**Swimsuit Prank**

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I even hated being seen in the showers by the usual middle-aged ladies. Now these tall, confident, young women were stripping off as if it was nothing. I saw with dread that they all had shaved pubic hair. I scanned over their thin strips, even some completely bare labia.

More aware than ever of my small, non-swimmers body, I fumbled off my clothes and then my panties too. I followed them into the shower and quickly wet my body and hair. It was hard not to look at their terrific forms -- their strong shoulders and full busts, firm backsides.

My own nipples had gone minuscule with nerves. I was trying to keep my hands looking casual but clasped in front of my black hair, as I waited in the changing room for the girl fetching my new swimsuit. I was the last one left naked.

The woman smiled as she handed over the folded navy nylon. The rest of the girls were smiling too. I started to pull it on, and by the time I had it over my wet body, the swim team had exited and I was alone.

I adjusted the shoulders and crotch of my new uniform, and realised what all the smirking had been about. It was a swimsuit fit for one of them, not my petite frame. Being tight material, it wasn't absurdly loose, but it would certainly make me look funny. As I scurried along to the pool, following the girls, I made sure the shoulder straps wouldn't suddenly leave me topless.

Even the guys were grinning at me, craning to get a look, as we all lined up for the coach. Everyone must be in on it, I thought. Maybe this was an initiation thing... But I knew deep down that they simply didn't want me there. Well, I was about to show them what I could do.

The coach gave us five minutes to warm up. I had perfected my short dive. I launched myself into the air, body fixing straight before I slipped into the water, arms at my side. I could feel the suit being pulled off but couldn't stop the dive. I swam deeper for protection, bringing my knees up, hand grappling to find the material. It wasn't at my chest. I searched lower, getting frantic.

At the touch of bare stomach I would have screamed if I hadn't been underwater. At my pubic hair, I felt faint. The suit back over my hips, I looked around. People were floating near me. I twisted to try and hide my chest. Then I surfaced as quickly as possible and started on my lengths of the pool.

They had seen that my suit had come down to my thighs but could they have made out any details of my chest or bottom. Had they noticed the dark patch of my hair. My face was burning, but I convinced myself I didn't care if they had seen glimpses of my skin underwater.

As I reached the other side of the pool though, getting ready to flip round so I could push off for the return, I realised that my shoulder straps had come right off. My tits were about to pop out. I had to slow to fix myself at every return.

The coach eventually shouted that time was up, and we all moved back to the deeper end of the pool. At the side, I simultaneously pulled myself out and remembered the loose suit. My mouth opened wide as I realised I was topless.

Several guys were looking at my white, plump breasts, my pink hard nipples. I adjusted the suit underwater then clambered out more carefully. I was really blushing now. It was obvious they were trying not to snigger in front of the coach, who had decided to ignore the mishap.

The coach had finished talking before I had managed to take in that he'd started. Then everyone was suddenly in pairs and going into the water in groups to do an exercise. My, unfortunately male, partner and I climbed into the pool. Through nervousness I ended up agreeing to go first.

Like I'd watched the others do, I sunk down until I was submerged, and propelled myself upside-down. The guy, underwater now too, took each of my ankles. I began to kick, like I was cycling, slow with the resistance of the water and his weight.

From my angle I couldn't really tell what he was seeing, but I knew that I could see him pretty clearly at that distance. I tried to keep my legs close together, but they would separate easily and he wouldn't correct them.

I gave a signal to rise, needing a break. Fixing the crotch of my suit back, I felt hair and the soft bulge of a bare lip. The material was so loose in the water, dislodging so easily. I noticed the straps of my shoulders too, and replaced these.

We went down again. He was working me even harder. It was impossible to spend any effort trying to cover. I'd never been in a team or group, so hadn't done exercises like this before.

Surfacing for another break, I corrected my shoulders then moved a hand to my crotch. He might have even seen the slit of my labia, I thought. There was a hot feeling in my chest. Shame and dread. I stroked a finger along the indented line.

Well, if he was going to see, there was nothing I could do about that. But I wasn't about to let him humiliate me too. That was one thing I could control. My stomach wriggling with nerves and my face burning, but with the heat in my chest gone, I yanked the crotch of my suit fully to the side.

Before we could go below for our third round, the coach shouted for us to switch. I was confused, half relieved, and covered myself. I didn't want him to see me looking at his tight shorts, but caught a few memorable glances as I peddled his legs.

For the first race, doing a front crawl, we were put into groups. The top came down my chest so quickly it was pointless correcting it before the end of every length. But at the end, it was essential -- my kick from the wall turned my body straight and upward for a moment as I twisted round.

