**New Girl on Team**

by Gym Dog (gym\_dog@hotmail.com)

"Mom, we caaan't move. You'll ruin my life. Swim season is just starting and I just made the varsity team," April cried.

"April honey, you're life won't be ruined. You're dad has been working for this promotion for over five years. We can't ask him to pass it up just so you can show off to those snotty girls who used to tease you." Mom replied.

"But why didn't you and Dad tell me you were planning this. Now I'll only have a week to say goodbye to all my friends." Said April.

"We were trying to avoid a situation like this. Now you might as well accept it." Said Mom. "The moving truck will be here next weekend. Honey, it won't be that bad. Your dad and I bought a house in the Mustang school district. It has one of the best swimming teams in the entire state. Maybe the new coach will help you make state. We're trying to make this as easy on you as we can."

"Okay, but I'll hate you forever if I miss the swim season." Spitted April.

About a week later, April cried as she watched the moving people pack-up their house and move them across the state. Her mom comforted her and assured her that the swim coach at her new school would give her a chance to join the team. The next Wednesday, April and her mom went to Mustang high school to enroll her. April got the name of the swim coach and was determined to talk with him as soon as possible. She found Coach Smith during her lunch period and pleaded to be let on the team.

"Coach Smith, swimming has been my life for the last five years. Please please let me join the team. I was the second best girl at my old school and was hoping to make state." Said April.

"Ah, April is it? We have a very strong swim team already, and it wouldn't be fair to let someone we don't know just walk onto the team. The team is really happy and I don't want to rock the boat." Replied coach.

April began to cry. "You, (sob) You just got to give me a chance."

"Oh, stop your crying girl. I'll make you a deal. You come work out with the team for the rest of the week and I'll let them decide if you can join." Said coach. "But you got to promise me you'll accept their decision no matter what it is. Agreed."

April nodded, desperately clinging to whatever hope had.

The team had a grueling schedule. Their first meet was this Saturday. They were practicing three nights and three mornings per week. There were seven guys and eight other girls on the team. April was a week away from her sixteenth birthday. She was about 5'4" and 120 lbs. She had strong muscles, but her baby-fat gave her a soft and feminine look. She cut her light brown hair short at the beginning of the swim season to keep it out of the way. She never noticed how the guys always eyed her, since she was more focused on being an athlete.

April joined them that evening and did some of her best times ever. Most teams have a wide range of speeds with clear leaders and clear followers. The Mustangs were all competing at the highest levels. She loved her old coach, but knew that she wasn't a very good coach. Coach Smith, on the other hand, had won several awards and even assisted on an Olympic team. She was sure he could help her improve. Her times would not ensure her a place on this team, but she was sure that she would make it if given a fair chance.

At the end of practice Friday evening, Coach Smith addressed the team.

"Everyone, you've worked hard and tomorrow is the first big meet of the season. I think you're going to do very well. Our goal is to win every meet and have fun while doing it." Everyone cheered. Coach continued, "you all have met April and I have to admit she has some talent. I promised her a chance, but I also wanted to leave the decision to all of you. You know that having another person on the team would take time away from the rest of you and that our budget is very tight. I've got a date tonight, so I'm going to leave while you make your decision. I'll see you all, and possibly April at the meet tomorrow morning. Good night."

Some of the girls looked April down like she tried to steal their boyfriend. It was very likely that several of the girls might lose their chance to compete if April was let on the team. The guys had nothing to worry about.

A girl named Megan took charge and began to ask April some questions. "April, do you like us personally better than your old team?"

"Uh, I liked my old team an awful lot. I don't know you guys very well, but I like you so far. Perhaps after our first road-trip I'll like you best." April stammered.

"What was the most fun you ever had with your old swim team?" Megan asked her second question.

"I'd definitely say our trip to state. I didn't get to compete, but I got to tag along and help everyone get ready." April answered.

"Ahh," Megan mused. "Do you mean you helped everyone shave?"

"Did you have a co-ed shaving party?" asked the tall boy.

April didn't know what to say. She didn't want to betray what went on with her old swim team, but she had to make a good impression. "Well, shaving was part of it. And yes guys were around for some parts, but on our team we never talked about what went on with outsiders."

