**Lynn's Swimming Practice**

by Unknown

Lynn enjoyed being on the swim team, but sometimes she had to admit it seemed like one big hassle. This afternoon, for example, she was swimming punishment laps long after the rest of the girls had showered and dressed; the coach was really pissed after she had playfully pushed another girl into the pool at the end of practice, and had ordered her back into the water. "You start swimming, Missy, and you don't stop until I come back to get you," she had ordered, and Lynn obeyed: she knew what a pain in the ass it was to be on Coach Katie's bad side, and didn't want to make the situation worse by complaining.

Still, after 45 minutes of continuous swimming, she began to suspect something was wrong. Angry as she was, Coach Katie had never kept anyone on punishment laps more than half an hour, and that was for fighting, not just fooling around. Lynn figured the Coach had somehow forgotten about her, though that was unlike her. She hoped she was right as she climbed out of the pool and shook the water from her long legs and weary arms. Grabbing a towel, Lynn dried out her straight blonde hair and began the long walk up the silent corridor to the girl's locker room. A cool breeze wafted down the hall, and walking barefoot down the hard tile hallway, she felt her apple-sized breasts begin to perk up under the wet swimsuit. "THO time," she thought, looking down, " -- Tittie Hard-On!" The rubbing of the clinging Lycra against her hardening nipples both stimulated and embarrassed her, so she clutched the towel to her chest when she pulled open the door to the locker room.

No one was there by the lockers, and the Coach's office was empty. The only sound came from the shower room where someone had left the water running. Lynn felt a bit nervous at being so alone as she opened her locker, then remembered how abandoned the school was at this hour. Nobody was going to walk in on her. She quickly skimmed the swimsuit off her body, and flexed her slim figure for a moment, enjoying the afterglow of a good workout even as the cold air raised goosebumps all over her deeply-tanned skin. She even allowed herself the luxury of toying with her excited nubs, flicking them lightly with her fingertips and pulling at them until they stood out like dark berries. "I'm not the 'good girl' they all think I am," she told herself.

Absolutely naked now, she sat with her bared butt on cold wooden bench beside lockers. Boy, she was tired! she spread her long legs and leaned back to the lockers, excited by cold feeling in her ass. As she parted her thighs a bit more she ran her palm over her pussy. that felt nice. Her body was still wet from the pool/. She imagined herself tied to the bench with all her classmates girls around making fun of her by teasing her nipples, petting her pussy and asshole. She imagined dozens of teenage girl's hands running all over her beatiful body caressing it. Her nipples were so hard now she thought they would burst. She was stretching and throwing her head back, vigourously rubbing her pussy and asshole. Lynn's problem was that she was extra-orgasmic girl. That means that she was getting really wet and excited from little things -light touch, a girl getting undressed in front of her, or even from an innocent thought. She knew it was her weakness and she tried hard to fight it - she masturbated a lot but always was carefull not to bring herself a pleasure of orgasm. Except in her dreams, of course - Lynn often woke up all wet, naked, with her panties down to her knees, and hands running wild all over her tits, ass and pussy. Lynn suspected she orgasmed in her dreams several times a night, that is why she started to tie her hands behind her back, and when this wasn't helping, also tied her ankles to the corners of the bed, keeping her legs apart, so that she wouldn't rub them together in her sleep.

Heading for the steaming showers, she thought for a moment that she heard something, then stopped dead in her tracks when she got there. She couldn't believe her eyes. Theresa, one of the sophomores on the team and a girl whose full figure, translucent skin, and fiery red hair Lynn had always envied, was standing on tip-toes against the tile wall of the showers, her arms stretched up to where her wrists had been tied together and hung over the high showerhead. Her legs were spread and trembling as completely naked Coach Katie knelt between them so that her full ass was turned to Lynn, and furiously ate her out, her short black ponytail bobbing as her head moved up and down, the flowing water from the shower running over her buttocks. Lynn was about to speak when she realized all at once that neither of them had noticed her, and that Theresa wasn't struggling but instead softly moaning with excitement. The young girl's moans rose in pitch and intensity as the Coach's tongue and fingers continued their assault on her red- haired snatch, probing and licking until her whole body was shaking and tense. Then the bound girl was yelping, her breathy cries bouncing off the walls of the shower room as she dug in her heels and began thrusting her hips desperately at the teacher's mouth, rolling and grinding her hips over the woman's face as the coach retreated, leaving poor Theresa thrashing in exstasy and begging for orgasm. Lynn could see her juices smeared on Coach Katie's chin, nose, and cheeks. Theresa hung limp from her bonds and groaned.