Starting to fall behind, I grew angry that these girls were getting away with this. I was better than any of them. Even with this handicap I could still beat them. I pushed my body, gliding across the water, perfect form.

I reached the next length before the others, put an arm across my nipples, and completed my turn. Now I was passing the competing women in the other direction, and I ignored my chest flashing up from the water as I powered to the other side.

When I had finally finished and climbed out, the coach took me aside, saying that I was doing great but did I want to continue, that he had noticed there was a problem with my swimsuit. I was embarrassed, but felt proud and strong from winning the race.

They had all probably seen flashes of my nipples as I swam. So what did I care if they saw again. Besides, my tits were so modest. It wasn't like they were big attention-grabbing things, flopping in every direction. Determined to show these girls that they couldn't push me around, I said I would finish the session.

I was put into a group of four women, including the one who had given me the swimsuit. I ignored their sniggering, knowing that if they were concentrating on shaming me this would put me at an advantage.

When it was our group's turn, we slipped into the water. The rest of the team watched from the side. The coach shouted for us to start, and I sped downward, immediately taking the lead. My body cutting through the water was so energising.

It was only when I touched the bottom of the pool, and looked to see the other girls, that I noticed my arms had come out from their holes and the suit was bunched at my hips. While I pulled it up, the other girls touched the bottom and overtook me.

Coming to the surface as fast as I could, the same thing had happened again. With the wide, powerful strokes, the material was coming right off my top half. I couldn't keep correcting this without coming last. In a few moments it would be too late to catch up.

As I broke into the air again, my bare chest popped up above the water. I passed one of the girls, touched the bottom of the pool, but couldn't kick myself up. The suit was at my knees. The shock in my gut of seeing my whole nude body in a public pool almost stopped me.

I kept as much of me below the water as possible, but had to show I was properly surfacing, my chest flashing above the choppy water before I kicked back below and the onlookers got a view of my clearly naked back and buttocks.

I looked around as I bolted to the bottom. I was slightly ahead of the four women. I think the surprise of what was happening hampered their speed. They were staring at my body, but I knew they couldn't see much with all my movement. Besides, I had been shivering naked in the changing room in front of them only twenty minutes earlier.

I finished first, but had to stay at the surface with a hand over my nipples while I searched for my navy suit. Spotting it floating a little bit away, so detached and vulnerable, it really struck me that I was wearing nothing in public.

The water had calmed considerably, and I knew the view of my bottom must have been clear as I swam into the middle of the pool to retrieve the suit. I went under again to finally pull it on, and eventually got cautiously out of the pool.

Being submerged had made me feel relatively protected, but standing on solid ground the reality was sinking in. Every one of them had just been watching me splashing around fully naked. Pangs of regret were sharp in my stomach. The adrenaline was vanishing, and now I was able to hear the sniggering and see the stares of these tall, muscular people.

The coach drew me aside again, and asked if I really still wanted to continue. This time I did consider it, but hearing the girls laughing and whispering behind me there was no way I could quit. I looked at the clock on the wall. We were nearly done anyway. I tried to swallow the hot anxiety, and told him as confidently as I could that I would keep going.

We all lined up along the pool for the next drill. This would be a difficult trial for me. For all my skill in the water, I wasn't built like the others. They had a longer reach and stronger upper bodies. This would be a competition of stamina. The last person still going would be the winner.

I found the butterfly stoke particularly tiring. It wasn't something I practiced regularly. And we would only have a few seconds rest on the other side before using the line of travelling rings to swing back across, above the pool. If we fell into the water, we would be disqualified.

One after the other, about five seconds apart, we jumped in at the coach's command. I wasn't sure how close the guy behind me was, but I could see from the girl in front that she would have been showing basically everything though her leg holes if she'd had a loose suit.

I reminded myself this was a competition of attrition, not speed, and paced myself, fighting the instinct to get away from the guy. At the other end, a couple of people were waiting to use the rings. I made sure my chest and crotch were covered, and climbed out.

My big worry with the travelling rings was that as I swung from rope-to-rope, my top would slip off. But after watching the others, it seemed I could keep my arms basically upward and my shoulder straps from falling.

Taking a leap, grabbing the ring and suddenly swaying out above the water, I realised how far apart these were compared to what I was used to. I had to put so much effort behind each movement to get enough momentum.

I could feel the nylon straps tight on my shoulders. But with only a few rings ahead of me, there was a cold breeze on my nipples. From the happy expressions of the onlookers ahead of me, I knew something had gone wrong.

