real me. I hold myself to a very high standard. If the Varsity Cheerleaders are not going to end up keeping that promise, then I’m done with cheer. I’ll join the Drill Team.”

“You think they’ll take you?” asked Kendra.

“I had some girls talking to me about that last night. I think they might,” said Dale. “And if they don’t, then life goes on.”

“But Dale, we need you,” said Kendra. “But truth be told, part of what happened . . . part of why Alexa and Jodie were successful is that some of the girls got cold feet. They didn’t want the Victory Dance to happen.”

“Did you get cold feet?” asked Dale.

“Well, sort of,” said Kendra. “Take off my bra and dance in just panties? That’s pretty dang scary. I’m a little insecure about my boobs . . . not so much size, just how they look bare.”

“The guys will love your boobs, Kendra. But I know . . . I know it’s scary for Tink as well,” said Dale. Looking over she saw Susie biting her lip and nodding.

“Well, that’s the dilemma. You both promised, so you’re stuck with that. On my watch, promises are kept. This promise in particular. For me it’s a matter of principle. And it goes beyond that. Given all that has happened surrounding this particular commitment, I feel that we have to exceed expectations. In other words, your panties are coming off . . . all our panties are coming off. And if you’ve got any hair down there, it’s coming off as well. Those guys played an awesome game. We made a commitment. They deserve an awesome dance.”

“Fully nude? Shaved even?” asked Susie, her face red and her mouth hanging open as if in shock.

“Not the whole time,” said Dale. “Most of the time you can have your panties on, but they WILL come off! Maybe we’ll all do a fully nude cheer, more likely a series of cheers. Or maybe the last hour will be ‘pussy hour.’ I’ll decide later, but if I’m Head Cheerleader, it will be my decision. I’m just letting you two know in advance what my expectations will be.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 423: Cheerleader Meeting**

Turning to Kendra, Susie asked, “Could you do that Kendra? Shave and then go naked in front of all those guys?”

“I don’t honestly know, Tink,” she replied. “That’s the scariest thing I can imagine. I have enough trouble taking everything off to shower in the girl’s locker room. On the other hand, it also sounds pretty dang exciting . . . but . . . not the kind of excitement I’m looking for . . . the kind of excitement I can do without.”

“Well, you girls need to make your choice. I can’t make it for you. I’m just giving you factual information to base your decision upon. If I’m Head Cheerleader, we are going to be the best squad Prospect High has ever seen, and we are going to keep this promise exceeding all expectations. If you choose this route, then you have to back me on getting the juniors to agree. What is more, we’ll have to figure out how to fill our ranks with girls who will also take part.”

“The new girls . . . they’ll have to do this too?” asked Susie.

“Absolutely,” said Dale. “Fortunately we have a little time. The dance won’t be for three or four weeks . . . not until after Christmas. We’ll need that time to find more bodies, which we need. The commitment was twelve girls, twenty-four boobies. And as you know, I’m upping the ante. The plan is now twelve bare pussies. And you better believe that I’m trying to scare you! I don’t want to be trying to keep this promise by attempting to persuade you later. If you’re not going to shave your pubes and drop your panties on my cue, then don’t vote for me. I’ll join the drill team; I’ll be fine. The guys will all know that I’m not the one who welched.”

With that comment Dale stood up. “I’ll go and see how my mom and Mrs. Shepherd are doing. Discuss this, as needed. I’m sorry to be doing this to you, but I’m completely serious,” said Dale. “And just be aware that it probably won’t end with the one dance. If the basketball team seems as if they might benefit from a little incentive program, then we’ll be doing that as well.”

Dale smiled to herself as she turned and walked to the kitchen. She wished that she had a photo of the two girls’ expressions. It was quite apparent that they were both caught on the horns of quite a dilemma. She had purposefully tried to hit them really hard. Being done with being a victim meant that she intended to demand but earn the loyalty of the other cheerleaders. And if necessary, she was completely willing to walk away from her first love, cheer . . . if that is where this ended up going. One thing that she had learned via the McRoberts imposed trial separation was that she was still Dale; she still had an identity without cheer. She had been a cheerleader for a long time, so it was an integral part of who she was; however, she had been Dale for even longer.

Kendra and Susie did need some time to talk . . . and to think. She explained to the two women in the kitchen that she had told them how hard she was going to make the girls work if she became Head Cheerleader. That in addition to regular cheer practice, she was going to institute weight training as well as running and other forms of aerobic exercise to raise everyone’s fitness level.

