**Thornwood Episode I - The Tryout**

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**Part 1**

Rachel woke after a fitful night of sleep. Maybe it was the strange bedroom. Maybe it was nervous tension due to starting school the next day. Maybe it was some kind of sexual tension. Perhaps she should have worn her nightgown after all. It seemed like a good idea because she was sweating so much last night in that full length nightgown (nights sure are warmer down south), so she slipped it off and hung it on the hook behind her door. "\*\*Just getting more comfortable", she thought. No big deal. She was only sleeping at Eric's house...completely naked. If something happened like a fire, she could quickly slip it back on.  
  
Besides, it's not like they were in the same bedroom. It was a temporary and necessary arrangement. Rachel's family wasn't able to close on a house before the end of summer. Eric's parents offered to let her stay there so she didn't miss the beginning of school. Her mom thought it was a good idea.  
  
Eric and Rachel had been childhood friends; if you could call it that. More like rivals. They played together fine, but everything seemed to devolve into a competition...which Eric always won. It seemed like he was better at everything! Always a 1 inch taller, 1 second faster, 1 grade better. And she hated it. No matter how hard she tried, Rachel could never seem to beat him.  
  
But that was in the past. Her family moved up north and they didn't really stay in touch. As she grew into a teenager, that competitive nature served her well in the pool. She was only a sophomore, but had been training all summer and figured she'd be one of the best swimmers at her new school.  
  
She didn't like the idea of staying with Eric's family at first, but it was the only way she could figure out to attend swim tryouts at Thornwood High School. She would DIE if she didn't make the swim team.  
  
Of course all that training had made her physically stunning. She had really filled out over the summer. She was proud of the way she looked in a one piece swimsuit. With long, tone legs ending in a rather cute butt. Rachel had always been skinny, but was just starting to get curves in the right places. She was proud her small waste and how her boobs stood high on her chest.  
  
She couldn't wait to see herself in one of the new team uniforms they were rumored to be ordering. In fact, she had even avoided getting any sun over the summer; wouldn’t want to get the wrong tan lines. Her training pool up north was indoors so a proper tan was on top of her list.  
  
As she climbed out of bed, Rachel couldn't stop thinking about the situation. Here she was, a healthy teen girl sleeping completely naked. Only a thin wall separating her from a healthy teen boy...  
  
WHEW  
\*\*Stop it girl. You're getting worked up again. It's only a fantasy. He's probably not even interested. Besides, you gotta go pee.  
  
She started to reach for her nightgown when a naughty thought struck her. Could she make it to the bathroom and back naked without being seen? It was just down the hall, but she would have to sneak past Eric’s room. Somehow her teenage hormones overpowered her modesty and she marched right out the door before she could change her mind.  
  
A wave of horniness struck her as she stepped into the hall.  
  
\*\*OMG. His door is cracked open!  
  
She couldn't resist. Rachel slipped over and peeked in. Eric was snoring away wearing only boxers. The sheets were bunched around his bed. He must have had a fitful night too. She studied his body. He was tall and lanky, but a cute boy. She could see his developing muscles. Then he shifted and her heart froze. He didn’t wake up. She started to back away when she noticed something. From this new angle there was a considerable tent in his boxers! He was hard! Had he been thinking about her last night too? Another wave hit her and warmth spread over her body.  
  
\*\*What would happen if I walked in there completely naked and started sucking his dick?  
  
Rachel had never even been seen naked before by a guy, much less had the courage to try something like that. She considered herself mostly a prude. Now here she was walking around naked in someone else’s house fantasizing about giving a blow job. She had heard of sexual awakening, but this was ridiculous!  
Embarrassed, Rachel hurried on to the bathroom and closed the door.  
If she only knew what was in store for her today…

**Part 2**

After flushing, Rachel washed her hands and turned to the full length mirror. WOW. She had not noticed lately with such a focus on training and the last minute move preparations. But Rachel was really turning into a stunner. Maybe it was just this mirror, but her breasts seemed even bigger than she realized. She reached up and cupped them with her thumb and forefinger lightly squeezing her pink nipples. What a handful. When she let go, they just jiggled a bit and bounced right back up; nipples pointing straight ahead. If her boobs got much bigger, surely they would not continue defy gravity like this, but it made for a nice view anyhow.  
  
She looked herself up and down. Her milky white skin was flawless.  
  
\*\*Gotta do something about a tan!  
  
Her flat stomach led down to where her pubic hair was supposed to start. But she kept it shaved bare. That’s just what top swimmers do. Her little pussy lips seemed to be smiling at her. What a night. She knew about masturbation, but had avoided it last night. She doubted she could remain silent during the operation and couldn’t risk Eric hearing through those thin walls. Still, she was pretty worked up after sleeping naked. That probably explained her risky mood this morning. Rachel reached down and gave her mound a good squeeze. She whimpered and almost started going at it right there. But if it woke someone up, how could she explain her nightgown in the other room. Still, it took some effort to pull her hand away.  
  
\*\*Damn. Gotta put a good ‘bate session on the to-do list as well. How does a girl find time for everything?  
  
Then she heard a door close. It must be Eric. He’s awake! The reality of the situation hit Rachel and she quickly grabbed a towel and wrapped it around her. There was music coming from his room. Good. She cracked open the bathroom door to make sure the coast was clear, then dashed to her own room and closed the door. The risk of being seen naked had given her an adrenaline rush. She would definitely have to explore the feeling more later. But now was not the time.  
  
She pulled on her nightgown and walked down to breakfast. What a morning! The warm sun was already shining. It was much different down here in the south. Eric came down still wearing the boxers with a white t-shirt. Rachel had to turn away to hide her blush when she saw him.  
  
\*\*If he only knew what had happened earlier. Especially what had ALMOST happened!  
  
They decided to have breakfast outside. It was actually “poolside”. Eric’s family had their own full-size pool. Rachel was so jealous. She would love to have her own pool. How much training time would she have saved if she didn’t have to trudge down to the community center all summer. She couldn’t wait to try it out.  
“I think I’ll tan after swim tryouts.” she said. Might as well get something good from being stuck at their house.  
“Oh yeah, that’s right. You’re supposed to be some kind of great swimmer now”, Eric laughed, “I could probably still beat you”.  
“Are you kidding?” Rachel gritted through her teeth. “I’m probably going to make all district, maybe even all state! I’ve been training all summer and…and” By now Rachel was standing and Eric had a big grin on his face. It was only 7:00 and he had already managed to get under her skin.  
  
“Fine. If you’re so great, let’s race right now. Down and back. I’ll even go easy on you because you’re just a girl”, said Eric.  
  
That was the last straw. Rachel was no longer a little girl. She was a young woman and a real swimmer. She took the challenge immediately “you’re on!” \*\*wiping that smile off his face should be fun  
  
Eric walked to the end of the pool and stripped off his t-shirt. Rachel followed him and bent over to take a true swimmer’s stance.  
  
“Ready,set, go!” he called and they both dove in. Rachel had perfect form and hit the water a good 5 feet ahead of him. Her muscles were churning. She couldn’t wait to wipe the smirk from his face. It wasn’t her fastest lap, but it was sure to be good enough to beat a casual swimmer like Eric. As she neared the turn she dared to take a peek back to see how far ahead she was. Eric was doing admirably, but her training was clearly paying off. Despite opening up a 15 foot gap she was working harder than normal.  
  
\*\*I shouldn’t be this tired. I didn’t warm up or stretch, but I don’t feel any muscle cramps coming on  
  
Then she realized what was wrong. The drag from her night gown was slowing her down and causing her to exert much more energy than usual. Rachel didn’t have time worry about that. She reached the far end of the pool and made a clumsy kick turn, cursing her nightgown. She was getting winded.  
  
\*\*Just focus. Rhythm. Stroke, kick, kick, stroke, kick, kick. Breathe  
  
Rachel was really straining now; her muscles resisting the call for more.  
She could feel Eric gaining on her but she didn’t dare look back. It felt like she was pulling a sandbag through the water.  
  
\*\*A few more meters, then you can rest  
  
All she could do was keep her head down and struggle toward the finish line. Finally, Rachel saw the wall and managed to reach it with a big kick.  
  
She raised her eyes. There was Eric with that same smile sitting on the side of the pool waiting for her. She had lost.  
  
“Nice race Rach. Keep working at it; maybe they will let you be the towel girl or something.”  
  
Rachel was furious. She pulled up out of the pool and stared him down. “It was this stupid nightgown. It slowed me down. I would have won easily and you know it.”  
  
“Hey, no one made you wear it. Take it off and we’ll race again!”  
  
He was looking her up and down now and had an even bigger grin. Rachel looked down to see the wet nightgown was sticking to her highlighting her curves. It wasn’t transparent but her nipples were poking out and clearly defined. The hemline had also ridden up her thighs, higher than she’d like. She crossed her arms and tried to look angry rather than embarrassed.  
  
“You wish! Wait until I get my new uniform this afternoon. I’ll swim circles around you then” she yelled then turned to go inside.  
  
“You’re on!” she heard him call as she slid the glass door closed.  
  
Still fuming (and dripping pool water), Rachel marched down the hall and grabbed a towel on the way to her room. She pulled the nightgown off and hung it back on the hook behind the door. She wrapped the towel around her and went to take a shower. Her first day of school had hit a speed bump but she was determined not to let him get to her. If she knew what was in store, Rachel would not be looking forward to swim tryouts nearly so much…

**Part 3**

The shower calmed Rachel down and she went back to her room. She had already picked out what to wear from storage so it wasn’t hard to get dressed. She took one last look in the mirror before leaving.  
  
\*\*must have accidentally grabbed one of my older bras. These cups are tight  
  
She looked closer. It was actually one of her regular bras.  
  
\*\*Wow, I am filling out more than I thought. This blouse is pretty tight on me too  
  
She added bra shopping to her mental checklist and unbuttoned the top two buttons on her blouse. The extra cleavage was sure to get some attention along with the tone legs under her skirt. She had to admit she looked gorgeous.  
  
\*\*Might as well make a great first impression. You only get one, after all  
  
She walked downstairs to see Eric waiting for her on the couch. Being a teen girl, she knew the power her body had over men, especially perpetually horny teen boys. She expected him to start drooling or at least do a double take. But he just glanced up and said “you girls always take too long to get ready. Let’s go”. She almost said something back then decided against it. She knew he was just teasing her. Somehow he always knew how to push her buttons.  
  
Why did she let him get to her? It’s not like she was interested in him (well besides the little peek in his bedroom that morning). He was a cute guy but could be a jerk sometimes. School was a few blocks away; within walking distance. They met Eric’s friend, Tommy a few houses down.  
  
Tommy did a double take upon being introduced to Rachel. That was the reaction she was expecting. He was practically drooling over her. She pretended not to notice when he looked over at Eric and mouthed “wow”. But Eric just rolled his eyes.  
  
“Wow”. That was basically the same reaction Rachel got all day at school. She was certainly making an impression. Perhaps she was hotter than she realized. It kept her in a good mood which was the perfect frame of mind for swim tryouts.  
  
The Thornwood High School swim team had a prestigious past including many state championships and even an Olympian. But lack of state funding had caused it to fall on hard times. Fortunately an anonymous benefactor recently stepped in and started pouring money back into the program in an effort to see it return to its former glory. That’s where she had heard the rumors about new uniforms.  
  
After school, Rachel practically ran to the pool. Now it was her turn to drool. The aquatic center was in an older part of the school but had just been renovated. It had a genuine Olympic size pool with competition grade timing. No more stop watches. Every race at this pool would automatically qualify as an officially timed record. There were bleachers for 1500 people and a state of the art training area. Other students trickled in and headed for the bleachers, but Rachel took her time. She had some time to kill while waiting for her mother to arrive and sign the release form so she studied the training equipment. She recognized some of it, like the endless pool and the warm-down hot tub. But there were other machines that she had no idea what they were or how they worked. And there were so many wires and monitors. This really was state of the art!  
  
Now she was really getting excited…but where was mom? Rachel couldn’t wait much longer. An assistant coach was walking around passing out the schedule of races. And the head coach was stepping up on the award platform to make an announcement.  
  
“Attention swimmers. Welcome to the Thornwood High School varsity swim tryout. My name is Ron Lutheford, but you can just call me ‘Coach Ron’. This is my first year as coach at Thornwood, and I am well aware of the legacy of excellence associated with this organization. While recent years have not reflected that excellence, I was brought in to change the culture around here and that is exactly what I intend to do. I came from a championship club in Europe and I know what it takes to win. Therefore, I expect all of you to have 100% commitment if you make the team. If you are not willing to do so, I would suggest you leave now.  
  
This will be a strictly competitive tryout. You may compete in of the races. We will judge the fastest swimmers in each stroke category to determine who will make up the team. Team captains will be determined by seniority.  
  
This will also be a closed tryout, so no outside observers are allowed. Please be sure you have turned in the signed release form before we begin. Otherwise you will not be allowed to compete for a spot on the team.  
  
As you can see there have been many facility upgrades in the past year. I plan on making Thornwood competitive on a national level…”  
  
\*\*did he say national? This is AWESOME!\*\* Rachel started daydreaming for a moment about being on a national championship swim team, but the word “uniforms” snapped her back.  
  
“…uniforms in order to compete. While we are judging you, we will also be judging these experimental uniforms which we have brought in from around the world before we settle on a specific style. We have randomly distributed different uniforms in boxes in the locker rooms. After you shower, please pick a box. Today you will be competing in that uniform, NO EXCEPTIONS. Thank you and good luck.”  
  