It wasn't until I landed hard at the side of the pool, panting, that I could look down and see the swimsuit had bunched severely between my breasts. I turned away, picturing the sight of my swinging towards everyone.

Now each time I struggled with the rings, I knew exactly what the team could see. But as the trial continued and people started to drop out, my confidence grew. I was glad, again, that I didn't have big breasts flapping around.

Soon, I was among the last few. Unfortunately, this meant a bigger audience. But if they had seen me flying topless through the air towards them once, what did another few times matter. I was getting an odd kind of adrenaline rush from the exposure that meant while the others were exhausted, I was maintaining my energy.

There was only one other competitor left. I was swinging along behind him when he fumbled a wet ring and slipped, landing in the water. Grinning and proud, I continued the route and landed on the other side. By now I wasn't even turning away to pull my top back up.

There was a mixture of reactions to my success. Some of the girls seemed pissed that this petite amateur had beaten them in every competition. But more seemed impressed, not just by my skill and stamina, but my mental perseverance.

Despite how they had treated me, I still wanted to be on this team, and hoped I had earned their approval. People started chatting, and I relaxed for the first time all day. I could finally catch my breath.

A few guys and a couple of women even came over to congratulate me. They didn't apologise for giving me a hard time, but clearly liked how I had handled things. It was pretty strange talking and laughing with the good-looking, muscly guys who had seen my bare breasts and bottom.

But I maintained my attitude of the day. They had seen what they had seen, and so what. Flashes of my pubic hair or my bottom underwater. My chest in choppy water, or in movement. What did it matter. And I had carried it all off with confidence.

But then the faces of the people in front of me changed completely. One second they had been smiling casually, relaxed. And the next their eyes were wide, fixed on my body.

I had never been genuinely paralysed before. It was the strangest sensation. I felt the cold on my body, the wet material at my feet. All I could do was look at the shocked expressions of the people in front of me.

At the gasps of surprise and laughter, the coach turned around in time to see me standing naked but not which of the girls had pulled my suit down. I finally snapped into action, and crouched to cover my privates while I wriggled the suit over myself.

The coach was scary, he was so mad. Everyone stopped snickering. It was obvious he didn't want to embarrass me more by drawing attention to the incident, so he just snapped at the team that they had their extra twenty minutes left booked at the pool, and then took me aside.

I was still stunned but starting to wake up. He told me that he would be delighted to have me on the team. He said that apart from my talents, he liked how I handled the girls.

He even said that he thought I could be a significant influence on the attitude of the team, and I had shown real bravery. He told me that I was stronger than any of them, and that he wouldn't be surprised if I became captain of the team, if I wanted that.

Determined to ignore them, I still caught sight of a few surprised faces as I marched back to the pool for my extra fifteen minutes of swimming. I knew I was being watched, and pulled off another perfect straight dive.

I followed the descent fully, letting myself go deep, feeling the fabric of the suit coming down my torso and then my hips and thighs. I kicked, levelling out, and wriggled the material from my ankles.

I started my length without resurfacing. At the other end I spun and kicked off the wall, starting a strong crawl, feeling the sharp air on my buttocks and back. All I could think about was when I would stop.

I did two more lengths and rested at the shallow end. Nervous but exhilarated, I glanced down at my tits and stomach. Having my feet on solid ground was making me feel so much more exposed, but I tried not to shiver and took my time getting my breath.

Everyone in and around the pool had stopped to stare at me. They must have been watching as I swam, too. The water was almost still. Only three feet to my right, a guy had stopped and was openly looking. This sexy guy was admiring me, and I felt terrified but also so in control. I wanted to scream and laugh.

As two girls came and stood on my left, I was reminded of my height. They asked the guy what he was looking at and he grinned, saying that he was trying to find my nipples. I could feel my face going red. With the still water only at my belly, I was aware of how visible my dark public hair was.

I felt insulted, hurt, but more angry and determined than ever. Here I was, putting everything on the line for this team. But they still refused to see my potential, the strength of character I had. If all they could see was my body, then that's what I'd show them.

Barely breaking the water, I sprang away into a purposeful breaststroke. My form was flawless, letting my arms and legs go wide. I kept close to the surface, so they could see my buttocks as my legs opened and closed.

I could hear people jumping into the pool, and the water started to get choppy. When I stopped at the deep end, there were quite a few people around me. Mostly guys. I caught my breath, kicking and waving my arms to keep my head up.