Mrs. Shepherd was surprised, but she could see the fire in Dale’s eyes. Her enthusiasm was catching. She had been dreading the idea of holding mid-year tryouts and then training five new girls. Suddenly she realized that with Dale as Head Cheerleader, she wouldn’t be carrying the burden . . . Dale would be . . . and they’d all have a lot of fun in the process.

While in the kitchen, Dale went to the fridge and poured herself a tall glass of juice. As she drank it she thought about how she had just treated Kendra and Susie. In the back of her mind, she knew that she was probably not going to be able to deliver on what she had just told them her goal was: twelve nude cheerleaders with shaved pussies at a dance with the football team.

It wasn’t that she didn’t want to. She just knew that she was unwilling to engage in the kinds of tactics that would probably be required to pull that off. She wasn’t a bully and she wasn’t going to blackmail or otherwise coerce anybody into doing something against their will.

However, she thought that she might succeed at getting twelve girls topless and half or more of them fully nude via friendlier means. For example, she knew that she could be pretty persuasive when she wanted to be, and she could of course lead by example. Additionally, from her discussions at the pizza parlor the night before, she believed that she had gained some stature, some equity, that she might somehow put to good use. For example, girls like Shelby and Grace might now be willing to become cheerleaders and support her, even if it meant going nude at a dance.

And what was more, she could work with the girls, much as she had worked with Susie. There wasn’t a lot of time, but she thought that she could help the girls lower their inhibitions via some practice exposure. Nate might even be of some assistance. She chuckled to herself thinking about having another air hockey evening at Susie’s; twelve nude or nearly nude cheerleaders . . . and Nate. He’d be up for that, she was certain. Or maybe each girl could bring her boyfriend, provided he was on the football team.

However it worked out, she had decided that she wanted to know just how loyal Susie and Kendra might be. If she were going to be successful as Head Cheerleader, she would need a couple of Lieutenants, and their loyalty would need to be complete.

In a way what she had done was to give the two girls a test. If they agreed to this, to shave everything off and drop their panties on cue, then she knew that she would be able to rely on them unquestionably . . . and knowing that the three of them would be butt naked . . . she would be twenty-five percent of the way to her goal of delivering a dozen nude cheerleaders.

“Okay, so where do we go from here?” asked Mrs. Shepherd, once the four of them were again seated in the living room.

“We need to go about selecting a Head Cheerleader,” said Dale brightly. “Just so you two know, I summarized for Mrs. Shepherd what we talked about.” She paused to enjoy the look of surprise on Kendra and Susie’s faces. “Yes, I told her what cheer was going to be like if I take on this challenge . . . which I absolutely will if you two again vote for me. I’m going to be tough. We’ll all be getting in the best shape of our lives. I told her about the weight training and cardio that I intend to implement. I’ll even be making her sweat!” Dale looked over and saw Mrs. Shepherd’s jaw drop. Continuing, she said, “And I told her about the loyalty that I will expect. So what will it be?”

Dale saw that both Kendra and Susie looked flushed. Their faces were bright red. She wondered if Mrs. Shepherd would notice and be curious about that.

“One of you can be Head Cheerleader, of course. It doesn’t have to be me,” she said, noticing that they were still struggling.

The seconds ticked slowly by, and then she saw Kendra close her eyes and take in a deep breath. Letting it out slowly, she opened her eyes, looking deeply into Dale’s eyes, she said, “I’m in. I cast my vote for you, Dale.”

Dale smiled warmly at her. “Thanks, Kendra! We’re going to be the best cheerleaders ever. You’ll see.” Turning to Susie, Dale asked, “Tink, are you in?”

She saw a distraught deer in the headlights look on Susie’s face as her wide eyes glanced from face to face in rapid succession. Dale could tell that she felt cornered. She felt bad about putting her friend through this, and yet she felt as if she had not really had a choice. She needed to be true to herself.

“Okay, okay,” said Susie finally. Raising her hand, she continued, “Dale for Head Cheerleader. I’m in. I’m ALL in.”

Susie’s face turned an even deeper shade of crimson as she looked into Dale’s eyes.

Dale wanted to smile, realizing that her shy friend had just made a sincere commitment, one that she knew she would honor, to shave her pussy bald . . . probably for the first time in her life . . . and then show it to a large percentage of the cute guys at Prospect High. Thinking about that, she realized that she had already done it, just not willingly. Now she herself would have to do it, too . . . only this time she’d be pulling down her own panties . . . of her own accord.