April saw approving looks on most faces and began to get her hopes up.

"Well then," Megan looked and got supporting looks from her teammates, "We'll let you on the team if you promise to keep our secrets." April enthusiastically nodded. "And you must go through our team initiation."

April froze. She had heard of hazing, but had never encountered it. She imagined some pretty awful stuff, but realized that she couldn't say no if she wanted to go for her dream. "Ah, Sure." April said. There were a few giggles and the guys were grinning lustfully.

"All-right, give me your swimsuit. You have to dive off the high dive naked and make it past the guys at the shallow end." Megan announced.

April thought it was a joke and even gave a little laugh. She watched Megan hold out her hand and the other girls were nodding. `Oh my God,' April thought. `They're not joking." April took a minute and convinced herself that the swim team practically saw each other naked all the time and that this wouldn't be a big deal. She desperately wanted to be on the team. She looked around and saw that only the team was there. She pulled the strap off of her shoulder and began to peel down her suit. Her legs were trembling as she exposed her half grapefruit sized tits. All eyes were on her as she bent toward them and pushed her suit down past her hips. She handed the suit to Megan and tried to cover her mound of fur.

"We'll have none of that." Megan said. "Hands on your head until you climb the ladder. And walk slowly."

April had fantasized before about being naked at her old school's pool, but was terrified with every step she took. She could feel everybody watching her. The guys jumped into the shallow end and had formed a line for her to cross by the time she turned to climb the ladder. Once up on the diving board, her skin broke out in goose bumps. There was a vent in the ceiling above it that was blowing cool air.

She then remembered how afraid of heights she was and momentarily forgot about her nudity. She had to dive off the high dive a couple times before in gym class, but kept remembering horror stories of people snapping their necks. She thought of chickening out, but if she did that, she might as well die. At least this way, if she broke her neck it would be their fault and she wouldn't have to live with killing her own dreams. She cautiously dove off the end before she lost her reasoning. Her dive was awful. She rotated a bit and her lower back made a loud smack after her arms and head entered the water. When April surfaced, she heard the guys calling to her from the shallow end.

Her plan was to swim down the center and dart to the right corner. She thought that maybe she could swim under a guy's legs and hop out at the corner before they could catch her. The guys must play this game a lot, because everyone started to circle in on her and three of the guys caught her right after she made her move. The tallest guy was then behind her with his right arm under her armpit and crossing her breasts. He warned her to take a breath as he went to dunk her. She could feel hands all over her as she was held under. He brought her up for a breath several times. Her butt was pinched the most.

The tall guy handed her off, and another guy slung her over his shoulder. He had a vice-like grip on her legs. This left her ass well out of the water as they were in very shallow territory. A few guys gave her whacks on her teenage ass. Another guy took hold of her arms and pulled her out as another guy began to massage her breasts. After less than a minute of this, four guys took a limb and stretched her out in a big X. The other three came at her with their mouths. Two took to a breast while the third went between her legs. This was the first time April became afraid and tried her best to pull her thighs together. The guy managed to tongue her for a few seconds before they started to dunk her again.

The all let go and it took her a few seconds to realize she had a chance to escape. The guys let her go and watched as she pulled her tired body up and out of the water. She saw the girls scramble to the locker room. She followed and found that the door was locked. She looked for her suit or a towel, but there wasn't anything to be found that could cover her up. The guys were all out of the pool by now and were again closing in on her.

"You got a choice April, You can come shower with us or you can go outside and hope the girls left the other door unlocked." Said the tall one.

April thought the chances of that were slim, so she went willingly with the guys. They turned on one shower and watched April as she dutifully showered. She was less embarrassed now, and felt proud that she had earned her way on the team. All of these guys seemed okay, and she remembered the naked guys from her old school during their pre-state shaving party.

One guy came back with a black towel and a can of shaving cream. When April saw this she was shocked and started to head back out to the pool. After handing the can and package of razors, the guy cut off her escape and told her he had to blindfold her. He explained that they didn't want her frightened if any of their cocks got hard while they performed the last phase of her initiation. They made her lay on her stomach. The shower floor was cold and her tits became instantly hard. The guys kneeled all around her and began to spray and rub in shaving cream all over her back, arms, and legs. She was warned to keep still, then guys began to shave everywhere at the same time.