There was a buzz in the air as the students talked about the new uniforms. Rachel almost floated to the locker room. New uniforms, nationally competitive, unbelievable. She walked in and saw the boxes stacked up on the other side of the shower area. If she hurried, maybe she could peek at a couple of styles and pick her favorite. She grabbed a towel to cover up on the way to the shower then took off her shoes and socks and threw them into a locker along with her backpack. Then she peeled her blouse off and hung it on a hook in the locker. Her straining breasts were finally freed when she unlatched her bra and hung it up. Then her skirt hit the floor almost immediately followed by her panties. She quickly folded her skirt with her panties on top, slammed her locker closed, grabbed her towel, and bounced all the way to the showers; then it hit her.  
  
“Shit”  
  
The release form.  
  
Her mom, Kathy was supposed to stop by 30 minutes ago. Now Rachel had to get dressed and run back out and get Kathy to sign it.  
  
\*\*shit, shit, shit\*\* She thought all the way back to her locker. \*\*Mom, of all the days to be late…  
  
She grabbed the latch of the locker, and it didn’t budge. It was locked. \*\*come on. This can’t be happening\*\* She looked around for help and saw the head coach bent over the desk in his office. \*\*A male coach in the girls locker room? I guess it’s not that big of deal in Europe.\*\*  
  
“Coach Ron” she called him over “I need help”.  
  
Coach Ron’s previous job was an assistant at a Swiss aquatic club. Through coincidence, some incredibly gifted swimmers began training there and eventually led the Swiss national team to back-to-back silver medals at the World Championships. Suddenly, Coach Ron was considered a hot commodity in the competitive swimming world. He was contacted by some High School in the southern United States to be their head swim coach. They threw a lot of money at him and gave him full control over how his department was run. He soon found out the crazier his ideas, the more genius he appeared. So he ordered a bunch of rejected uniform designs from his buddy at a swim supply company and moved his office into the girls locker room. Of course, the women in Switzerland would never let him get away with something like that, but it looked like nobody here wanted to tell him it wasn’t ok.  
  
So now here he was, trying to act like it was totally normal that a bunch of teenage girls were getting naked and about to jump in the shower behind him. That took a lot of self control. The only way he figured he could make it through this was to just look busy and wait until they got dressed. Besides, if he got them comfortable with this setup on the first day, he had a whole season to watch them. If any of the girls had concerns, they weren’t showing it.  
  
His plan was working until one of the girls started calling him over. Fortunately, she had a towel on. But he could tell that under the towel she was a looker. He had no choice so he stood up and walked over trying to look authoritative.  
  
“What’s your name and what’s going on?”  
  
“Um…My name is Rachel”. She fidgeted with her towel, not quite comfortable with the situation, but too scared to protest. “My locker is stuck”.  
  
He had to know: “what grade are you?”  
  
“Sophomore”  
  
Coach Ron was impressed. She was already a knockout. He could only imagine how her body would continue to grow. He looked at the locker which had obviously locked. “I’ll go get the master key. But until we pass out the combinations you should not be closing the locker doors. Do you understand?”  
  
“Yes. Th..thank you…sir, coach”, Rachel was intimidated. She had just made a bad impression with the head coach. She wrapped the towel tighter and sat down.  
  
\*\*Why did mom have to be running late today? And why am I being so modest around Coach Ron? After all, he’s going to be my coach. The other girls seem OK with it.  
  
Peer pressure is a powerful thing when you are a teenager. It will even affect your modesty.  
  
Coach Ron went to his office avoiding looking toward the shower which was now full of naked, chattering girls. He grabbed the master key and tried to look perturbed as he unlocked Rachel’s locker.  
  
She thanked him as he headed back to his office and shut the door. What a day. Now he just had to pretend like he cared about the tryout then he could go home and get some physical release himself.  
  
Rachel got dressed as the other girls finished their shower. She couldn’t even bring herself to look over at the girls opening their new uniforms but she could hear squeals and loud chatter. She was just putting on her last shoe when her mom rushed in the door.  
  
“Mom, where the hell have you been? I’m almost late for tryouts?”  
“Sorry honey, the mortgage company screwed up our paperwork. It looks like you will be staying with Eric’s family for a few more days.”  
  
“Mom, I don’t care what happened, just sign this.”  
  
“Well don’t you want me to read it first?”  
  
“I’ll get you a copy to read later, just sign it.”  
  
“OK, honey” her mom started signing and glanced over to see Rachel throw her skirt in a corner on a pile of girls’ clothes. “Don’t you want to put that in a locker, Rach? It’s going to get wrinkled and dirty.”  
  
\*\*Argh!  
  
“Mom, I can’t put them in the locker. It’s a long story”. She continued to undress. A thought struck her. “Hey mom. I need another outfit for school tomorrow. Could you take these clothes to storage and drop off my backpack and another outfit at Eric’s house?”  
  
“Are you sure, Honey? Do you trust me to pick something out for you? Besides, what will you wear home?”  
  
“I’m going to make the team so I’ll just wear my new uniform! I was going to tan in it this afternoon anyway and I already have a nightgown.” By now Rachel was naked again and clearly impatient to get going.  
  
“OK, honey. Good Luck, you’ll do great.” Kathy gathered up Rachel’s clothes and backpack and slipped out the door.  
  
Rachel turned the water on and was about the step under a shower when she remembered the release form. She ran back to where her clothes had been and picked the paper off the bench. She got to Coach Ron’s office door and paused. She didn’t have a towel on this time. She was completely naked.  
  
\*\*Come on girl. Don’t be scared. You should be proud of your body. Besides, he’s a professional. It would be like seeing a doctor.  
  
Time was running out but she couldn’t bring herself to knock on the door. Finally, she just slipped the paper under his door and ran back to the shower. The world’s quickest shower later, Rachel was standing in front of the five remaining uniform boxes.  
  
She grabbed the closest one and opened it. The color drained from her face. \*\*He can’t expect me to wear this!…

**Part 4**

Rachel took one look at the “uniform” and closed the box. \*\*that can’t be right. Just grab another one\*\* She picked up a second box and it contained the same thing. The third box contained a men’s speedo; clearly a mixup. She turned to the fourth box, took a deep breath and opened… It was empty. So was the fifth one. Rachel was in a daze, but the buzzer sound from the pool broke her out of it.  
  
She had just missed the start of the first race. Rachel turned back to the first box and studied the contents. There were a pair of neon orange silicone gloves with some sort of webbing between the fingers. They had clips at the wrist. There was a bright orange swim cap with flaps, one on each side. There was also a clear silicone band about 2 feet around with a hard 1 inch loop on it. Lastly, there was a paper diagram of a swimmer demonstrating how to wear the uniform.  
  
The band was actually a belt. When she put it on, it fit snug on her waist but wasn’t uncomfortable. The loop sat on her lower back just above her butt crack. She was shaking so much that it took several attempts to get the swim cap on. She was so nervous about missing the tryout she couldn’t even stop to think about how embarrassing this would look out there.  
  
A cheer erupted from the pool. The first race must have been an exciting one. Rachel pulled on the gloves. They were stiff. She could wiggle her fingers but do little else. They had clearly been designed for swimming and only swimming. With her uniform in place, she headed for the exit to the pool. As she approached the door, she passed a full length mirror and froze. She couldn’t believe the person looking back at her.  
  
The first thing she noticed were her nipples. They were bright pink and pointing straight out. Her body started to remind her that she still hadn’t completed the ‘bate session from that morning. Absentmindedly, her eyes closed and her hand came up to pinch her right nipple. They just loved being pinched. But the gloves wouldn’t let her. She could only press the palm of the glove against her breast and put pressure on her nipple.  
  
Frustrated, she reopened her eyes to her reflection in the mirror. The gloves looked so alien. She wore nothing from the belt to the floor. It was as if the suit was designed to accentuate her private areas. That was the last straw. There was no way she could go out there with her pussy lips exposed like this.  
  
\*\*Maybe Coach Ron will give me an exception.  
  
As the second race buzzer sounded, she turned and walked back through the locker room toward Coach Ron’s office.  
  
\*\*Should I cover up with a towel again? What does it matter? He has to see my body sometime. That way he will see that this suit is not appropriate.  
  
Rachel gathered her courage to address Coach Ron, but as she approached his office, she heard raised voices coming from behind the closed door.  
  
“…no way my Caroline is going to participate in this circus. And you can forget about me signing this form.”  
  
Coach Ron had been under fire the last several minutes. He knew when he took this job that he might have to deal with some overprotective parents. Now some of his stunts were ruffling feathers. On the bright side, if these parents withdrew their kids from the team he wouldn’t have to deal with them all season long. He tried to maintain an air of arrogance in his response.  
  
“Ma’am, I understand that your daughter was a captain last year. But let me assure you, we are not going to change our proven methods on the suggestion of an outside observer. I have already offered your daughter a private tryout, but that is as far as I am willing to go. If you are not satisfied, I assure you we have plenty of capable applicants whose parents have already signed the form and are willing to take her place on the team.”  
  
Rachel shrunk back behind some lockers and waited.  
  
“Well, I am going to take this up with the Principal! He will listen to me.”  
  
Coach Ron smiled. He had the upper hand. “Principal Robinson has already given me full control over the decisions of this department. You will get no different response from him. Now I you will excuse me, I have to get back to the tryouts. Good day.”  
  
The door opened and a lady with a red face stomped out and to the exit mumbling something about disrespect.  
  
That was the fourth parent Coach Ron had dealt with today. He had already agreed to two private tryouts and was in a combative mood.  
  
He took a moment to calm himself then started for the exit.  
  
Rachel’s mouth was dry and her heart was pounding. At first she couldn’t speak. How could she draw attention to herself in this state of dress? She started to cover up with the gloves, but changed her mind. It was pointless anyway. Coach Ron was at the exit. It was now or never for her.  
  
“C…C…Coach Ron” she called as her stomach went into her throat. A blush started at her face and worked down her body…

**Part 5**

Coach Ron stopped. What now? He turned around and his eyes bulged. Standing before him was a teenage goddess. The girl in the towel earlier, except this time there was no towel. She was standing straight with her arms to her side. Her large breasts were defying gravity topped by perfectly matching pink nipples. Her hairless pussy lips were perfectly formed and engorged; straining to stay together and conceal what was inside. Her long legs were tone topped by a firm butt.  
  
Time seemed to stop as he studied her curves and flawless pale skin. Then he noticed the fear in her eyes and tried to recompose himself.  
  
“Rachel, isn’t it?”  
  
“Yes. Um, I have a problem.”  
  
“What is it?” As if he couldn’t see the problem.  
  
She spread her hands out to present the suit, but only managed to show off her body more. “I can’t tryout in this suit. Do you have another one I can use?”  
  
Ron knew his buddy had thrown in some wacky suit designs in the shipment, but he didn’t expect the students to actually wear them. Still, he pressed his luck.  
  
“What’s wrong with that suit? Is it the wrong size?”  
  
“Well, uh no. But it’s a little revealing. I mean, isn’t it?”  
  
“Actually, that suit is one of the most advanced models we were able to acquire”, he lied. “Don’t you remember at the last Olympics when there was so much controversy about suit technology giving swimmers an unfair edge?”  
  
Rachel racked her brain. She remembered watching the last Olympics three years ago, but wasn’t into swimming back then. She did vaguely remember something about a uniform controversy. “Yeah, I think so.” She looked confused. She was so cute trying to recall, Coach Ron had to stop himself from gawking at her body.  
  
He continued, “Well, this is based on that same technology. You were lucky to get one of those. I’m sorry if you want a different one, but as I said earlier you must tryout in the suit you were given. No exceptions.”  
  
This was not going as Rachel had hoped. There was too much going on. She was intentionally exposing her body to a man. Her hands kept trying to cover up and she had to force them back to her sides. She was trying to remember something that happened 3 years ago before she cared about swimming. And she was in risk of losing the one thing she had worked for so long; a spot on the swim team. Then she remembered something and hope flickered.  
  
“I heard you offer another student a private tryout. Can you give me one?”  
  
“I’m sorry, Rachel. Your mother already signed the release form which specifically states: no student shall be exempt from today’s tryout unless formally approved in advance. The tryout has already started. Since you are only a sophomore, you may skip this year and tryout again next year.”  
  
Rachel couldn’t believe what she was hearing. She felt cornered. She couldn’t miss a whole year of swimming. But she couldn’t go out there dressed like this. She was losing her nerve. She lost the battle with her hands and they moved around to cover her pussy. Another awe inspiring pose.  
  
Coach Ron saw her wavering. He would hate to lose a girl like this off the team. He would love watching her in the locker room all season. He had to convince her to go through with it.  
  
“If you are worried, I would remind you that this is a closed tryout. You will only be seen by other potential teammates and the coaching staff. And I am committed to running this team like a professional organization. We are much more than just an extracurricular activity. Besides, there are all types of uniforms represented out there. You’re not the only one who may be out of their comfort zone.”  
  
BUZZ. Another race started.  
  
“Now you can sit in here and think about it, but if you don’t decide soon, you may miss your chance to compete for a spot on the team. I have to get back out there. I hope you will too.”  
  
Coach Ron turned away and as he walked out the door he couldn’t help but mouth the word “wow” to himself.  
  
With that Rachel was alone again. In some twisted way Coach Ron’s words were making sense. She was going to be part of a team. Her teammates would see each other naked in the locker room anyway. How was this any different? She could get through one tryout.  
  