“Thanks, Tink. We’re going to have so much fun. You’ll never forget the months ahead, trust me,” she said with a wink and a little chuckle. She thought Susie might laugh, or at least smile, but she didn’t. She looked as if she were in a state of shock too deep to find any humor in the situation.

Dale was glad that Mrs. Shepherd seemed oblivious to some of the extreme emotions that Kendra and Susie’s body language had to be betraying. Seemingly the cover story about all the workouts that she had planned was working.

“Well, congratulations, Head Cheerleader,” said Mrs. Shepherd, standing up and offering Dale a hug. “Let’s make it an amazing year, shall we?”

“Absolutely,” said Dale, accepting the hug. “May I again call you, Janice?”

“Please do, and I have to say I am looking forward to the work ahead,” said Mrs. Shepherd. “Not the workouts . . . I trust you were joking about including me.”

“Oh, but Janice,” said Dale. “I don’t joke about things like this. Kendra and Susie know that I am completely serious. Completely serious! But don’t worry; I won’t put you through quite everything that I intend to put them through!” As she said that she smiled wickedly at the two cheerleaders. She saw Kendra look away, rolling her eyes uncomfortably.

“Okay, should we get started?” asked Dale, sitting back down. “I suppose that the first thing that we should do is to decide on a schedule for tryouts and discuss how we are going to get the word out about how we have openings to fill.”

“Oh, come on, Dale! It’s Sunday. Let’s do that tomorrow. Let’s meet tomorrow after school in my classroom. Probably the first order of business needs to be bringing the juniors up to speed. I’ll introduce you as Head Cheerleader.”

“Okay,” said Dale.

“And until then, let’s keep your new position under wraps. They might not appreciate learning of this development via the rumor mill,” said Mrs. Shepherd. “Tell your parents, tell Nate, but make sure they know to keep it to themselves until we announce it.”

“Sure,” agreed Dale.

As soon as everyone had left, Dale went next door. As expected, Nate was studying.

“I’ve got news,” said Dale brightly. “But let’s go for a walk. I’ve been cooped up inside all morning.”

“Okay,” said Nate. “Is it big news, or little news.”

“Big news,” said Dale.

“Let’s go out the back. It looks nice up on the golf course. You can tell me your news up there,” he said.

“Most fitting!” agreed Dale with a big smile.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 424: Overlook Bench**

A minute later, they were through Nate’s back gate and headed up the path through the sagebrush. It was quite sunny.

“Funny how the sagebrush looks the same year round,” observed Nate.

“So do the juniper trees,” added Dale.

“But all the grass looks so dead,” said Nate.

Just after they had gotten to the top of the hill, Nate turned to Dale saying, “Maybe this is a good spot for your news.” He wasn’t positive, but he had a pretty good idea what it might be.

“Nate, I’m…”

“Stop! Wait!” said Nate interrupting her. “Strip! Completely naked . . . now!”

“Here?” asked Dale in surprise.

Nate just stared at her. He knew she had heard.

Dale took off her jacket, her shirt, and her bra, laying them all together on top of a nearby sagebrush. Nate couldn’t help smiling to himself. It was still hard to believe that he had the power to do this, make this beauty strip on command. It was addictive, like a powerful drug. And he so enjoyed her firm titties. They would sometimes wobble a little, but only if she made quick movements.

Standing there topless, Dale turned to face him. She hesitated, her hands on the snap at the top of her fly.

Nate nodded, smiling, “Of course, Lover . . . everything.”

Undoing her fly, she tucked her thumbs into her waistband and shoved her pants to her ankles in one fell swoop, taking her thong down in the process. She tried to push a pant leg off over a shoe, becoming unsteady. Nate grabbed her bare back to keep her from falling.

“You’re silly,” he said. He knew she had gotten herself into that predicament on purpose.

“I knew you wouldn’t let me fall,” she said, still trying to get a pant leg off over a shoe.

“Oh, I won’t,” said Nate, moving around to her side. He kept one hand on her back, but shifted the other to one of her butt cheeks. He resisted the temptation to slide it further in such that his fingers might bump into her little lady lips. Instead he just held onto her bum, enjoying its smooth shape.

“Shoes, socks, pants, everything,” he said.

“Oh, you mean everything?” said Dale laughing.