The team were diving to look at my body, coming up for air, then sinking below again. I refused to cover my chest. And although they could see my crotch and rear from every angle, I didn't let my legs get wide enough that they could see much more than my hair.

For maybe the first time in my life, I felt proud of how my body looked. I wasn't like the other girls, but I still had a swimmer's body. My unique swimmer's body. And I wasn't going to let anyone make me feel ashamed of it ever again.

It was only after a minute or so that I realised I should have been able to see my swimsuit floating somewhere. It was around here that I had taken it off. I scanned the surface, and then dipped below, ignoring my audience, to check if it had somehow sunk.

As confident as I was feeling, it really hadn't been my intention to get out of the pool nude. And definitely not to have to trudge along the corridor to the changing room.

People were starting to laugh as they noticed my concern. And eventually one of the girls pointed to the diving boards. I looked up, past the first two levels, and saw a strip of navy hanging from the tip of the last board, ten metres above.

The whole team were watching to see what I would do. Some still floated around me, others were sitting on the edge of the pool, or waiting at the side. The ones in the water must have got a good flash as I pulled myself out, as there was an eruption of whistling and laughter.

It was surreal, standing naked on the spring board, shivering a little from the cold. I remembered the coach's words. That I was brave, and stronger than any of them. And I fixed my posture, shook myself a bit to warm up, and proceeded to the end of the narrow platform.

Standing naturally, I finally let them see what I had been hiding before. Although I was far away, there was no way any of them weren't getting a great view of my vagina. From their angle, they'd be able to see the whole length of my lips.

I stood on display for a few second, allowing them to scrutinise every inch of me. My short legs, my hairy vagina, my slight belly, small breasts and round shoulders. I'd never felt so in control of other people in my life.

I gazed over each of their faces, all craning up. My gut was squirming and my pulse fast in my ears, but the nerves only made me feel more alive and proud. Now all I wanted was to slip into the water. They must have sensed this, because the ones in the pool started to move out the way, clearing a space for me.

I picked up my suit, took a few steps back, jogged forward then hurtled myself into the air. It wasn't a fancy dive. Just a simple flip and descent, and I hit the water smoothly, with my arms outstretched.

I didn't come up for air immediately. The feeling of being in the water was too captivating. And I knew I was done for the day, that this was my last few minutes before I went back to the showers and got dressed.

Others were diving in around me too. Whereas before I had ignored them, now I looked back. It was mostly the men who were closest to me, and I was letting my legs go wide as I propelled myself backwards and down, feeling unrestrained.

With my slow, exaggerated movements they were seeing not only a clear view of my lips, opening and closing, but undoubtedly the pink of my inner vulva poking in and out from my hair. My body was screaming from the freedom, the impossibility.

Glowing, I walked towards the changing rooms, carrying my swimsuit. I could hear the rest of the team following. There was a slight stumble in my confident pace as I spotted a fully clothed young man who worked at the pool. He was coming the opposite way down the corridor.

Confined by the narrowness and low ceiling of the corridor, it was a very different atmosphere to the pool. The guy was utterly shocked, and I was dreading our close pass. But the giggling from the girls behind me actually helped. I grinned involuntarily, and he smiled too, letting his eyes dart over my wet tits and bush.

I was first in the shower. My nipples, probably for the first time in the last hour, had finally relaxed. The girls were teasing me, but congratulating me too, and soon we were all laughing. It was amazing to be with these women and not feel remotely self-conscious.

I was in such a high, that when several of the women grabbed my arms as I was stepping out of the shower room, I started laughing as if I were being tickled. They were in hysterics too, pushing me to the exit.

I had been half expecting this, remembering what the coach had said about me being the captain one day. Even if I had won their respect, a few needed to embarrass me one final time, just to remind me I was still the new girl, no matter my confidence or talents.

Only when I realised that they were genuinely taking me to the guys' changing room did I start to scream protests through my frenzied laughter. I caught a glimpse of a toned nude body on my right, as the struggling caused a towel to fall.

I was being lifted off the floor. Another girl had lost her towel but was ignoring it too. They were carrying me feet first towards the door when it sprung open, the guys obviously curious about the noise.

Inside the room, I was immediately hauled up to head height. I was shouting and howling along with the rest of them. I wriggled as the women pulled my arms and legs wide. In the commotion, I had the strange feeling of celebration.

I noticed the women who had lost their towels and were carrying me, not covering themselves. The men in towels or naked, cheering for me. I was being lifted up as the winner.

I was assured afterwards that all the footage the guys had recorded on their phones had been deleted. But obviously, I had my doubts. At least the next week I was given a swimsuit that fit.