**Thornwood Episode IV – The Champion**

By ribeye98

**Part 1**

Thornwood’s animosity toward Eastern Academy was rooted in its founding 40 years ago. At the time local leaders were divided on how to deal with forecasted growth in population. When a campaign to split the only high school in town into two smaller schools failed, supporters pursued their backup idea of creating a private school beyond the reach of the existing political hierarchy. Eastern Academy was the result.

Few predicted Eastern would survive the first decade. But survive it did thanks to a few timely moves. Once it got going, Eastern was in prime position to become a prestigious and successful alternative to the public school system.

The next fifteen years were more fruitful. The initial infrastructure investment paid off as Eastern began earning both academic and athletic accolades. While it didn’t have the extensive sporting tradition of Thornwood, the upstart school had good reason to celebrate by its 25th year.

That year was also notable for swimming as it marked Thornwood’s last state title. The program had already been in decline by that point, but mustered a last hurrah of sorts hoisting the championship trophy one last time before sliding into permanent sub-mediocrity. That was 15 years ago.

Eastern, on the other hand, was just getting started on the titles front. A tenacious hunger for excellence saw it rise to the top of every competition. In a minor scandal, some accused them of recruiting talented students to transfer from other nearby districts. Eastern’s official response was that the best students were naturally attracted to excellence. The complaints were dismissed when a follow-up investigation produced no evidence of wrongdoing.

As the talent drain took its toll on Thornwood, public opinion started to turn as well. They declared it, along with the entire public school system, a failure and considered Eastern to be the superior alternative. Public schools rarely form rivalries with their private counterparts. But a steady diet of condescension and arrogance from Eastern in all sports, even in rare years where Thornwood had better teams, made the perfect breeding ground for disdain bordering on hatred and a rivalry was inevitable.

By the time Eastern turned 30, the rivalry had become somewhat lopsided. And why not? It held an advantage in every essential area; talent, facilities, student enthusiasm, and parent and fan support.

Then Coach Sparks came along and took winning to a whole new level. Under his leadership, the Eastern Academy Trojans made the THS Wildcats look totally inept. Head swim coach now of 9 years, he embodied the school’s arrogance and esteem. He also rejected Thornwood as a legitimate rival. How could he take them seriously when his team beat them to a pulp year after year?

But this year looked to be different. Thornwood was finally making an attempt to fight back; evidenced by their fancy building project and new head coach. Everyone involved in local high school athletics knew about Thornwood’s aquatic center renovations. A construction project that large and expensive could not be ignored.

That was a particular sore point for Coach Sparks. His governing board’s time tested method of directing funds worked against him in that respect. They systematically invested whatever necessary in each program until it was unequivocally the best around. Maintaining that program was left up to the coaches and teachers with further investment only provided if the program started to slip.

“Why do you need more money when last year’s budget was enough to win state?” was his athletic director’s annoying response. The only building project he approved was an expansion to the overflowing trophy case.

The paint had barely dried on Thornwood’s upgraded swim facilities when Coach Ron arrived. Coach Sparks heard reports from the district school board meeting that the man had nearly been fired the first week on the job.

Then there was the team bus; a fully furnished luxury charter with the giant Wildcat mascot on the side. Minor league baseball teams didn’t travel that nice. The damn thing probably consumed the equivalent to Eastern’s entire operating budget just in gas. It seems Thornwood had acquired the great equalizer: money.

Despite all their changes, Sparks wasn’t going to let Thornwood waltz in and disrupt the order of things. It takes more than a fancy bus and some money to be a champion. He had a good team this year; one of his best. He would put it up against any in the region. And he would certainly bury the so called Wildcats every day of the week. He set out to make them regret ever showing up to the inaugural meet of the season.

Eastern’s aquatic facilities were aging but well maintained. Two bored officials from the state swim association waited in a bleacher box for the competition to commence. They were there to formally observe, settle any disputes, and validate the times. Individual swimmers could qualify for district and state finals any time throughout the season. It wasn’t unusual for the first meet of the year to be running behind schedule; though it was uncharacteristic of this particular host school.

The chess game began with the arrival of the bus, but Coach Ron hated Eastern Academy long before that. His conversations with the uppity head coach leading up to the meet had put him on the warpath. He shook hands with Coach Sparks upon arrival. To the uninformed everything seemed cordial, but Coach Ron could sense his team was in hostile waters.