“What’s so confusing about everything?” he said, laughing and enjoying the moment.

“Usually I get to keep my shoes on outside,” said Dale.

“Not today, Slave Girl,” said Nate smiling. He really loved how much fun they had, just the two of them, alone together.

A minute later, Dale was nude and standing barefoot on the rocky path.

“You always look so good in nothing! It suits you,” he said. He couldn’t help but speak his mind; she was stunningly gorgeous. She smiled broadly, striking one of her poses.

“Remember this?” she asked, tracing twin figure eights in the air with her nipples.

“How could I ever forget?” said Nate. “Right now I’m picturing you doing that for Frank, the security guard the night of the bungee jump . . . the night you were crowned Homecoming Queen.”

Dale smiled broadly, looking as if she too were thinking back to that momentous night.

“Here, climb up,” said Nate, turning and offering his back.

She climbed aboard, saying, “Where are you taking me?” She hugged him, resting a cheek on his bare neck.

“The overlook bench,” announced Nate.

“Really? In broad daylight?” asked Dale.

“But it’s winter,”’ said Nate. He smiled remembering the first time she had taken him there, to show him how bold she was even thought it had been 2:00am.

“But it’s sunny, and it’s Sunday. People might be out taking walks,” countered Dale.

“They might be,” said Nate.

He could tell that Dale was looking all around, but then he felt her relax, again resting her cheek against his neck, giving it a little kiss in the process. She was obviously in a happy mood, a bit concerned, but happy.

“Okay,” said Dale.

Nate could tell that she accepted his right to choose, giving herself over to the comfort of having no say in the matter. That made him feel good. He knew that they might encounter someone on the trail, but he wasn’t worried. She was now known far and wide as the town’s nudist – streaker – exhibitionist, whatever the proper term for it might be. And the Alexa case was now far enough along that she was no longer a potential suspect. They probably couldn’t go crazy, but he felt that they no longer needed to be all that careful. No one would be all that surprised to see her naked. As a matter of fact, he felt that it would be best if there were regular ‘Naked Dale’ sightings. In that manner everyone might come to understand that she had essentially become an accepted exception to the law.

If she managed to be nude in public without incident on twenty occasions, why might she be arrested on the twenty-first? He was pretty sure that she wouldn’t be.

“Don’t I get to tell you my news?” asked Dale, snuggling into the back of the man she loved.

“Of course you do,” said Nate. “But you said it was big. Tell me up ahead at the overlook bench.”

“Okay,” said Dale. She suspected that Nate might have figured out what her news was, and the bench was one of their special places. It was a most appropriate place for sharing significant news.

While the overlook bench had a panoramic view of Prospect, it was high enough above town and sufficiently distant that it would probably require a pair of binoculars for someone in one of even the closest houses to be able to discern that Dale was in fact nude.

Once they were there, Nate sat down. Dale climbed aboard, facing him on his lap. Due to the back on the bench, she had to essentially do the splits. Although her knees were bent sharply, her thighs were pointed in completely opposite directions. It was their favorite position for hugging and kissing. Nate realized how much he loved the position, looking down he took a moment to enjoy the view of her stretched wide open pussy.

“You like my pussy, don’t you?” commented Dale, looking down at it as well. She then leaned back a bit to make it even more visible.

“I love everything about your pretty pussy,” said Nate. “And you love letting me caress it with my eyes.”

He looked up into her eyes and saw her smiling, nodding. “I don’t know why, but I do,” she said. “I guess I’m a naughty girl. I like being looked at . . . down there.”

She leaned in and kissed him, first all around his mouth, but then directly on it. They took a few minutes simply enjoying being together in the sunshine, kissing. The air was quite cool, but Nate knew that she was relatively comfortable even though her rock hard nipples made it look otherwise. Reaching down, he grabbed her butt cheeks, pulling her pussy into contact with his stiff dick.

“You’ve guessed, haven’t you?” said Dale between kisses.

“Even if I have, I can’t wait to hear your news,” said Nate.

“Okay,” said Dale. She really did like him, and he was being so sweet . . . even if he had been making her wait . . . drawing it out. “I’m Prospect High’s new Head Cheerleader.”

“That’s so wonderful!” said Nate with a kind smile. “You’ll make an exceptional Head Cheerleader! I expect it was unanimous.”

“Yep,” said Dale laughing and massaging his stiff dick gently with her pussy, wondering if she were leaving a mark on his pants. “Both Kendra and Tink voted for me . . . twice even!”

