**Riley Hunter**

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**Prologue**  
Riley Hunter, Riles to her closest friends, stood looking out over the water park from her high vantage point. Her stomach felt like butterflies but she was determined not to “chicken out” as she had recently taunted Jake, who stood next to her, of potentially doing. She, Jake and six others of their college friends stood on a ledge above the deep end of the biggest pool at the park. Below them she could see the water. She could also see roughly 200 students from her small college, most of them from the freshman class but some sophomores and a few, like herself, juniors. They were looking up at the eight daredevils (fools?) who had perched themselves on the ledge and were hooting and clapping.   
  
“JUMP, JUMP, JUMP!” the crowd shouted in excited encouragement.   
  
Well, that’s what they had climbed up to do so they might as well do it. Riley looked over at Jake who glanced her way and flashed her a smile. A delicious smile, she thought, but also one that had a tinge of nerves behind it. That was understandable. They were about 25 feet up and this was definitely not a sanctioned diving board.   
  
Suddenly Jake looked at the crowd but spoke to his fellow daredevils (fools!).   
  
All right, let’s do this on three! One, two… three!!!”   
  
Riley, who had crouched down to jump on “two” suddenly leapt on “three” along with her compatriots towards the water below. It would be a memorable experience for all of them, overcoming their nerves to make the jump to the delight of their fellow students. For Riley, however, it would be something on another level. For the girl with a secret desire that, she believes, only she herself knew about, this jump would mean a whole lot more.

**Riley Hunter Part 1 - Wine, Internet Surfing, a Purchase**

(Eight days earlier)   
  
Riley Hunter pushed open her car door with a sigh of relief. Her long week of school and work was over and now it was time to relax. She and her roommate, Brooklyn, had already made plans to have a quiet night consisting of little more than a movie and some wine, and she was looking forward to it.   
  
She opened the back door and grabbed her bag filled with books and her tablet and the thin bag which held the Pino Grigio she had bought. She made the few steps up to the front door almost skipping. Though tired, she was excited for the weekend and could already feel the stress of the week washing away.   
  
She fished out her keys and pushed open the door. The apartment wasn’t big or luxurious but it was one of her favorite places. She and Brooklyn had found it after the summer after finishing their sophomore year at the small liberal arts college they attended. It was set in the first floor of what once, she guessed, used to have been a two-story family home. They had neighbors upstairs, three guys who they were friendly with and would often have backyard barbecues with or who would accompany them to the neighborhood bars. There were also college students in many of the other former-houses-turned-apartments in the neighborhood. Sometime there were some pretty wild block parties.   
  
All in all, she thought it was the perfect situation and now that finals were almost over on her junior year, she was very much looking forward to the summer ahead.   
  
Riley pushed her way through the door into the shared living room and was struck by how quiet it was. She then realized that she hadn’t seen Brooke’s car when she pulled in, which was odd because her roommate had said she had an early day today and would be home first. She looked around and nothing seemed to be out of place. Well, quite a few things were out of place - clothes was slung over furniture, there were some empty soda cans and bottles of wine on various end tables, and books and papers were piled up on the floor at the foot of the couch and the big easy chair they had found on the side of the road and made their own. But those things were normal. They tried to be tidy but they often failed. A true college apartment.   
  
“Brooke! Yo Brooks!” Riley called.   
  
No answer. She made her way into the kitchen area and saw on the island between there and the living room a bottle of wine and a note. Curious she went over and read it.   
  
“Hey Riles,   
  
Sorry but my mom called and my dad had to go to the hospital and may need minor surgery. Nothing big (I hope) but I’m heading home for the weekend to be with them.   
  
Hate to bust out on our movie night but I leave you this bottle of wine to remember me by and to soothe you in your loneliness - or maybe you could have Jake come downstairs and share it with you ;). Anyway, have fun and see you Sunday night.   
  
Luvs,   
  
Brooke”   
  
Riley rolled her eyes. Brooklyn certainly had a flair for the dramatic. But still, she must have really been upset to leave a note rather than to text. She hoped everything was OK with Mr. Stevens.   
  
So now there would be no roomie movie night and she had to come up with some other way to fill her evening. She thought briefly about calling Jake, one of the four guys that lived upstairs, he was cute and they got along very well, but she didn’t know if he also thought their friendship could go to the next level and she was too tired to play that kind of game tonight.   
  
No, she had another idea, one that came to her almost immediately. Tonight would be a nice dive into fantasy, supported by some of her favorite message boards and other websites. A little “Riley time” so to speak.   
  
You see, little Riley Hunter (and at 5’1 she was kind of little) had a secret. She fantasized about being caught up in embarrassing situations where she, and she alone, was naked among a group of clothed, and shocked, individuals. Not something like her being a stripper at a club, there was no sense of shock about a girl being nude there, but in more normal situations. She had many daydreams about being in an everyday situation but for some reason, maybe because of a dare gone wrong or a “wardrobe malfunction,” was suddenly undressed and, against her will, the center of attention.   
  
She always felt embarrassed about having this secret desire, though she knew she wasn’t alone. There were tons of sites dedicated to the idea and not all of the stories, she figured, could be written by men. She knew there were other sisters out there in the ENF fantasy world. Still, knowing that was still a long way from actually doing something in the REAL world about it. She wished she had the courage to put herself in the situation but knew that in reality she would be too humiliated to ever actually do it. Right?   
  
Yeah, probably, not. In real life she often dressed quite modestly even at places like the beach. But, it was still fun to think about. And that was how she was going to spend her unexpected evening alone.   
  
She threw her bag on the floor (what was one more thing out of place going to hurt?) and made her way into her bedroom. She stripped off her clothes, gathered up some pajamas and headed into the bathroom to shower.   
  
She spent a long time in the shower. In part of her mind she was worried about her best friend’s situation and hoped all the best for her dad. In another part she was suddenly excited to delve into the internet, and thus her fantasies, to, at least somewhat, satiate the burning impulse that always was bubbling below the surface. She even took the time to shave her legs so that when she was fantasizing tonight she could look down and see herself in her best form.   
  
When she got out of the shower she looked at herself in the full-body mirror on the back of the small and cramped bathroom’s door. In her own assessment she was what most people would call “cute” if not “traditionally beautiful”. She was on the shorter side and her breasts, though not big, were perky B-cups. Her body was thin but not scrawny. For most of her teenage years she had looked kind of like a prepubescent boy but fortunately around the time she hit 18 or 19 she had developed some curves. Her bottom was small but, again, cute. She maintained a strict shaving policy, as it were, for her vagina and thought it made her look young and adventurous but not childish.   
  
