

**SLIGHTLY AWKWARD
ADVENTURES**

Prom Drama

By, Dai

The new yearbook was out and distributed. There was a slight mistake with the last one, so the school had to reprint the book at their cost. They tried to make us pay for it, but many of my fellow future alum have parents that are lawyers. The printer used a file sent to the school and made a proof that no one looked at so seeing that none of the names matched the pictures slipped by. Also, the pictures were of another class from six years ago. My sister, Lacey's picture, was there with the name Jessica James. I know Jessie and her and Lacey are nothing alike. The new book has the names right as well as the pictures. I don't know if the people who made the book like me or hate me. They used a picture taken from prom. My original picture was of me with the rose-colored hair with black tips and deep purple horn-rimmed glasses. The new pic was me with the shoulder length straight blonde hair and contacts which admittedly don't show up in the pic. In the pic, I was smiling, and I had plans. Those plans just didn't end like I thought they would.

The prom committee was picked by the faculty to make sure that the school guidelines were followed, but really so they could design a prom that they would want to attend. Our prom became their prom with a theme built around Keeping Up with the Kardashians. Any dress worn to the prom had to be one worn by one of the Kardashians or a supporting character. After some searching, I found this sparkly green dress with laces worn by Kendall Jenner with enough side-boob to make them regret their no restrictions rule. It ended up costing me nearly six-hundred dollars to recreate, and according to the dressmaker, mine was downright conservative compared to what the others were doing. I guess I should talk about my date. I don't know why I said yes or how he found the nerve to ask but my date was David Shell. Yes, that boy that set the dare in motion where every boy in school showed me their junk.

A couple of days after the revenge party David DM'd me asking for forgiveness and a truce. After everything that happened that night I felt just a little guilty, so I DM'd back that we were even. That night we started to text back and forth sharing pics and making jokes. Whenever he typed something, I didn't like I would send a pic of his dick back to him as a way of saying dial it back. I have to say that when he isn't your enemy, he can be funny. We met a few days later for coffee at this coffee shop near downtown. The village of Hudson has a small town feel

to it with a downtown area that looks like a Mayberry or some other old-time show. Many people moved here who work in either Cleveland or Akron like my parents who work in both cities. Because of this people tend to think of Hudson as a suburb of either city despite the village being older than the concept of a suburb. But enough about that let's get back to the topic at hand. We talked about our plans and how school was going. As I said before I am going to Berkley in California, he said he is going to Kent so he can keep working at his family's business. They own both a dry-cleaning service as well as a maid's service. When not at school David drives a van picking up and delivering for the dry-cleaners. His father wants to turn one of the companies over to him when he graduates or help him start his own when he is ready. I don't remember ever knowing someone who has their entire life planned out like this. I don't even have a major picked out.

After what I did to David I found that most OK all the boys were afraid of me. Not even one would ask me out. I don't know if it was because of the whole flashing thing or what I did for revenge it didn't matter. I was dateless for the upcoming prom. This is where that whole small-town thing comes into play, prom is the second biggest day for the village just behind homecoming, but that is a different story. You can go with a guy or girl just don't go stag. One year they had a prom costume party, but a fight broke out, and a teacher was caught man handling a student's backside. After that, the student council made up of teachers because that somehow makes sense decided to vote on a theme. That is, they voted not the student body. The prom committee was told what the prom would be, and the rest was history. The committee had to come up with the money to pay for the prom including paying for teacher chaperones. Not that I'm bitter about the process. About two weeks before the prom David asked.