Lynn felt as if she was suffocating as she watched Coach Katie (who outside of practice was Miss McAndrew) rise from her kneeling position and plant a long deep kiss on the sophomore's half-open mouth while her hands ran over Theresa's breasts. Lynn was surprised to find that her tits were tingling as if the Coach was fondling her boobs and not the other girl's. She slowly shifted her weight from foot to foot. Lynn stood rooted to the spot, blushing but incredibly turned on by the sight of this lesbian love session. Her nipples, hard to begin with, were tingling as if they had been attached to tiny electrodes, and her tight young pussy was growing moist. She leaned back against the wall of the shower room and began lightly running her fingers through the sparse blonde hair down there, pearls of moisture gathered outside her swollen labia, not knowing or caring if the others saw her. She felt as if she was in a dream, some kind of twisted sex fantasy and she could do anything, do things she had never even imagined, know a pleasure that all the embarrassed fumblings in the backseats of cars hadn't hinted at. A warm pool of sensation was starting in her belly, and she was startled when she heard a voice say, "Can I help you with that?"

Katie stood in front of her, watching her hungrily, arms poised on her hips. She reached out, grabbed Lynn by the wrist, and twisting an arm behind the girl's back, shoved her roughly face-first against the wall. "Did you enjoy spying on us, little girl? Did you like what you saw?" she whispered into her ear as she pressed the slim body into the tiles so that Lynn's ample breasts flattenedi against cold wall, with her own muscled figure. Then she dug her fingers into her student's tousled hair and yanked the head back, swirling her tongue around the porch of the girl's ear. At the same time she felt Katie's finger caress her asshole. Lynn could smell the scent of soap and Theresa's pussy juices as she submitted to the Coach's caresses. Coach took jump-rope and tied Lynn's wrists and ankles with it.

Her legs shook with a longing to be used by this strong woman, not even 10 years older than her but unquestionably in charge. She knew that she would get her wish when she felt herself being led to the center of the steaming room, the Coach never loosening her grip on Lynn's arm or hair, and pushed her down onto the wet floor. Katie turned crisply and grabbed a bar of soap from a dish on the side of the room, and stepped under the shower, wetting down her body and splashing water on the now wide-eyed Theresa. Shutting off the water, she began running the soap all over the bound moaning and trashing in her bonds young teenager's body, boobs, belly, and cunt, down her voluptuous legs, and into the crack of her ass, until poor girl was covered with a creamy white lather. Theresa was yupping as a small bitch-puppy and hungrily catching air. Lynn thought that Theresa would orgasm any second, but Coach was obviously very knowledgable and gentle not to bring Theresa over the brink of orgasm. Several times she had to stop soaping her beatiful body and calm almost going crazy girl down by wispering into her ear "shhhhhh!" Katie didn't forget to soap herself as Lynn watched hypnotized from where she was laying on the floor. "mmpphhhh" - Lynn was testing her bonds in vain attempt to free herself and touch, stimulate her private places. But \ coach knew her job well - no chance to free herself. Then Lynn started rolling in the pool of soapy water, trying to rub her pussy and stimulate her sore and bursty nipples. "We're going to get you all NICE and CLEAN," she teased as her hands lathered her up, "That's why you barged in here, right?" She placed the soap back in the dish, and hauled Lynn to her feet.

The Coach held her under the hot running water, and Lynn curled her toes in anticipation as the spray sluiced down her skin. The water was shut off, and the girl turned her head and gazed into Katie's eyes, asking silently what was to be done to her. "Time to soap you up," she said, and pushed her against the other girl's lathered body. Suddenly Lynn and Theresa were face to face, their tits and cunts mashed together as their slick slippery adolescent bodies slid over one another. The Coach wrapped her arms around the pair, sandwiching Lynn in-between. The three horny athletes began to slip and slide over one another like panting seals. As Katie slid over the trapped girl, she began to hump Lynn's jutting ass, gripping her by her bony hips and grinding against her lasciviously. Lynn's soft moans betrayed her delight, and her cries grew more insistent as she felt a soapy finger invading her virgin asshole. She grunted into Theresa's shoulder as the long finger pushed past her spasming sphincter, the ring of muscles feeling every joint and knuckle as it began to work in and out of her hot depth. "This is what we do to little spies," Coach Katie muttered into her ear. Then, impossibly, a second finger was added to the first and her tight browneye was stretched even further. The heady mixture of orgasmic and ecstatic pleasure was unendurable, and Lynn was crying and begging for release even as she craved the older woman's dirty ministrations, humping her own pussy against the stretched form of Theresa tied up and trembling in front of her. She collapsed on the floor, spent by her exertions, and was only dimly aware of the hot water washing the lather off her body.