Her face was also “cute.” She had a small mouth with perfectly straight teeth (thanks to braces earlier in life) and a kind of button nose. She kept her blonde hair short in a type of pixie cut that showed her neck and somehow brought more attention to her hazel-green eyes. She had no complaints about her looks and even took some pride in the light hearted jabs that she looked like an elf or mystical fairy.   
  
Still, she somewhat envied Brooke, who at 5’8 and with significantly larger, but not glaringly so, breasts and a more curvy, womanly body, was a true knock-out. Her angled face caught the attention of any boy she met. Still, because of their close friendship, Riley knew Brooklyn was just as insecure and goofy as any 22 year old and loved her all the more for that juxtaposition.   
  
She turned away from the mirror and donned a pair of small cotton shorts that had the letters of her college on the bottom and a light tank top. Time to get down to the task at hand. She went to the kitchen and poured herself a glass of the Pino she had bought and went to find her tablet. She grabbed the bag, pulled it out, and hit the button to get it going. The little battery icon flashed at “6%” and blinked red. She reached back into her bag for the charger but came up empty.   
  
“Shit, what did I do with it?” she thought.   
  
Then she remembered. She had plugged it into the wall in the study area she had been in at the school library. She had then unplugged it to go ask a classmate she knew was on the lower floor a question and had forgotten about it.   
  
She thought briefly about driving back to campus to retrieve it but now that she was settled, had a taken a shower and started in on a glass of wine, that was the last thing she wanted to do.   
  
Suddenly, inspiration struck. She walked back down the hall and pushed Brooklyn’s door open. As she expected her roommate’s laptop was there on her bed. The two of them were like sisters but without the normal sibling strife. They often used each others things and neither ever cared   
  
“I just have to remember to delete the search history and it will be fine,” she thought, forgetting about the incognito settings most search browsers have.   
  
She took the laptop out into the living room and sat down on the couch. Sipping on her wine she waited for it to load up and immediately began poking around some of her favorite ENF sites looking for new stories. She also opened some tabs to re-read stories she knew she liked.   
  
For the next couple of hours she was immersed in the world of young women in embarrassing situation. In almost all cases she imagined herself as the “victim” though in many of them the woman eventually realized she enjoyed being humiliated, something Riley deeply connected with. She stopped only to refill her wine glass and hit the bathroom a couple of time.   
  
This is what she loved. Getting into a myriad of fantasy situations and so engrossed in the material that she was both reading and, in part of her mind, living out the fantasy herself. The idea of being naked, with no access to clothes or escape, in front of an audience made her whole body tingle. She could picture herself in front of a group of strangers, and in her most wild fantasies even friends and those closest to her, blushing deeply and trying in vain to protect her private bits from their leering eyes.   
  
“No, please, stop looking at me” she would yell in her fantasies, knowing that they wouldn’t and that some part of her didn’t want them to. “Please! This is so embarrassing.”   
  
So that’s how she spent her night. As she continued to search for new stories and videos of humiliation she also continued to steadily sip from her wine glass. She hardly noticed when she finished the bottle she had bought and almost absent mindedly popped the cork on the one Brooke had left for her. She was in such a hurry to get back to the internet, the world of delicious dreams, that she didn’t give it a second thought. She even brought the bottle back to the couch with her so she wouldn’t have to interrupt her browsing to get up for another glass.   
  
Sometime during this frenzy of reading and video watching she happened upon a video featuring a dissolving bathing suit. The video itself wasn’t all that compelling but the concept hit her as intensely interesting.   
  
What if, she thought, her mind alive with her passion and the alcohol, she could get one of those bathing suits? It would be the perfect way to have a situation from her fantasies in real life and have all the deniability about how she ended up naked in public that she could want. She could say someone gave it to her as a prank and that she was an unwitting victim.   
  
She began to imagine the possibilities, and, dangerously, started to really think for the first time in her life of actually making good on such an idea.   
  
“I wouldn’t want it to be around people I know, that would be too much. But I could drive some miles out of town to a lake or, if I want to be really bold, a water park or public pool,” she thought. “I would just have to act natural, like I didn’t have a care in the world, and then when I went in, ‘voosh’ away goes the suit.   
  
She laughed to herself at the word “voosh,” imagining the suit actually making a sounds when it dissolved, a sound that would attract the attention of those around her to her sudden nudity. Finding this as funny as she did in the moment should have been a warning about her current state of intoxication, but no red warning lights went off in her mind.   
  
“I could even, like, just wear the suit to the lake and not have nothing to put on,” she thought, her heart pounding. “Then I’d have to walk all the way to my car with nothing but a towel and drive all the way home that way and make a dash back into the apartment. Maybe have to explain to Brooke, or even Brooke and whatever company she had, what had happened. They’d want to know right away so I’d be standing there desperately holding a towel talking about how I was suddenly naked in front of a bunch of total strangers.”   
  
She shivered. As she went on thinking this way something became clear, she wanted to make her dreams a reality, though in a controlled way, a way that was embarrassing but not one that would really impact her social life. Those types of fantasies, while exciting, seemed too daunting, even in her current state.   
  
She decided to do it. First, she needed another drink as she didn’t want to step on this great wave of excitement she was feeling. She went to pour herself another glass of wine but realized all of the contents the second bottle had also been emptied of into her small frame. No matter, she and Brook were college students, so there had to be something else in the apartment. In a kind of daze she went poking around and soon enough found a half-empty pint of vodka. She poured a generous amount into a cup and mixed in some orange juice from the fridge and returned to the laptop.   
  
Acting on impulse, excitement and, well, horniness, Riley began searching around for places to actually buy such a bathing suit. Most of the top sites were crap. Funny tutorials of how to make a suit with dissolving string and little montages of people being embarrassed but shot in such a way as it was clearly fake. She was in the zone, however, and after a little deeper searching found a site from a company called “A Watery Surprise.” She began to read about the suits, which actually looked quite stylish. The site claimed they were made of a material that would look and feel like a regular bathing suit but would almost instantly dissolve when submerged in water. What is more, the site said the suits were shipped in such a way that whoever received it would not in any way be tipped off about the true nature of the garment.   
  
“You sneaky devils,” she thought. “That’s so evil and so, so delicious.”   
  