It was after school, we were at our usual table staring at what would be a winter wonderland in just a few days, but at the time winter was holding back and it was rather nice. David pulled out a golden cardboard box and said, "*let me know what you think.*" I opened the box and saw two tickets to the prom. I said, "*that's nice but who are you asking?*" He looked back at the box and somehow found the courage to say, "*I'm asking you.*" He hesitated then asked, "*would you go with me.... to the prom?*" I said in a smartass tone, "*that all depends on if*

you are asking me to go or if I'll go?" I could see on his face I was just maybe pushing it a little, but I like to push. To his credit, he said, *"I am asking you to go with me."* Before my smartass side could speak up, I said, *"then the answer is yes I will go with you."* I took a sip of coffee then said, *"as long as you know that you won't be getting any after the prom."* Without a beat, David said, *"the same goes for me."* I said, *"oh please I could have you any time I wanted."* It was about that time I realized I said this out loud in a coffee shop filled with people that know me and my parents. Our waitress said, *"not here you won't little missy."* After that we started to go to a certain fast food place, you know the one with the golden arches.

We had to go to Cuyahoga Falls for his suit and a woman who would make my dress. You will see me refer to "the Falls" in this story. When I do it is Cuyahoga Falls but like everyone else here we just call it "the Falls," so when you see the Falls that is where I mean. As it turns out many are not happy with the theme, and not just a few girls are renting tuxes and going as Katlyn Jenner. It's a little tasteless I know but so is the whole prom theme. It's our prom, and we should have been able to pick the theme. The Falls has the same feel as Hudson with downtown and a walkway that follows the Cuyahoga River to the falls. Every year for years they had this rocking on the river fest that went down Second Street and the river walkway. It leaned to that all-American feel to the place that is from what I know gone. After some time in the Falls with my seamstress, we had a dress planned and ready. The dress shows just enough side boob to make the guys notice and the girls jealous especially the ones in the guy clothes.

At the start of the year, one of my friends named Jasmine was diagnosed with breast cancer. I couldn't imagine having breast cancer at sixteen, but it happened. As a sort of solidarity, we planned on shaving our heads when she lost her hair to chemotherapy, but she said, *"no don't. How about instead of doing that you let it grow out and donate it to a place that makes wigs for cancer survivors."* Starting that day, I washed the dye out and let it grow. About a week later and my hair went from a mix of rose-gold, purple with black tips to a blonde that matched my sister and mother. My hair hadn't been this color since I was in elementary school and it made me look so very different from what I normally look like. The charity had some rules or suggestions to follow, and that left me with long straight hair that took an hour to get ready in

the morning. My sister was getting ready to go to California, and she had this super over-the-top moment when she saw the result of a few days without my usual look. I can't wait for her to go and I won't miss her at all.

The night of the prom I came out of my room in the dress and high heels, and my mom just stood there with this look on her face. That I just did something wrong look. Then a flash and another flash as Lacey took pictures saying, "*proof you are a girl.*" Mom said, "*you look so beautiful I can't believe it's you.*" I said, "*nice mom, that's something every girl wants to hear from their mother.*" Lacey said, "*it's somewhere between ultra-classy and ultra-trashy, and I just don't know what to think.*" As if someone up there likes me David pulled up in the rented Limo and came to the door. He had on his tux with a vest and tie made from the same green material as the dress. He came into the house with Lacey, and I swear he stopped breathing so just maybe I did look good. He didn't say much on the way to the prom. Maybe one or two words. To lighten the mood I said, "*now remember this is staying in your pants tonight.*" As I said it, I put my hand on his thigh and touched his clothed penis. Why I did this, I just don't know, but it happened. If he wasn't hard before he was then so yes, I looked very good.

The limo pulled up to the party venue the committee rented for the prom. The school just wanted too much to use the gym, and even though they had insisted we use their gym the committee was able to find a place for half the price and with no hard-fast rule forcing us to use them, they went with the cheaper one. To compensate for the loss, the school insisted that we have more chaperones and they pick them. David and I got out and walked up to the door. It was about this time I felt something new. I felt the eyes of the school upon me. I was always one of those girls that liked to go my own way, but I seemed to be just one of many individuals in a pack of individuals that didn't seem that individual. A sea of rose-gold haired girls with a mix of green, blue and purple just for fun. It was about the time when the fitness instructor stared at me with that "*I want to fuck you look*" that I started to regret the side-boob. Or just maybe Ms. Hess just liked the dress, I don't know her that well. We did the pictures that would be in the yearbook and then we went into the dance.