\*\*So what if you’re practically naked for everyone to see? You’ve got nothing to be ashamed of. In fact, this might be kind of fun. The boys swim team is gay anyway, so nothing to worry about there.  
  
The teenage hormones coursing through her body once again started taking over. If she had been able to get some release, she would probably be thinking clearer. But before she knew it, Rachel stood up, walked over to the pool door, and opened it…

**Part 6**

Rachel’s legs were like jelly as she stepped from the locker room. Just like that morning, her body had compelled her into a situation of exposure. But this time there was no chance of staying hidden. She was going out there on purpose. Pure horniness compelled her two steps into the pool area then she stopped. She wanted to turn around and run back into the safety of the locker room. But she couldn’t move because the intensity of the hormones pulsing through her body. She recognized the strong sensation in her body. It was like she was building toward an orgasm. The only thing she could do was stand there, close her eyes and try to calm down.  
  
The swimmers in the pool were in the middle of a race so fortunately most the attention was on that. After a few seconds, Rachel was able to open her eyes. The view around her was enough to pull her back from the edge of release. This was the first time she had seen the other swimmers in their uniforms. It was quite a sight.  
  
The swimmers were dressed in everything from string bikinis to what looked like full wet suits, complete with fins and a mask. The guys had on mostly different size speedos. She saw a few wearing what looked like a sack over their genitals with a draw string around their waste. Their butts were completely exposed. She found two guys wearing a similar uniform to Rachel. But they were sitting in the bleachers trying not to be seen.  
  
Some of the girls uniforms were pretty revealing too. She counted three wearing what looked like a 1980’s topless leotard. But the inner layer was missing leaving their breasts fully exposed. One was wearing a sports top. But again the cups were missing; leaving just straps to frame her breasts.  
  
On her third pass, Rachel finally spotted another girl wearing the same “suit” as her. She was standing against the far wall on the verge of tears. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea. Rachel turned around to leave until she heard Coach Ron’s voice over the loudspeaker.  
  
“These are the final five races. Next is the butterfly stroke, followed by backstroke and two heats of 100M freestyle. The top 4 finishers in each freestyle heat will then compete in a final race. Women’s butterfly contestants, please approach the starting blocks.”  
  
\*\*OMG. Only 5 races left? Come on girl. You’ve come too far to give up now.  
  
Rachel had no choice. She was pretty strong in butterfly and had a good chance at winning the freestyle. Backstroke was not one of her stronger styles. But freestyle alone wouldn’t make enough of an impression. She had to try all the races without even warming up or stretching to even have a chance at making the team.  
  
Reluctantly Rachel began walking towards a starting block. It was like a bad dream. With each step, more eyes turned on her. She could hear whispers and even a couple of whistles, but she just kept walking trying not to make eye contact.  
  
She stepped up on the starting block. When all the swimmers were in place she bent over to get in proper position. She heard a couple of gasps behind her, and her legs again felt weak. She had to stop thinking about the view she was giving those students. She had to focus on the task ahead.  
  
BUZZ. Rachel launched into the water. The initial shock almost caused her to sink to the bottom. The weird feeling of the water on her naked skin was almost erotic. Immediately she moaned underwater and her heart started racing. Then her mind cleared and she remembered she was in a race.  
  
Her body got back into the butterfly rhythm. She could hear cheers every time she broke the surface. But every time she went under, the focus went back to her body. It was such a strange feeling; the water teasing her nipples. Her breasts free to slide through the current.  
  
\*\*Focus, girl. Got to get these flipper things worked out.  
  
The cool water finally quenching the heat radiating from between her legs; playing around her most sensitive areas.  
  
\*\*No time for that. Just swim.  
  
She reached the far wall and made the turn…in last place. But her body was starting to get acclimated to the water and her muscles were getting loose.  
  
\*\*If I could just figure out these gloves! Don’t fight them, try to work with them.  
  
She relaxed her hands and the flippers started working as designed. She was now in rhythm and swimming like she knew she could, but was running out of pool.  
  
Unfortunately, Rachel was only able to pass one other girl to finish 9th. She had worked so long to get to these tryouts. It was disappointing finish. But after everything she had been through today to actually make it into the water was exhilarating. She couldn’t help but smile.  
  
Thankfully, Rachel could stay in the water for the start of the backstroke. The only thing more embarrassing than finishing 9th would be to climb out of the pool and show off her practically naked body dripping wet.  
  
She wasn’t used to shifting styles so quickly so she did a few backstrokes to get her body ready.  
  
When the announcement was made, she got in position in the water.  
  
BUZZ  
  
She performed a perfect starting kick and went right into her stroke. The first thing she realized with this stroke was how it forced her to thrust her chest out of the water. Her nipples were exposed to the air and became hard instantly. But she couldn’t afford to lose focus. She just looked at the ceiling and kept counting her strokes.  
  
When she reached the turn, Rachel dared to look over and realized she was in first place!   
  
\*\*There must be something magical about these gloves. I’ve never done this well in the backstroke.  
  
She looked over at where the coaches were seated. Coach Ron was staring right at her with his mouth open. She could only image how she looked laying on her back in the water; her breasts pumping up and down with each stroke like pistons. Coach Ron noticed her looking at him and looked away.  
  
Rachel won the race by 5 lengths. When she looked up at the timer results, she couldn’t believe it. She had set a personal best for the backstroke.  
  
\*\*Maybe there is something to this suit after all. Or maybe it’s the exhilaration of being naked. But who cares!  
  
Next came some men’s races. Rachel came out of the pool as a winner. She confidently walked over to the bleachers and sat down. The other girl in the same suit came over and sat next to her.  
  
“nice race”, she said.  
  
“thanks”  
  
“My name’s Ellie”. She reached out her hand to shake then remembered her own gloves and almost started crying.  
  
“Rachel. Nice to meet you.”  
  
Ellie was smaller than Rachel with smaller boobs. Probably a ‘B’ cup. She had a clear tan line where a suit should have been and a hairless slit. Her nipples were hard and there seemed to be in a permanent blush across her chest.  
  
Because of the situation Rachel couldn’t help but feel a connection, “so what year are you?” she asked.  
  
“Freshman. I didn’t do too well in my races. I was too nervous with these new suits and all.”  
  
“Yeah, I know what you mean. Well I hope you make the team.”  
  
“If I don’t, I might sign up to be a team assistant and try again next year.”  
  
“OK. Good luck.”  
  
“You too.”  
  
Ellie got up and headed toward the locker room. She was nice. It took a lot of guts to walk out here and show off your body like that. Rachel sure knew.  
  
The final race was freestyle. This time Rachel was ready. She didn’t waste any time jumping out to a big lead and coasting to first place in her heat and a spot in the final. She was really starting to appreciate the gloves. While they helped a little in backstroke, they were amazing in freestyle.  
  
In the final, Rachel was able to let go of everything and just swim. She felt amazing. Her skin was slipping through the water like a dolphin and the gloves gave her a definite boost. She touched the wall at least 10 seconds ahead of everyone else.  
  
Even though it was the last race, there was lots of cheering. The students were hanging around, hoping to hear if they made the team. When she got out of the pool, lots of other swimmers came up to her along with Coach Ron.  
  
“Great swimming, Rachel. You just managed to set the fastest High School freestyle time in the state this year.”  
  
“What?! OMG!” Rachel was so excited. She almost started jumping up and down, then thought better of it considering her current state of dress. That was by far the fastest she had ever raced.  
  
Watching Rachel’s bare bottom jiggle from excitement, another crazy thought struck Coach Ron. He had made it this far with crazy stunts. Could he pull off another one if he acted like it was totally normal? He knew he shouldn’t do it but couldn’t resist. He said “Atta girl”, reached back and gave her a congratulatory pat on the butt. Then he quickly turned and walked back to the announcer’s mic.  
  
Rachel was stunned. Did Coach Ron just pat her butt? That may be normal in other sports, but not usually swimmers, and not usually to naked girls. She started to get offended, but other kids were crowding around her. She decided she was too happy to care at the moment. She could deal with that later.  
  
“Attention swimmers” Coach Ron began. “Thank you for participating. There were a lot of impressive individual performances today. The next step is combining them into a competitive team. Therefore, we will be contacting you tonight using the information provided on your release form if you made the team. This concludes the tryout.”  
  
As soon as Rachel entered the ladies locker room, Ellie ran up to her and gave her a big hug. Ellie was still in her “suit” so it was a little awkward. She could feel Ellie’s stiff little nipples poking into her. It reminded her how her own nipples must look and feel. After being exposed and stiff for about an hour, they were starved for attention. Even a good squeeze would help a little, but a full blown massage was the real cure. Unfortunately, she could do neither. Partly because of the gloves but mostly due to the other girls who were coming up to congratulate her. It would be lewd to do something like that at the moment. At least she could feel more at home now that other girls were starting to undress and get in the showers.  
  
She spent a long time under a shower processing everything that had just happened. A personal best in the backstroke and a current year state best in the freestyle. Surely that was enough to make the team. But the smile on her face got even bigger when she thought about the looks she got walking out of the locker room.  
  
A rocking performance and a rocking body to go with it.  
  
\*\*Just because it was kinda fun showing off doesn’t make you some kind of pervert. Besides, it is an internationally recognized professional competition uniform. There was nothing to be ashamed of.  
  
She tried to rationalize it. But deep down, she kind of liked how the uniform had given her the pretense to expose her body like that.  
  
Rachel was so lost in thought, she failed to realize how embarrassing her situation was about to become …

**Part 7**

The realization only struck her after she stepped out of the shower and dried off on the way back to her locker.  
  
\*\*My clothes!  
  
Of course, the locker was empty. She had sent her clothes home with her mom and planned to wear her new suit home. Panicked, Rachel looked around. Maybe she could borrow something from another girl to wear home.  
  
Most of the girls were already dressed in their school clothes. Some were still in the showers. The rest were wearing their tryout uniforms. A group was standing around Coach Ron outside his office talking all at once. She sat down on the bench, not even bothering to pull her towel tight around her. She had expended so much energy today; physically, mentally, and emotionally. She was too spent to concentrate on the situation, so she just sat there and stared into space.  
  
Coach Ron was being flooded with questions. Most of the girls wanted to know if they made the team. Others were asking if could wear their uniforms home. He had to get control of the situation. He stood on a bench to address the locker room. But before he started, he surveyed the room. It was a man’s ultimate dream; bunches of nubile teen girls in various states of undress.  
  
Some were clearly nervous about him being in there but none wanted to be the one to stand out by saying it wasn’t appropriate. The peer pressure was so strong that these girls would rather expose their naked bodies to a man they didn’t know than risk being ostracized by their peers. He had to take a moment and appreciate the view. Then he noticed Rachel sitting on a bench alone. Her beautiful mounds spilling out of the loose towel. Her nipples peeking out the top. He flashed back to her standing, presenting herself to him earlier. The image was burned into his memory along with the sensation of patting her firm bottom. He filed it away for his own pleasure later that evening.  
  
He made a mental note to buy his buddy a beer then addressed the room.  
  
“I would like to remind everyone that we will not be releasing the names of those who made the team right now. You should go home. You will know soon enough when we contact you.”  
  
Coach Ron had one more crazy bomb to drop, but wasn’t quite ready to reveal it so he continued, “…as for the uniforms, it is too soon to make a decision on which model we will adopt officially. In the mean time take care of them as if they were yours to keep. Feel free to wear them home. Remember, these uniforms are made from state of the art materials. Take extra care when washing them tonight. Cleaning instructions are located in the boxes. You will receive further instructions regarding them later tonight. Thank You.”  
  
\*\*Cleaning instructions?!  
  
Rachel was incredulous.  
  
\*\*What is there to clean! What instructions could there possibly be for something like this besides ‘don’t forget to wash your skin’?  
  
Her emotional rollercoaster started back up and several feelings flooded back into her. Anger over how she had managed to get herself into this situation. Relief over the good tryout performance. And underneath it all was the nagging sexual tension. She looked down at her still rock-hard nipples and groaned in defeat.  
  
Just then, Ellie walked up and sat next to her. Surprisingly, she was still dressed in her uniform too.  
  
“Congratulations again. I’m sure you made the team.” Ellie seemed kind of star struck.  
  
Perhaps Rachel had an admirer. Maybe that was why Ellie was still wearing the uniform. She wanted to be like Rachel.  
  
“Thanks” was all she could manage.  
  
After a few awkward seconds, Ellie spoke up again.  
  
“So, do you live close by?”  
  
Rachel winced as another realization struck her. She hadn’t even thought about having to walk back to Eric’s house. This ordeal just kept getting worse. She nodded and pointed in the direction of his house.  
  
“I live that way too!” Ellie beamed. “Maybe we can walk home together.” Then she looked down. “I…I would feel more comfortable in this suit if you were walking with me.”  
  
Rachel felt honored. Ellie really did look up to her. Her heart grew with warmth. How could she say no to that? Rachel pushed aside her gloom and looked around. She saw several girls leaving the locker room in their revealing suits. Some were sort of trying to cover up, but others just walked out like it was no big deal. Rachel tried to rally her nerve to go outside.  
  
\*\*Maybe it isn’t that big of deal. It is a real uniform. There will be a bunch of other girls walking around. And Ellie will be in the same suit. If you can make it to Eric’s house you can probably sneak in and get some real clothes on before he even notices.  
  
She had strayed far from her sense of modesty in the last hour. So far that the idea of walking around outside essentially naked didn’t seem that outrageous anymore. It took a few more moments of fighting the sense of dread she felt. Then she stood up and with an affirmative nod, she started for the exit with Ellie trailing right behind.  
  