Though she could barely read the numbers on her debit card, through an act of pure, drunken, willpower she plugged them into the site and bought herself a little green and yellow bikini. The cut was actually a bit more daring than most of her other suits but it wasn’t too, in her opinion, “slutty.” It was perfect and would look totally natural on a girl of her age.   
  
“Awesome,” she said out loud. “This... this… this is going to be something.” Her voice sounded kind of hollow and distant, even to herself.   
  
The thought of being in bed suddenly pushed itself to the front of her mind. She was tired, she was very drunk (the vodka mixer was gone) and suddenly the room kind of felt off-tilt. In zombie mode she closed Brooke’s laptop and put it on the couch, pulled herself up and made her way into the bedroom. She lied down and immediately fell asleep.   
  
The next morning she woke up hungover and with very little memory of the later parts of the night before. She had forgotten to erase the laptop history and what is more had forgotten that was even something she should do. She had also forgotten about making any kind of online purchase or which sites she might have even visited to buy anything.   
  
In the days ahead her trek out to some distant beach or waterpark to enact her plans never happened because they were forgotten.   
  
The bathing suit, with its trick of disappearance, however, was boxed without any information revealing its true nature and shipped to the address she had provided: Her own apartment with her own name on it. Riley Hunter, in effect, had mailed herself a ticking time bomb of humiliation and had no memory of doing so.

**Riley Hunter Part 2 - Brooklyn’s Discovery**

Late morning the next day, while Riley was still fast asleep, Brooklyn Stevens pulled up to their apartment and parked her car on the side of the road.   
  
She had been planning to spend the weekend at her parents’ house, about two hours drive from campus, to be there for her dad who was in the hospital and her mother who was worried sick about him. However, after some tests the wonderful doctors had determined that Philip Stevens had been suffering from acid reflux and heartburn and not an actual heart issue as everyone had initially feared. He had even been released the evening before and Brooke was able to spend a nice night with her parents and sleep in her childhood room. Still, with no crisis at hand and preferring to be out on her own in her own apartment, she had kissed her parents goodbye after a breakfast of waffles and sausage (plain toast for her poor ol’ dad) and made the trek back.   
  
She opened the door and entered the living room and noticed almost right away signs that her roommate had had an interesting evening. The wine bottle she had bought for Riley was overturned at the foot of the couch and a bottle of vodka they had bought for a party a couple of weeks ago was out and on the island between the living space and the kitchen. Another bottle of wine, this one a white, was on the counter and was also empty.   
  
Brooke smiled to herself.   
  
“Hmm, maybe she did have Jake over after all,” she thought to herself. “If so, I hope it went well. I wonder if he’s in her room with her right now.”   
  
She didn’t think so. She knew Riley and while she was not a virgin she also didn’t rush into things. Since meeting as freshmen Brooke had been there during the time of of her roommate’s two boyfriends and knew, from late-night chats, that she took her time.   
  
Then Brooke noticed something a bit unusual. Her laptop was on the couch next to where Riley had obviously been sitting. She wasn’t upset, she didn’t mind at all if Riley used her things, but that she didn’t put it away was unusual. Sure, their apartment had clutter, but they were normally respectful of each others things. Also, why hadn’t Riley just used her own tablet?   
  
Brooke smiled again. It seemed as though her dear roomie had had an interesting evening. She couldn’t wait to hear about it.   
  
But first, considering the amount of empties scattered around and the fact that Riley was normally up by this time, she figured she’d poke her head in and see how she was doing. She walked down the hall and slowly opened the door to Riley’s bedroom.   
  
What she saw did not, considering the evidence, surprise her. Riley was laid out on top of the covers in what could only be described as the kind of pose that would be struck by a ragdoll tossed onto a bed. She went over and bent over her roommate.   
  
“Riley,” she said softly while touching her friend’s shoulder. “Riles, are you okay?”   
  
Riley did not wake up but sleepily waved her hand in front of her own face and kind of half turned. Then, as if finally feeling Brooke’s hand, grasped it briefly, half opened her eyes, made a pronounced grimace, and breathed in deeply.   
  
“Oh, Brooke, hi. Hope your dad is okay,” she said, sounding like she was talking from deep in a cave. She then turned on her side, made a kind of whimpering noise, curled up and went back into a full slumber.   
  
Brooke smiled again. Riley was sweet. Obviously hanging hard but still thinking about her and her family. She tiptoed out and went into the kitchen where she poured a big glass of water. She tiptoed back, placed the glass on Riley’s side table where she would see it when she woke up, and left again, carefully closing the door.   
  
Brooke made herself a cup of coffee and sat down on the couch, pulling her laptop onto her lap. She figured she’d check some email and social media. When the screen came to life, however, she was shocked. Her web browser was open and she was looking at a picture of a young woman, naked but for some sneakers and very red in the face, walking down what looked like a public street. The woman was hiding her intimates with her hands but was still clearly giving anyone in the area quite a show.   
  
“What the hell?” she thought. She then noticed that there were other tabs open. A lot of them. She began to switch from one to another. There were a few more with photos of naked women, all of them looking embarrassed about their situation. There were also some pages with videos of women streaking or “getting caught skinny dipping” or doing other naked dares. A couple featured stories and all of them on the same theme. For the first time in her life Brooke read the acronym “ENF” and discovered there was a lot of material about women being naked and exposed, and that interestingly, some of them seemed to like it.   
  
“So Riles, you did have an interesting night,” she thought with a smile, only feeling somewhat guilty about discovering her best friend’s fantasy life. “So this is what you’re into. Interesting.”   
  
Brooke began to read one of the stories. It was about a young woman back home from college who, due to her secret desire to be naked in risky places, had gone into her family’s backyard for a little midnight streaking. She had meant it to be some harmless fun but during the course of the story events outside of her control had her running around her hometown naked, trying desperately, and failing spectacularly, not to get caught. It was a great story and Brooke found her own heart beating faster as she read it.   
  
She read more. One theme she noticed was that in many stories the protagonist had someone, sometimes and enemy but often a friend, pushing them along, either through convincing, holding them to some lost bet, or by subterfuge. She found that she liked the thought of those characters, of being the one to pull the string that lead to another’s increasing vulnerability and humiliation. She looked back at some of the picture of the ENFs and found their blushing, embarrassed faces to be quite endearing.   
  
“So which type is Riley?” she wondered. “Did she want to see a girl embarrassed or be the one who was humiliated?”   
  