Calling it a dance was generous with only the very unpopular dancing. I watched as couples danced and wondered who was doing it right, the popular standing around making fun of the people dancing or the people dancing ignoring the people making fun of them? We made our way over to the popular side of the dance and stood there wondering why we paid so much to just stand around. It didn't help that the music was picked out by the teachers with a mix of what was mostly TLC. Somewhere around Creep, I said to David, "*if you dance with me then maybe you'll get to second base.*" We went out and started to do that dance that you do when you aren't really dancing and just want to move to the old music. Eventually, all my friends joined us, and we started to have fun. It was about this time when David moved in just a little too close. I thought it was just a little too much PDA until he said, "*don't panic but your dress just opened up on the side, and your left nipple is out.*"

He danced with me until my back was to the crowd and yes, my left breast was on display. The dress I paid six-hundred dollars on was open right at where one of the side straps was sewed on. We went into a hallway, and David offered his jacket. I looked at his vest and said, "*no give me the vest.*" I then ripped off the top exposing my tits as he just stared. I took the vest and put it on. The material was the same as the dress, and while it was weird, it was at least color matching. The vest was a special cut that on a man made it subtle but on me gave me cleavage that would have been right at home with my sister. My solid C's became D's. I also looked like I worked at a strange strip club. I realized I couldn't stay like this, so we decided to leave. Tara and Ted found us, and I showed her the top that was now in a pocket in David's jacket. Tara said, "*I thought you two made a break for it after the fight broke out.*"

To this day no one was sure how it started. Someone said something to someone that was either mean or taken as mean then mayhem turned into bedlam, and a simple argument turned into that church scene from the movie Kingsman. At one point a flaming chair was tossed across the room with fists and feet flying. There was a pile of girls kicking, screaming, biting and cursing over something or someone while the teachers tried to pull them apart. In the middle of

all this chaos were two people dancing cheek to cheek to music that was no longer there, and a dance floor filled with pushing and punching. I don't know the name of the two people dancing. Just a couple that went to my school in a group that I never associated with and a side of the school I never went, but their dance would be something that I would remember for the rest of my life even as they seemed to disappear into the crowd and smoke. Oh yeah, the room was on fire.

David and I made our way to the limo. David's brother owned the limo service, and he was waiting for us. As I got into the back, my dress ripped the rest of the way off. So, it wouldn't look funny I didn't wear anything downstairs and as the dress came off that became apparent. I was able to grab the material before I showed too much but that didn't help with the dress exposing my ass giving David's brother a full-moon view. To his credit, his brother put up the divider between the front and the back. David took off his jacket then his shirt. It was long enough to cover my let's just called them my girl parts. In the process, he could have seen me naked, but he kept his eyes closed. With his eyes closed, I leaned in and kissed him. It felt right, and no we didn't have sex. I kissed him, he kissed me and maybe a little touching happened, but I'm just too much of a lady to talk about that.

We made it back to my house long before the dance was supposed to be over, but my mom wasn't surprised to see me. Channel eight news out of Cleveland was broadcasting the aftermath of the Prom gone Wrong. She was surprised to see me in just a man's shirt until I explained what happened and showed her the dress. In her usual fashion mom said, "*well I hope you gave him a little for his trouble.*" Without missing a beat, David said, "*I'll make sure that my brother the driver gets a good tip.*" I don't know if he knew what she meant. I just don't care. I liked how he treated me. The next day the school was on lockdown and people were suspended, expelled and two were arrested. The prom drama forced the school to handle the prom differently from now on with a promise that the next year's prom being more open and policed. But that will be the next year's class's problem.