April wasn't used to being touched by anyone and gave some involuntary shivers now and then. In a few minutes, the guys were running their hands all over to ensure that she was smooth. They then rolled her onto her back. She felt much more aroused as the guys rubbed the cream into her small breasts. Her legs were spread obscenely and her upper thighs were coated as well. April was relieved that she didn't feel any in her pubic hair. The way competition swimsuits were cut, you could usually tell if a girl was totally shaved or not. She had only had hair for about two years and didn't want the girls in gym class to think she was underdeveloped or worse a lesbian. (I don't know where she got this from, maybe she heard something about being shaved is better for oral sex.)

The guys went a little slower on the front. April could imagine their erect penises and was glad for the blindfold. After all of them double checked that she was baby smooth, they got her to stand up. They were going to rub in some baby oil to help avoid any irritation or dryness. This felt downright nasty. Oily fingers were pinching her nipples, going down her crack and even coating the outside of her pussy. She just knew her pussy lips were getting larger and hoped that the guys didn't notice. Each guy then said they wanted a kiss and the initiation would be over. With her blindfold on, she could only tell the tall guy from the rest. He wasn't that good of a kisser. Several guys pressed her up against the wall and she could feel them rub their package into her crotch as they pulled her closer with their hands on her ass.

Two guys then took hold of her hands and let her into the guy's locker room. They made a few turns that got her totally lost. She was then ushered through a door and quickly realized that she was now outside, totally naked. The guys had let go, so she pulled off her blindfold and saw the door to the guy's locker room. She pulled on it frantically, but it was locked. She begged to be let back in, but nobody came. She could be seen by anyone driving by, so she decided to go for the girl's locker room. It's door was visible to the schools parking lot, but not the main road. She saw her gym bag just as she tried the door to find it was locked too.

After a few seconds of pleading, she opened her bag to find just her skirt, shirt, and sandals. She threw them on, mortified of being seen out there. Her skirt went to mid-thigh, but she still felt naked and naughty. She looked again in her gym bag and saw a note.

Thanks for being a good sport. Go on home like you are and come to the meet wearing exactly the same clothes. If you are, we'll tell coach we let you on the team. `This is ridiculous" April thought to herself. She had hoped for a ride home, but reluctantly started the thirty-minute walk. April realized that she wouldn't be able to compete tomorrow, but the thought of wearing her shortest skirt without panties would make tomorrow miserable for her.

Saturday morning she wore her same outfit without panties or a bra. She met the girl's in the locker room and they lifted her skirt for inspection. They told her to go sit on the team's bench by the towels and that they would tell Coach after the meet. The schools pool had concrete bleachers on the north side where fans sat, and on the south side, they had the judges' table and team benches. The team's benches were about four feet away from the wall so that people could walk behind them without blocking their view.

April sat on the bench and held her knees together very tightly. She feared that if she crossed her legs, people would be able to see her pussy from the pool. When the team came out, Megan sat next to her.

"April, I want you to go get a drink from the water fountain and when you come back, make sure that you are not sitting on your skirt." Megan instructed her.

April got up and saw that many people were warming up in the pool. Since she was really close to the edge, she became worried that guys could look up her skirt and see everything. The water fountain was very low. `Damn those disabilities laws' April thought. Instead of bending over to get her drink, she bent her knees as far as she could to bend over. She knew doing it normally would expose her pussy to most everyone in the place. It looked quite awkward, but she had followed her orders. After waking as close to the wall as possible, she carefully sad her naked butt on the cold steel bench and let the back part of her skirt hang down past the bench. She was careful to keep her knees together.

The meet began and April watched her new team with great interest. She didn't move from her seat. Normal benches would have been very uncomfortable by now, but this style had a contoured seat and a six inch wide back rest that comfortably supported the middle of most backs. About half way through the meet, April noticed a draft on her butt. She turned around to find that her skirt had been taped up to the back of the seat. `Oh my God,' April thought. `How long was it up there. Any of the swimmers could see my bare ass as they walked behind the benches.' April didn't know who did it or how many people saw here lovely ass. She kept her composure though and soon the meet was over. The Mustangs won by a good margin, but the coach said that this was their easiest competition and we should have won by twice as much. Megan held to her word and told him I was on the team, and the coach asked her to take me to the store where our team swimsuits could be ordered and fitted. On our way to the lockers, one of the guys flipped up my skirt to give the boys anther view. I laughed it off, cause I knew that they couldn't blackmail me anymore because I WAS ON THE TEAM!