With each step toward the door, the sense of dread fought back. She had made up her mind to go through with it, but her body was resisting furiously. She passed another full length mirror and almost changed her mind. She couldn’t imagine anything more embarrassing than being outside in this state of dress. But she couldn’t let Ellie down, and she could see no alternative anyway.  
  
They stepped into the hall and headed for the school exit along with the other girls. She was actually standing in the hall of her High School with all her private parts exposed to the world.  
  
\*\*Come on, girl. This isn’t so bad. Just keep going.  
  
Her body responded with a mixture of fear and arousal. It was trying anything to get control over her will.  
  
\*\*Just a few more steps then you’ll be outside.  
  
She shuttered. She couldn’t see how that would be any better. She looked back to see if Ellie was still there. She hadn’t noticed that Ellie had picked up her backpack on the way out the door and was now wearing it. The straps did a pretty good job of covering her breasts and the pack hung low enough in back to conceal her behind. She casually crossed one gloved hand over her crotch. She was actually not that exposed. Rachel silently cursed her decision to send the backpack (and her clothes for that matter) with her mother. Now she had no such covering.  
  
There was no more time to turn back. They had come to the exit. She was now leaving the relative safety of Thornwood High School, and she was still completely naked…

**Part 8**

The mid-afternoon southern sun was high in the clear sky. A blast of heat met Rachel as she stepped out onto the hot sidewalk. Through squinted eyes, she could vaguely make out shapes of the other girls heading for home.  
  
\*\*They’re all in the same position as you\*\* she tried to calm herself. But it didn’t make her feel any better.  
  
Instinctively, she reached up one arm to cover her breasts. The other went between her legs to preserve at least a little bit of modesty. As her eyes adjusted, Rachel looked around more clearly at the other girls. She scanned from group to group to confirm her belief that she wasn’t the only one exposing inappropriate body parts. But all she saw were girls in school clothes.  
  
Frantically, she kept searching until she saw two fellow swimmers across the parking lot. Both were wearing the topless leotard style. No sooner did she spot them than they jumped into a car and drove off. In fact the whole parking lot was clearing out. Her feet sent her a warning signal. She was standing on hot concrete. She turned to go back inside the school and bumped into Ellie.  
  
“Ready to go?” Ellie smiled and started down the sidewalk. Rachel followed her lead in a daze; in disbelief at herself.  
  
Thankfully, they reached some grass and walked across toward the street crossing. As they approached, Rachel noticed the cars were taking longer and longer to pass the girls. One student in the passenger seat pulled out his camera phone and started taking pictures. Rachel pulled her arms tighter around her and prayed nothing embarrassing was showing besides her bare bottom.  
  
They reached the crossing, waited for the signal, and started across. That’s when Rachel noticed Ellie’s shoes. The road was black asphalt. Rachel took two steps and almost screamed. The road had been baking in the southern sun all day and was burning hot. Ellie scampered across in front of the line of cars waiting at the light, and Rachel started after her. But beside the heat, there were little pebbles on the road which hurt Rachel’s feet and caused her to be unstable. She couldn’t run too fast because of the pebbles, but she couldn’t stay in one place either. So she ended up jumping from foot to foot to keep from burning and flailing her arms to keep from slipping and falling.  
  
The view for the drivers was spectacular. Her breasts were bouncing in rhythm with her butt cheeks. With each step, her pussy lips would flash into view. When she finally made it to the grass on the far side, the line of cars started moving again.  
  
Someone called out their window, “Hey sweetie. Nice dancin”  
Another yelled “Nice outfit, you sure make one sexy traffic cone”  
  
Rachel couldn’t bear to look back. She just kept walking and hoping this was all a dream.  
  
The girls walked together for a couple blocks through a quiet neighborhood. At least it was too hot for anyone else to be outside where they would see Rachel. Beads of sweat were forming all over her body. Every time they came to a driveway, Rachel had to re-enact the road crossing to get across, bouncing all the way and forcing her to relive the humiliation.  
  
Then they came to Ellie’s house.  
  
“Thanks for walking home with me. Would you like to come in and maybe get a drink?”  
  
A cold drink sounded great, but Rachel could think of nothing worse than going into Ellie’s house naked. God knows who else might be in there.  
  
“Um, no thanks. I better get home.”  
  
Ellie headed inside and closed the door. Rachel was now completely alone, and she had several blocks to go. Cautiously, she stepped through the yard of Ellie’s neighbor. Her eyes darting around. Her already overloaded nerves jumping at every noise. As if she could avoid being seen by staying silent. The progress was tedious. She pulled her gloved hands back over her breasts and assessed her progress. In 5 minutes she had only walked past three houses. She guessed the time to be about 4:00.  
  
\*\*You’re never going to get home at this rate. And why are you covering up? It’s a professional uniform. If you act embarrassed and cover up, it only makes things worse. Where’s your team pride?  
  
Her hands weren’t convinced, but she forced them down anyway. Resolved, Rachel started walking again at a quicker pace. She suppressed the sense of impending dread and forced herself to stop jumping every time a dog barked.  
  
After passing a few houses, she actually started to enjoy herself. The warm breeze felt good on her skin. The sun was still beating down. She wasn’t worried about sunburn because she wouldn’t be outside much longer. She even managed to crack a smile. In some twisted way, Rachel was actually enjoying the experience. Her body had certainly responded positively to the situation. She thought back to how she had nearly reached orgasm without even touching herself.  
  
She wouldn’t want to be in this state all the time, but for one day it was kind of fun to explore the little exhibitionist feelings inside her. It was a truly liberating experience and the swim tryouts gave her a legitimate excuse if anyone saw her.  
  
As she walked, Rachel developed a plan to get inside Eric’s house. She decided to do a mixed approach. She would slip in the back door and walk straight to her room. She pictured him watching TV on the couch. If he happened to catch a peek of her, she would just act like everything was normal and not make a big deal about it. She even got a thrill thinking about the reaction it would force out of him.  
  
\*\*He’ll probably be more embarrassed than you.  
  
It served him right after the way he acted that morning. There’s no way he could pretend to ignore her dressed like this. She would wipe the smirk off Eric’s face one way or another. She looked down at her mounds. Her nipples had relaxed a little but the sight was still impressive. She pictured Eric with his mouth gaping like Tommy’s had been that morning.  
  
\*\*Tommy!!  
  
Rachel’s distracted reverie caused her to forget about Tommy’s house. She was standing right in front of it now. Thankfully, she didn’t see him around. But the shock caused her heart to start pounding again. As brave as she had been in her mind, the thought of being naked in front of someone she knew had rattled her. She was like a deer in headlights; not sure to stay frozen or make a run for it.  
  
Then Rachel got mad at herself and snapped back to reality. She had built up confidence in her mind but at the first sign of being caught she had panicked. And Tommy wasn’t even there…But what if he were? A scene started forming in Rachel’s imagination.  
  
“Oh, hi Tommy,” Rachel used her most seductive voice, “it’s nice to see you again too.”  
  
She turned to face his house with her feet apart; talking to the door as if he were standing in it. “This? Oh, it’s just my new swim team uniform. Do you like it?”  
  
She struck another pose and pretended to let him judge her uniform all the while showcasing her curves and intimate bits. She upped the stakes in her fantasy by pulling her shoulders back and arching her back. The effect was spectacular and her nipples once again became rock hard.  
  
“Why, yes I could use some help with my training! I’d love for you to help me with my…breast stroke.”  
  
She giggled at her clever pun and started to run her hands up her sides and to her breasts. But before they could get there, the worst thing happened…

**Part 9**

Tommy’s automatic garage door started to open. Rachel instinctually started running. Frantically, she searched for a place to hide. She started toward some hedges in the neighbor’s yard, but stopped short. Those pointy leaves would brutalize her skin; especially wither her most sensitive areas unprotected.  
  
Tommy’s garage door was now open and she heard a car door followed by the engine starting. There was a gate open across the street leading into a backyard, but Rachel knew there was no way she could make it across barefoot in time. How could she explain it if Tommy caught her naked in the middle of the road outside his house? What kind of pervert would he think she was?  
  
The only option left was a sapling in the neighbor’s front yard, only 20 feet tall with few branches and a skinny trunk. Rachel had no choice. She ran over to it just as Tommy’s car pulled out of the garage. It was mostly wishful thinking for Rachel to believe she could hide behind that tree. She stood as close as she could to the trunk and covered her face with her hands.  
  
Of course, anyone looking over there would only see a naked girl losing a battle to stay hidden. With nothing but her face covered, Rachel looked like a 4 year old playing hide and seek. Her curves spilled out on both sides of the tree.  
  
“Oh my God, Oh my God, Oh my God. This isn’t happening.” Rachel’s knees felt week and she started to tremble. She peeked out between a fork in the trunk to see Tommy in the driver’s seat pulling down his driveway. He seemed to be looking down adjusting his radio. But Rachel knew there was no way he wouldn’t see her as he drove past.  
  
Tommy was seconds away from seeing his dream girl completely naked. Time slowed as Rachel imagined what would happen. What would he do? Would she get arrested? She could see the headline on the evening news: ‘Local teenager makes naked sex romp through neighborhood. Footage at 10:00”.  
  
Then something miraculous happened. Tommy, the typical teen driver, pulled right into the street without even looking up. Rachel watched in silence as his car turned away from her and sped off. She had survived what she thought was her worst nightmare. Little did she know what nightmares lay ahead for her.  
  
Rachel collapsed on the mulch under the tree, unable to stay upright. Her heart was still pounding. If she wasn’t in such great physical shape she might have had a heart attack by now, she thought. She assessed her body. She couldn’t tell if the cold sweat all over her body was from almost being caught or from being outside in this heat. Speaking of heat, she noticed the warmth radiating from between her legs and knew she couldn’t ignore it much longer. Sweat was mixing with the wetness coming from the folds of her pussy lips and practically dripping on the ground. The thought of what just happened only added to her arousal.  
  
It had been building for a long time and she knew the ache in her pussy could not be ignored forever. It didn’t matter if she was sitting in a stranger’s yard or in her own bed at home, she had to have release. Rachel took one more look around then slipped her right hand out of her glove.  
  
She closed her eyes and released the will over her hand. It automatically slid down between her legs.  
  
Rachel let out a loud gasp as her fingers reached their first stop on the journey. Her outer lips were engorged and swollen. The nerve endings sent shocks of pleasure through her body as she massaged them. She could tell it was going to be a short session as the familiar passion quickly rose within her.  
  
Her lips were lubricated and aching to be opened. As her probing fingers slipped further into her pussy an image formed in her mind. She was back where it had all begun that morning, in the hall outside Eric’s bedroom completely nude. Except this time she didn’t chicken out.  
  
Rachel pushed open the door and marched to Eric’s bed. She pulled off his sheets as he woke up. Immediately a look of lust formed on his face and the bulge in his boxers grew even bigger. As she bent down to kiss him, her hand reached out to feel the throbbing mass between his legs. He met her advances with one of his own. He reached up and as soon as their lips met, his hand caught one of her breasts hanging over him and he started kneading it…  
  
At this point, Rachel’s other gloved hand had reached up to cup her breasts. The alien feeling of the synthetic material added to the illusion that it was someone else’s hand pushing her arousal to the limit. The fingers between her legs easily slid to their favorite spot and settled on the little bundle of nerves call her clitoris. Rachel felt like she had been struck by lightning. The jolt ran up her body and created a blinding flash behind her eyes causing her to open them.  
  
She was still in the moment and her vision was blurry. Her hands didn’t stop their motion and her breathing was mixed with little grunts. Her body was already on course for an explosive release. It would be nearly impossible to stop now. As her vision cleared, she saw two people on bicycles about a block away. At first it didn’t register, she was so focused on the task at hand.  
  
But then the bikes started coming up the street toward her. The riders looked younger than Rachel, probably neighborhood boys out exploring their territory. Despite her body’s urging to continue, Rachel had to try and take control of her senses.  
  
The first attempt failed. She was so far gone, her hand just refused to change course. By now it was on a steady stroke and determined to finish the job. But with tremendous effort, she pulled her hand away whimpering the whole time. Her pussy twitched with anguish. The boys were only half a block away. Rachel stood up leaning against the tree for support and pulled her glove back on.  
  
After a deep breath, she took one step and almost fell over. Her body was fighting her. It was like she was some mindless sex-crazed creature even though she was still a virgin. She fought back and resumed her walk home just as the boys rode up to her. She didn’t have time to assess the situation. She didn’t even want to think of the lewd view she was giving them. Even without looking, she could feel her pussy lips still open in anticipation of what never came. She should have known the first thing out of their mouth but it still struck her like a punch to the gut.  
  
“Why are you naked?” one of the boys asked.  
  
“I’m not naked. This is a swimsuit.” She tried to sound convincing.  
  
The boy turned to his friend, “it doesn’t look like a swimsuit to me”.  
  
“Yeah”, the other boy said, “I can see her boobies.”  
  
Whatever blood was not still between her legs rose into a blush.  
  
“My mom calls the naked girls that dad watches downtown ‘sluts’. Are you a slut?” one boy asked.  
  
The other one interrupted, “No. You mom calls them ‘sluts’ but your dad calls them ‘strippers’.” Then he proudly turned to Rachel, “You’re not a slut, you’re a stripper aren’t you.”  
  
Rachel saw they were just kids asking innocent questions. But to the impressionable teenage girl, the question felt like an accusation. Did these new sexual feelings make her a slut?  
  