“Twice?” he asked.

Dale proceeded to tell him the whole story not leaving out any of the detail, especially anything to do with how she had railroaded both girls into agreeing to shaved pussies and full nudity at the upcoming Victory Dance . . . now once again a certainty.

Nate laughed thinking about how hard that must have been on the two quite modest girls. “You’re quite the slave driver, Slave Girl!” he exclaimed.

“Aren’t I though?” said Dale with a mischievous smile. “I don’t know if I’ll really make them show their pussies, but…” After a little consideration, she continued. “Yeah, I’m going to make them show their pussies . . . absolutely! I mean, why not. They promised, and it will be fun for everyone, and they’ll be safe. You guys will keep us safe, right?”

“Oh, of course,” said Nate. “I’ll make sure that there is no inappropriate touching or photography. The rules will be followed.”

“And you’ll let Slave Girl go naked?” asked Dale, knowing full well that she had been overstepping her authority in several of her conversations, talking as if she had the right to take down her own panties.

“We’ll see,” said Nate laughing. “But . . . of course I will. Somehow I will make sure that you are the most naked . . . the most exposed girl there. Although, given that you are planning to show off the other girls’ bald beavers, you are making that rather challenging.”

“Yep, smooth pussy is smooth pussy,” said Dale laughing. “It doesn’t get any more naked than that!”

“Don’t tempt me,” said Nate.

He saw a look of confusion on her face.

“You know what I’m thinking,” he said. “It would be the perfect place for your debut. We both know how fascinated you are with the oh-so-scary idea of rubbing yourself to orgasm in front of an audience. Why not there?”

“Nate, I’m serious!” she said angrily, furrowing her brow. “Stop thinking about that! Not there, not anywhere.”

He could tell that she meant it, but it was good because it made her worry. That was fun. He saw her clenching her teeth, and it was hardly an act. She was on the verge of blowing a gasket.

“Okay, okay,” he said. “Calm down.”

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 425: Mr. Henderson**

Nate saw movement in his peripheral vision. Turning his head just slightly, he saw a lone walker approaching. He had already gotten quite close without being seen. They had been so absorbed in their discussion. Nate didn’t react, letting him come even closer while Dale was still unaware.

“Oh, hi, Mr. Henderson,” he said, once the man was too near to pretend that he hadn’t seen him.

Dale stiffened, turning her head quickly to observe the man, but then just as quickly turning away to hide her face. In one quick motion, Dale went from the splits to standing, her back facing the man.

“Let’s go,” she said, taking Nate’s hand and pulling.

“What’s the rush?” said Nate, pulling her back down onto his lap but this time facing out.

With his arms around her midsection, Nate held her there, largely facing the interloper. He studied Mr. Henderson carefully. He had known of him ever since he could remember. He owned the old-school hardware store in the center of town, Henderson Hardware. He had seen him there on numerous occasions. He had grown old, seemingly past retirement age, and he now walked with a cane.

“Let’s go, Nate,” said Dale again, squirming, trying to get back up.

“This must be the Essential Cheerleader,” said Mr. Henderson in a friendly, reassuring voice. Dale seemed to relax a bit upon hearing a nickname that she approved of.

“Yes it is, Mr. Henderson,” said Nate. “Otherwise known as Dale Jordan. I take it you have seen today’s paper.”

“I have,” he said, turning sideways and averting his eyes. “Wonderful article! I read the whole thing . . . very heartening. But let me tell you, young lady, as lovely as those photos were . . . they don’t do you justice.”

“Umm . . . thank you,” said Dale sheepishly. She was doing her best to swivel away from Mr. Henderson, trying to keep her most intimate bits as hidden as a nude lady being held tightly might.

“You can look Mr. Henderson,” said Nate. “She enjoys being seen. She’ll blush, but deep down inside she does want you to see everything.”

Dale didn’t argue.

“Come on, Dale,” said Nate. “Stand up and greet the man. You know him, don’t you? He owns Henderson Hardware, down on Oak Street. Best hardware store in town.”

“Best small cluttered hardware store in town,” said Mr. Henderson correcting him. “But if we don’t have it, you don’t need it.” Nate saw him turn and again face the two of them. He was unabashedly drinking in the view of the completely naked teenager.

Nate continued to encourage her, so reluctantly Dale did turn and stand up. She even shook the man’s hand, allowing him an even more splendid view of her goodies.