We had a meet the following weekend, so Megan insisted we go to the store on Monday after school. She explained that they don't stock every style and that sometimes, they need to be altered. Monday was the only school night we didn't practice, so I agreed. The swimsuits are basically, a black one-piece with a fully exposed back. Since our school was the Mavericks, we had a white zigzag design that covered the left side and was supposed to represent a horse's mane. Most of the girl's had a spare suite, so I was reassured that I would have one for the meet even if it took a bit longer for mine to come in on order.

The store was located in a small house in an old part of town. It was a sports clothing store, and I could see soccer uniforms, football equipment, and letter jackets. They had all types of lettering and styles of attaching them. In one corner was counter with all sorts of swimming equipment and a few suits. There was an older gentleman in his late fifties with black glasses who asked, "Is there something I can help you girls with?"

Megan replied, "We need April here set-up with two Maverick's swimming suits."

The man had an annoyed look on his face. "Mavericks huh? What size do you need..April?"

"I used to wear a small, but my old suit is getting a bit tight on my legs." April answered. Her hips were widening and she had a deep hourglass figure with a tiny waste.

"What kind of hick town do you come from. Nobody orders suits by plain old small, medium, or large anymore." Complained the old man. He picked up two plain white swimsuits and handed them to April saying, "Try these on and I'll measure you if you need alterations. Oh, and keep you panties on, that's health department regs. Okay?"

They only had one set of dressing rooms on the other side of the store. Megan came in with me. I took off my clothes but kept on my panties. I don't remember ever trying on a suite before buying it, so this was a first. Unfortunately, I had on a very plain pair of white cottons. The first one was so tight, that it cut into my legs much like my current suit. The second one seemed to be just about right at the hips, but was loose at my belly and didn't feel right at my breasts either. I looked in the mirror and saw that the suite barely covered my panties. I had at least three inches of cotton showing on either leg.

"I guess, we'll have to get one this size altered." Megan said. Megan began to pull me out of the dressing room and toward the old man. There were a few guys there looking at hockey equipment, but their eyes quickly turned to me. They could see my panties!

"That won't do." The old guy said. "And the other suit was too tight on your legs, right?" I nodded. The old man grabbed a tape measure and had me stand on a foot tall platform. The guys were still watching me. "A good swimsuit has to account for your hips, your stomach, and your breasts. I'll take a few measurements and check and see what it would take to get you a Mavericks suit of the proper size." He then took several measurements around my waist and belly. He paused and looked at my breasts. He took a few measurements then said, "This suit is too tight around your breasts. I can't tell how much that will effect the measurements." He handed me a bikini top. "Here, put this on, and I should get good measurements. Oh and just leave the suit on around your waist, I'll need to check to see how high cut you'll want it."

We headed back to the dressing room and I pulled the suit off of my breasts. I never wore a string bikini before, so it took me a while to get it on straight. It showed a lot of cleavage and left the sides of my breasts a little exposed. I couldn't think of a way to cover my bottoms better. Now I would really look like I was leaving the dressing room half dressed. The guys were still hanging around to watch me. I never thought of my breasts as big, but they certainly felt big with such a little top on.

The old man took "accurate" measurements of my nearly exposed breasts. This included measurements on how far my nipples were apart and how far the nipples were from my belly button. He then gave me a hand mirror and turned my back to the large in store mirror. He then explained how my shape would be enhanced with a higher cut. "With an hourglass figure, the higher one can extend the leg, the taller and more attractive a woman would look." I was thinking more about how it would feel in a race and agreed that a higher cut would feel less constricting. He had me pull up on the sides to approximate how far I would like it to go. This really showed off my panties, as I raised the side higher than the top of them. "Stay here." The old man said as he went back into his storeroom. A few minutes later after being leered at by two other guys entering the store, the old man came out with a black one-piece.