“I am not a stripper. And…and I’m not a ssssslut.” She faltered at the words coming from her mouth. “and it’s not nice to call girls that.” She added in an offended voice, hoping it would drive them away. She resumed walking but they kept pace, riding in circles near her. This was the most interesting thing going on in their neighborhood right now. Why would they go anywhere else?  
  
They followed her for another block without saying anything except to giggle to each other every time she bounced across a hot driveway. Rachel was annoyed, but had to shift her attention. She was quickly approaching Eric’s house. As it came into view, a mixture of fear and relief filled her.  
  
She turned to the boys and said “well, bye”. Apparently those were the magic words. Just like that the boys turned and rode back up the street. Rachel angled through the yard and headed behind Eric’s house. She picked an approach that would not be visible from his window. The pool started to come into view. It looked so inviting out there in the hot sun. For a moment, Rachel considered taking a skinny dip before going inside. It would feel so nice to cool off after her grueling naked trek. But then she decided against it. She was feeling quite fatigued. A cold shower and a nice nap would do her a lot of good.  
  
This was it. The moment of truth. Rachel took one last look down at her ‘suit’. As embarrassing as this whole adventure had been, she couldn’t quite say she regretted it. She was sure her self confidence would grow as a result. How could she feel ashamed in anything she wore after this? On that high note, Rachel strode to the sliding glass door. Part of her hoped Eric would be in there. She might even give him a little look before she ran upstairs. Sort of a way to tease him back. If he saw what he was missing, maybe he would think twice about all that teasing. She made up her mind as she reached for the door. Rachel was going to use her body to teach Eric a lesson.  
  
Unfortunately, she never got the chance…

**Part 10**

Eager to get inside, Rachel reached for the handle of the sliding door with her gloved hand. When she pulled, her hand slipped off throwing her off balance almost to the ground. She grunted and cursed her webbed gloves for the delay. The gloves were made of a stiff synthetic material which didn’t allow much movement. She reached up with both her hands, awkwardly gripped the door handle and set her feet apart for better leverage. She was straining to open the door when a voice behind her caused her blood to run cold.  
  
“It’s locked.”  
  
It was Eric.  
  
Rachel let go of the door and stood up straight but couldn’t bring herself to turn around. She looked in the reflection from the door. Eric was lounging by the pool. He was wearing a swimsuit without a shirt. She hadn’t seen him because her approach angle to the back yard put him behind the pool house. Even in the reflection, she could make out a huge grin on Eric’s face. After a few moments he spoke up.  
  
“What’s up Rach? You decide to take up naked yoga or something? You should really put something on. We have rules in this neighborhood, after all.”  
  
In an instant, Eric had reduced her from a confident young lady to a girl who had to be reprimanded for running around naked.  
  
Rachel wracked her brain for a way out or at least a clever comeback. Every excuse sounded fake. Every comeback would sound lame because she was in fact naked. She couldn’t hide from him. She couldn’t run. So she just turned around in silence and took the consequences.  
  
Even Eric’s smart mouth was silenced by the sight before him. His childhood friend was no longer a child. The curves he had seen that morning under the wet nightgown were now on full display. Her breasts were full and round. Their creamy light skin a perfect contrast to the pink of her areolas. Her nipples were standing at attention.  
  
He wanted to make a joke about headlights, but the words never came. He drew his attention down the line of her slender waist to her curving hips. Between her legs, another contrast awaited him. Her pink pussy lips were slightly parted hinting at juicy red intimacies within. She was a teenage boy’s ultimate fantasy.  
  
Many thoughts ran through Eric’s mind, but nothing came out. She had managed to shut him up, just not in the way she planned.  
  
Rachel broke the silence. “Why is the door locked?” She tried to speak as if demanding an answer. But her voice faltered and it came across as pleading. She wasn’t exactly in a position of power at the moment.  
  
Eric ignored her question and kept drinking in the view. Rachel was so embarrassed. She felt completely powerless. It was like she was forced to stand there and let Eric study her body until he answered her. With nothing left to hide and no answers from Eric, Rachel finally walked over and sat down in the nearest lounge chair crossing her arms over her chest.  
  
That’s when he noticed her gloves. “Seriously, Rach. What’s with the getup? You get a job at some Martian themed strip club?”  
  
“This is my swim team uniform….It’s professionally certified…and…and European!” She tried to rebuild some of her confidence.  
  
Eric just grinned. “You’re shitting me. This is some kind of prank.” He looked around expecting his friends to jump out the bushes. Of course, if it was a prank, he was more than willing to go along with it. But how did they get Rachel to go along? She was the one putting her body on display after all. He dismissed the prank idea and went back to staring at her tits.  
  
Rachel was fed up. “You don’t know anything about swim technology. I’ll have you know I set a current year state best in the freestyle today in this suit. Now tell me why the freaking door is locked, jerk.”  
  
“Oh that”, Eric lay back casually adjusting the hardening situation in his shorts. “I got grounded. I pulled a harmless little prank on some freshmen and they cried to the principal. So my parents grounded me to the pool until they get home. I told them you wouldn’t mind because you were going to tan anyway.”  
  
Leave it to Eric to cause trouble on the first day of school. Rachel had never heard of being grounded outside. But in this heat, she could see the logic. A kid would much rather be inside playing video games about now. But now that she was locked out with him until they got home.  
  
Speaking of heat, Rachel’s swim cap was starting to get itchy from all the sweat. The pool but would cool her down, but what she really needed was to wash her hair out. She eyed the outdoor shower which was designed to wash the chlorine off after swimming. It was directly across from Eric. Even after totally exposing her body to him, she drew the line at giving him a private viewing of her shower.  
  
She looked down at her gloves and longed to take them off. But without her cap and gloves she was just a naked girl lounging by the pool, showing off her body to a handsome boy. She looked over at Eric. He was holding up his phone and pointing it at her.  
  
Concerned he was taking her picture, Rachel crossed her arms tighter over her breasts. “What are you doing?”  
  
Eric grinned. “Just ordering a pizza. It’s so hard to see in this light.” He tilted the phone different directions and looked to be dialing a number. “you want anything?”  
  
Rachel was hungry, but didn’t want to give him the satisfaction. “No” She looked away.  
  
Eric finished dialing and then put the phone to his ear. “Yeah, did you get it? Yes. I promise. Trust me on this one, dude.” Eric started talking low in to the phone. Rachel tried to eavesdrop but another problem suddenly drew her attention away. The top part of her breasts had a pinkish hue. She had noticed it earlier but dismissed it as a blush. But now it was stronger and all over her body, not just her breasts. All this time out in the hot southern sun was taking its toll on her creamy white skin. Because she didn’t have a base tan, Rachel knew she would have to put sun block on soon or risk a burn.  
  
Eric spoke louder “Oh yeah, I’d like a small pepperoni with extra cheese. Yeah, OK bye.” Then he hung up and started typing something on it.  
  
She didn’t want to say anything to draw his attention back to her body, but he was going to look anyway. And she had to ask. “Eric” he looked at her, his blue eyes sparkling. “Do you have any sunscreen?”  
  
He reached under his lounge chair, pulled out a bottle, and tossed it to her. Rachel had to uncross her arms to catch the bottle once again exposing her breasts to him. Her normally solid hand-eye coordination was thrown off because of the situation, but the stiff gloves made it impossible to catch the bottle. It bounced off her hands and rolled in to the pool. Eric laughed, “nice catch, flipper”.  
  
She got up and rushed over to the pool, hoping to catch the bottle before it sunk. Thankfully it floated but was quickly moving out of reach. She got on her knees and leaned way out, reaching with one glove to guide the bottle back. In that position, her breasts were hanging like ripe melons over the water. Her firm butt was thrust in the air behind her. She looked over to see Eric pointing his phone at her again and smiling. He had to be recording the whole thing, but she couldn’t prove it. She just prayed he had a low resolution camera on his phone.  
  
She fished out the bottle and returned to her lounge. By now Eric was not even pretending to be texting. His camera phone was locked onto the naked girl with every jiggle of her bare body. He knew what was about to happen and silently thanked Tommy for convincing him to spend extra money on the 6 megapixel camera phone model. He would pay Tommy back soon enough…

**Part 11**

Rachel had to pull off her gloves to open the bottle of sunscreen. She didn’t recognize the brand but didn’t care at this point. Her skin was begging for some covering. The burning from the sun was one thing. But the lotion would do nothing to stop Eric’s eyes from burning into her.  
  
The scene was practically pornographic. A hot young woman applying sunscreen to her naked body while the man looks on. Rachel was determined to make it as un-sexy as possible. She looked at her body trying to pick the least erotic place to start. She settled on her arms and shoulders and would carefully advance from there. The first squirt blew all her plans away. The ‘lotion’ was cold when it landed on her shoulder and immediately ran down her back to her bottom.  
  
The cold surprise made Rachel jump, causing her breasts to jiggle. The attempt at being un-sexy sure didn't last long. She looked at the bottle again.  
  
\*\*Tropical Transformation brand…tanning oil?\*\* Rachel couldn’t believe it.  
  
\*\*SPF 3? I didn’t even know it went that low.  
  
She looked back at Eric but only got a silent grin behind the cold lens of his camera phone. He had her corenered again. If she was going to avoid a nasty burn, this oil was the only protection she had. And she had to use a lot of it. Procrastinating only made it worse. So she restarted applying.  
  
The oil flowed freely from the bottle. It started cold, but warmed quickly as it came in contact with her skin. It actually felt pretty good as she rubbed it in. Her arms and shoulders welcomed the moisture. Next was her chest. She placed another squirt high on her chest and started rubbing. She added oil as she worked down her front. She tried to pretend Eric wasn’t there and just focus on getting covered. She reached her extended nipples and forged ahead with only slight hesitation. Her nipples responded and she had to suppress a whimper. There was a lot of real estate on her breasts so it took a lot of time to completely cover them. When she was done she moved down her flat stomach to her waist.  
  
Then she took a different approach by moving to her feet and working up her legs. It felt really good to massage out the muscles in her legs after the tryout. But as she approached the tops of her thighs, she paused. Rachel desperately wanted to stop there. She was nervous of what would happen if she started messing around down there. After the near miss under the tree, Rachel felt like she would not be able to control her body. But the one place she was trying to avoid was also the place that needed protection most. If she started applying between her legs, it would only end once she had reached release.  
  
She looked over at Eric again, a pleading expression on her face. His mocking grin had been replaced by a look of fascination. He had pulled a towel out of his bag and laid it on his lap obviously to cover his erection. His face wasn't teasing her anymore, only staring. In eager anticipation of what was about to happen. She looked back down at her body.  
  
\*\*Would a sunburned pussy really be that bad?  
  
It would. She had to continue. Resigned to finish the job, Rachel looked away from Eric and spread her feet apart with her knees in the air. Then she poured some oil on her hand and slid it between her legs. She bit her lip to keep from moaning at the first touch. The feelings that had been suppressed under the tree came surging back. The lubricated oil allowed her hand to easily slide up and down the length of her slit. She gave one last thought about trying to fight her body's natural responses. She could fight it, but did she really want to? Her eyes met Eric's one last time. He watched as Rachel's face transformed from a look of uncertainty to one of pure unrestrained lust.  
  
She pulled her hand out long enough to add more oil and this time both hands slid down together. She lay back on the lounger and flexed all the muscles in her body. Even her toes were curling. She pulled her arms together causing her breasts to bulge up obscenely. One hand slid up her oily body to her breasts and kept sliding back and forth between her nipples, sending a shockwave each time it reached its mark.  
  
Rachel was officially too far gone. This time she wasn't worried that she was outside in full public view. She wasn't worried that Eric was sitting just a few chairs away from her. Something within her wanted to share this moment with him. Wanted the moment to last. Wanted Eric to see her experience sheer ecstasy. But the thing that mattered most was sweet relief; and that was building fast.  
  
Just then a car door slammed and Eric and Rachel both said “shit” at the same time. Rachel snapped out of her bliss thinking Eric’s parents were about to come around the corner and see her masturbating in the backyard for their son.  
  
Eric was mad that the pizza had arrived right as Rachel's show was reaching its climax.  
  
Rachel rushed to put her gloves back on and turn over on her stomach, pretending to be asleep. The buzz of impending orgasm still gripped her body. But the fear of being caught had squeezed back in and was keeping her from falling over the edge.  
  
Eric texted the pizza guy to quietly come around back. When the pizza guy arrived and saw Rachel, he almost broke his silence and he almost dropped the pizza.  
  
He quietly slipped around to Eric and whispered, “whoa, dude. When you sent me that picture I was sure it was photoshopped. But she is actually sunbathing nude in your backyard!”  
  
Tommy worked after school as a pizza delivery guy. He had some pretty good stories of his deliveries. Sometimes a bored housewife would meet him at the door wearing just a towel or lingerie. His best story was of delivering to a party. They asked him to bring the pizza through the house to the back deck where a group of older, slightly overweight women were naked in a hot tub. But they got younger and more fit with every retelling of the story.  
  
All of Tommy’s stories combined didn’t come close to the sight before him. The same hot girl he had met that morning wearing a tight blouse and skirt was now a glistening nude sunbather.  
  
Even though she was lying on her stomach, he could clearly tell she wasn’t wearing anything besides a swim cap and some bright orange gloves. Her whole body from tip to toe was right there leaving nothing to the imagination. It took Tommy three passes up and down her body before he noticed the little circlet sticking up on her lower back just above the curves of her firm teenage ass.  
  
“What’s with the gloves and shit?” he asked Eric, as he gave his friend a fist bump.  
  