He hoped the mere appearance of such an impressive team bus would at least neutralize any intimidation attempt from Eastern. But Sparks anticipated that and sequestered his team in their own locker rooms. He would later score the first intimidation blow by having his team exit the locker rooms together along with last year’s championship trophy.

An unconfirmed source told Sparks to expect uniforms of suspect legality. He had his eye out for violations and was prepared to issue a formal protest with the officials, but he detected none. Just gaudy (in his opinion) red and white suits. They didn’t even have warm-ups!

The first hour was a complete disaster for Coach Ron and his staff. He had coached or assisted in plenty of meets, but only as a small part of a greater organization. Thornwood’s staff consisted of Coach Johanna and Ellie the student manager. Eastern had six assistant coaches as well as several student assistants and volunteers.

His two subordinates were soon too overwhelmed to receive any delegated tasks. So it fell back to Coach Ron to make sure the correct swimmers had signed up for their respective races to and fill out the accompanying paperwork. It kept him too busy to perform the coaching duties of mentally preparing his team and executing the game plan. He ended up pinning his hopes on his team’s superior conditioning and planned to make adjustments no the fly.

Ellie was proud to be part of the team if only as an equipment manager. After all, she was just a freshman, but aspired to be a team captain someday. Even though she was not a participant, Ellie had been so nervous last night that she stayed up reading the rule book. The two coaches, Ron and Johanna, had no actual experience with American high school swim competition. So Ellie became the de facto expert on meet etiquette which kept her scrambling.

While Thornwood made frantic preparations in the visitor’s locker rooms, Sparks kept sending in impatient assistants with thin veneers of hospitality to see if they were ready yet. Finally after an hour, Coach Ron threw up his hands and said ‘enough’. Whatever was left unfinished would have to stay that way; consequences be damned.

After a cursory pep talk to boost morale, he sent his team out to the pool. The time to commence swimming had arrived…

**Part 2**

The schedule alternated between men’s and women’s races. Ladies would race two qualifying heats then rest up for the final while the men raced. The top four swimmers in each heat advanced to the final. Points were awarded to the top three finishers in the final; 10 for the winner, 5 for second, and 3 for third. Team relays only awarded points for first place.

Swimmers could compete in multiple distances, but usually specialized in a single stroke style to avoid getting stretched too thin and fatiguing later in the day. The trick was to distribute the best swimmers evenly to maximize points. It was a waste of resources if four good swimmers qualified for the same final because only the top three could score points.

Coach Ron completely missed the first race of the day; 200 meter fly. Sparks had another assistant waiting to pounce once he exited the locker rooms and entangle him in more formalities. By the time he broke free, he had missed both women’s heats. The results were surprising, but not in a good way.

He had done some rudimentary scouting of his opponent. Like any good organization, Eastern’s swim program had attracted its share of hangers-on. To number seventy members was gaudy and unnecessary. He suspected it was another of Sparks’ attempts at intimidation. The talent dropped off considerably near the bottom of the roster.

That’s not to say Eastern’s second tier group wasn’t impressive in its own right. But these next great swimmers waiting in the wings tended to be younger and less experienced. No, the real stars of the show were the ten captains known as ‘the elites’. These five boys and five girls were returners from last year’s state championship team and had every intention of repeating.

Three elite girls had entered the first heat and the other two the second. In fact, rather than conserving energy, Eastern had gone all out and qualified all four swimmers from each heat; effectively shutting Thornwood out of the final.

The Wildcat men didn’t fare much better. One barely qualified but failed to finish in the top three of the final. So after the first two races, Eastern had scored 36 points to Thornwood’s zero.

Coach Ron knew better than to chalk it up to nervousness or coincidence. Sparks’ arrogant fingerprints were all over the strategy. He was asserting his team’s dominance and going for an early knockout blow.

But Bystander hadn’t selected Ron by mistake. He was no slouch when it came to raw coaching talent. He worked out a way to use their strategy against them. No way could he compete directly with the elites, especially with his own elite girl absent via suspension.

At a multi-team invitational, a few elite swimmers can dominate the field. They can take turns winning finals while the other teams behind them divide the remaining points equally. But a two-team contest requires a broader approach.

