**Swimmer Keiko's Lotus Goddess Lust**

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Keiko's hand crashed together against the pool wall, closely followed by the wave created by her body. She knew she had swum well, but before she even lifted her head, the usual dread feeling was consuming her.  
  
Sure enough as she turned her head towards the next lane her great swimming rival, Namiko, was already leaning back, her head titled backwards as she caught her breath. She whipped her rubber swimming cap and goggles off, allowing her long, silky black hair to shake free.  
  
Keiko glanced upwards at the scoreboard.  
  
She had done 1:09.32 - her personal best for 100m Breaststroke, and the record time for her university. But Namiko Suzuki was the reigning 100m Breaststroke champion at the Japanese University Championships, and since they had both been young girls starting out in swimming, Keiko's rival had always bested her. Looking at first place on the scoreboard confirmed her frustration.  
  
Place 1: Lane 4, Namiko Suzuki - 1:08.22.  
  
Place 2: Lane 5, Keiko Nakamura - 1:09.32.  
  
Her eyes were still affixed on the scoreboard when she sensed Namiko dipping under the lane rope into her lane. Keiko dreaded what would come next.  
  
The slightly larger, stronger girl swam a stroke to draw her near to Keiko, who begrudgingly turned to face her. Namiko affectionately wrapped her arms around Keiko, planting a kiss on her cheek.  
  
Keiko felt uncomfortable. Both at her bitterness at never out-swimming Namiko, and at the fact that as Namiko hugged her, her lycra covered breasts pressed against Keiko's own slightly smaller ones in a way which made her feel slightly aroused. In her mind, Keiko wanted nothing more than to slap her face, but her body betrayed a different desire.  
  
"Thank you so much Keiko! You always push me so hard, and help me to swim my best!" Namiko said into Keiko's ear.  
  
Keiko blushed as the comment raised her fury even more! But at the same time, Namiko's hot breath grazing the skin on her neck, made her clit tingle.  
  
Namiko held the embrace slightly longer, and as the two treaded water holding onto each other, her thigh passed between Keiko's legs, brushing against her now tingling pussy.  
  
A jolt of pleasure and desire fired through her pussy, and she felt herself getting wet. Worse, her nipples began to harden, showing obviously through her white lycra swimsuit and pressing against Namiko's breasts. Namiko leaned back and gave Keiko a strange smile, which she wasn't sure if it was in response to her nipples, or in some kind of sarcastic tease about having won the race.  
  
They bobbed their way across the pool, passing under each land rope until they reached the ladder at the side of the pool. Keiko treaded water as she waited for Namiko to raise herself out of the pool.  
  
As Namiko climbed, Keiko couldn't help but pass her gaze across her rival's body. Viewed from behind, Namiko had a beautiful curved arse, an inch-wide gap between her upper-thighs, with her curved, lycra-clad pussy bulging downwards, and muscular legs which made Keiko wonder how she looked naked.  
  
She wasn't a lesbian, at least she didn't think she was. But Namiko's body did arouse her.  
  
The truth was, she wasn't sexually experienced enough to know if she was a lesbian, despite being 21 years of age. She had only had one boyfriend, preferring to concentrate on her studies as her mother had always insisted. And he wasn't particularly skilled in the bedroom department.  
  
So although Keiko wasn't a virgin, she hadn't explored her sexuality very far.  
  
All Keiko knew at that moment in the pool was that the wide gap between Namiko's powerful thighs, and the bulging mound that protruded from her latex-covered crotch looked beautiful from behind.  
  
She shook her head, suddenly aware of the crowd in the swimming centre watching them getting out of the pool, and again blushing as she worried someone may have seen her watching Namiko's arse for a moment too long.  
  
Namiko cleared the pool, and Keiko began to climb out, feeling embarrassed at her stiff nipples. She tried to place her arms in front of her in a way to hide her obvious arousal.  
  
Her coach came across and threw her a chamois to dry off. Her coach began to make comments about her swim, offer a few tips and congratulations on her time, and finally a word of encouragement on coming second, which she knew wouldn't console the young swimmer.  
  
But Keiko's head swam, and she didn't really take in the voice, as she watched the bigger, stronger victor walking from behind. Namiko's arse muscles, glistening wet, looked perfectly chiselled as they gently rolled with her steps.  
  
Keiko went back to the lane box and collected her tracksuit, and then headed towards the changing rooms. The breaststroke had been her only swim that night, so she could now go and wash the chlorine off and get changes. But as she walked back, she was fixated on Namiko's arse for some reason. She just couldn't shake the image out of her head... Or her crotch.  
  
Normally she was furious about the better swimmer, but this time she was uncontrollably turned on, and for some reason couldn't shake the image of Namiko's curves from her mind.  
  
She hit the showers hoping the hot soaping water would clear her mind. Slipping out of her swimsuit, she joined a few other girls in the communal showers, applied some soap and began washing off the pool water.  
  
Within a few minutes Keiko found herself alone in the showers, naked, soapy, and still incredibly moist down there.  
  
Maybe if she just touched it, it would go away. Just once - a quick rub....  
  
Quickly looking around to make sure she was alone, her soapy hand slip between her legs, and her soft fingers ran gently across her bulging pussy lips.  
  
They quickly parted, and instead of the feeling going away, it grew more intense.  
  