“She said it’s her new swim team uniform." Eric was still recovering from the last few minutes. "At first I thought it was a joke. But she was pretty serious about it. She must really be dedicated to wear something like that.”  
  
“Damn”, Tommy replied, “If that’s what they’re wearing these days; I’ve got to start watching more swim competitions.”  
  
Eric nodded then absently muttered “Wait til you see the video I just took”  
  
Tommy looked over at his friend and shook his head. “You lucky dog. I still can’t believe you have that hot piece of ass staying at your house. I would be all over that. Some guys have all the luck.”  
  
Eric looked over at the girl. Even though her body was maturing quickly, he still saw the childhood friend in lots of her mannerisms. He got a kick out of teasing her because it was so easy. She was acting so brave. When she was standing at the door, he knew how hard it was for her to turn around and show herself to him.  
  
Her naïve innocence shone through when she was applying the tanning oil. She was a trusting person, almost too trusting. Her personality allowed her to be manipulated into doing things other people wouldn’t dare. How else could he explain her showing up on his doorstep wearing nothing but a belt, cap and gloves?  
  
But he knew her limits, and he didn’t want others taking advantage of her.  
  
“You better get going before she wakes up.”  
  
“Hell, no. I want to see more of this” Tommy’s voice was getting louder.  
  
Eric was worried that, in her current fragile state, seeing Tommy there would be too much for Rachel. He didn’t want her to know he had invited Tommy over because then she would blame him. “Shhh. Consider this your tip. Don’t make me call your manager.”  
  
“OK, fine” Tommy wasn’t happy he had to leave, but he did have to get back to work. So he gave Eric another fist bump and walked back around the house, staring at the girl in the lounger the whole way…

**Part 12**

The stress of the day and fatigue finally caught up to Rachel. She started out only pretending to be asleep. Afraid Eric’s parents were about to come back and see her sunbathing naked right in front of their son. She kept her eyes closed tight and prayed they wouldn’t be mad at her.  
  
But after a few minutes, when nothing seemed to happen; the relaxing oil mixed with her prone body and closed eyes. Before she knew it she was fast asleep, having strange dreams about pizza and the Olympics.  
  
After eating a slice of pizza, Eric looked over at Rachel. She was lying there still pretending to be asleep. He should really tell her the coast was clear, but decided to have a little fun with it. He got his camera phone ready and pointed it at her lounger. Then he filled a bucket of cold pool water and stalked up to her.  
  
He was about to throw the bucket of water over her when he noticed something. Her breath was coming at short shallow intervals. She had actually fallen asleep. Shaking his head, he couldn’t bring himself to wake her up. But now that he was closer to her, he took a moment to appraise her body. She was flawless.  
  
Her hips were just starting to develop a shape but the soft curves of her bottom cheeks were firmly established. They were a perfect handhold size and begging to be held. Oil glistened all over her skin. Her full breasts bulged out on either side of her body. They were big enough to raise her flat stomach off the lounger. With a fit body to go with her large breasts, he couldn’t think of any pictures in his porno stash that could even come close to Rachel. He sat the bucket down and quietly returned to his pizza.  
  
As he ate, Eric developed a plan. When his parents got home, he would have to do some explaining. It wasn’t his fault she was dressed that way. But his parents would blame him anyway. He couldn’t afford any more trouble after the stunt he pulled at school.  
  
It would be a shame if they made Rachel move out over this; the most likely scenario. He had to find a way to convince them to let her stay. This was a tricky task, but he was used to talking his way out of sticky situations. His keen talent worked through different options to settle on the one that gave him the best shot. He knew his dad would go along with whatever mom decided, so he focused on her.  
  
When they got home, Eric quietly spread his towel over Rachel to cover her, hoping she would put it on when she woke up. She didn’t stir. She must have been pretty tired. He left her sleeping and rushed around to meet his parents in the driveway as they pulled in. His dad was on the city council and they were just returning from a meeting.  
  
“Hi mom. Hey dad. I want to talk to you about something”, Eric put on his most concerned face. He made sure to open the door for his mom and carry her grocery bag. She had let him order pizza as an after school snack. As a growing teenager, Eric would be hungry again by dinnertime.  
  
He wanted to catch them before they walked through the house and saw Rachel in the backyard.  
  
“It’s about Rachel”  
  
That got their attention.  
  
“What’s the matter with Rachel?” His mom stopped and turned to him.  
  
“Well, she had her swim team tryouts today. And I guess there were some unusual changes this year.”  
  
At this his dad turned around too. “Hey. Frank from the school board was saying something about that. Apparently they brought in a new head coach who was ruffling some feathers and upsetting the structure over there. Some rich bastard offered to pay the coach’s salary and provide funding for facility renovations. Frank said he even made some political contributions to the reelection campaigns of the school board members.” Eric’s dad laughed at that, “Talk about throwing your money away. Probably a good thing they’re shaking things up. That school district has been in decline for years.”  
  
Good. His dad was already on board. Now Eric could focus on his mom.  
  
“That’s right” said Eric as he started to weave his fabrication. “Rachel was really excited when she got home. She couldn’t stop talking about all the great changes they had made with the swim team. In fact…”  
  
“That’s great, honey” his mom cut him off and started inside. She was impatient to get the groceries in the fridge. She headed toward the kitchen. “So where is Rachel anyway?”  
  
Eric chased her down. “Well, that’s the thing. I guess they got issued new uniforms and she didn’t want you to freak out about them. They’re a little more…revealing…than traditional uniforms.”  
  
“Nothing wrong with that.” She started to put the groceries away, “I guess fashions are always changing, even in the swim world.”  
  
Eric almost had her. He just needed to set the hook by playing on her sympathy.  
  
“Well, they are probably more revealing than you think. But you have to promise you won’t make fun of her. She is so proud of it. And she looks up to you. It would just destroy her if she thought you didn’t approve.” He was really laying on the protective big brother act.  
  
The compliment struck home. “Don’t worry about me, honey. You may not believe it, but I remember what it was like to be an impressionable teenage girl. Now I’ve got to get started on dinner.”  
  
“OK. Thanks Mom” Eric was weighing if a hug would be over the top and expose his act, when a noise in the other room distracted them both.  
  
“WOAH!”  
  
It was Eric’s dad.  
  
Eric and his mom rushed into the dining room to see Rachel standing outside the back door knocking. She had Eric’s towel wrapped around her. Eric’s dad had collapsed onto a dining room chair in a daze. Eric’s mind went into overdrive assessing the situation and working out the best plan of attack. Fortunately, he was on top of his game and had the advantage of planning. Everyone else was playing catch up.  
  
Eric’s mom gave his dad a rebuking look as she crossed over to unlock the sliding door for the girl. He must have seen flashes of Rachel’s body as she stood up and put the towel on because he was struck dumb.  
  
Rachel meekly entered the house. She didn’t know what was about to happen. She mentally thanked Eric for giving her the towel. Without it she would probably have died of shame.  
  
Eric’s mom was studying Rachel. She had expected to see her in her new swim uniform but so far the only sign of a uniform was a swim cap and some fancy looking webbed gloves. The top of Rachel’s breasts were bulging above the towel. No sign of suit there.  
  
Eric was quick to speak up. He had to take control. “Rachel, I was just telling mom and dad about your swim tryouts.” He spoke in a calm, steady voice as if to lead by example for his parents.  
  
His mom put on the smile of a caring parent. “How did it go?”  
  
“Pretty good, I think. I’m supposed to find out tonight if I made the team.” Strangely, things were going better than she expected. Rachel was still confused, but felt comforted.  
  
“That’s great, Rachel.” Another smile from his mom. “Just having the courage to tryout is a big accomplishment. Based on what your mother said about your training, I’m sure you’ll make a great addition to the team.”  
  
Eric’s dad was sitting in stunned silence. He must have caught more than a glimpse of Rachel’s body.  
  
Eric continued, “She was telling me all about the facility upgrades and the new coach…and the new uniforms”.  
  
At that Eric’s dad gave a little snort. He was not closely following the conversation, but Eric didn’t worry about that. He just had to convince his mom, so he went on “They are a little revealing style, they’re cutting edge design made with the latest technology. She even said she set a personal best!”  
  
“I’m so proud of you, Rachel.” his mom was in full support mode. She still couldn’t see any of Rachel’s suit, but the gloves looked futuristic. “Don’t worry about the suit, honey. I grew up in the 60’s so I’ve seen plenty in my time. I know how styles change and I’m sure you rock that suit.” Eric didn’t need to say anything else. His mom had taken the bait and was finishing the job for him. Rachel was intently listening to his mom’s words; her typical trusting innocence kicking in.  
  
Eric suppressed a smile as his mom did exactly what he wanted. “Honey, I want you to feel like family in this household. We’re not here to judge you. We all support you. Now, how about a little fashion show? Go ahead and model the suit for us.”  
  
Eric had reached the last but most important step in his plan. His mom would never break the girl’s fragile confidence now. He just had to navigate the next few moments without the deception breaking down. Basically all he had to do was look at Rachel’s body without ogling her tits or popping a boner and he was home free. A difficult task for sure, but not impossible.  
  
There was fear in Rachel’s eyes as she looked around the room. Eric’s dad was looking at her towel still trying to figure out what was going on. His mom had her best look of motherly approval. Eric made eye contact with her. His trusting face was encouraging her to go on. His confidence gave her confidence.  
  
Slowly Rachel let the towel drop from her body...

**Part 13**

Eric anxiously watched the many different emotions appear on his mom’s face as Rachel’s body came into view. He didn’t know which one would win out, but he had prepared a response for whatever one she picked. Rachel’s ‘fashion show’ consisted of nothing more than standing there trying not to cry. Striking a pose or walking down a runway was the last thing on her mind.  
   
Eric’s dad felt vindicated that he wasn’t just imagining fantasies earlier. He wanted to say “I told you so” but decided silence was best. As a red blooded man, he couldn’t help but crack a smile as the young teenage body was revealed before him.  
   
Eric couldn’t let the silence go on too long and risk Rachel losing her nerve. He also didn’t want to look at her body but he had to in order to make his point that it wasn’t a big deal. It was just a girl modeling her new swimsuit. He tried to adopt a casual gaze of approval without staring at her quickly hardening nipples.  
   
His mom was shocked at first, then embarrassed, then skeptical. A look of disapproval settled on her face. She didn’t like the fact that her husband and son had a front row seat to an exhibition of healthy female anatomy. Her husband’s aspiring political career had drawn the typical female advances. He was faithful as far as she knew, but there had certainly been some doubts in the past. She didn’t like the look her husband was giving Rachel. On some primeval level, she didn’t like the idea of having competition for attention in her own house.  
   
Meanwhile, Eric was taking the sight in stride which threw up red flags of their own. She wasn’t convinced he was telling her everything. She looked back at Rachel who flinched and she remembered what she had just told the young lady. Ultimately, she had already committed to supporting Rachel.  
   
Eric knew he had won once he saw the look of disapproval fade from his mom’s face. He was ready for it and drew the conversation back to swimming. “Rach was telling me how she set the fastest time in the state this year in one of her races today.”  
   
His mom was slow to catch the words. She was still processing everything. Eventually, she said, “that’s good.”  
   
Rachel started to fidget. The warmth of acceptance was wearing off and the self consciousness of exposure was creeping in. Her eyes welled with tears. Eric’s mother broke at that.  
   
“Oh now, a state best on the first day! That’s awesome. You’ll be breaking records in no time. And that suit isn’t so bad. You look great in it, honey.”  
   
At that, Rachel seemed to calm down.  
   
“Now I’ve got to start dinner. Let’s see. You kids probably don’t have homework after only one day. I’ll call you when the food is ready.” She was doing her best to get back to normal, despite the naked girl in her dining room.  
   
Eric gave a winning smile to his mom and turned to leave the room. He made a specific effort not to look at Rachel. He had already sold the idea that her state of dress didn’t bother him, but a little extra emphasis couldn’t hurt. He walked into the living room and turned on the TV; a typical school day afternoon. However, the image on the TV was replaced in his mind by that of a naked Rachel lying prone on the lounger rubbing oil into her most intimate crevices. He made a note to grab his beach bag and phone from the pool area. He had a video that he needed to transfer to his computer.  
   
Rachel didn’t know how to feel. She had certainly not expected this reception. She expected Eric’s parents to be yelling at her for trying to seduce their son. At the very least she figured they would be asking her to cover up. But instead, they had generally accepted her uniform. The look from Eric’s dad made her a little nervous, but his mom seemed totally supportive.  
   
She felt more confused than embarrassed. She had pulled her towel off in front of three people with little hesitation. She hadn’t panicked or tried to cover up. And the world hadn’t ended as a result. Perhaps her concept of modesty was changing. Her body was nothing to be ashamed of. At least the suit was comfortable. Usually by now the straps of her old suit would get tired of holding up her breasts and were digging into her shoulders. And she didn’t have to worry about tan lines.  
   
There were also questions about Eric swirling in her mind. What did he think about her performance by the pool earlier? She had shown him something intimate, not by choice. Or was it by choice? She had to think about that one. The way he had advocated for her with his parents made Rachel think he really cared about her.  
   
She reached up to scratch an itch under her swim cap. It reminded her that her hair needed to breathe. Her hands were also sore from being in the gloves for so long. A quick shower would be just the thing before dinner.  
   
Refreshed from her nap outside, she ran upstairs and started the water. Normally she would let the water warm up while she was undressing. But the process was accelerated in this suit. She had her gloves and belt off almost immediately. She pulled her cap off and felt her shoulder length hair come free and stepped in the shower.  
   