If his kids could hang in there, Coach Ron needed the elites to wear down throughout the day and leave the door open for a comeback. But Thornwood had to start scoring points soon. Otherwise his team’s morale would be damaged beyond repair exactly as Sparks intended. His team captains were already hanging their heads in defeat. Eastern’s 90 point lead already looked insurmountable; the elites unbeatable. One girl in particular swam like a fish and nearly lapped the field in every race she entered.

\*\*If only Rachel were here. I know she would beat that girl head to head.

It would have been easy to give up at that point, but Coach Ron’s animosity toward Sparks motivated him to keep fighting. He ordered Ellie and Johanna to go into full cheerleader mode and rally the team.

The effort paid off when in a shocking turn of events, a pair of Thornwood backstroke specialists came through to finish first and second in the same heat. The unity building time paid off as everyone rallied around the two boys. They repeated their performance in an exhilarating final against four elites to score 15 points while Eastern only earned 3. For the first time all morning, the Thornwood varsity swim team showed signs of life.

Eastern had fired all its best bullets in an impressive opening salvo. But Thornwood wasn’t exactly shooting blanks either. They were a balanced team top to bottom. By mid morning they had adjusted to Eastern’s strategy and were starting to scrap back.

Once the air of invincibility broke, Thornwood gained on the elite frontrunners with every race. The last straw for Sparks occurred in the women’s 400 meter freestyle. Against all odds Thornwood managed a final race shutout of their own; finishing 1-2-3 to trim Eastern's lead back to 72 points.

It was enough to make Sparks reevaluate his strategy. After the flurry of early scoring from Eastern, Thornwood was now closing the gap on points. His team had been knocked on the defensive by such unexpected tenacity. A meet which he thought would be decided by noon now looked like it would stretch long into the afternoon.

Sparks made the tactical decision to recall his ringers and send in the second squad. Even his precious elites have limits if their race docket gets too long. At this rate they would be out of gas by the afternoon relays.

Thornwood’s captains swam with conviction and encouraged their team to vanquish the new foe. Channeling Wildcat greats of the past they rose to the occasion time and again.
Race after race Eastern rotated eager fresh bodies in, but they did not have the poise or training of the elites. They were fast but failed to deploy good techniques like drafting and lane discipline.

Ellie scurried in and out of the pool area all day performing her managerial duties. It was her job to get the correct swimmers to the starting blocks on time; a surprisingly difficult task. Because of their relatively small roster, most of the Thornwood swimmers had a short turn around between races. They gravitated to the smaller secondary pool to keep warm and loose.

On top of that, Eastern used their prerogative as host school to shuffle race order which kept Ellie on her toes. She was aware of the exciting comeback chase but was too nervous to look at the scoreboard. So even if she had found some free time and remembered to call Rachel, she couldn’t relay the score because she didn’t know.

Swimming is a relatively obscure sport at the high school level. Schools rarely emphasize their swim program and some have no team at all. Over the years several high schools simply discontinued their swim programs as resources got diverted elsewhere. Maintaining an aquatic facility is expensive; especially when ticket sales don’t come close to covering the expenses. And excepting large regional multi-team competitions or state finals, the crowds are typically meager at best.

Today’s crowd was decent sized for the first meet of the year but not incredibly so. Most were decked out in blue and gold. A few what could be called neutral observers were scattered around wearing colors of neither team. Most of them showed no sign of cheering when either side did something good so their loyalty could be debated. But there were no obvious Thornwood supporters in attendance.

When it became clear the point chase had heated up and might turn into an exciting finish, the crowd got more vocal in their support of the home team. Coach Ron’s masterful deployment of forces against second tier competition held the crowd in check and with an impressive string of Wildcat victories.

By mid-afternoon, with only the relays left, Eastern’s lead had shrunk to 28. The coaches of each school were tasked with selecting their best four person squads for the relays. These relays were to have no heats. Winners scored 10 points and losers scored nothing. A flipped coin determined lane assignment. There weren’t enough contestants to hold relays in multiple distances, so a medium distance of 200 meters was selected for each leg.

The host team once again had the privilege of dictating the afternoon docket. Sparks ordered the races as follows: backstroke, butterfly, freestyle, and breaststroke. The finale would be the medley which combined every stroke into one relay. With 100 points up for grabs Thornwood could still pull out the win. However, they would have to win seven of the ten remaining races to do so.

After resting up, the elites strode back into the pool area to lead their respective relay squads. But riding high on the morning’s successes, Thornwood carried both the men’s and women’s backstroke to earn 20 points.