"You've got a wonderful body and the shape isn't that unusual. I happened to have a solid suit with the measurements we've decided on. You should try it on, because we can't send back custom ordered suits."

I had Megan stay outside since I felt the dressing room was a bit too small for two people. I stripped naked and slipped on the suit. Wow, it was a great fit and I could barely tell I was wearing anything at all. I opened the door so Megan could tell me how it looked from behind. The old man happened to be hanging up some jerseys right next to the room and said, "Damn girl, I told you to keep on your panties. Now you have to buy that suit." Megan thought it was very flattering. I thought my butt hanged out a bit too much for comfort, but I remember seeing a lot of models in suites much worse so I was happy.

I got dressed and the old man ordered my two new Mustang's suites and had me pay for the black one. While I was leaving, I realized that the old man and customers got a very good look at me and that Megan enjoyed my bit of exhibitionism.

Friday was my sixteenth birthday. I didn't tell anyone because I would have been upset if they didn't do anything. I went to bed Thursday night happy in the fact that I had made the team, and in prior practice won my place on one of the events. I normally sleep just my panties and small nighty top.

Megan woke me up by shaking my shoulders. I rubbed my eyes and brought myself to my senses. I realized that I had kicked most of my sheets off during the night and now most of the swim team was in my room. "Happy birthday!" they yelled. I looked down to see my panties were visible to all and my top was almost showing my breasts. I bent over to grab my sheets to cover up with. One of the guys picked me up with an arm around my back and one under my legs. This left my butt hanging out and everyone filed out of the room. I had no clue what was going on, but I began to freak when I was carried through the front door and hustled into the back of someone's car. Megan threw me my slippers and told me to put them on.

It was about six-thirty Friday morning. Fridays we didn't have swim practice. I was terrified when they told us that it was tradition to take your friend out to breakfast on their sixteenth birthday. They complimented me on my sleep-wear. I suppose everyone else in this town would have known to wear less revealing stuff. We drove into the Denny's parking lot and I pleaded for more clothes. Megan and others grabbed my hand and dragged me out of the car and toward the entrance. The hostess almost refused to seat us, but my "friends" pointed out that I had both shoes and a shirt. She shook her head and finally seated us in a large corner. I wanted to be the first one in so I could hide behind the table, but the gang had me sit in the chair that was brought since were all wouldn't fit in the booth. Anyone walking down the aisle could see my panties. At least I wouldn't have to face them.

My meal was free since it was my birthday. Normally, they require ID, but I guess they figured nobody could end up like me if it wasn't their birthday. Though I was extremely embarrassed, I felt really happy that the team went to all this trouble to help me celebrate my sixteenth. I definitely will never forget it. They took several pictures, but at least they let me scrunch down and hide my boobs with the table. (At least for the ones I knew they took.)

On the way out, I could see the twenty-odd people who got to share in my embarrassment. I was taken home in a mini-van with three girls and two guys. When they got there, my folks had already gone for the day. Megan insisted that I had to get my birthday spankings. I tried to run up the stairs, but they caught me. They took me into the living room. Megan pulled me over the back of the couch. This left my panty- covered ass wide open to the other four people. FLASH. Oh my God, they're taking pictures. Megan held me still and I felt someone pulling down my panties. FLASH. That one had to get everything.

They made a big production of the spankings. Each of the others gave me four swats each while Megan held me down. They hit hard and they hurt. They only used their hands so at least they didn't leave huge marks or anything. After they were done, I thought Megan was letting me go. As I pushed away from her, she pulled of my top and now I was standing in my living room naked as the day I was born. Both the guys took one of my arms and posed the three of us for a picture. They switched with Megan and Beth and I got a picture with them. Megan then took me upstairs to get dressed.