She found her answer soon after. She was scrolling through the comment sections of one of the stories about a girl being pushed after a dare gone wrong into more and more risky nude situations until she was finally exposed in front of friends, acquaintances and strangers, when she saw a comment by someone with the name “RiHunts.” It read, in full “Ugh, I wish I was that girl!!!!”   
  
“Interesting,” Brooke thought again.   
  
Finally she clicked a tab that until then had been overlooked in the multitude of open pages. At first she was puzzled by the message on the site that said “Thank you for your purchase! The suit has been shipped to you or your “poor” victim at the address you listed. Have fun!”   
  
“What is this?” she thought and started to click the “back” button. She soon saw a cute little bathing suit with a description about how it would dissolve when it came into contact with water. She could also see that Riley had indeed had it shipped to their apartment. For a moment she had a pang of fear. Was Riley trying to set her or someone they knew up with this “gift?” Was she perhaps into humiliating others after all? But no, she could see that by the info on the order that the suit was Riley’s size. It wouldn’t fit Brooke with her wider thighs and bigger breasts.   
  
“What are you up to, Riles?” Brooke thought. She had some guesses but was really not sure. She decided to keep her knowledge of her roommate’s fantasies a secret for now and wait to see what happened. To wait, and, if things looked like they were going a certain way, to maybe make some plans of her own.

**Riley Hunter Part 3 - Making Plans**

The rest of the weekend passed without much incident. The roommates both had finals to study for and spent most of Sunday doing just that. No mention of the laptop or the tabs left open revealing Riley’s fantasy life was made.   
  
On Tuesday afternoon Riley returned home after finishing her biology final and found a package with her name on it sitting on by the front door. She was confused when she picked it up and saw the return address was a company called “Boutique Bikinis.” A little pang of memory hit the back of her mind and she had a fuzzy image of herself looking at bathing suits while drinking the other night.   
  
She went inside and opened the package. It was indeed a bathing suit and a cute one at that.   
  
“Huh,” she thought, a smiled to herself. “I must have done some drunk shopping.”   
  
This was not the first time she had bought something online while drinking and had forgotten about it. Just the year before she had received a package containing an old-fashioned gumball machine. At first thinking it was a gag gift she had asked some friends if they had sent it. Soon, however, she saw her own bank statement that proved that she had, in fact, bought it. Then she remembered that she had been drinking a few nights before and scrolling through online shopping sites. What had compelled her in that moment to buy such a silly thing she could not remember in the least, but, she admitted to herself, the gumball machine was kind of fun and reminded her of childhood. Something her intoxicated mind must have latched onto it.   
  
Looking at the bathing suit on the counter before her she could guess exactly, she naively thought, why she had been drawn to it. It was a bit skimpier than what she normally wore but wasn’t slutty. The pattern and colors had an old-fashioned look. Kind of like something you’d see in an old-timey pin-up art, a “sexy-and-cute” style.   
  
“At least this time I bought something less silly than a bubble gum machine,” she thought, though from where she was standing she could see the candy dispenser on a shelf and remembered that they had, in fact, refilled it a couple of times since its arrival. “Well, at least something a bit more adult.”   
  
Having decided she liked the bikini she did what any 21-year-old would do in this situation. She held it up in front of herself, took a smiling selfie, and posted it on Instagram.   
  
“Drunk purchase :) Don’t remember buying this but I like it!!!” she wrote. “Now I just need to get through finals and find a good opportunity to wear it!!!”   
  
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A couple of hours later Brooklyn was looking through her own Instagram feed when she saw the picture of Riley holding up the suit and claiming it was something she had bought while intoxicated. Her heart immediately picked up its pace and she contemplated whether her friend’s assertion of amnesia was true or not. Certainly she had seen enough evidence of heavy consumption lying around the apartment for that to be believable.   
  
“Did you really punk yourself, Riles?” she thought to herself. “Do you really not remember what that suit is going to do when it hits water? Well, that’s just about the most fun thing I’ve ever heard.”   
  
A part of Brooklyn’s mind felt a pang of guilt. She should warn her best friend about what would happen if she got wet while wearing that. Or should she? She had deduced from Riley’s online searches and that comment on the story she had left open that her friend wanted to be exposed. Exposed and embarrassed. Maybe this was just a way for her subconscious to let that happen.   
  
There was also Brooke’s own recently-awakened interest in seeing... no … in pushing someone into a humiliating experience to be considered. Since that night she had done more online “research” and read quite a few ENF stories and found she did really like the stories with someone else pulling the strings. She wanted to see someone suddenly exposed in front of a intensely interested crowd. She wanted to make sure the exposure was complete and prolonged and she wanted to have some part of it. And Riley, cute little Riles, would be a perfect victim. Even if she loved her she had to admit she would be perfect.   
  
Her mind suddenly set, Brooklyn tapped the button to comment on Riley’s post.   
  
“So cute!” she wrote. “You should totally wear that to The Splash on Saturday!”   
  
The Splash was an annual event put on by the college at the end of the school year to mark the completion of finals. Normally it was attended by mostly freshmen and sophomores because drinking was, technically, not allowed, but the roommates had decided to attend this year despite being juniors. Part of the reason they were going was because the guys upstairs had said they wanted to go. “It’s a free day at the water park,” Jake had said. “And there will be plenty of time to hit up other parties afterwards.” That had convinced them.   
  
Brooklyn and Riley had attended the event that last couple of years so Brooke knew that roughly 300-400 of the college’s 3,000 students would be in attendance. Fighting back a little guilt that told her this was too mean, she thought it would be the perfect place for Riley to live out her fantasies, and, she had to admit, for she herself to live out hers. Really, Riley had done this to herself. And if Brooklyn was even now thinking about ways she could make the situation a bit more extreme, well, that was just her helping her friend fully experience what she so clearly wanted.   
  
Her phone pinged with a notification. Riley had responded to her comment.   
  
“Yes! That’s perfect,” her roommate had written.   
  
“Perfect indeed,” Brooklyn thought, a smile spreading across her face.

**Riley Hunter Part 4 - The Splash**

Finals were finally over. On Friday, Riley and Brooklyn ordered some pizza and sat around the apartment relaxing and watching television. They also texted with friends to set up parties for the following day after the outing to the water park.   
  