She rubbed her labia with her fingertips, running them along the length and gently flicking her clit. Her hand moved away guiltily, and she quickly glanced around - again seeing no one.  
  
Her hand quickly returned, and with her other hand she began gently pinching her nipples, first the right then the left. The urge flooded into her loins now.  
  
Her fingers rubbed more heavily and then two of them plunged inwards, entering her moist snatch.  
  
She began to wank herself more seriously now, moving in the way she knew would most quickly bring her off. Sexually inexperienced as she was, Keiko knew how to make herself cum.  
  
Soon her eyes had rolled back and her left hand worked her nipples more furiously, sharply twisting and tugging them, as her right hand alternated between rubbing her outer lips, flicking her clit, and driving furiously in and out of her pulsing pussy. Soon her left hand dropped to her clit, rubbing it vigorously as her right hand fingers fucked her hungry pussy. She was so wet now, her cunt made slurping noises as she furiously drove her fingers in and out, her left hand skilfully working her clit over all the while.  
  
Rocking her hips to meet her fingers, Keiko felt the orgasm building and then explode through her body, bringing waves of relief.  
  
Unable to control herself, she let out a gutteral gasp, but abruptly aware again of her location, she opened her eyes rapidly.  
  
She gasped, and was suddenly horrified.  
  
Standing there, silhouetting the door into the shower room was the figure of an older woman dressed in a traditional kimono, staring directly at her.  
  
"Get dried off and come out to the dressing area. I need to speak with you." She ordered with a strict, authoritarian tone, before turning away.  
  
Keiko was stunned. How much had the woman seen?  
  
The woman must have seen her wanking. She flushed as she realised she had been caught.  
  
But Keiko realised she was also slightly turned on again, both by the fact she had been caught, and the authoritative tone with which the woman had ordered her to speak to her.  
  
Trying to shake the latest arousals out of her mind, Keiko quickly towelled off, wrapping her robe around her athletic frame, and slipped her wooden clogs onto her feet. She proceeded to the dressing area, only to find it strangely deserted.  
  
The kimono-wearing older woman was sitting on a wooden bench by some lockers.  
  
"Come over and sit with me". She ordered.  
  
Keiko felt strangely obliged to comply. She sat down next to the woman.  
  
"You swim very well... and you are a very beautiful woman." The older woman said.  
  
"But I sense something is holding you back - I have watched you come second to Namiko many times now. Why do you think you do not beat her?" The older woman continued.  
  
"Because she is stronger, and just better than me... And more beautiful," Keiko dejectedly relied, lowering her eyes to the floor.  
  
"No. It is something else." Replied the older woman.  
  
"You are just as beautiful, if not more so. And, as I have just witnessed in the shower - you are more sexually powerful than her as well."  
  
Keiko blushed again, ashamed the woman had caught her masturbating.  
  
The woman gently lifted her chin with a finger, looking her in the eyes.  
  
"It is not something to be ashamed of. If you harness you sexuality instead of letting it control you, you can use it to focus your inner strength."  
  
The woman let her words wash over Keiko for a few moments before continuing.  
  
"I can help you become the swimmer you wish to be... Maybe even good enough to swim for Japan in the Olympics..." She paused again.  
  
"But, you would need to obey my every word, surrender yourself, your body, your sexuality.... To my instruction." The woman paused again, letting her offer swim around in Keiko's head.  
  
Keiko was too confused to answer, she just looked blankly at the older woman, noticing for the first time she was strangely attractive, and youthful for her age, which Keiko guessed was in her 50s somewhere.  
  
Keiko also noticed a strange power in the woman's gaze, that she had never seen in anyone before. She tried to imagine what the woman could possibly mean - that she must surrender these things.  
  
"You are not very sexually experienced are you?" The woman asked, understanding Keiko's hesitation.  
  
"But not a virgin?" She added.  
  
"No, I have had one boyfriend." Keiko replied.  
  
"But he did not satisfy you at all, did he? Probably equally inexperienced I imagine?"  
  
Keiko could do nothing but blush.  
  
"It makes sense, my dear. You are one of the blessed ones, descended from the ancient Lotus Goddess - the ones with a sexuality so powerful it seems it can never be controlled, and yet you have never learned to use it. Your swimming is held back by your constant distraction within your lustful pussy."  
  
"The pussy's of women descended from the Lotus Goddess are the most intensely sexual in the world, and are something to be treasure, worshipped even. I admit to you I crave to own one for my own pleasure, but in exchange I will fulfil your desires to be the best swimmer you can be.  
  
Keiko's blush intensified. she had never heard of the Lotus Goddess.  
  
"I will make this offer only once, and you must decide right now."  
  
"You will go home tonight, pack up all of your things and move out of your Tokyo apartment. You will also tell your old swimming coach you are quitting the university team to train privately.  
  
When you have finished settling your business, I will expect you to travel by train to the ryokan onsen resort that I run in the mountains in Tochigi Prefecture. There is hot springs, onsen baths, and a natural cold water lake which you can train in."  
  
Keiko shivered at the thought.  
  
"Trust me, the waters of the lake and the spring have magical properties and you will become the swimmer you want to be. And it is a very beautiful place to live. But it will be hard work, and require you to give up many things to me."  
  
"Here is the address. I will see you there by the end of the month, or not at all."  
  
The woman handed Keiko a beautiful glossy-black business card with red kanji characters on it...