**Swim Training**

by Emi Tsuruta

Around the time of the last Olympics, I went through this whole phase where I went swimming, and tried all these other sports, dreaming I guess that I would someday compete in the Olympics myself. I know of course that I'm not really that good, but anyway, it gave me something to aim for. Everyone needs a dream.

I talked it over with my Chinese friend Winston, and he recommended that I find myself a trainer, and try out for the university swim team. That sounded like good advice. He introduced me to this handsome American guy named Dirk, one of the best swimmers at Oceanview U. Dirk always seemed to be busy training and stuff, but we swam at the same pool, and slowly I got to know him, and told him that I wanted to join the team too. At first, he thought I was joking, but I kept coming back day after day to practice, until he realized that I was pretty serious.

One day, when he'd just finished his laps, he sat at the edge of the pool watching me. He pointed out a couple of mistakes I was making, kicking my feet off to the side, or not quite lining up my arm as I came up to breathe. I'd swum a lot, but I guess I'd never really taken lessons before. I thought it was really nice of him to point these things out, but he didn't stay long, just a few minutes before he headed off to class.

As far as I could tell, Dirk didn't have a girlfriend. He didn't talk about girls at least, and I don't think I'd ever seen him with one. He seemed completely devoted to swimming. Still, he was a man. He must have feelings.

Then one day, I caught him sneaking a peek at my rear, as I pulled myself out of the pool. I'd taken to wearing my ultramarine one-piece swimsuit, a racing suit. It's fairly high cut, so you can see a fair bit of my buttocks cheeks. Most of the time though, Dirk was pretty well-behaved, watching me mostly under the pretext of checking my swimming 'form.'

Then this one time, I finished swimming, and went into the girls' change room to shower. There was something Dirk wanted to tell me about the way I swim. He stood there just outside the door talking while I showered - naked - just around the corner. I wondered if he was trying to peek in on me, but he seemed too much of a gentleman for that. Still, it did seem kind of strange, and got me excited a bit.

A few days after that, he was at it again, standing outside the door as I showered, jabbering away about how I should 'press my boy.' I didn't understand, so I wrapped my towel around me, tied it, and went out to ask what he meant. He gave me such a look when he saw me. The towel more or less covered everything, but even so, he seemed pretty surprised.

Eventually, he explained that 'boy' was actually 'buoy,' and it had to do with pressing my head and chest down, so my hips and legs would rise. He also said I have to keep my arms parallel to the surface of the water as I paddle forward. His eyes bugged out when I lifted my arm up imitating the stroke he was showing me. I guess he thought my towel might fall off. After I went back in the change room, I wondered if I should have flashed him just to see his reaction. He does look kind of cute when he gets flustered.

I swear, honest to god, that what happened next was a total accident. I'd arrived at the fitness center at maybe 7:30 in the morning. I said hi to Ted, my old boss, who was working the front desk, and then went into the girls' change room. It was so quiet that morning. I could hear Dirk splashing around in the pool, but there was no sign of anyone else. I guess I was in a hurry because I knew that Dirk had to go soon. I quickly stripped out of my clothes, and jammed them and my bag into a locker. Without thinking, I stuck in a quarter, and pulled out the key, only to realize that my towel and swimsuit were still in my bag in the locker. Darn! I've done it again. I don't know why, but I always seem to forget something in the locker after I've already paid. In even more of a rush now, I stuck the key back in, but the locked was jammed. I examined it more carefully, and realized that the strap from my backpack had somehow gotten caught in the door.

I struggled to pull it open a bit more, but it was absolutely hopeless. Even when I worked at the fitness center, we used to get people complaining about the locks. We'd called maintenance to get the lockers fixed, but they always said it was our clients' fault for letting things get caught in the door in the first place. I looked around for something to pry the door open, but there was nothing like that lying around. I knew Ted had a metal strip at the front desk, but I couldn't very well go out into the lobby naked. The only thing I could think of was to ask Dirk to go get the strip. My heart beating in my chest, I walked around through the showers to the door to the pool, and softly called out.

"Dirk? Dirk? Are you there?" I couldn't hear anything. Oh shoot! He must be in the guys change room or somewhere. I peered out at the big picture windows looking out onto the busy street. It was still fairly early, so there weren't that many cars yet, but I didn't really want to walk out onto the deck buck naked. Now what am I supposed to do?

I walked back to the locker, and pulled with all my might on the strap, but the door wouldn't budge. I would have called my friend Satomi, who lives nearby, but my cell phone was in my bag in the locker. I wandered over to the entrance. I could hear Ted rattling away at the desk. Ted had always been pretty nice to me, but he did have a reputation for being overly friendly to some of the girls. My only other choice was go find Dirk.

I walked back round to the door to the pool, and stood there for a moment gathering up my nerve. To make matters worse, I was getting all excited. I cupped my breasts trying to make the feeling go away, but they were already stiffening. I didn't dare touch my pussy. That would just make things worse. Still, I can't think about that now. I've got to find Dirk, and get him to ask Ted for that metal strip.

Taking a deep breath, I finally dashed out onto the pool deck. Perhaps it was just my imagination, but it seemed like all these cars popped up out of nowhere just then. I felt so embarrassed, but I made my way over to the entrance to the boys' shower, and peeked in.