She woke up in the locker room, still dripping wet. Coach Katie and the now- untied Theresa were towelling themselves off and regarding Lynn stretched out face-down on the bench in front of the lockers. They were whispering to one another, and though she couldn't tell what they were saying, Lynn knew they were talking about her. They both disappeared for a moment, and Theresa reappeared carrying a jump rope. She knelt by the hard wooden bench and tightly bound the exhausted girl's wrists together next to the stanchion underneath, then grabbed her by the ankles and pulled back until Lynn was stretched out full-length, her arms taut in front of her. She sat for a moment next to Lynn's head and idly stroked her back, saying something about it being her "turn." Lynn didn't know what this "turn" was all about, and she shivered in nervous anticipation. Soon Coach Katie came striding into view, a Paddleball paddle in her hand. She handed it to Theresa, and announced, "I got my revenge on you back there in the shower, but since you were peeping at the two of us, it's only fair that Theresa gets to punish you, too." She told her that Theresa thought she had earned 25 strokes with the paddle, which Lynn would count off. If she missed a stroke or didn't call it out loudly enough, they would start back at the first stroke.

Katie didn't think that Lynn was appropriately prepared for her spanking, so she went into the equipment room and got a field hockey stick and another jump rope. Lynn's legs were spread and her ankles bound to each end of the stick with the jump rope, opening her still-swollen pussy to the view of the lesbian duo commanding her. They both softly laughed as they each took a moment to toy with her sensitive asshole and clit."ouuu" -"careful, Theresa" - said coach - "Lynn here is very sensitive, and we don't want her to orgasm before her time comes, do we?" At that point Lynn was thrashing against bench, trying to achive orgasm by any means. Tied and helpless as she was she could only dream about it - each time those 4 tender hands brought her to the brink of orgasm, coach stopped Theresa and they were both laughing while observing Lynn, as a young beautiful animal to become a slave of her own body when jumping and bucking in crazy agony for orgasm. It lasted for hours - in the end Lynn was so aroused she would cum if somebody would just touch her clit or anus, but coach was smarter than that - she was just kissing poor girl in her neck and whispering dirty words to her. Then there came a spaning time for Lynn.

Lynn craned her head back after they were done, and saw the pale redhead gripping the big flat paddle, flushed with the excitement of the control she had over her well-secured classmate. "Count 'em off, Lynn," she smirked.

The paddle struck, and she felt simultaneously a stinging on her asscheeks and a throb in her pussy. "ONE!" she called out. The next came even harder with a loud crack. "TWO!" Another, this one enough to make her squirm slightly. "THREE!" By number 7, her eyes were watering, by 10, the tears were running in hot rivulets down her pretty face, and juice was leaking out of her tight young cunt. A sob came into her voice as she called out each stroke. Her ass was on fire, and Theresa was now spacing the strokes unevenly, apparently to watch as Lynn writhed on the hard wooden bench. 14 caught her off-guard, and the room echoed with the sound of her scream. Coach Katie decided that wouldn't do, and brutally stuffed a sock into the weeping girl's open mouth. Lynn thought she was hallucinating as she watched the teacher sit in front of her and spread her legs wide, reaching down to open up her pussy before her little victim's face. As the spanking continued, she masturbated to the sound of the teenager's muffled shrieks, knitting three fingers together and thrusting them in and out of her sopping clam, diddling her engorged clit with her thumb, getting off on Lynn's agony as she forced her to look at her. Lynn's ankles strained against the field hockey stick as her long thin legs flexed and kicked in distress, and the throb in her pussy had long ago grown into a searing need. Each successive slap on her jutting ass seemed to take her up a step, and Lynn knew the spanking was going to make her come. The last, especially vicious, stroke from Theresa made her tight cunt cream despite the pain. She hoped the other two didn't notice. Then it was over, except for the shuddering climax Katie made her watch in extreme close-up, the smell of her pussy filling the girl's nostrils.

Theresa excitedly called Katie's attention to the slimy patch Lynn's cunt had left on the wood. Katie put her face next to Lynn's and said, "You liked that a bit, didn't you?" In tears of humiliation more than pain, Lynn nodded Yes.

