**Carissa at the Pool**

by dennis.leery

**Part 1**

Carissa walked briskly towards the public pool. It was a hot summer day, and she could think of no better way to spend it than splashing in the cool, refreshing water. She paid what she thought was an overpriced fee to get in and then entered the girl’s locker room. She glanced around to make sure no one else was in before she changed into her swimsuit. She had always been very self-conscious about her body, and hated public changing rooms. Gym class was always a nightmare for her, and she made sure she always hit the showers before anyone else. She had no reason to be ashamed of her body, as she had a well-toned figure with gentle curves. Her skin was moderately tanned, and she had golden, wavy hair that flowed beautifully over her shoulders. Her breasts were C-cups, but fit her body perfectly. Unfortunately she was very easily embarrassed and was worried that others might find flaws with her. That was why she made absolutely sure she was alone before she stripped off her clothes and underwear and donned her modest tankini. Carissa squinted as she stepped out into the sunlight. The pool was more crowded than usual, and she wanted to find a good place to set up her towel. After finding a spot under a tree not far from the pool she sat down on her towel and began applying her sunscreen. “Would you like a little help rubbing that on?” The sarcastic voice made her look up. It was Ben, the school’s pervert. He had often been caught trying to catch peeks in the girls’ locker room at school and had pantsed many unfortunate ladies who wore sweat pants while they were bending over at their lockers. “Go away, Ben,” Carissa groaned. She hated to be bothered by that creep. “Are you sure you don’t need help rubbing sunscreen on hard to reach places? You know, between your breasts, on the back of your thighs maybe?” “Leave me alone, you pervert!” Ben ducked as Carissa threw one of her flip-flops at him.. “Fine. There are other more ATTRACTIVE girls here that deserve my attention more.” Carissa sighed in relief as she watched him walk away. She wasn’t fooled by his line about more attractive girls. It was common knowledge around school that Ben had a thing for her, at least on a physical level. He had made advances towards her several times before. She always made a point to change far away from the locker room door in case he “accidently” mistook it for his science class. After she had got some sun, Carissa decided it was time to hit the water. She set down her sunglasses on her bag and walked over to get in line for the diving board. She hated waiting in line just to dive, but the pool was so busy that she had no choice. As she began to near the front of the line she heard another unwanted familiar voice behind her. “Finally decided to take a break from all those books, Carissa?” How many annoying people am I going to have to put up with today, she wondered as she turned around to face the girl who had just spoken to her. It was Maleah Ricardo, the trashy girl who always bullied Carissa at school. She stood there in her skimpy bikini that left little to the imagination with a reptilian smile smeared across her heavily lip- sticked mouth. “I didn’t think you had time for fun activities,” Maleah continued in her taunting voice. “I have plenty of time for fun,” Carissa spat out angrily, “What I don’t have time for is talking to you.” “Well, aren’t you just a Little Miss Priss,” Maleah retorted mockingly as Carissa turned away. Carissa bit her lip before facing her rival again. “I would rather be a ‘Little Miss Priss’ than a trashy slut like yourself.”Maleah’s face contorted with anger, but Carissa didn’t bother to look at it as the line for the diving board was moving forward again and she was the next person in line. “You’ll pay for that, bitch,” Maleah whispered vehemently in her ear. She decided not to even dignify it with a reply and stepped up on the board to get ready to dive. She had always been a good swimmer and had practiced diving for years. She stood on the edge of the board and took a deep breath before leaping. She felt a strange sensation as she jumped, but whatever it was, it didn’t last long and she completed a perfect dive. After a couple of seconds, she surfaced for air and shook the hair out of her eyes. Something caught her attention on the pool side, and she realized with horror what that strange feeling had been. Maleah stood at the edge of the pool with a wicked smile on her face and Carissa’s swim bottoms in her hand.

