**Surprise!!!!**

by Janie

I went swimming this morning as usual, only none of my friends were there -- all off shopping, I guess. So after 60 laps in the big 25m pool, I went to the little kiddie’s pool and did kick turns. There’s no one there for about four hours, now. About six sets and I headed to the showers, amid furtive stares from the lifeguards around. I was the only swimmer this morning; the lifeguards were about only other people around.

'Merry Christmas,' I said to Thomas, a head lifeguard who works there, passing by.

'You too, Janie. You're our best customer, you know...’ Then without warning, he continued, 'What's Santa gonna bring our little Janie for Christmas?'

OMG!!! I thought, this was too fresh! He's got to be at least ten years younger than I am! He shouldn’t talk with me familiar, like that!!!!

'I have no idea,' I replied, ignoring his precocious comment, without a thinking at all. Then it dawned on me again that he was looking down at my swimsuit, again. OMG! (It was pretty skimpy, down there, I have to admit.)

'Well if I were Santa,' Thomas continued, 'I'd bring you a new swimsuit. That one you’re wearing's pretty threadbare, you know….'

No I don’t know, darn you! OMG, he'd noticed my swimsuit!!! Even while he stared! Tom always stood above the little short pool, where I practiced my kick turns. It was just the right length to be there... I knew the lifeguards liked to look, but really, to stare at me now? Then comment about my swimsuit? I mean really.... I was unemployed about a year!

'Because Janie, I love your swimsuit,' he continued, 'and it's probably not right for me to say a word that I cared, one way or another -- I mean, you must be close to thirty, I suppose. Anyhow, I'm sorry, I mean I'm only guessing about that -- surely, I shouldn't care.'

'But Janie, what I mean is, you need a new swimsuit,' he continued. 'The chemicals in the pool wear out nylon fabric, you know. So Santa's got a little gift for you at the entrance to the pool…’

OMG, I couldn't believe it! They'd noticed my little old nylon suit after all -- I was amazed. So I did what only I could do, then. I gave Tom a big hug, telling him how much I appreciated his concern for what I wear swimming. I mean, after all, you'd think he was telling me politely my sex showed. Well cuz you know, maybe he could, I mean he could see a little of my p\*ssy. Because I mean I could looking in the mirror in the shower room.

'Be sure to stop by and say hi to Bob on the way out,' said Tom. 'Merry Christmas, Janie!' You’re the reason have of our swimmers are here, you know!’ (with a wink)

Then it dawned on me, why I like swimming. Wearing a light swimsuit, shows my sex just a bit. Maybe, I thought, well just maybe, it’s as good as being nude – I mean almost. In the morning, as long as I swim my laps, and act 'professional' I can parade around exhibiting myself as much as I want -- or dare. That's why I love swimming!!!! OMG I’ve gotta go tell my psyche!

On the way out by the desk, I stopped to say hi to the clerk, Bob. Now Bob's seventy-ish but still has that twinkle in his eyes, and he stares...

'Janie,' he said, 'we've got a present for you.'

'Here look,’ he said with a grin. He had a very nice package wrapped up in a little box. So excited, I couldn't wait to see what it was. Plus Tom and the other lifeguards were watching through the windows. But as I opened it, I realized it was a swimsuit inside that little cardboard box....

'Oh my gaawd, it's just what I ALWAYS wanted!' I bubbled, delighted. It was a very nice marmalade colored cross-back, my favorite Speedo style. And it was even made from..... hmmmm, very, very light nylon. Very nice.... I mean very, very nice -- I was so embarrassed to get it, I was turning red. Then I realized there was only one little problem -- the lining was still sewn in in front....

That's okay, I thought to myself. I can fix that in a heartbeat.....

And just as I did, my sinuses opened up, pouring out what seemed like a cup of water out from up there... Oh my gawd, all over Bob's desk... Now I was embarrassed turning beet red…

'Janie, you're wonderful,' said Bob, wildly laughing. 'Without you, I'd do nothing here, but sleep, all day! The lifeguards think about you the same way I do, too.'

‘Merry Christmas Janie, see ya Wednesday.’

‘See ya, Bob. Tada. Say hi to the lifeguards for me…’

And with that, I went prancing out by the big glass windows, smiling, blowing kisses to the lifeguards holding up my swimsuit for them all to see!