In the fly the girls came up short, but the boys pulled the upset to end up splitting 10 points apiece. Then came the breaststroke where a rare mistake on Eastern’s part proved costly.

Having not raced in a couple hours, the boy simply jumped the gun in the starting block and launched early. The false start buzzer sounded and threw everyone into a state of shock. Rather than forfeit the crucial race, Eastern appealed to the state officials for a restart. But the rules were unyielding on this subject and Thornwood was awarded 10 precious points. The mistake gave Thornwood its first lead of the day in total points.

But the lead felt like a fluke and was short lived as Eastern brought last year’s loaded, state record setting, squad to bear in the women’s breaststroke. Exuding arrogance, fish girl anchored her squad to a dominant victory and put her team back in front.

No false start occurred in the men’s freestyle. Eastern lead from start to finish and won in convincing fashion. The Trojans had once again found their swagger and were looking like the dominant team. With one more win they would earn enough points to slam the door on Thornwood’s furious comeback.

Despite still trailing with three races remaining, Coach Ron had reason not to despair. They had just passed their biggest remaining hurdle, the breaststroke, and had been training for this exact scenario. His kids came together as a team and cheered from the sidelines as his four fastest eligible girls put on a show in the freestyle while the Eastern elites faded. To trail the defending state champions by a mere 8 points with two races remaining was a major accomplishment. Coach Ron was ecstatic but not satisfied. He hadn’t brought his team this far to stop fighting now; not when they were this close to winning it all. He sensed the momentum advantage and rallied his team for the knockout blow.

For the medley Sparks had the boys go first. That gave fish girl and her dominant elite squad a little extra time to rest up. Thornwood had more than held their own on the men’s side. Sparks’ lack of confidence carried over to the race as his team looked uninspired and scared. Thornwood swam with authority and won another 10 points. The stage was set for a thrilling finish. 2 points now separated the teams.

The women’s medley would determine the final outcome.

From the opening bell the two squads fought toward the finish line. Eastern would pull ahead one lap only to be reeled back in the next. Each girl fought to gain every ounce of speed for her school. The roar of the crowd swelled as Thornwood took a slight lead near the end of the backstroke leg.

But fish girl reclaimed it in the breaststroke. Her relentless performance gave Eastern a commanding lead for the final freestyle anchor leg. Thornwood had a decent freestyler who had done well in the earlier individual races. Not as fast as Rachel, but she had a good pedigree and a competitive spirit. In fact she was a captain and one of the more experienced members of Thornwood’s team. Still it would take a miracle to overcome the daunting deficit she now faced.

Just as Coach Ron had hoped, the elite girl showed signs of fatigue. The long day of racing caught up to both girls who were way behind their normal pace. But his captain’s superior conditioning allowed her to reel in the frontrunner inch by inch. Through churning surf the two girls kicked toward an epic finish…

**Part 3**

Water poured off the young teenager’s glorious naked body as she exited the pool and sank into the closest lounger. She didn’t bother with a towel. The scorching afternoon sun was shining full force in the cloudless sky and her bare skin would be dry in no time.

The usual tan lines one would expect on a frequent swimmer was absent from this girl. Her time spent au natural had resulted in an even tan from tip to toe. She grabbed the nearby bottle of tanning oil and applied another coat. She had found its insanely low SPF could be counteracted somewhat if reapplied frequently enough.

Rachel could only pretend to be in pitched competition when really she had been swimming in circles by herself at Eric’s house. Her suspension from the inaugural meet left her home while Ellie’s neglect left her oblivious to the drama unfolding across town.

Though it mostly killed her to miss the meet, part of her was relieved to not be there. Her conflicting duality of spirit was caused by a rather unique affliction; one which pervaded every aspect of her life. For despite her best efforts, Rachel was a victim of compounding circumstances which frequently left her…under clothed.

To say she was ‘under clothed’ was a paradox in itself. For Rachel no longer owned any underclothes. She hardly owned any clothes at all due to an unfortunate series of events; starting with her tryout for the swim team.

At least she had not been the only one wearing one of the more extraordinarily revealing uniforms that day. But having given her regular clothes to her mom, she had been forced to wear her uniform long after the tryout was over. And in the end none of the other exposed applicants made the cut leaving Rachel the only person on the team without a normal uniform. Not only that, it later got more humiliating with the addition of a device known as ‘The Pinnacle’.