"Dirk? Dirk? Are you there?"

He didn't say anything at first, but I could hear a shower going, and soon he came out dressed in his blue swim trunks. He looked so ripped, even more than usual.

"Emi? What is it?"

I hid my naked body behind the door frame, but the people in the cars outside could see me.

"Don't come any closer. I'm naked," I blurted out, not really thinking. He looked so shocked. I guess, like most people, he had this image of me as a good girl, the kind of girl who doesn't do these things. "I accidentally locked all my things in the locker, and now I can't get it open."

He looked absolutely stunned. I think at first he didn't understand why I'd come out to the pool deck naked.

"Um, what do you want me to do?" he asked, his face torn. You could tell he was dying to look.

"Go tell Ted, and ask him to give you the metal strip we use to open the lockers."

Dirk gulped, his eyes on the window behind me. I turned, and sure enough, two guys walking by outside had noticed me. They were killing themselves laughing.

"Here, you'd better go back to the change room," Dirk told me more gently now. I scurried back over to the girls' side, my face flushing hot. I dashed through the locker room, my bare feet making slapping sounds on the floor, my whole body hot. From near the door, I could hear Dirk and Ted arguing, and then their voices came closer.

"Emi will never be able to get the locker open by herself," Ted croaked. Oh my god, he's coming this way! I covered my pubic hair with one hand and my breasts with the other. Almost before I knew it, Ted barged right into the girls' locker room! He stopped short when he saw me, though, gaping at my naked body.

"Ted! Ted! Don't come in!" I shouted. "Just give me the strip! I can do it!"

"No, you can't!" he retorted. "You remember that time with that girl. You had to get Ray to help you."

"But that girl wasn't naked," I protested.

"I don't mind," he chortled. He came right in, looking around for the broken locker. As if that wasn't bad enough, soon Dirk appeared at the door, peering in to see what was happening. With Ted in front and Dirk behind, I didn't have enough hands to cover everything!

To make matters worse, I was getting very, very excited. Dirk is a handsome guy, and his good natured innocence is also quite appealing. Dirk is usually such a gentleman, but this time, he made no bones about staring. I probably should have chased both of them out, but I was too horny to think straight. I could feel my hello kitty perking right up. I feel into a daze, just standing there, until Ted finally snapped me out of it by asking,

"Um, Emi. Which locker is yours?"

I glanced back at Dirk, wondering why he'd got me into this, but I think he was almost as flustered as I was. He gave me a weak smile of apology, but he was too excited by my nudity to rescue me.

I motioned for Dirk to stay there, but when I went after Ted, Dirk followed me in! I guess he's always been interested in me a little, but now with me here naked, he wasn't about to give up the chance to make the most of it. I wanted to tell them both to leave, but they were trying to make out as if they were just here to help me open my locker. I finally gave in, and led them over to where my locker is. Dirk kept peering down at my bare behind, but Ted finally turned to the locker, and found the strap.

"Emi! You should know better. It's no wonder it won't open," he scolded.

"Just fix it, OK?" I pleaded. I couldn't take much more of this staring. In my delicate state, I could feel an orgasm coming on. I brushed a piece of fuzz off of one butt cheek. Dirk stroked his brow, still in awe that I'd let them both come in, and ogle me. The tension in the air was pretty incredible. A bulge had formed in the front of Dirk's pants. He tried to hide it, but he was clearly quite hard for me. I could easily picture the two of us making love. I wonder what it would be like.

Eventually, Ted managed to pry the locker open.

"Emi. You really should be more careful. You remember all the trouble we had last summer with these lockers," Ted continued to lecture, clearly enjoying tormenting me.

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Could you get out though? This is the girls' locker room."

"You sure there isn't something else I can help you with?" Ted smirked.

"No, no, I'm fine. You should go back to the desk."

Dirk eventually, intervened, convincing Ted to leave. Soon though, I heard Dirk calling from the door.

"Emi! Is everything OK?" he asked. "Sorry about that."

I was still naked and worried he might come back in, but I finally answered.

"Um, yeah, no. I'm fine. I know how Ted is. Thanks for helping."

"My pleasure." He paused for a moment, and then said, "You've got a great body!"

I hadn't really intended to show him, not in this way anyway, but I appreciated the compliment. I'd kind of expected him to bring me the strip himself, but Ted is a bit of a busybody. How do I get myself in these messes?

The next day, Dirk didn't show. Later, Winston told me that Dirk had asked if I had a boyfriend. I hadn't told Winston about Ryosuke, but I guess he'd heard from Fujiko, who was living in Winston's frat. I saw Dirk out on the street once, but he walked on by without saying hi. I wasn't sure why, but soon enough Winston told me that Dirk was dating some other girl. I was kind of surprised to hear this. Maybe he thought I was teasing him. I definitely hadn't meant to lead him on. He seems like a nice guy.

Later that year, I did end up trying out for the swim team. Their coach was so serious, though. She said I had good basic form (thanks to Dirk I guess), but I needed to build up my strength and speed. I still go swimming a lot. It was a good experience though, training I mean. I might try again some day.