Seeing the worry on Dale’s face, Nate said, “You’d never cause this pretty girl any hardship, now would you Mr. Henderson?”

“Absolutely not!” he replied. “I feel so blessed that I went for a walk today. And I’m also glad that the two of you are out enjoying yourselves on this sunny Sunday. I’m sorry for intruding. I’ll just be on my way.”

“Just a moment, Mr. Henderson,” said Nate. “Would you do the young lady a favor?”

Dale looked at Nate quizzically.

“A favor?” asked Mr. Henderson. “Certainly . . . anything an old man can do.”

“I’m working on a project,” said Nate. “My ultimate goal is for everyone around town to grow accustomed to the idea of Dale being nude. It is my hope that people will get used to it, such that no one considers complaining, much less calling the police if they happen to see her naked.”

“I know I won’t complain, or report her,” said Mr. Henderson.

“Would you mind if I took a photo of the two of you together?” asked Nate.

Nate saw Dale’s jaw drop.

“Me and the young lady?” asked Mr. Henderson.

“Exactly!” said Nate.

“Nate,” said Dale. “What are you doing?”

“Just trust me,” said Nate. “A tasteful photo of a man and a naked girl who both just happened to meet while out for Sunday walks.”

“Okay,” said Dale reluctantly. “But then we have to go study.”

“Oh, we will,” said Nate.

Dale took a few steps toward Mr. Henderson and took up a position next to him, the town of Prospect in the valley behind them.

Nate continued, “I just think that Mr. Henderson should have a memento from this fortuitous encounter.”

“You’re going to give him a copy?” asked Dale, instinctively placing an arm across her chest, hiding her nipples with their attached sparkles. As Nate held up his phone to frame the shot, her other hand became a fig leaf at her crotch.

“Arms down, Dale . . . relax,” said Nate.

Rolling her eyes and taking a deep breath, she dropped her arms, putting herself back on display.

“No, Dale. I’m not going to give him a photo, you are,” he replied.

“I am?”

“About that favor, Mr. Henderson,” said Nate. “You have frames in your store, I’m sure.”

“We do,” he replied.

“If Dale came into your store with an 8x10 of the two of you, taken here today, would you help her frame it? Mind you, she’d be walking into your store just as naked as she is right now.”

“You’d come into my store naked?” asked Mr. Henderson, addressing Dale.

“Umm . . . I guess,” said Dale tentatively.

“Go on, son,” said Mr. Henderson.

“All I’m thinking is that she might bring you the photo as a present. The two of you could frame it, maybe right there . . . on a counter in your store, and then as a favor to us, you could hang it on the wall somewhere behind your counter . . . where customers would be able to see it.”

“Would she sign it?” asked Mr. Henderson.

“Dale?” asked Nate.

“Sure, why not?” said Dale. “I mean, I guess that would make it more personal.”

Nate chuckled. “Yes, that would make it more personal.”

“So I would have a photo of myself standing next to a naked girl, a girl young enough to be my granddaughter . . . on display in my store?” asked Mr. Henderson.

“Would you mind?” asked Nate.

“At my age, frankly, I love the idea,” he said. “It might even help business. But how would that be a favor to either of you?”

“We’d just like to alter perceptions a little,” replied Nate. “Get folks used to the idea of Dale being naked . . . and how it’s not really a big deal. You can help with that, if you don’t mind. If people ask you about the photo, just say nice things. Talk about how lovely she is . . . make it clear that you were not offended nor did you think that seeing her walking around like this was indecent, immoral or any such thing. Just a girl comfortable with being herself. Just little comments that leave people thinking that maybe nudity isn’t necessarily a crime. I’ve spoken with a police officer about this. He told me that the police would probably look the other way in the absence of complaints.”

“She may come into my store naked whenever she likes,” said Mr. Henderson. “And I’d be proud to have such a photo on my wall.”

“I’d hoped you’d say that,” said Nate. “Don’t be surprised if we start doing all our shopping there.”

“Be my guest,” said Mr. Henderson. “And young lady…”

“Call me Dale,” she said, warming up to the friendly man, and averting her own eyes in order to make him more comfortable . . . so that he would go ahead and look at her girl parts.

“Okay, Dale . . . call me Alvin,” he said. “And should you choose to frequent my humble establishment, do come nude. I will do everything I can to try and ensure that you are treated with respect and hopefully without any complaints.”