**Part 2**

Carissa gasped in horror, and instinctively moved her hands to her crotch. Sure enough she could feel her neatly trimmed pussy as she sank under the water. This had to be some sort of nightmare, she had no idea what she could do. She watched horrified as Maleah walked away from the pool and into the changing room still holding her swim bottoms. Maybe I can wait it out, she thought. Maybe a bunch of people will leave in a little while and then I can slip back to my towel unnoticed. No sooner had the thought formed in her mind when a handsome lifeguard nearby blew his whistle and shouted, “15 minute break! Everyone out of the water!” Carissa had no idea what to do. Surely they didn’t expect her to get out in her current condition. She stayed where she was, treading water, as a hot blush crept over her body. She was going to murder Maleah for this. “Miss? It’s break, you have to get out of the water.” She looked up to see the lifeguard standing at the edge of the pool looking at her. He was hot, she thought, and then became mortified when she remembered the situation she was in in front of this attractive college student. “I can’t get out,” She said meekly. “Why is that?” “I’ve...I’ve,” She couldn’t bring herself to say it. “You’ve what, miss?” “I’ve lost my swim bottoms.” The lifeguard looked amused. “You’ve lost your swim bottoms, miss?” He asked with a wide grin. “Yes,” Carissa responded. She could feel her face burning red. The lifeguard looked at her for a second and then turned away. “Can somebody please bring a towel over here? This girl has lost her bottoms” Carissa didn’t think it was possible to feel more embarrassed than she already did. It was bad enough having this lifeguard know her predicament, and now every eye in the pool was turned to her. She was positive the situation couldn’t get any worse. She was wrong. “Here’s a towel.” Carissa gasped in humiliation. Walking towards the pool with a towel in hand was none other than Ben. The grin on the lifeguard looked like a frown compared to the smile on Ben’s face. “Alright, miss, this nice gentleman is bringing you a towel. Please make sure your exit is quick, as we do have decency standards here.” The lifeguard winked before walking away. Carissa wished the poolwould swallow her whole as Ben stepped up to the edge of the ladder and opened up the towel. “Just climb up the ladder, Carissa, and I’ll wrap this towel around you.” Carissa knew she had no other choice, but it the big scheme of things it could be worse. She could have to walk all the way back to her towel without any covering at all. “Fine. But don’t look at me, you pervert.” She began to climb the ladder and burned with shame as she could feel every eye watching her. Just as she reached the top and the towel began to close in around her it suddenly slipped and fell to the ground. Carissa screamed and placed a hand over her pussy. “Oops. Sorry, Carissa. I didn’t have a very good grip on it.” Carissa wanted to shout out every cuss word she knew at Ben, who was certainly taking his sweet time in picking up the towel. “Here you go,” he said as he handed it to her. She had no choice but to take one hand off her crotch to take it from him. “By the way,” he continued as they walked towards the tree that Carissa had set up her towel beside, “I need to leave so as soon as we get to the spot where you set up your towel, I’m taking mine back.” Carissa didn’t even reply as she walked humiliated over to where her stuff was. Or rather, where it should have been... “Hang on, where’s my towel and bag?” She didn’t have much time to ponder this as the towel was suddenly snatched from her body. “What are you doing?!” she screamed at Ben as her hands once more flew to her pussy. “I said I would leave with my towel when we got to the spot that you set yours up at. That is right here. It’s not my fault your towel isn’t where you left it.” “You can’t just leave!” she shrieked as Ben began to walk away. “Can, and am.” Carissa looked around her. Dozens of eyes were watching her as she stood there alone, and completely bottomless.

**Part 3**

Carissa had no idea what to do. It was beginning to make sense: Maleah had taken her towel and bag and Ben, having seen her done so, came up with that ridiculous idea about taking his towel back. She knew Ben hadn’t really left. There was no way he would miss out on getting a view of any girl bottomless, much less one that he was interested in. It suddenly struck her that people had their cell phones out and were taking pictures. Common sense kicked back in and she began to run towards the changing rooms, desperate to get her clothes back on. Unfortunately it was hard to run with her hands covering her crotch, especially in bare feet on the concrete, so she was not making very good time. She was just cursing herself for setting her towel up so far away from the changing room when her escape was hampered by four young boys. They looked to be about 11 and were staring at her, or rather the unclothed portion of her, with wonder. “Holy crap! This girl’s not wearing any pants!” one of the boys yelled. His friends