Her exposure problem did not end with swimming. In the three weeks since the tryout, her list of naked activities grew to encompass nearly everything. She still had one outfit for school, but that was about it. And even it was much too skimpy and revealing for comfort. The harder she clung to her dwindling supply of clothes, the faster fate cruelly took them from her grasp. Only in the last week when she stopped trying to keep covered had she found some reprieve.

Rachel’s problem was complicated by the unexpected emergence of some latent exhibitionist tendencies. Specifically, on the same day as the tryout, she discovered that sneaking around Eric’s house naked was an incredibly strong personal aphrodisiac.

Her illicit nude escapades continued and were naturally accompanied by sexual gratification attempts. That was perhaps fate’s cruelest trick of all. In the three weeks since school started, and despite numerous attempts, Rachel had achieved no orgasms. Something got in the way every time.

The first few times could have been coincidence. But the bad luck continued until every subsequent attempt was thwarted in almost comical fashion. The sheer number of interrupted orgasms yielded such great sexual frustration that she cultivated a deviant little habit known as the ‘mini-bate’. While these ill advised miniature masturbation sessions satiated her for a time, they produced an unfortunate side effect of conditioning her body against real orgasm.

While she applied oil to her torso, Rachel looked down at her painfully erect nipples with scorn. Only one word could adequately describe her condition. She was downright horny.

That she was always horny made it difficult to accept the loss of clothes. She took pride in mental and physical discipline and despised that she could not control her urges better. But nature had given her a strong foe. Her body was an efficient hormone factory; able to turn on the arousal almost instantly and keep it up for ever longer stretches. Her nipples spent more time hard than soft these days and her pussy twitched at the slightest provocation; yearning to be physically engaged.

Her dreams seemed to become more intricately bizarre with each passing day. The only constants being the themes of sex and nudity.

Fantasies filled her waking thoughts as well. Though still a virgin, she thought about sex constantly. She could no longer look at a cute boy without glancing down at his crotch; imagining what his penis looked like. She pictured Eric as she had seen him through Tommy’s window; his towel threatening to slip off at any moment and reveal his treasures to her hungry eyes.

Just thinking about it prompted Rachel to reach between her own legs. But her pussy was currently engaged by something else. She had been wearing her pinnacle to swim. And the long device was firmly entrenched within her moist folds and anchored deep in her canal.

“Rrrgh!” she groaned and squeezed the protective disc while simultaneously flexing her vaginal muscles. The guardian wildcat mascot effectively barred the way to her intimate insides. If she were to deflate the pinnacle she could remove it and gain access. Then she could initiate a proper session. But she knew it would be a futile endeavor.

\*\*Why bother when you’ll only be interrupted midway through?

Her fingers traced the outer edges of the disc; spreading oil into the smooth skin around her tender pussy lips. The fact that she was outside wouldn’t deter her. Many attempts over the last three weeks had occurred while she was outside. What was it then?

Something reminded her this was a bad idea. For some distant reason, she had been making an extra effort all day not to touch herself. But even as she tried to convince herself to stop, a finger inched in and found the button to deflate the pinnacle. She sighed with longing as the anchor retreated from her cavity leaving her empty. And just like that she shut off whatever systems had been warning her and yielded to hormones.

The notion had previously occurred to Rachel to use the pinnacle as a masturbatory aid. But then how could she later wear it to a meet knowing she had used it to gratify herself sexually? No. It was dangerous to entertain such thoughts. Sanity dictated that she put aside whatever natural pleasure she received from having it inside her. It must strictly remain a swimming accessory and nothing more.

As the warm sun beat down, the naked girl stretched out on the lounger to initiate a proper session. She rubbed in all the right places but nothing happened for several minutes. Someone this horny should have had a lightning quick release. Not Rachel. Her body vacillated for a while between arousal and the opposite. She had fooled it so many times in the past by stopping in the middle. The mini-bates had conditioned it to move toward relaxation rather than climax.

Her prospects for success were small but she persisted. Eventually her body started to show signs of progress. She kneaded her ample breasts in time with a vigorous lower massage. The tanning oil mixed with her personal juices forming a slippery glistening surface around her bare mound.