At one point when Riley was looking at something on her phone Brooklyn went out to her car and came back a few minutes later wiping her hand on a paper towel. She then went directly to the bathroom at rinsed her mouth with mouthwash. Riley didn’t notice.   
  
On Saturday morning they got up around 10:30 and started to get ready. Riley pulled out her new bathing suit, which had sat in the box all week, and got ready to put it on. A small pang once again hit the back of her mind but she pushed it away without really realizing it.   
Once she had it on she went from her bedroom to the bathroom to see it in the full-length mirror. She had to admit, she did look cute in it. The bottoms were tight and the full outline of her butt was clearly visible. She had a moment of hesitation but thought what the hell and decided to wear it anyway. At least her nipples weren’t poking through the top in any visible way. She walked out of the bathroom.   
  
“Ooh, that is cute!” exclaimed Brooklyn, causing Riley to jump a little. She turned and saw her roommate in the doorway of her bedroom, wearing some shorts and a tank top over her own bathing suit.   
  
“You don’t think it’s too tight?” Riley asked.   
  
“Not at all,” Brooklyn assured her. “Besides, you know that some girls will be walking around with nothing but a piece of string up their asses so you’ll be fine.”   
  
“Yeah, you’re right,” Riley said. She did not see the funny smile that crept across her roommates face as she turned back.   
  
“Well then, let’s go,” Brooklyn said, grabbing her car keys and starting for the door.   
  
“Are you just going to wear your bathing suit, no shorts and tee?” Riley asked her.   
  
“Eh, why bother,” Brooklyn said. “You know entry to the park is free but the cheap-ass owners still charge for a locker. I’m just going to bring a little bag for my phone and I’ll just have one of the guys watch it if I go for a swim. And it’s only a few miles down the street. We can come back here and change before going to the next party.”   
  
For a second Riley looked unsure. It was her custom to wear something more than a bathing suit for the trip to the park or the beach. But Brooke was right, they did still charge for a locker and then you had to worry about keeping tabs on the key.   
  
“Yeah, you’re right, let’s just go,” she said. Riley did not notice that Brooklyn had been practically holding her breath while she thought it out.   
  
The two college students got into Brooke’s car and drove the 10 minutes to the local water park, located just on the outskirts of town, adjacent to their little residential neighborhood. When they pulled into the parking lot Brooke spotted Jake’s old Ford Taurus. The car was a quintessential college student vehicle, about 20 years old and in pretty bad shape. The windows were left down a couple of inches because, as Jake had complained about quite often, the air conditioner had given up the ghost some time ago.   
  
Brooklyn parked next to Jake and got out of the car, as did Riley from the passenger seat. The pair made their way to the ticket counter where they showed their student IDs, which gave them free access for the day, signed the necessary legal release in the event they hurt themselves doing something dumb, and entered the park.   
  
The Walston Water Park, built in the 1950s, was not the mega-parks many people these days think of it. It was a small and somewhat rundown place but still boasted a couple of slides, a big pool with a deep-end good enough for diving, and a cabana-style lounge areas for relaxing and sunbathing. It was just the kind of place a small college could rent for half a day for its students. And on this day, students from Riley and Brooke’s college were the only people there.   
  
The two students grabbed a couple of the free-to-use towels that the park offered and went to find their friends. The owner of the park, one Mr. John Walston III (also the third in a line of park owners who tried to make a buck anywhere they could), had once tried to charge for their use but found that since most people brought their own it wasn’t worth paying someone to man the rental station. What he did do, however, was only purchase rather cheap towels that were a distinct burgundy color and threatened his employees, with his normal exaggerated style, that there would be dear consequences to pay if anyone was allowed to leave the park with one.   
  
The next two hours were a couple of the longest in Brooke’s life, a side effect of anticipation, excitement and, to be honest, a small bit of nervousness that what she was going to do would actually be too much for Riley and would damage their friendship.   
  
“But really,” she thought. “I didn’t buy her the magical suit and clearly this is what she wants. I’m just going to try and, you know, make it a little more impactful.”   
  
For Riley everything seemed just about normal. There was a small, distant and barely-perceptible alarm bell going off in her mind but she couldn’t for the life of her figure out its source and so successfully shoved it out of her head.   
  
For the most part the pair settled down in a lounge area with their upstairs neighbors and a few other friends from their neighborhood and classes. The weather hadn’t turned out as hot as most years and so they were happy to just catch some sun, munch on some snacks from the vendor shack and chat. To be sure there were many students in the pool and going down the slide but they were mostly the younger students, the first and second years. They were third year students and were happy to lounge poolside and chat.   
  
Brooklyn kept wondering when it would happen, if it would happen. At this point the group of friends and acquaintances they were with was up to about 15 people. Then, suddenly, as if out of nowhere she thought the universe was about to offer some divine intervention.   
  
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Riley was standing chatting with Jake and one of his roomates, Dan, when out of the corner of her eye she caught a sudden frenzied movement. She turned to look just in time as one of the younger kids, probably a freshman, raised his arm, his face plastered in a trouble-making grin and a water balloon in his upheld arm. It seemed as if some of the younger roustabouts were trying to get a water fight going and this one seemed to have targeted the three of them. Before she could react the balloon was out in the air and it appeared like the aim was true.   
  
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Brooklyn just watched as the balloon was thrown and started on a seemingly inevitable crash course with her roommate. She saw Riley’s mouth form a kind of “oh” shape as her body began the natural response of turning away from an object flying at it. However, it would be impossible for her to duck in time. Time stood still for a moment.   
  
What was not impossible was for Dan, who was already, unnoticed, in movement when the balloon was thrown to lean down and pick up a glass of “punch” off a table, to inadvertently put his broad shoulders in the way of the projectile. The balloon struck his bicep, bounced off at a distorted angle due to his movement, and crashed harmlessly on the ground exploding on impact. Nothing but a little patch of grass was watered.   
  
“Damnit,” Brooklyn thought. Well, if fate wouldn’t handle this, she would find a way.

**Riley Hunter 5 - The Big Plunge**

Soon after she had, unknowingly, missed public exposure by water balloon, Riley decided to lay down on one of the lounge chairs and possibly take a nap in the mid-morning sun. After a couple of minutes she did indeed fall asleep.   
  
Brooklyn, still chatting with some friends saw her do it and began to think. Should she just grab a bucket of water and go dump it on Riley when she was asleep? The shock and surprise of first being woken by having water dumped over her followed by her bathing suit melting away would surely cause enough of a shock that she wouldn’t think to cover up right away and thus be exposed to everyone in the area.   
  