When I got upstairs, I quickly dressed in the clothes I laid out the night before. I didn't have time for a shower, but I had showered after practice last night. Megan then explained another tradition of their swim team. "Another tradition we have on the Mustangs is that anyone turning sixteen can have sex with a person of their choosing that is also over sixteen. That means that any of the guys except for Brian are available tonight if you choose to claim them. This is kept entirely inside the team, and their girlfriends will never ever find out." I had always been too busy to get a boyfriend at my old school, and it was considered a big no-no to date people on the same team. I really thought Brian, our fastest swimmer, was hot. What would it be like? I mumbled back an answer. I said something about laying things on me too fast. Throughout the day I was extremely horny and couldn't get Brian out of my mind.

At swim practice, Brian caught me staring at him a few times. Whenever Megan brought up the subject, I quickly changed the subject or walked away. I knew Brian was dating a popular cheerleader, and that I'd never have a chance with him normally. After practice I changed and fled before people realized I was gone. Up in my bed that night, I was masturbating thinking of Brian. I really wanted to have sex with him, but I guess I am too much of a chicken. That's probably why I never had sex before.

About eleven o'clock, I heard a knock on my window. I pulled my panties back on underneath the covers and went to see what it was. My bedroom is over the garages and part of the garage's roof comes right up to my window. Brian was there wanting to come in.

"I saw you looking at me during practice. I wanted to give you a chance to claim your birthday prize." Said Brian. "Can I come in."

I didn't answer, but instead put my arms around him and gave him a big kiss. He climbed in and we made love. I don't have anything to compare it to, but it was wonderful. He was so tender and kept asking me how each thing felt as he progressed. I tried to keep quiet since my parents were just down the hall, but he was really driving me crazy. This was much better than my old friends said it was. I woke up about two am with Brian asleep next to me. I pulled the sheets off to get a good look at his naked body. This woke him up and we did it one more time. He was faster the second time and then said he'd better clear out so we don't get in trouble.

It was explained to me later, that anyone who was claimed had the right to follow-up sex whenever they wanted. This didn't seem fair, but Brain was excellent in bed. He confided in me that he had only slept with his cheerleader girlfriend once. It was at a party when she passed out. He said he spied on her a few times and found out that she was really a lesbian. He claimed that watching her with her friend taught him a lot about what a woman wants. He said he mainly stayed with her because his dad was awfully proud of him dating such a cute cheerleader and gave him lots of cash to take her out and have fun. So far, he's saved up over two thousand dollars and is hoping the swim team can go on spring break together his senior year. We always had more fun with team "dates" anyway.

Our team made it to state that year, and I qualified in the 100m butterfly. I had hoped to make it in several other events, but always missed by a fraction of a second. The team had only four rooms, so five of us girls had to share. Our party during the first night got a bit out of hand. Two of the rooms had a connecting door so we congregated into those rooms. The tall guy, Mick snuck some liquor and we all got pretty drunk. We then started our preparations for the following day. This entailed most of us getting naked and shaved. Several of the guys ended up shaving their heads and me and four other girls even had our pubic hair shaved. There ended up being a lot of oral sex, and Megan and Beth even got into a 69. Brian and I made love with everyone watching and several of the girls said that was the best sex they've ever seen.

Coach was banging on the door the next morning saying it was time for breakfast. Mick stupidly opened the door and coach came in to see most of us naked and groggy. He grabbed a camera that was on the night stand and snapped off some pictures. He then corralled us toward the bathrooms and made us take a cold shower in order to wake ourselves up. Most of us did nothing to cover our nakedness. After we were awake he started his lecture. "Team, I am sorely disappointed in you. This kind of wildness could cost me my job. I have pictures of you all." He held up the throw away camera. "If any of you do one second less than your best time, I'll have you suspended and kicked of this team for good. I'm close to retirement anyway and I want a state championship. You do what you like, but win win win!"

With the exception of that afternoon, we all posted our best times ever. The Mavericks won state for the first time. They had been stuck in third place for three years. I won my event. Afterwards, the coach got a job coaching the state university's swim team. Since he didn't care anymore, we had several team parties at his house that usually involved getting naked and swimming in his pool. Brian ended up taking pictures of his lezzy girlfriend and posting them on the internet. She dumped him and we became a couple team policy or not. This team was the best thing that ever happened to me and I tell my parents how happy I am they made me move to this town. Half our team will graduate this year, so I'll have the pleasure of initiating a whole new crop of swimmers. I hope we can have at least half the fun we had this year.

By GymDog