She slipped a finger inside and squealed with delight as her body clamped down hard on the intruder. The pinnacle exercises had given her extra command over those muscles. She could effortlessly become exceptionally tight on cue. Today she decided to expand then contract on her finger over and over to create a playful rippling or pulsing sensation. Squeals soon progressed into moans…

**Part 4**

The margin of victory was much, much closer than anyone would have predicted. It came down to the final lap of the final leg of the final race of the day. By the last turn the Thornwood swimmer had erased the gap. Side by side they entered their finishing kick and sprinted to the finish line. Neither had the strength remaining to pull away. They could only match each other stroke to stroke.

Sparks’ gamble to hold back his girl’s squad served to create extra drama on the scoreboard. But ultimately it was the right move. He had overplayed his hand early in the morning and Coach Ron had, to his credit, taken advantage of the mistake. Sparks had sacrificed points all day to maintain his strongest swimmers as the final backstop. By his reckoning, though Thornwood had fought to the doorstep of victory, they could not cross the threshold as long as his elite relay squads were rested and in tact.

The result in the frothy pool was too close to call. Both swimmers seemed to reach the wall simultaneously. Everyone automatically turned to the timer board to see who won. After a scary second of doubt, a cheer erupted from the bleachers. Eastern had won the race by 3 thousandths of a second giving them enough points to win the meet.

Dejection spread through the Wildcat ranks as celebrations broke out all around them. They had come so far only to fall short and come away empty handed. Sparks congratulated Coach Ron with his specific brand of condescension. “I applaud your team’s effort. They performed above their station and very nearly achieved something. Have a nice trip home.”

Coach Ron was seething and already plotting revenge. Their earliest chance to beat Eastern would come at next Saturday’s tri-county meet. “We’ll get you next week.”

Sparks had started to walk away but at these words turned back and returned a peculiar smile and nod. He said nothing. Coach Ron truly believed he had the better team today. Even though they lost, they had shattered Eastern’s reputation of invincibility. The way they fought back gave him hope for the rest of the season. But that didn’t assuage the sting of defeat. He and Johanna rounded up the team and got ready for the depressing bus ride home.

As usual, Rachel’s body soon hit a wall and reversed course. Despite vigorous ongoing manual exertion, the arousal effects gradually waned back down to a dull ache. Frustrated she stopped rubbing. She let go of her mound and collapsed into the lounger. Her need was unmistakable. The goal obvious. The destination unattainable....unless.

\*\*Of course! Why didn’t I think of that sooner?

Although she had exhausted every means on her own to achieve orgasm, there was one thing she hadn’t tried yet. Something she would have dismissed immediately under normal circumstances. Perhaps it was time to solicit outside help. Bring in a partner to help her finish the job. Her aching loins drove her to fathom such extreme methods to find release.

\*\*Desperate times call for desperate measures. I can’t keep going like this.

The idea was not completely offensive to Rachel. She planned to have a boyfriend someday, of course. She saw now harm in fooling around with a guy she liked as long as it fell short of actual intercourse. She preferred to remain a virgin. Ever since she hit puberty, she looked forward to her first hands-on lesson in male anatomy; a common trait among girls that age. But it had always been a distant dream. Something to experience in college, or at least after her swimming career had run its course. Now she didn’t think she could wait that long.

\*\*Maybe this is my body’s way of encouraging me to move up the timeline. My God, girl, are you really considering this?!

Sanity tried to bury the thought, but the idea had already taken root. Her pulse raced with the implications of this decision. She twittered with excitement.

\*\*There’s nothing wrong with a little experimentation to shake things up. I am mature enough to handle it.

But trepidation crept in at the same time. She was still learning about her body in that way. Treading into new sexual territory so soon after the emergence of such feelings seemed reckless; not to mention overwhelming and a little scary. She had more questions than answers. How do you pick a suitable candidate? And then how do you broach such an intimate subject? Rachel made a short mental list of potential partners. Ones she already knew and felt comfortable with.

Tommy and Eric were tops on the list. Physically she was attracted to them both. The glimpse of Tommy’s penis through his bedroom window certainly piqued her interest. But she didn’t know him that well. They first met less than a month ago. Eric made more sense. She considered him a good friend and it fit logistically. They lived together!

There was one small problem, though. One morning not long ago, her hormones had driven her into Eric’s room while he slept. But she chickened out before initiating the sexual encounter. Her poorly executed attempt failed so miserably that Eric took to keeping his bedroom door closed after that. Not a good sign. Now she so feared he would decline her request for help that she briefly pondered going a different direction.