“Kind of lame, though,” Brooklyn thought. If Riley was quick enough only a couple people would see her. “That would be a waste of a whole park full of people.”   
  
The answer to her question of what to do was provided by Jake. While she was sitting and contemplating he came up to and tapped her shoulder to get her attention. She jumped in surprised at having been caught in deep and evil contemplation, blushed for a second, and then grinned up at him.   
  
“What’s up neighbor?” she asked.   
  
“Hey, you wanna join us for The Big Plunge?” he asked. “Me and some of the guys from our group are going to get it going this year. Show these freshman how it’s done.”  
  
Brooke thought for a moment and remembered from the years before what he was talking about. She suppressed a grin.   
  
“I think I’ll pass but you know who just might do it? Riley,” she said. “That girl can’t pass up on a dare.”   
  
The Big Plunge was an annual stunt at The Splash that was always a big scene. It required climbing up one of the walls that formed the outside of the staircase to the water slide to a flat platform located high above the deep end of the pool. Then one had to steel themselves for the 25-foot or so jump from the wall into the pool as other park-goers who were not quite so daring cheered you on. It was strictly against the park rules, but Old-Walston-Number-3 didn’t really care so long as nobody got hurt and tried to sue him. But hey, that’s what the legal release was for.   
  
Jake grinned and looked over at the sleeping Riley. Brooklyn thought she caught a little wistfulness and eagerness in his glance and thought that, yeah, he did think of her the way she knew Riles thought of him. A little mutual crush had formed between them.   
  
“You think she would?” he asked.   
  
“If you set up it as a friendly challenge I’m sure of it,” Brooklyn said. “She grew up with older brothers and was a tomboy who always wanted to keep up with them and I know she’s done plenty of crazy stuff.”   
  
Jake laughed and nodded and made his way over to Riley. He sat down on the lawn chair next to hers and Brooklyn could see him calling her name to wake her up. Riley woke easily enough from her nap in a crowded and loud water park and smiled up at him. From her vantage point she could tell by the banter back in forth that Jake had taken her advice and was, in a friendly way, teasing Riley as he tried to convince her to join in the stunt. For her part Riley seemed to play along, putting on a joking defiant face and standing up to look down at the sitting Jake with her hands on her hips. She then pointed a finger in his face and said loudly enough for Brooke to hear “Just make sure you don’t chicken out up there, big guy.” The pair laughed.   
  
“Perfect, perfect, perfect!” Brooklyn thought.   
  
She asked some other guys from their group of friends when The Big Plunge would take place and they said at 1 p.m. She looked at her phone and saw it was just after 12:30. She made a decision then and there. Without drawing attention to herself she got up, leaving her towel behind, and made her way to the exit of the park and to her car. She returned about 10 minutes later. Riley, nor anyone else, noticed.   
  
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Five minutes before 1 Jake gathered up the seven other juniors who had agreed to participate in The Big Plunge with a few simple words of encouragement.   
  
“If it isn’t stupid is it really worth doing, on this, the day after finals?” he asked. They all laughed. The group hustled up and began to make the climb up the wall. It wasn’t really that hard because the cracked facade offered a good number of handholds.   
  
Riley made her way up behind Jake. She felt a little self-conscious because she could see that their unexpected climb had drawn that attention of many of the students that were swimming or lounging below. She knew that, in her tight bathing suit, her bottom was likely sticking out in a pronounced and noticeable way as she stood facing the wall to scale it. Still, she was excited about the plunge, it reminded her of some of the many antics she used to get up to with her older brothers growing up, often to the chagrin of her mother who couldn’t understand why she couldn’t just act more like “normal little girl.” And, Jake had invited her on this fool's’ journey, and she felt good about that.   
  
When they reached the top they spread out so as not to bump into each other in mid-air. Riley was next to Jake who stood trying to look cool and confident though his arms were swaying front to back in a kind-of nervous way. After a few moments of looking out over the crowd, who had now formed into a block of faces uttering the change of “Jump!”, the group got ready to make their move.   
  
For a second a pang of near-panic ran through Riley’s mind. Some warning bell warned her not to jump, that she just had to remember something. Something very important. She almost listened to that voice but then looked over at Jake who smiled at her.   
  
“No, I can’t chicken out!” she thought. “Not after I teased him about it. What would he think?”   
  
Suddenly she heard Jake yelling to the group on the ledge.   
  
“All right, let’s do this on three!” he said.   
  
“One!”   
  
Riley took a deep breath and steeled herself.   
  
“Two!”   
  
Riley crouched down and prepared to jump, eyes fixed on the water below.   
  
“Three!”   
  
Riley, Little Riles, jumped. When she reached the apex of her leap the warning bell inside her brain exploded. Time seemed to slow down, to very nearly stop. She REMEMBERED! Images of the night of drunken internet surfing crashed themselves down upon her mind and consciousness with a force like the one she and her group would soon deliver to the water below. The stories she had read, the videos she had watched, the fantasies she had indulged and how she had, in her state, wanted to make them real. Finally, with a small and nearly silent wail on her lips, she remembered the suit. The full implication hit her as her body started making its fast, and irreversible, decent to the water below, where a crowd of her fellow students watched.   
  
“No, no, no, NOOOOOO!” Riley thought as first her feet, then her body and finally her head, broke the surface the water and she plunged deep to the bottom of the pool. “What have I done!?”

**Riley Hunter Chapter 6 - Living the Dream**

“NOOOOOOO!” Riley Hunter’s mind continued to scream as she plunged into the deep water of the big pool at Walston Water Park, where, a couple hundred of students from her college were spending the early part of the day after finals enjoying a free day of leisure. The pool, where due to the stunt full antics of a handful of those students, herself included, the majority of the rest park-goers had gathered to watch the show. The show, that, Riley was now realizing with a dawning sense of horror, would be more than they had bargained for.   
  
She felt her feet hit the bottom of the pool, her body still crouched in the cannonball position she had elected to use for the jump, and almost as if by instinct her feet pushed off the bottom and propelled her to the surface. When she came up gasping for air she looked around wildly at the crowd around her. Her fellow students were all cheering and clapping the group that had made the silly jump.   
  