“YIIIEEEOW!” It was still ice cold. It didn’t help that every nerve on the surface of her body seemed to be on full alert. She jumped out and waited for the water to warm. Now that her hands were finally free from the gloves, the first thing they did was reach up and give her nipples a good pinch. Rachel moaned. She couldn’t believe after all she had been through, her body was still aroused.  
   
\*\*Is this what sexual awakening feels like? Every nerve on edge. An erotic thrill whenever you show off your body. A constant state of arousal.  
   
And the worst part of all, the complete inability to control her own hands. It was like someone else was choosing their actions. And they always chose the path that would bring her closer to orgasm. Frustrated with her lack of self control, she steeled her resolve not to start masturbating right there.  
   
\*\*Maybe a cold shower wouldn’t be so bad after all.  
   
She reached up, turned the faucet back to cold and stepped in.  
   
Meanwhile, Eric’s mom was steaming more than peas in the kitchen. After the initial shock wore off, the feeling she kept coming back to most was jealousy. Her husband was floating around the house whistling to himself. How could she blame him? She had just given her approval for an almost naked teenage girl to walk around his house.  
   
She didn’t like it, but she had given her approval. Somehow, she felt like she should have seen it coming; like she had been setup. To confront Rachel now would come across as petty and phony. No. Her best option was to get Rachel to decide on her own that this wasn’t a good idea.  
   
She had committed her approval, but that didn’t mean she had to play nice. Her more primitive instincts resurfaced and twisted her jealousy to form sinister thoughts.  
   
\*\*This nymph comes into my house and gets her jollies by showing off her body to my husband and son. How disrespectful can she be? This is my family.  
   
There were plenty of ways she could manipulate the situation to get Rachel to break down and give up, yet provide the appearance of maternal support the whole way down. She schemed as she got back to cooking.  
   
Rachel came out of the bathroom wearing two towels, one on her head and one around her body. This was the most she had been covered in several hours and it felt great. As she passed Eric’s open door she saw him sitting at his computer. “Hey, Eric.” She got his attention, “I wanted to thank you for earlier.”  
   
He smiled that dreamy smile of his “It’s cool. I just wanted my parents to understand. I actually think it’s kind of neat that you’re such a great swimmer.”  
  
She beamed as he continued, “Hey, your mom left a voicemail while you were in the shower. I’ll have mom bring her phone up so you can hear it.”  
   
“OK. Thanks again.” He ran downstairs as Rachel floated to her room and closed the door. Maybe Eric wasn’t so bad after all. They had always been friends, but the intimate moment she had shared with him outside might have changed something in him. The stress of the day began melting off Rachel. Despite all the trials, she was truly happy with how things had turned out in the end. But what happened next made Rachel anything but happy…

**Part 14**

Rachel sat on the bed eagerly anticipating the voicemail. She was sure it was her mom giving her the good news from Coach Ron that she had made the swim team. Her mom hadn’t dropped off her clothes or backpack for the next morning yet. She also likely called to say she was running late. The move and job transfer was keeping Kathy busy lately. She would surely drop it off later.  
  
As Rachel waited, she pulled the towel off her head. She always thought her hair looked sexy when it was down. She stood up and spun around letting her wet hair swirl around her face, pursing her lips in a kissing face. It was like a shampoo commercial where the girl wearing nothing but a towel will flinging her hair in the air to show off her silky curls.  
  
Rachel actually giggled. With the stress of the day gone she was free to be a goofy teen girl again. Eric’s mom walked in. Rachel squealed, dove for her bed covers and yelled “don’t you know how to knock?” The further removed she was from the tryout; the more her modesty seemed to be returning. Eric’s mom was not in a playful mood, “Young lady, I have already seen everything. Why are you concerned?”  
  
She did have a point so Rachel stood back up. “Sorry…It just startled me.”  
  
Eric’s mom gave her a look of disapproval. “Your mom left a voicemail message. Dinner is almost ready. You should finish getting ready and come down.”  
  
She took the phone and dialed the voicemail hardly able to wait through the prompts. Her mom’s excited voice came on: “Rachel, I have some good news! Your coach called to say he was very impressed with you. You made the team. Good job, baby! We knew you’d do it. I wa…”  
  
Rachel screamed with joy and jumped up and down causing her to drop the phone.  
  
Eric’s mom put on a counterfeit smile and said “congratulations” as Rachel ran over to hug her. Even though she was expecting it, the news came as a great relief to Rachel. How could this day get any better? She stood there for a few moments basking in the glow of achievement, and then she remembered the phone  
  
“…on the doorstep. I’m sorry I couldn’t be there to tell you in person, but we’ll go out to celebrate after things settle down. Remember to check your email tonight. Congratulations again, baby. Be Good. Love you.”  
  
Another squealing fit later, Rachel settled down enough to think clearly. She had missed part of the voicemail. Was that something about an email? She wanted to listen to the good news again anyway, but that could wait until after she got dressed. She reached behind the door to grab her nightgown off the hook. That’s when everything started to come unraveled. The nightgown wasn’t there.  
  
“Um, Mrs. G. Where’s my nightgown?” Eric’s mom was still standing in the doorway incredulous at how Rachel had thrown her phone down.  
  
\*\*She has no respect for my things. Lucky she didn’t break it. She doesn’t really respect me either.  
  
The mention of Rachel’s nightgown only added to her animosity. She slipped into lecturing mother mode, “Do you mean the dripping pile of ruined cloth I found hanging behind your door?”  
  
\*\*Uh Oh.  
  
Rachel realized she had messed up. “Did I forget to rinse it out this morning?”  
  
She felt Rachel deserved a reprimand. It was the reprimand she wished she could have given earlier when she first saw Rachel flaunting her body for her husband and son. She didn’t hold back, “Yes, you did forget. In fact by the time I found it, the material had been reduced to rags by the chlorine. I had to throw it away. And then there’s the stain on the floor.” she pointed down to where the dripping pool water had created a faded circle on the carpet. “When will you kids learn to take care of things?”  
  
Rachel shrank back. She could tell Eric’s mom was not happy. “I…I’m so sorry. I was in such a rush this morning, I forgot about it. I’ll clean it up.” Rachel wasn’t even sure if you could get a chlorine stain out of carpet. Then she realized she needed something to wear to bed.  
  
“Maybe I could call my mom to bring something else over when she drops my things by.”  
  
“I don’t think your mother is planning on stopping by again tonight. She left a note saying there was an emergency back at your old house and she was going to try and catch a flight tonight.”  
  
Rachel realized she must have missed something from the voicemail. She needed to listen to it again. Eric’s mom continued, “We have shown you our hospitality and I think that deserves a little more respect. Now I’m willing to loan you one of my nightgowns but you must take better care of it and not be so careless. Do you hear me?”  
  
“Yes, ma’am. I promise to take good care of it.”  
  
Eric’s mom went to her own bedroom to pick out a nightgown and Rachel sat down on the bed. She had really screwed things up. Maybe she was taking advantage of Eric’s mother. She resolved to be a perfect angel for Eric’s family the rest of the night. Then she dialed the number to listen to her voicemail again.  
  
“Rachel, I have some good news! Your coach called to say he was very impressed with you. You made the team. Good job, baby! We knew you’d do it. I was heading to get your things from the storage building when he called. He said he was sending an email with details to all the new team members, so you should look for it tonight.  
  
He also said that tomorrow is School Pride Day at Thornwood. All the students who are part of a team or group get to wear their uniforms to school tomorrow. Your coach said that even though there isn’t an official uniform for the swim team yet, you can use the one you were issued today. He stressed the importance of school spirit and bringing pride back to the swim program.  
  
Anyway, I stopped by to drop off your backpack and tell you the good news in person. You must have still been at school because no one seemed to be home. I couldn’t wait around though. I guess there was a break-in at our old house. Our things in storage are fine but they left a mess. I am going to try and catch a flight back there tonight to make sure everything is ok and that it won’t disrupt the sale.  
  
I left your backpack with a note on the doorstep. I’m sorry I couldn’t be there to tell you in person, but we’ll go out to celebrate after things settle down. Remember to check your email tonight. Congratulations again, baby. Be Good. Love you.”  
  
Rachel collapsed on the bed wondering if she had heard her mother correctly. School Pride Day? Tomorrow? There was no way she was going to school in that uniform. Rachel forgot about the stain on the carpet and tried to process the bomb that had just been dropped in her lap.  
  
Eric’s mother was not about to forget the stain as she stomped to her closet. It had started out as a careless oversight. But now her jealousy had latched onto the idea that Rachel was taking advantage of their hospitality. She wasn’t going to be Rachel’s maid. She decided to take Rachel up on her offer to clean the stain. It would never come out, but maybe she would learn a lesson while trying.  
  
She looked through her closet about to grab one of her regular nightgowns when the small collection of lingerie in the back caught her attention. That only made her angrier. Her husband fancied himself a politician with the lifestyle that went along with it. His position on the city council gave him certain privileges around town and he played the part well. He was well on his way to Mayor, or even state representative. More than once she suspected him of fooling around with some intern, but could never prove anything. She had bought all the lingerie herself; he never bought her things like that anymore. It wouldn’t have mattered anyway. He rarely touched her in the bedroom.  
  
A thought struck her and the gears started turning in her mind. The episode in the dining room showed how willing her husband was to be enticed by the female form. He stared at Rachel’s body like he had some practice at it. She noticed the way his attitude had perked up afterward, and suspected his attitude wasn’t the only think perked up.  
  
But because it was happening at home right in front of her, things could never progress beyond looking. She knew that would drive him wild and then she would be there to reap the benefits in the bedroom.  
  
She reached for the perfect item as a big smile rose on her face. She had found a way to regain control of her household. If Rachel were pushed past her limits of embarrassment she would break down and ask to move back home. Always the good mother, she would be there to comfort Rachel and support her decision. In the mean time her lingerie would finally serve its intended purpose in a round about way, to jumpstart the bedroom action with her husband. It was a perfect plan. Now all she had to do was find Rachel’s limit, and this would be a good place to start…

**Part 15**

Rachel would talk to Coach Ron to ask for an exemption from school pride day. It was the best option available to her. She would threaten to resign from the team. He knew what a good swimmer she was. Surely that had to carry some weight.  
  
Her backup plan was to call in sick. She would have to convince Eric’s mom she really was sick. Just the thought of walking into the school wearing her uniform made her feel sick so she didn’t think convincing Eric’s mom would be too difficult.  
  
Just then his mom returned carrying something. At first it didn’t register with Rachel what she was holding. It looked like a wad of tulle mesh fabric. Rachel thought it was some sort of specialized cloth for removing carpet stains, but that didn’t exactly fit. Then Eric’s mother spread the fabric out and the realization struck Rachel.  
  
This wasn’t meant for cleaning the carpet, it was meant for her to wear. Rachel gasped and started to speak up in protest, but Eric’s mom preempted her, “It took me a while to find something that would fit you. I hope you will take better care of this than the last one. It’s very expensive. I’m going to need you to clean the stain on the carpet. I would hate to have to replace the whole room because of your carelessness. But that can wait til later.”  
  
“But I can’t wear this! It’s too revealing.” Rachel pleaded.  
  
“Why, I don’t see anything wrong with it” her voice took on a patronizing tone. “It’s no more revealing than your swimsuit was. You looked just fine in that.” Another twinge of jealousy. Rachel had looked more than just fine in her suit. Even the professional lingerie model on the tag when she bought this teddy did not look as good as Rachel would in it. In her defense, the model had been wearing the matching boy short bottoms. Rachel would be sporting only the ample natural gifts that she had been blessed with.  
  
“But…” Rachel’s further protest was cut off with a stern voice.  
  
“No buts, young lady. I don’t care if you wear this or your suit, or your birthday suit. You can even wear that towel to the dinner table if you prefer. Because of your delays, dinner is cold. While you live here you need to follow our schedule. Hurry up and get down there so we can begin.” With another stern look, Eric’s mom whisked out the room and back downstairs.  
  
Dismayed, Rachel turned to the nightgown. She wouldn’t even call it a gown. She picked it up. The wispy fabric was practically weightless. There were some frilly parts along the edges and a latch.  
  
Rachel needed time to process. She was still reeling from the news about school pride day and couldn’t think straight. She didn’t want to offend Eric’s mother by turning down her offer to loan a nightgown. She was already angry enough about the stain. But she wasn't expecting her to offer this. Rachel had to make a decision quick.  
  
She would rather put her uniform back on. It was still exposure, but at least they had already seen her in that. It was a necessary exposure as part of a professional uniform. But this nightgown was designed to send completely different signals. It was meant to be sexy.  
  
Her just washed hair was pleading not to go back in the swim cap. And she would have to take her gloves off to hold the silverware. So wearing her suit to dinner equaled wearing nothing but the clear belt. She shivered at that thought. Trying on the nightgown first might help her decide so she carefully closed the door before shrugging her towel off.  
  
As she tried to figure out how to wear the nightgown, she pondered how silly it was that she had closed the door. Here she was about to walk down wearing a see through nightgown to three people whom she had already exposed her whole body to. And she was being modest about taking a towel off? Absurd.  
  
She found what she thought were the right holes and fit her arms through. The latch came together in front right between her breasts. There were ruffles around the arm holes but no sleeves. There was only transparent mesh fabric encasing her breasts. The extra pockets of fabric in front were designed to allow for breasts. Rachel’s filled the extra space completely with no room to spare. The same fabric split at the latch and continued down, widening as it reached her tummy so that her belly button and everything below was perfectly framed but completely exposed. The fabric on each side of her then ended at her waste and curved back to meet just above her bottom. Thinking it must be a two piece, Rachel looked around the floor to see if she had dropped the panties. She found none. Just then an expectant, firm voice came from downstairs, “Rachel, honey...”  
  