all laughed and lewdly stared at Carissa as she tried to get past them. “Would you please move? I need to get to the changing room!” she pleaded. Despite her begging the four boys stayed where they were unwavering. “Why don’t you show us what’s under your hands?” One of them asked. “Hey,” exclaimed one of them, “Why don’t we touch her? If she tries to stop us, we get a good view. If she doesn’t, we get a good feel. A win-win situation if I ever saw one!”Carissa couldn’t believe her ears. How could boys this young be such perverts? Even Ben had the dignity to not try and steal a feel. There was no way she was going to let any of them get their hands on her. She began to back away from them as they reached out their hands. “Stop that! You guys are sick! You should know better than this!” Her cries turned into a gasp as she suddenly realized backed into the pool’s chain-link fence. The boys’ expressions of joy doubled as they realized that she could no longer get away from their groping fingers. As the boys’ hands began to grasp various parts of her body, Carissa decided that this dignity was worth preserving more than a view of her pussy, which several people had already seen. It took all her will power to remove her hands from her crotch and start smacking the boys away. “Go away! Get out of here perverts!” One by one the boys began to leave her alone. “Nice bush!” one of them yelled before turning away. She sighed in relief as they left her alone, but that relief quickly disappeared when she tried to continue her walk towards the changing room. “Oh my gawd, I’m stuck!” Sure enough, her tankini top had become snagged on the fence. There was no way she could undo it because even if she was willing to remove her hands once more from her pussy she couldn’t turn herself around enough to see where the snag was, let alone actually undo it. She resigned a little bit more of her dignity and called someone over to help. “Hey, kid, can you help me? I’m stuck.” The boy seemed more than overjoyed at the thought of a beautiful girl without bottoms asking for his help. He trotted over to the fence and began to try and undo the snag. “Would you hurry it up? This is humiliating for me.” The boy did seem to be trying his hardest, but the snag was very firm. “There’s only one way to get this undone, and you’re not going to like it. Now, lean forward a bit.” Carissa did as she was told and leaned forward. But what did he mean she wasn’t going to like it? “Okay, miss, I need you to pull forward as hard as you can.” Carissa pulled forward against the force pulling her back and suddenly fell free. She lost her balance and fell sprawled out onto the ground. She lifted herself up and returned her hands to her pussy. “Thank y-” she started to say as she turned back to the boy but stopped in horror. Her top was still snagged on the fence. That meant...She looked down and screamed. Her bare, jiggling breasts were on display to the entire pool.

**Part 4**

Carissa at the Pool Part 4 Carissa grasped her breasts and realized only too late that her pussy was now exposed. She had never been so humiliated in all her life. Dozens of strangers were seeing her naked body. Hurriedly she placed one arm over her breasts and the other over her pussy and bolted towards the changing room, not even bothering to try and get her top back. Unfortunately she was in such a hurry that she ran right into a young man carry a bottle of Pepsi back from the snack bar and knocked him over, falling on top of him. As she started to babble an apology to the poor guy for knocking him over and spilling his drink all over the place, she gasped in alarm once again. It was Harrison Taylor, the most popular guy at her school. “Hey, Carissa,” he said with an embarrassed smile, “You look...nice.” “What?” Carissa asked before she remembered her current state of dress. Letting out another little scream she clasped her hands tightly over her body again. She couldn’t even bring herself to lookHarrison in the eye. Here was this handsome, amazing guy and there she was naked and dripping wet. She wanted the Earth to swallow her whole. “Well, I’ll be seeing you around Carissa,” Harrison said before looking her up and down and adding “I hope.” Carissa didn’t even take the time to say goodbye to him. She ran as fast as her legs could carry her towards the safety of the changing room. Once inside she bolted straight for her locker. But something wasn’t right. The locker she had put her clothes in was wide open and empty except for a set of car keys. Maleah. She couldn’t be this cruel. But there was no denying it, her clothes were missing. At least Maleah had the decency to leave her car keys. She still had to run to her car naked, but at least she wasn’t stranded. For the first time in her life Carissa wished there was someone else in the changing room. But there was no one, not a single person whom she could beg for a shirt or something. She scoured the whole room but there were no towels lying around. Finally, Carissa accepted her fate and slowly walked to the exit. “Okay, you can do this,” she told herself, “just open the door and run to your car.” Taking a deep breath she yanked open the door and ran. She forgo any sense of decency, deciding that it would be better to end her ordeal quickly. So she ran, not even bothering to cover herself, with her breasts bouncing with each step. She ignored all the looks she received, focusing only on getting to her car. Ignoring the looks and wolf whistles didn’t make her any less humiliated though, and she still wished the ground would swallow her up. “Why did I park so damn far away?” she wondered out loud. Her feet were beginning to hurt from running on the concrete, but at least she could see her car now. She ran up to it and opened the driver’s side door and promptly screamed. Inside was one of the four boys who had backed her into that fence and he was holding a camera and snapping pictures. “Go away, you little pervert!” Carissa screamed smacking at the boy. He ran off, still snapping pictures of her naked ass as she climbed into the car. She pulled out into the street where she was promptly greeted by a car full of college-aged guys cheering loudly at her as they drove by. “It’s going to be a long drive home,” she muttered to herself. dennis.leery

**Epilogue**

Carissa at the Pool Epilogue Maleah grinned wickedly as she looked through the pictures on her digital camera. It had been well worth it to pay that kid to take some photos of Carissa naked. She had a hunch she just might be able to use these someday...