For a second Riley allowed herself to believe that maybe she was wrong about what was about to happen, what was already probably happening. Like a person who cuts themselves chopping vegetables her first innate instinct was to look away, to somehow hold onto the belief that if you don’t actually see the blood then you aren’t actually injured. However, when she took the first tentative look down she knew her situation was as hopeless as the hapless chef. Like blood pooling on a cutting board the telltale signs of disaster were there for her to see. She could see the water around her suddenly get cloudy with a green and yellow hue. Peering through the cloud into the clear pool water she could make out the nipples of her own perky breasts and suddenly, barely but inarguably, the skin where a bikini bottom should be.   
  
“Shit, shit shit,” she thought.   
  
She looked around at the crowd and, based on the fact that they were still just cheering and clapping, she guessed nobody had noticed her denuded state yet. She thought for half a second that maybe nobody would. That maybe, just maybe, she could swim to the shallow end, jump out, grab a towel, with only one or two people actually seeing anything. A quick blur of her chest or a glimmer of her now naked bottom and nothing else.   
  
Her hopes were dashed when she suddenly heard a voice call out over the sound of the crowd.   
  
“Hey!,” this evil voice said, bellowed, actually. “Her bathing suit is melting! She’s naked!”   
  
Two thoughts immediately popped into Riley head. The first, “was that Brooke? No, it was too deep a voice but it sounded a little like Brooke” was quickly replaced by “oh no! I have to do something! And quick!”   
  
But what? She frantically thought of only two options. One, stay in the water and try to hide as best she could from the gazes of the crowd, which, she now saw, were all on her. Or two, make a break for it and try and get to her towel. Looking down she could see her naked body quite clearly now that the bathing suit, that damn, treacherous bathing suit, had completed dissolved. She realized the water offered her little privacy and that the students standing on the edge of the pools could probably see more of her than she could herself.   
  
“But to run out naked?!” her mind screamed. “How can I do that!?”   
  
What decided it for her was turning around only to come face to face with Jake. He had a confused but also amused look on his face and was clearly looking at her through the surface of the water.   
  
“No, no no!” she thought for the who-knows-how-many-time in the last couple of minutes. Without really thinking she started to swim as fast as she could towards the edge of the pool. As she did so, she was only dimly aware, her butt broke the surface of the water and said its first unobstructed “hello!” to a welcoming and eager crowd.   
  
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For her part when the participants of The Big Plunge made their leap of fate time had only slowed down, not completely stopped, but for Brooklyn that moment was one she would cherish for a long time.   
  
She had things set in place as much as she thought they could be. She had taken Riley’s towel, in fact the towels of everyone in the group, and thrown them into one of the receptacles. With all eyes on the eight friends about to jump it was an easy to thing to do unnoticed.   
  
Then she had positioned herself as best she could for the show with her phone set to record video and ready for the action. When the group jumped she was intently focused on Riley and thought she saw her roommate’s face change from one of determination to shock and horror literally in mid-air. It was an adorable sight and sent a chill down her spine.   
  
When Riley hit the water Brooke watched for the telltale signs that the suit would deliver as promised. The results were nearly immediately. As her best friend’s body plunged beneath the surface almost at once she could see a strange cloud of bright colors form around her. During Riley’s ascent to the surface her naked body started to be visible beneath the water.   
  
For Brooklyn it wasn’t really the sight of her naked friend’s body that made her giddy. She had seen Riley and many other girls naked before in the course of getting ready for school or a night out or in gym showers. What Brooke was drawn to was the look of delicious embarrassment on her friend’s face. Riley emerged from the water with cheeks burning red like the lights of a firetruck. She seemed to at first be in denial but then resolved to check her wardrobe situation and when she saw that she was indeed naked in the middle of a pool surrounded by onlookers her panicked expression was something that Brooke wanted to frame and hang on her wall for all time.   
  
Brooklyn scanned the students lined up on the side of the pool, all the while making sure to keep her phone’s camera pointed at Riley. She noticed that nobody had seemed to notice her roommate’s naked state as of yet. Even the other jumpers were still just waving to their fans and had not yet taken heed of the naked young lady in the water next to them.   
  
“Well, I can see to that,” Brooklyn thought with a mischievous grin.  
  
Taking a deep breath and trying to change her voice to sound deeper but also as loud as possible she yelled out.   
  
“Hey!,” she yelled. “Her bathing suit is melting! She’s naked!”   
  
She saw many faces in the crowd suddenly look around wildly, wondering who she was yelling about. In an instant it became clear to many of them as they focused in on the blushing Riley who now had a look like she had just been goosed. Her head swung from side to side as she took in the fact that many people were now looking her way and that many of them were starting to point at her, alerting those still in the dark about the spectacle before them.   
  
Brooke had a single pang of guilt seeing her best friend suddenly the center of attention but then remembered that Riley had clearly wanted this to play. Sure, she might be in shock now, but Brooke had a feeling she was enjoying herself deep down. Or, at least would enjoy it later on. She was certainly enjoying it.   
  
Then the best thing so far happened. As Riley looked around clearly overwhelmed with the situation she turned all the way around and came face to face with Jake. Well, Riley was at least looking at Jake’s face. Jake, on the other hand, was clearly looking down through the water at Riley’s body. At that moment something seemed to click in her roommate’s head and Brooke watched as she began frantically swimming towards the shallow end of the pool. As she did so her cute little, and oh-so-white, bottom popped up out of the water. Brooklyn made sure her camera was pointed at the show.

**Riley Hunter Chapter 7 - A Mad Dash With Nothing To Nothing**

Riley Hunter swam as fast as she could towards the shallow end the pool, keenly aware of that many fellow students were watching and pointing at her naked body as she cut through the water. Her thoughts were spinning in a myriad of directions but first and foremost was her desire to get herself out of this self-inflicted situation as fast as she could.   
  
Even through her shock and finding herself in the middle of a pool naked and surrounded by peers a small part of her brain was quietly but incessantly chanting “It’s happening! It’s really happening! What you always wanted.”   
  
“Yes, but not like this!” the majority of her brain answered. She did want something like this to happen but she had wanted to have more control over it. Yes, she acknowledged to herself, she had bought the dissolving swimsuit but..but she had been drunk! She, of course, had never really meant to put herself in a situation like this! Not in front of people she knew! Not in front of Jake!!!   
  
“It’s still finally happening,” that small part of her insisted. And despite herself, the fact that she currently didn’t have control over the situation it sent a shiver of excitement up her spine.   
  