“Perfect,” said Nate. “Let’s take that photo!”

Nate had them face into the sun, side by side, Prospect behind them. He posed them with Dale’s arm around Mr. Henderson’s waist, his arm on her shoulder. He made sure that Dale looked very natural, her legs neither far apart nor close together, the twin slits of her pretty pussy in full view and perfectly lit with a little contrast.

Once the photo was taken, they prepared to take their leave of Mr. Henderson. “Expect a naked girl to bring you a print, either late in the week or next weekend,” said Nate.

“I’ll be looking forward to it,” said Mr. Henderson. “I’ll have a frame and a prominent spot on the wall all picked out.”

“That would be ideal,” said Nate.

“You really are a lovely girl, Dale,” said Mr. Henderson. “So much poise.”

“Thank you, Alvin,” said Dale graciously, giving him a deep curtsey in direct response to his ‘poise’ comment. Of course she had no skirt to hold out, but she made due, spreading her thighs as the movement typically entailed. Nate saw Mr. Henderson gulp as even more of Dale’s genitalia came temporarily into view.

“And I do have a position open right now,” said Mr. Henderson, trying to recover his equilibrium. “You could work nights and weekends . . . in the nude. At least we could give that a try and see just how feasible it might be.”

“Work in a hardware store?” said Dale. “I do know a little about hardware. I know the difference between the threads on machine screws and wood screws, for example. And the difference between a mattock, a pick axe, a regular axe and a maul.”

“Wow! I’m impressed,” said Mr. Henderson. “I’d probably have you work up front and run the cash register. You’d quickly learn where things are such that you’d be able to direct people. Most of the questions that we get are simple, ‘where are the brooms or where is the paint department.’ That sort of thing. Remember, I read the article in today’s paper. I’m comfortable offering you a job because I know that you are one of the brightest, most hard-working teens in town.”

“Umm . . . I don’t know,” said Dale.

“Let’s just leave it at putting up the photo and working on people’s perceptions for right now, okay?” said Nate.

“Perfect,” said Mr. Henderson. “I look forward to seeing you both again soon . . . you in particular young lady . . . I mean, Dale.”

“Thank you . . . Alvin,” said Dale.

With that, Mr. Henderson turned and headed back in the direction from which he had come. Initially they stood there holding hands, quietly watching him go. At one point, he did turn and look back at them, almost as if he were looking for confirmation that he had not been dreaming.

**The Exhibitionist Next Door - 426: Conclusion**

“You didn’t plan that, did you?” asked Dale suspiciously, remembering a few of the rather complex things Nate had orchestrated.

“Plan to run into Mr. Henderson here?” asked Nate laughing. He turned so that Dale could climb back up onto his back. “Really? I just know who he is from being in his store. I don’t think he remembers me . . . but he might now. However, I’m not positive. He didn’t seem to be able to take his eyes off of you.”

“Imagine me working in a hardware store,” said Dale, settling in against his back.

“Imagine working there nude!” said Nate.

“I am,” said Dale. “Wouldn’t that be something? I’m having a lot of fun picturing that. I have been considering getting a job to pay for my piano lessons; however, the jobs I had been considering were mall jobs, clothes or shoe stores. Frankly it sounds much more fun to sell plumbing, ladders and shovels.”

“Yep, you’re not a tomboy at all,” said Nate with a laugh.

“Stop that!” said Dale, punching him in the shoulder.

“I expect Henderson Hardware’s sales would go up. I would think that he might be able to pay you quite handsomely.”

“Maybe,” said Dale. “But there might be people who would avoid shopping there under those circumstances.”

“Hard to picture that,” said Nate. “But sure, maybe some women wouldn’t want to buy their lightbulbs from a naked girl. But for every one of those, there’d be ten customers, men and women, who would drive out of their way to shop under circumstances that involved shaved pussy.”

“That almost makes it sound like prostitution,” observed Dale.

“Excuse me?” said Nate. “Prostitution? Without sex acts? I don’t think so.”

They fell silent for a time, Nate strolling along with Dale on his back. Dale happily snuggling up against him, loving the feel of his warm body against hers and the smell of his skin where her cheek rested against it. For his part, Nate was in heaven. He loved being with her, carrying her, holding her up against him by her thighs.

“Wasn’t it wonderful how happy our parents were to learn of our engagement?” asked Dale.

“Yes,” said Nate. “They were happy . . . because you aren’t pregnant.”