The young redhead then said they should do something nice for Lynn, since she had been such a "good sport" about the spanking in admitting how she had secretly enjoyed it. The Coach agreed quickly, and trotted off to her office as the sophomore helped Lynn awkwardly turn over onto her back, not bothering to untie her wrists or ankles, or remove the sock stuffed into her open mouth. Lynn was stretched out on her back, her arms raised Labove and behind her as Coach re-emerged from the office, acutely aware of her raw asscheeks scraping against the well-worn surface of the bench. Coach Katie held scissors, shaving cream, and a razor in her hands. She set them on the bench, knelt beside her pupil's spread slit. "We're going to shave you clean...it'll improve your swimming."

She set to work, carefully snipping the sparse blonde hair away, and when it was down to nothing but stubble, smeared a generous dollop of shaving cream over the almost-bare mons. Theresa began gently sucking on Lynn's apple-sized tits, her tongue swirling and circling deliciously over the stiffening tips, drawing a groan from lanky blonde as the razor scraped gently at her pussy. Theresa playfully nipped at the little cherrystones, delicately trapping one between her teeth and tugging, making the other girl babble helplessly into the gag. All the while the redhead's fingers lightly tickled the sensitive underarms of her playmate, causing the slim blonde to arch her back and wriggle in helpless abandon, still being cautious to hold her hips motionless while the razor cleared the stubble away from her crotch.

When Katie was done, she gently daubed away the remains of the shaving cream, and held her breath. Lynn was now as bald as the day she was born, and her clit peeked up from under its hood, making her look like a sluttish little 12-year-old. As she surveyed the girl's long, straight legs spread by the field hockey stick, prominent hipbones, and flat belly leading up to adorable little titties, she thought that she had never seen anything more desirable in a girl than Lynn's coltish grace. She couldn't resist sucking this beautiful bare pussy. She pulled the lips apart with two fingers and raped her with her long curling tongue as Theresa continued to tickle her and worship her boobs. Something seemed to let go inside Lynn, and she was wildly thrusting her tits into the redhead's face even as her feet found the floor and began to roughly shove her bald slit toward the teacher's hungry mouth, begging for release with every anguished shudder of her body.

Katie and Theresa took her right to the edge of her orgasm, then stopped at a signal from the Coach, leaving her teetering on the brink. She was a mess: strands of her hair were plastered to her face by the sweat that had broken out on her brow during their ministrations, her pert nose was flaring and her chest was heaving, and the smell of her sweet musk filled the air. Katie knew it was time for the grand finale. She left the two teenagers for a moment, and went for her "little black bag," the one she kept hidden in the office for use on "special occasions." This, she thought, was a special occasion indeed.

Lynn's eyes grew as wide as saucers when she saw what Coach Katie had for her. She held a large pink two-headed dildo with straps attached, a pair of clothespins, a bottle of baby oil, and a glass bottle of something else she couldn't identify. Theresa moved to sit behind Lynn's taut body, and lifted her head and propped it against her flame-thatched crotch, saying eagerly, "THIS you want to see!" For the first time in years Lynn saw her hairless pussy, and the sight made this surreal situation seem even more bizarre. The thought occurred to her again that she was caught in the middle of some twisted sexual fantasy of her own imagining.

The teacher stood with one leg up on the end of the bench as she began to ease one end of the big two-headed dildo into her own aching cunt. Lynn watched in amazement as it filled Katie; though she wasn't a virgin, she didn't know how she was going to fit her end of that hard rubber cock into her inexperienced quim. When it was all in, the Coach strapped it firmly into place and stood for a moment with her arms akimbo, waving the pink dildo slowly to and fro like a cobra preparing to strike. Then she leaned over the prone teenager and fondled the girl's boobs, once again encouraging the nipples to stiffen. She rolled the hardening nubs between her fingers, and then gave Theresa a sly wink as she reached for the clothespins. She held the wooden clips in front of Lynn's eyes for a moment, opening and closing them, giving her a long look at the tension of the springs before throwing one leg over her willing victim's form and standing astride her. sock stuffing her mouth. She was still crying out as Theresa handed Katie the baby oil and she stood over Lynn's writhing "I only wish this was a real dick so I could shoot my cum all over your cute little face." Theresa continued to prop up Lynn's head so she could helplessly watch what the lesbian teacher was doing to her.