Her internal debate was cut short when she suddenly felt her stomach and knees glide against the hard surface of the bottom of the pool. Without realizing it she had continued swimming much further into the shallow end than she had intended and she saw that if she went any further she’d actually be swimming up the stairs that led from the deck into the wading area like a salmon swimming upstream.   
  
She suddenly realized how ridiculous she must look lying on her belly in the shallows. The water was now only a couple of few inches deep and not only her behind but most of her back were no longer submerged. Also, now that her ears were out of the water she could clearly hear the remarks of the onlookers. Many were just laughing and cheering, likely still shocked by what they were seeing, but a few were yelling out remarks like “Nice ass!” and “Cute butt!” and “Yeah, woo, skinny dipper!” Most unnerving were a couple of family voices using her name as they cheered her on. One voice that she was pretty sure belonged to Meghan, another friend from their group, yelled “You go Riles! Crazy girl! Love it!”   
  
She had to make her next move. That brought a new problem. Thus far, her absent minded dedication to just keep on swimming had meant that only her bottom was on display. To stand up and make a run for her towel would mean showing off more than she had already. So far the only look at her breasts and vagina anyone had gotten had been obscured by the water when she was still treading water in the deep end.   
  
“You can’t just lay there with your butt up in the air, girl, you gotta move!” she thought to herself. For the first time she thought to try and cover her cheeks and shot her hands back. This meant she had to lift her head up a little to keep it out of the water and for the first time she really saw her audience. Students lined the edge of the pool, many of them at the top of the three steps that separated her from the route back to her towel. Looking up at them from her position lying down on her belly made her feel suddenly small and vulnerable.   
  
To her dismay she also saw that some, not exactly a majority but more than enough for her liking, were holding up phones. She didn’t know if they were taking pictures or video but she knew they were making digital records of her naked state.   
  
That motivated her to move. The quicker she could get some cover the less footage of her naked body would be out there among the student population of her school. Also, if she kept moving the less people would be able to see.   
  
Steeling herself she took her hands off butt and quickly pushed herself up out of the shallow water. Almost instinctively as soon as she was up she bent at slightly at the knees and waist, one hand covering her vagina and the other arm going over her breasts. Striking this position caused her brain to do a quick start and self-check.   
  
“The classic ENF pose!” that small part of her brain almost taunted her. Yes, the pose she had seen and read about so many times. The pose she had in her fantasies imagined herself striking. The pose that more than once she had made in front of the mirror just to see what she looked like. That was in the safety of her own room, of course, and in the safety of fantasy. This was altogether different.   
  
“But still, here you are,” she thought, and again that excited tingler hit her, this time throughout her whole body. It was gone in a second and her mind was immediately back to trying to end this situation.   
  
Being careful to keep herself covered up she made a quick dash in the direction of her towel and where her group of friends had been hanging out. She didn’t go as fast as she might if she had just run, but thought that giving up some speed to keep herself covered was worth it. That was when disaster, or, she supposed, a new disaster struck.   
  
As she made her way through the first group of students lining the pool, who, graciously, stepped back to give her a way and did not try and impede her, her foot hit a slippery spot on the tiled floor that lined the pool. Almost instantly she felt her balance slipping and her body tumbling backwards. On instinct her hands raced behind her to break her fall. Her butt hit the ground with a thud but fortunately she was able to stop herself before her back or her head hit anything hard. Due to her momentum and the slick tiles (Remember kids: no running by the pool!) she slid a couple of feet before stopping. Her feet stopped right before bumping into a couple of younger students, three guys and two girls.   
  
So there she was, sprawled on her back with our legs jutting out before her and her full body on display directly in front of some students, all of who were staring down at her with surprised expressions on their faces. Not to mention that all around her were other college students, some with cameras out, now with an unobstructed view. And once more she found herself looking up at them which once more made her feel somehow extra vulnerable.   
  
“Ahh, no!” she yelled as she fell, for the first time since this began making any sound other than a scared and shocked whimper. “Shit!”   
  
One of the boys, who looked like a freshman who may have seen his 18th birthday, but if so, very recently, suddenly stopped just staring at her in surprise. His face took on a look of concern. True, he still looked amused and like he was enjoying what he was seeing, but there was definitely concern.   
  
“Did you hurt yourself?” he asked, and Riley heard genuine boy-ish kindness in his voice. He reached down and put out his hand. “Would you like a hand up?”   
  
Despite the gesture Riley found that she could still not really form much in the way of words. Her thoughts were all focused on getting to her towel and then getting out of this park with whatever dignity she could.   
  
Quickly scrambling she pushed herself to her feet she and just murmurmed “no thanks” to the young guy and rushed past him. She was dimly aware that her butt stung from the impact of her fall but she pushed on ignoring it. Thirty feet to go and she’d be back to where she and her friends had been sitting.   
  
There were still students to pass before she got there and she became keenly aware of all of them watching her make her mad dash. Fortunately, being young men and women of the 21st century, and also for the most part completely sober, none of them felt entitled to try and touch her or even get in her way. At most they just clapped and cheered as she ran by with a few spouting somewhat embarrassing, but not really degrading, comments about her naked state. In fact, most of those who said anything were more encouraging than anything. She heard more comments in the vein of “go girl!” and “yeah, free the nipple!” and “you rock!” than anything overtly objectifying.   
  
However, her fellow students not being piggish did not lessen the embarrassment Riley felt at them seeing her naked in the middle of the day at a public park. And whatever modern-day chivalry or sensitivity kept them from fondling her didn’t prevent a number of them from filming her. Also, nobody, it seemed, was inclined to throw her a towel or anything else to put on. They were, both guys and gals alike, enjoying the show too much for that.   
  
Finally Riley had a break. She was through the line of students that had gathered to watch The Big Plunge, which was most of them in that area of the park, and she had clear sight of the corner she and her friends had carved out for themselves. With most of the students behind her she even let her hands slip from covering her most of places a little and added more speed. She felt a sudden burst of relief as she arrived at the lounge chair she had been blissfully napping on little more than half an hour ago.   
  
That relief was short lived. When she dove to where her towel was, or should be, she didn’t see anything. Looking around wildly she scanned the chairs, tables and ground around the area for her towel, or any towel, and saw nothing! She looked around some more. Her towel, or one of her friends towels, HAD to be here somewhere. Once again she saw nothing. Her heart sank even as that little voice in her head started, it seemed, to laugh with nervous excitement.   
  
Where the hell was her towel?   
  
And, for that matter, where the hell was Brooke?