“You’re so bad!” said Dale, slapping him lightly on the head.

“Well, just saying. That must be the number one reason that eighteen year olds get engaged and then marry.”

“But they were happy,” argued Dale.

“Oh, I know they were. My parents like you, and I think your parents like me,” said Nate.

“Oh, they do!” said Dale. “That’s why they are so happy.”

“But in all honesty, I’m so very much in love. No one is happier than me,” said Nate.

“Me, maybe,” said Dale. After a pause she continued, “Did you notice that I took the ring off?”

“Embarrassingly, I didn’t,” said Nate.

“I’m not surprised. Things were a little crazy right then,” she said. “I remembered to slip it off shortly after Tink showed up. That’s the plan, right?”

“Yep, that’s the plan,” he said.

“Here are my clothes,” said Dale, seeing her things just ahead, right where they had left them. “Unfortunately it’s time for me to get dressed.”

She started to straighten her legs to slide down, but Nate did not relax his grip. Instead, he walked right past her stuff, saying happily, “As if you get to decide things like that, Slave Girl.”

Dale turned and glanced back at her clothes as Nate headed toward the final section of trail, the section that led steeply down towards their back gates. Other houses were in view of that portion of the trail. That wasn’t an issue at night, but daytime was an altogether different matter.

“Oh,” said Dale, realizing that she wouldn’t be dressing as she had assumed. As they started down, she crushed her tits into Nate’s back, just as if she thought that doing so might make her appear a little less naked.

Nate walked all the way down the trail, through her back gate and to her backdoor. Nate tried to open it, but it was locked.

“Can you reach the key?” he asked.

Dale reached up and felt for the hidden key atop the history-altering porchlight.

“Here it is,” she said, handing it to him.

Nate unlocked the door, giving the key back to Dale so that she could put it back. He carried her into the back hall and right on through to the living room.

“Hello, Mr. Jordan,” said Nate, carrying his nude daughter on through the living room and into the dining room.

“Hello, Nate. Hello, Dale,” said Mr. Jordan, looking up from the magazine that he was reading. He didn’t seem to bat an eye.

“Let’s study here,” said Nate after he had passed Dale’s father on the couch. Setting Dale down next to the table, he asked her, “Is that alright?”

“Umm . . . okay,” said Dale, suddenly realizing that Nate was meaning for her to study in the nude even though her parents were home.

“I’ll run back up the hill for your clothes, and then I’ll go next door for my books. I should be back in about five minutes,” he said.

“Perfect,” said Dale.

Nate headed back through their house to go back out their back door. He sensed that Dale was just behind him.

“I’m not really following you,” she said when he turned to look. “I just need to pee. I’ll be out there studying by the time you get back.”

Nate smiled at her. “I really love you,” he said.

“Does that mean I get a kiss?” asked Dale.

Nate nodded and they shared a quick but tender kiss. Nate then left while Dale headed into the restroom. She realized that it was going to seem strange at first, being nude in their home with her parents around, but she knew it would be alright, she’d adjust. They’d all adjust. And she knew it wasn’t up to her. She couldn’t dress even if she wanted to.

It took Nate a little longer than five minutes to return. Once he was there, they sat across from each other at the dining room table, working independently. Dale sat with her legs up, a foot resting on each of Nate’s knees. Her own knees were just barely touching the underside of the table.

It was well past lunch time, so Dale’s mother made them some grilled cheese sandwiches. They had a couple of hours before Nate would have Dale dress for the drive over to Emmalyn’s to get a little help before their Spanish test the next morning.

As they took a study break to eat their lunch, Dale told her parents about her election as Head Cheerleader. They both got a chuckle out of how it had been unanimous, even though there had been just the two votes. Dale made sure that everyone knew that it had to remain a secret until the juniors had been informed.

After they had returned to studying, Dale looked up at Nate. “It feels so good to again be studying. I have the feeling that things are finally settling down,” she said quietly.

“That’s funny,” said Nate with a sly smile. “I’ll bet you’re wrong.” He tried to keep it in, but he was unable to hold back his laughter. Worrying that her parents might be wondering what was so funny, he did manage to stifle the laughter, returning his eyes to his book.

Less than half a minute later, he glanced back up at Dale. He saw the worried look on her face.

“I love you,” he whispered across the table once he had caught her eye. “But you’re Dale Jordan. Things aren’t going to settle down.”

The E.N.D.