She was out of time. If she had seen herself in a mirror, she would never have gone downstairs. She rationalized Eric’s mother’s words that this was no worse than the swimsuit. In reality it was much, much worse. She took a deep breath and called down “coming”. Then she opened the door and stepped into the hall.  
  
The first thing she noticed was her chest. It was the strangest sensation. She didn’t need a bra for support at her age. Her breasts stood high in the same position weather she was wearing a bra or not. The bra mostly served to keep them under wraps and prevent embarrassing jiggling. Now her boobs were sending the signal to her brain that they were encased just like normal. But as she walked, they jiggled freely back and forth with each step under the mesh fabric.  
  
She looked down at them and couldn’t help but do a little jump to see how they would react. Sure enough her breasts bounced and jiggled like they were exposed, all the while sending her brain the all clear signal. Rachel enjoyed the sensation. It was exhilarating. The bouncing and jiggling created friction on her nipples. On command, they came to attention under the fabric. The straining pink tips served to stretch the already full fabric on her chest to its limit.  
  
The transparent white fabric might not be so bad, she thought as she approached the stairs. Her normally milky white skin would sort of blend in with it. That was not the case, however. Because even after battling under a long shower, the damn tanning oil refused to budge from her body. It caused her to have bronzed skin that glistened like it was still wet. She wished she had never put the damn stuff on, and then she remembered Eric and backed off her initial protest.  
  
Eric’s family was sitting at the table watching expectantly as Rachel came downstairs. She had no idea how she looked. She did know she was flashing a lot of skin and that everything from the waste down was exposed. She was trusting in their reaction to tell her if she had made a grave mistake.  
  
Eric noticed the trusting look on her face immediately and felt for her. His mom had prepped the family that she was loaning Rachel a nightgown, but he didn’t expect her to come down in this. He made an effort to put on an inviting smile and saw her face brighten as a result.  
  
Eric’s dad made no such effort. He just stared at her body, gripping the table with both hands like he was a kid on his favorite roller coaster ride. Eric’s mom spoke first. “Welcome to dinner, Honey”, followed by his dad, “Yes. Welcome, Rachel.”  
  
Those were the first words Eric’s dad had spoken to her. His tone was normal, but she really wished he would stop leering at her. The table would help cover her, so Rachel took some quick steps toward her chair. This simple motion caused the bottom of her gown to catch the air. It really did seem weightless. It floated up behind her framing a spectacular view of her blossoming body. She was the perfect angel. Rachel reached back to pull it down. Her embarrassment only added to the seductiveness of her outfit as she rushed to sit down.  
  
The chair was cold on her exposed bottom. At least she could pull under the table and keep her lower half hidden. There was no such luck for her upper half. Eric’s dad watched every breath as her chest rose and fell under the fabric. He started to ask his wife where she got that nightie but stopped before he got in real trouble. He had not been paying enough attention to her in that department lately. She would probably blame him for not remembering it.  
  
Despite starving Rachel didn’t eat much. The butterflies in her stomach prevented her from enjoying it. The dinner was short on conversation. Eric was being careful not to spook the mostly naked girl across the table from him. His dad was drooling over the scene like he was watching a porno. Who could blame him? With Rachel’s young oily tanned body in that outfit she did look pornographic. Uncomfortable, Rachel was pressing down hard in the hope she would disappear into the chair. So Eric’s mom did most of the talking.  
  
She casually brought up the topics of the day and watched in amusement as they all fell flat around the table. She didn’t care. She was feeling better now that she was watching her plan run its course. Mercifully, dinner came to an end without further incident. Rachel was planning to escape to her room for the rest of the night, but Eric’s mom had other plans for her. She waited until Rachel stood up and turned toward the stairs.  
  
“Rachel, honey, would you mind helping me with the dishes?”  
  
Rachel stopped, her cute little bottom curving out from below the nightgown. She wanted to whine a protest that she wasn’t feeling well, but remembered her resolve to be an angel tonight so she just smiled back and said “sure”.  
  
Eric’s dad was still sitting there appreciating the view. He turned to his wife about to offer to help with the dishes too. The thought of getting soapy with Rachel in that outfit got his motor running. But his wife gave him a deadly look. He hadn’t offered to help with the dishes in years. Resigned, he took one last look at the firm bottom and went to watch TV in the family room. Eric followed him. He had to write some apology letters as punishment from his prank that morning. Rachel turned back to the table and started clearing dishes in her nightgown thankful that Eric’s dad was not around to watch the show.  
  
After cleaning the dishes, Eric’s mom handed her a brush and a bucket full of soap and told her to go clean the stain from her carpet. By now Rachel’s nap had worn off and exhaustion was setting in. She was looking forward to bed as soon as Eric’s mom released her from chore duty.  
  
She got down on her knees and started scrubbing. The position caused her nightgown to bunch up under her arms and her bottom to be thrust in the air. She hoped Eric would not come up the stairs and see her like this. She just wanted to be done with it and get some sleep but the stain wasn’t going away. After 20 minutes of vigorous scrubbing, she came back down to find Eric’s mother who was reading a magazine in the family room with everyone else.  
  
Rachel didn’t want to go in there. She held the bucket in front of her pussy. It was the best she could do to cover up. She looked like a sexy maid reporting for duty with her skin still glistening from the tanning oil. Her breasts were heaving from the exertion of scrubbing. She didn’t even have to say a word. As soon as she stepped in the doorway, Eric’s dad sensed she was there, paused the TV and turned to address her.  
  
She blushed at the scrutiny. “Um”, she tried to catch her breath, “I tried to get the carpet clean. But it doesn’t seem to be working. Do you have anything stronger?” Eric’s mom smiled. “That’s ok Rachel. I think you learned your lesson. I’ll take care of the carpet tomorrow. Put the bucket away then come in here to finish your homework.” Rachel turned away thankful that her day was over. Then the words sunk in. “Oh, I don’t have any homework.”  
  
Eric’s mother folded her magazine. “Actually, I think you do sweetie…

**Part 16**

“I listened to your mom’s voicemail while you were cleaning. Didn’t your swim coach send you an email which you were supposed to read?”  
  
\*\*The email!  
  
She totally forgot. But Eric’s mother had not. “Now go ahead and put those cleaning supplies away and you can check your email in here at the computer.”  
  
Rachel momentarily forgot her state of dress and got excited. She was looking forward to hearing what Coach Ron said. And she might have a chance to reply and ask him if school pride day was mandatory. She spun around in place flaring up her nightgown and marched out of the room oblivious to the view she was giving them.  
  
When she had put the bucket and brush away she came back to the family room with a bit more trepidation. \*\*What’s in this email? With Coach Ron, there’s no telling.\*\* She sat in the desk chair, turned the computer on and looked up at the screen. A twang of modesty hit her. It didn’t help that Eric’s dad was sitting on the couch pretending to watch the news while staring at her wispy top and naked bottom. But she didn’t anticipate the webcam. The thought of accidentally broadcasting herself naked over the internet was kind of scary. The lens of the webcam was sitting on top of the monitor staring down at her.  
  
From that angle, everything was visible all the way down to her legs. Her nerves were already on edge, and that webcam wasn’t helping matters. It’s power light flashed and she jumped thinking it had started recording her. Then she realized it was only booting up. She squeezed her legs together and shuddered. She knew her way around a computer, but had never used this particular one. Carefully, she brought up her email.  
  
There was Coach Ron’s email waiting in her inbox. She moved the cursor over to it and was about to click when something flashed on the screen right over the inbox.  
  
INCOMING VIDEO CHAT REQUEST FROM: TOMMY. Autoaccept in 5….4…..3…..  
  
Rachel yelped in shock and jumped out of the chair not caring about the lewd bouncing show her body was giving. Eric jumped up from the floor where he was writing his letter and ran to help her thinking she was hurt. Then he saw the message on the screen and clicked ‘cancel’ just as it was reaching 0. “That was Tommy. He’s been trying to reach me all evening. I’ll call him back later.”  
  
Rachel was shaken. She had come close to accidentally giving Tommy the show of his life. If that webcam had turned on, the view would have been Rachel wearing her too short see-though nightgown sitting at the computer. He would have seen practically everything. She flashed back to the afternoon outside Tommy’s house. She had come to terms with Eric seeing her in this nightgown, but an outsider seeing her was too much.  
  
Eric could tell Rachel was about to have a breakdown and he wanted to help. He reached over to the computer and pressed a few keys. The email started coming out the printer. “Here ya go, Rach. I printed it out for you.” Rachel was so thankful she wanted to kiss him but thought better of it due to her state of dress and the fact that both his parents were in the room. She took the pages of the email and turned to go upstairs when Eric’s mom stopped her.  
  
“Rachel, we have a strict policy in this house. You must finish your homework down here before you retire to your room. You can thank Eric for that one. I’ve seen too many missed assignments from him in my day.”  
  
Eric was back on the floor. Rachel didn’t want to sit on the couch next to his dad, so she lay down on the floor. Eric’s dad was having the best evening at home in a long time. It was a typical American family scene except for the scantily clad angel laying in the middle of the room on her elbows. Her breasts hanging down casually grazing the carpet below. Her perfect bottom slightly parted. Her bare legs and feet swinging in the air. If only he could do more than just look. He tore his eyes away from between her legs to look at up his wife. She was reading her magazine with a knowing smile on her face. Her plan was working to perfection.  
  
Rachel couldn’t get past the first sentence of the email. The scene was getting to her too. No matter how she lay, she was flashing something in this nightgown. She settled on her tummy and tried to act like she was wearing a normal nightgown. Then there was the fact that she was laying right next to Eric. He had been a true friend to her that evening. But was there something more between them? Probably not. She dismissed the thought. They were more like brother and sister. Still, she was willing to overlook a little teasing if it meant having a true friend she could rely on.  
  
Eric was feeling tension too. He had sort of pushed Rachel into the position she was in now. It was his plan that had convinced his parents to let her stay. And that had resulted in the outfit she was wearing right now as she lay next to him on the floor. As a perpetually horny teenage boy, there were some basic physical needs he had to get out of the way before bed. Even though he knew Rachel was just a friend who needed someone to look out for her, he wasn’t about to ignore her body. How could he fantasize about anything else tonight after what she had shown him at the pool? He finished his letters and stood up.  
  
After he said goodnight to everyone he looked down one last time at the young woman laying on the carpet in her nightgown. Her face was beaming as she looked up at him. She really did have the body of an angel. As he turned to go upstairs he mouthed the word “wow” to himself.  
  
After Eric left, Rachel was able to focus on the email. But she kept yawning. By now she just wanted to get through it and get to bed. She tabled the idea of requesting an exemption. She was too tired to compose and email tonight anyway, so she just read.  
  
“Congratulations swimmers.  
  
This email is to affirm your selection as a member of the Thornwood High School varsity swim team. You should take great pride in that accomplishment. There were many great applicants at the tryout who would love to be in your position. But you are the few outstanding individuals whom we have chosen to represent Thornwood this year.  
  
I look forward to working with all of you. Our staff is dedicated to providing individual instruction as well as team building. We expect the same level of dedication from you.   
  
As I mentioned in my phone conversation, tomorrow is School Pride Day at Thornwood. All students who have made a squad or team (from sports to cheerleading to vocal and instrumental arts) will be wearing their uniform for the day. It is a day to celebrate school spirit and the many talented students Thornwood has to offer. Starting tomorrow, you are officially a representative of the swim team and of your school. Your conduct and attitude should reflect quality reputation and tradition that has been entrusted to you.   
  
Therefore, I expect all team members to participate in School Pride Day. Failure to do so will result in expulsion from the team...”  
  
Rachel stopped and read that line again. She was having a hard time comprehending because she was so tired. Her elbows were sending her a warning that they were uncomfortable. She wanted to roll over on her back, but that would mean further exposing her body to Eric’s dad who was now barely pretending to watch an infomercial. She suppressed the urge and tried to reading the words on the page.  
  
“You should be proud to be a part of something so extraordinary. I have extraordinary plans for this team. I want all of you to be committed to joining me in the journey.  
  
The first practice will be tomorrow after school. We will start by touring the facilities. We are fortunate to have one of the best high school aquatic facilities in the nation which will give us a great competitive advantage………”  
  
Rachel was asleep.  
  
Eric’s mom had to walk over and shake her awake. “Rachel, honey. Why don’t you go on to bed. You can finish reading that in the morning.”  
  
Rachel sleepily stood up and thanked Eric’s mom. Then she waved to Eric’s dad on her way past. He gave her one last look up and down then waved goodnight. She didn’t even notice. By now he was ready for her to leave. He had quite a pent up libido and couldn’t wait to let it out. He turned to his wife who still had that knowing grin on her face. She flashed him her bedroom eyes and they both wordlessly stood up to go to bed.  
  
Rachel stumbled into her bedroom half asleep. She did wake up enough to worry about the nightgown Eric’s mom had lent her. She wanted to be extra careful with it. So to avoid getting it wrinkled or torn, she pulled it of and carefully hung it on the hook behind her door. Then she turned off the lights and fell into bed. One last thought passed through her mind as she succumbed to sleep. The nightmare where she showed up to school naked was nothing compared to the thought of doing it for real. And with that she slept…

THE END