\*\*I bet Ellie would be more than happy to help out. She practically volunteered when I spent the night at her house.

Ellie was the safer bet, but she happened to lack certain anatomy. More and more frequently Rachel caught herself studying boys in her school. It went beyond casually appreciating some athlete’s cute butt or muscular body. Whomever she happened to be around, her gaze always ended up between his legs. And once she locked onto a bulge, she could scarcely pull herself away. The obsession consumed her. That’s why she chose Eric over Ellie even if it meant risking their friendship. The allure of getting to play with a real penis outweighed the risk.

Susan had gone to the community center for one of her club meetings. She said she didn’t expect to be back before Eric returned. That meant if everything went according to plan, Rachel might have relief as early as this afternoon. The idea made her pulse race and sent her hormones into high gear.

\*\*Eric it is. Now how do you get him to help?

She mistakenly thought guys will only respond to experienced girls. Being abjectly untrained in the art of seduction left her in a predicament. She wracked her brain to think what had worked in the past. Something she could do that Eric would respond to.

Of course the naive girl was making it much harder than she had to. It doesn’t take much to seduce a teenage boy. The direct approach would have worked just as well as any elaborate production. But she didn’t know that.

Eric’s true feelings were hard to read because of his irreverent attitude towards everything. But Rachel had detected something different by the pool after the first day of school. The sight of her applying oil to her bare body had captivated him.

So Rachel adapted that script and decided to hang out by the pool until Eric returned. She would use the sunscreen as an excuse to lure him in; starting with her back. Eventually she would roll over and suggest he work on her chest for a while. Surely he would take the hint.

A car door slammed around the corner. Rachel’s heart skipped a beat.

\*\*He’s here!..

**Part 5**

\*\*Settle down, girl. This is meant to be. Don’t back out now.

The car door gave her just enough advanced warning to set the stage but not enough time to fully second guess her decision. Hormones, for the most part, took control. She was committed to it now; come what may.

Rachel reinserted her pinnacle, for without it she was sunbathing naked. Then she rolled onto her stomach and stretched out on the lounger in what she hoped was a tempting pose. She wanted Eric to be lured in by the sight of her tanning but not look too obvious that he became suspicious. Face down with her breasts pressed into the lounger was the most modest way for a naked girl to present herself. Rachel closed her eyes and let her hair fall over her face; partly to mask her nervousness, but also to look as if she had been laying there for a long time.

As the seconds ticked by, Rachel estimated Eric’s location.

\*\*He’s opening the front door. Now he’s in the living room. Is he looking for me? Where will he go next? What if he goes straight to his room? Relax. He’ll see me from his window and come back down. Besides, he’s a teenage boy. Eventually he will end up in the kitchen looking for a snack. That means he has to pass by the sliding glass door.

Right on cue the back door slid open. Rachel’s heart started pounding as the footsteps approached. A thousand thoughts zoomed through her mind. Would Eric agree to a recurring arrangement after this? She would gladly attend to his physical needs if he returned the favor. It would benefit them both to have a willing partner to learn from. Perhaps it might eventually grow into a boyfriend-girlfriend type relationship. But she was getting ahead of herself.

A shadow fell over her.

Sexual relief was literally within reach. That’s all that mattered right now.

\*\*Don’t screw this up.

“Hello, Rachel.”

\*\*Should I jump? Act like I was asleep? Be happy to see him?

She wanted to feign a stretch as if he had just woken her up, but her arms were already draped over the lip of the lounger above her head. Afraid of making the wrong move, she stuck to the plan and somehow managed to reach a little higher.

“Mmmh” she made a lazy, and hopefully sexy sound, “Hi”.

She looked absolutely stunning prostrate before him. She felt his eyes roaming her body as he stood over her in silence.

\*\*He’s checking me out. This is a good sign. He hasn’t run away yet. What do I say now? Is it too soon to ask him to help with the sunscreen? Oh God, I’m so horny!

“Working on your tan?”

\*\*Yes!

It was like he could read her mind. The innocent question gave her the perfect opportunity. She simply had to seize it.

She endeavored to strike the right town in delivering the line, “Yeah. Actually, I could use another coat. Would you mind?” As if the mere prospect of applying one more drop of oil was too much a burden and he was really doing her a favor.

“Not at all.”

