**In at the Deep End**

Deb Williams smiled; Ocean World had even given her a locker with her name on it in the female changing room for her small but profitable appearance in their

twentieth anniversary show. It felt good to be welcomed even for a short time. Granted they were amateurs to show business, but they knew how to treat a celebrity.

She opened it. Someone had put a photograph of her in it. Granted it was from a few years back when she’d been rocking her blonde look and when her boobs had been a lot smaller, but she would still autograph it for her secret admirer.

“Hi, here’s your wet suit and bikini,” said Samantha who was the chief dolphin trainer coming up quietly behind her. She was in her late twenties, a slim natural blonde, talented, charming and the camera loved her. A threat that had to be removed - and had been. She should have been the star of this part of the show, but Deb had pulled more than a few strings to make sure she would be the one who would be working with Venus and Apollo, two retired dolphins which had spent part of their life working in a Paris nightclub and touring with a specialist circus troupe. She would just have to float there and smile and they would do the rest. It was idiot proof but it would look good – very good indeed.

Thankfully, Samantha had thought the decision had been by the television company – and Deb liked it that way.

“Bikini, I prefer a one piece.”

“I thought it would look better on you, I mean for your fans, you have been on that special diet, haven’t you?

Deb smiled.

“Thank you,” she said taking the white bikini and the wetsuit from her. Samantha was right. When she was being interviewed afterwards, she would absentmindedly, or so it would seem, pull down the zip of her wet suit and reveal a little more cleavage. The director would love it; he was a man after all and had seen a lot more of her both in bed and out until she’d ended their relationship abruptly because the thrill of it had died and she’d met someone else. He’d taken it really well – better than she’d expected by the way he’d been chatting to Samantha the last couple of days.

“Well I’ll let you get ready,” Said Samantha turning and heading for the door. “Have fun, I’ll be watching.” Deb pulled off her clothes and put on the bikini. It fitted her perfectly. There was a faint smell to it, not unpleasant but it was there, but she ignored it. She picked up the wetsuit, unlike the one she had worn in rehearsals, this one felt lighter and easier to put on, just as Samantha said it would. She stood in front of the mirror. God she looked good, if anything her breasts looked bigger encased in the rubber form fitting suit than they did in her push up bra. She arranged her long light brown hair over her shoulders and took a selfie and posted it immediately as a treat to her fans and to one man in particular; to give him a hint of what he would see privately later that night.

Deb stepped out and felt her heart beat quicker as the crowd cheered.

Peter Davis, presenter and all round action man of television journalism stepped forward and introduced her. She waved at the crowd and slipped into the pool.

Apollo and Venus moved energetically across the smooth surface; before disappearing down in to its clear depths then leaping joyfully into the air then splashing down and racing towards her. She reached out took and took hold of their harnesses in each hand and was pulled into the centre of the pool. The dolphins danced around her, lifting her and throwing her playfully into air. Through the clear water she could see the divers capturing her performance.

Deb shuddered as she felt the inside of her wetsuit get suddenly damp then wet. The zip was still in place. As the dolphins swam away, she ran her hands down herself, her puzzlement at the feeling changing to shock at the realization that her wetsuit was literally coming apart at the seams. Worse the crowd watching the live feed from the divers’ cameras on the big screen loved it thinking it was part of the show.

But it wasn’t.

She grabbed at the rubber and felt it almost crumble away in her fingers as if the water was dissolving it.

Deb whimpered, why she wasn’t sure, but something buried deep in the back of her mind; once heard and partly forgotten told her worse was yet to come.

Venus and Apollo rushed up to her from opposite directions rolling her gently down the full length of them, their smooth skin removing what remained of her wetsuit. The crowd cheered and roared with laughter thinking it was all part of the choreographed routine. Deb saw Samantha chatting with her ex, they were smiling and laughing. They had planned this…

Deb suddenly developed a photographic memory and remembered what had been the speciality act of these two dolphins.

“Oh God…Oh no!!!” the words repeating over and over again in her head as she struggled to swim to the side of the pool and safety. She glanced over her shoulder – they were no where to be seen. She imagined the aroma; that odd smell on her bikini flooding the pool, they would be smelling it; remembering it all…

Deb felt the dolphins come up from beneath her. Instinctively, her hands fastened on the harness of Apollo, if she could just hold on…

Venus’ snout was at her back, she shrieked as the teeth cut right through the strap of her bikini and before she could grasp it, it was pulled from her. The crowd was cheering and laughing harder now.

Apollo surged forward excitedly and dived deep with Deb still on his back. She’d always had a struggle to keep her eyes open under water but not this time as her legs stretched out and she felt her bikini bottoms rapidly slipping down from her slim waist to her knees.

Worse still the divers had swam closer and were getting shot after shot of her breasts floating freely with their erect nipples pointing towards the glassy surface above, while her hands clutched emptily and desperately at her rapidly descending bikini bottoms. They were off and floating free now but only for a second until Venus snatched them up and surged away with them.

Venus swam back and floated in front of her. Deb stared into the dolphin’s black eyes and saw the fires of intelligence and mischief there. Her fingers grazed the rag of cloth held in its mouth but then with a flick of its powerful tail it darted over her and was gone.

Deb covered herself as best as she could and swam towards the surface, her lungs burning with the effort of holding her breath for so long. At the side of the pool, both dolphins were handing their trophies to Samantha who was smiling, her image large on the television screen before it cut back to Deb, barely able to tread water and keep her legs together and her modesty intact from the intrusive gaze of the scuba divers beneath her.

“And let’s give a big hand to Apollo and Venus, and not for getting Ms Williams for being such a great sport.

She forced herself to smile knowing full well that countless cameras were capturing her humiliation, and even though it would be never shown fully on television without a strategic black box covering her nakedness it would reach the internet within an hour.

Samantha waved a white one piece at the side of the pool then dived in. She swam over to her. Deb kept smiling but she still managed to swear at her.

“Well that’s not very nice, is it?” She held the swimsuit out to her, but Apollo pushed past them both and snatched it up.

Deb knew she had planned it.

“How typical of a man,” said the presenter,” Teasing poor Deb like that!” The crowd roared with laughter.

Deb felt the water of the pool get much warmer between her legs. Her body was aching from the exertion of keeping her nakedness concealed and her head above water at the same time. Everybody in the audience was assuming that she had been in on this little show or that she would view it as a prank and see the funny side of it later; after all she had never been slow to show off her body and use her mature sexiness to keep her in the limelight.

Samantha swam closer to her.

“He won’t give you it back until I tell him to - and I

won’t do that.” Surely she wasn’t expecting her to get out of the pool naked? “Just grab hold of Venus’ belt and let her take you back to the pens. We’re quite busy so you may have to wait a little time before someone comes and gets you. Did you really think I’d not find out about what you did?” Samantha’s small mouth turned decidedly predatory. “Though I’m sure there will more than a few men there to make sure you don’t feel too lonely.”

Deb closed her eyes and let dolphin pull her along. She pressed her body close to the smooth skin of the beast hoping that the white wake would cover her exposed bottom.

There would be plenty of men there, she was sure of that, with cameras and phones and not a towel in sight! And so would her secret admirer – and he would be getting more than just an autographed photo today…