Katie untied Lynn's ankles from the stick spreading her legs, and grabbing her by the backs of her thighs, spread her even wider while pushing her bony knees up to her flat chest, where they jarred painfully against the pins clamping her nipples. Theresa held Lynn's knees in position. The bald little cunt was ready for the taking, and Katie began to work the head of the dildo into the tightness while Lynn groaned pitifully. With excruciating slowness she inched the big 10-incher deeper and deeper -- Katie knew this wouldn't be possible without hurting Lynn if her pussy wasn't as slick and swampy as it was. It was a good thing she was getting off on this. Even so, Lynn felt as if she was being split in two: she was fuller (and more excited) than any boy or deodorant bottle had ever made her. The wild joy of the sparks coming off her nipples and the big fake dick in her slot made her feel like some untamed fucking animal being captured and used by this strong woman and gorgeous red-headed girl.

Katie buried the strap-on inside Lynn until she felt her scratchy black pussyhair touching the teenager's nude softness. She ground her full pussy against the girl's, letting her mons rub against Lynn's naked clit, then slowly drew the dildo out, taking a moment to tickle the spread inner thighs and toy with the stiff little love- button before thrusting it savagely all the way back in. Theresa struggled to hold Lynn's bucking legs as she responded to the sweet torture of the dildo. After Lynn had calmed down a little. Katie had Theresa take the sock-gag out of Lynn's mouth. Katie told Lynn to call herself a slut. "I'm a little slut", she moaned. Katie asked her if the dildo was big enough. "The biggest," she responded. Katie played with the nipple-clamps, flicking them open and closed as she asked Lynn if she liked what they were doing to her. "I love it, Coach Katie...I'm so wet..." Katie asked what she wanted done to her now. "Fuck me, Katie, please fuck my little pussy...stick it in me...DO me, God yes, FUCK me with that thing, make me come. USE ME, DO ME FUCK ME FUCK ME HARD I WANT IT NOW GOD PLEASE I'M BEGGING YOU RAPE ME WITH THAT BIG FUCKING DILDO..."

As Lynn continued to beg and plead, Katie unscrewed the top of the mysterious glass bottle and put a little liquid on the end of her finger. Even as she was lost in the thrill of the obscene pleas she was making Lynn recognized the smell of menthol and camphor and the realization tore through her that the Coach was holding a bottle of linseed oil. Katie swiftly daubed a generous helping onto Lynn's exposed clitoris and before either of them knew it Lynn had ripped her legs from Theresa's grasp and locked them around the lesbian's back as Coach Katie began frantically sawing the dildo in and out of the young swimmer's clutching hole, Lynn urging her on, kicking her heels into the small of the Coach's back as the icy bite of the linseed oil pushed her over the top and she was shaking and screaming at the top of her lungs that she loved it, fuck her harder, faster, don't stop, make her cream right there tied-up on the bench in the girl's locker room with clothespins dancing on her heaving titties, not caring if anyone in the silent school heard her begging her swimming coach to use her like a teenage whore. Her cunt was aflame and Lynn thought she might die from the obscene pleasure of being fucked more thoroughly than she ever imagined possible.

Theresa couldn't take it anymore and straddled her classmate's head, performing a perfect cheerleader's split onto the waiting mouth below her, riding her like she was a bucking young colt, shamelessly jamming her redhaired cunt onto Lynn's pretty face, smearing herself over her mouth, her nose, her chin, even her forehead as Katie slammed into Lynn's eager pussy over and over, surprising herself with the animal-like insistency with which she speared the teen's open slit, the force of her thrusts bringing her ever closer to a really BIG orgasm as her end of the dildo rammed back into her.

Katie gave one last brutal shove into Lynn and held the big dick there, jamming it into her with all her weight. Lynn came hard, her toes cramping as she saw suns bursting in front of her like overripe tomatoes, a dozen orgasms exploding through her adolescent body in an agonizing wave like a string of M-80's going off in sequence. The force of it was more than enough to set up a chain reaction as Katie came with a long howl, her pussy spasming around the butt-end of the strap-on inside her as Lynn crushed her with long powerful swimmer's legs, and lovely young Theresa thrashed her head wildly about, tossing her long red hair into the air as Lynn sucked at her pussy and the lithe redhead gripped her own full breasts and grunted loudly in passionspeak.

After a long minute, Coach Katie pulled herself together enough to crouch down and untie Lynn's limp arms under the bench. Young Theresa slumped numbly on the end of the bench. The three of them curled together on the floor of the locker room and slept.

Lynn didn't know what to think afterwards. For a few days the three of them nervously avoided one another, though it was clear that no-one else had any idea what had passed between them. But later that week, the Coach called her two swimmers into the office after practice and berated them for not trying hard enough in the swim team workouts -- they would both have to report to her apartment this Saturday afternoon for "extra laps." The two girls grinned at her and began making plans for Saturday.