So easy. Just like that he sat down beside her and grabbed the oil. Rachel squeezed her eyes shut in anticipation of the first touch. Her nerves were on overdrive. Strangely she felt dizzy even though she wasn’t standing. The world sounded distorted through the pounding in her ears. Her bare skin tingled with electricity.

A breeze drifted over her. It sounded like a wind tunnel. She vaguely heard a lid unscrewing and hands being coated with oil. First contact came on her neck. Five fingers landed at once then spread out to make room for the entire hand. He rested there for a moment as if savoring the initial touch then the other hand joined in the fun.

Rachel sighed. She didn’t have to pretend it felt incredible. If anything, she had to restrain herself from more delightful outbursts. He said nothing more; apparently serious about his task.

He moved out from the base of her neck then worked up her arms, stopping occasionally to renew his oil supply. There was a little tweak when he got to her elbow; the one that had been injured while she tried to escape from the wrong car. She winced.

“Did that hurt?” Eric’s voice sounded strange. She attributed it to her pounding pulse which was distorting her hearing. “mmm no. Go on. You’re doing great,” she settled back down and tried to remain still as he returned to her torso.

\*\*His hand are so strong. And feel bigger than I imagined. Nothing wrong with that. It just means he’s a big boy in other areas too! He’s maturing; becoming a gentleman. Sounds more like his father every day.

She wriggled again when he brushed the sensitive area under her arms. But he didn’t tarry there long. Moving methodically over her first erogenous zone, he teased the periphery of her chest which bulged out either side of her slender frame. That elicited and involuntary ‘coo’ of approval. Rachel sensed his hands lingering there as if he wanted to explore further. But the way she was laying prevented direct access to her breasts. So after an appropriate pause, he moved on.

The sensual massage had a predictable effect and for the first time all week, she started to relax. The ink from her service at the department store had nearly faded away; though its presence had caused plenty of stress at school. Walking the halls with blue skin was a sure way to literally alienate yourself to your peers. Swim practice had been no better; having every bit of her torso painted except her breasts made for an embarrassing contrast. But it had gotten easier each day.

Rachel sighed. Her nipples tingled and her pussy rippled over the pinnacle shaft. Her entire world consisted of those two hands exploring her body, the warm air flowing over her bare skin, and the fabric of his slacks brushing against her leg. So far, so good. The next test, her bottom, was coming up fast. Would he try to be a gentleman and ask first? Would he just skip over it and go on to her legs? Here she was at an advantage because she could just lay there and let him figure it out.

His hands moved independently yet in a synchronous pattern. First one then the other made their circuitous journey down her shapely back and came to rest just below her swim belt on the first tantalizing curves of her ass.

“May I?”

“Oh yes!” she responded almost too eagerly. He didn’t hesitate to slide his hands down squarely onto the meat of her posterior. Rachel buried her face between her arms and whimpered even as her body tensed from the touch.

It took all her will to be still as he massaged tanning oil into her naked ass. The impatient part of her wanted to cut to the chase and offer her body to him. At this point she would do anything for release; even beg. But another part told her to keep things slower and enjoy the trip. She ended up writhing in place and arching back to keep her bottom firmly pressed into his palms.

Rachel lost all perception of time as the two strong hands alternated between gently caressing her smooth skin and deeply kneading the muscle beneath. Once he had thoroughly and completely applied oil to her bottom, he gave one last reluctant pat before moving on to her thighs and legs.

By the time he had finished with her back side she had melted into the lounger. Even the work on her feet and toes produced arousal. She felt him stand up and wait next to the chair to see what she would do next. Rachel was at a crossroad. It wasn’t too late to back out now by thanking him and letting him walk away.

To roll over and ask for help with her other side was a thinly veiled pretense. What girl needs help applying sunscreen to her own front? Unless he was an idiot, he would see the request for what it really was; an invitation to explore the rest of her body. In the end it was the unfulfilled acute sexual need that spurred her to action.

Burying her fears Rachel casually rolled over. She leaned back on her elbows and thrust her ripe glands out complete with erect nipples in order to create the most inviting target possible. With pleading eyes and the sexiest voice she could muster through trembling lips she asked “Would you do my front?” then she braced for the real action to begin.

The sun glared behind him and blinded her at first so she couldn’t read his body language for a reaction. But the roar in her ears eased just enough to clearly hear his spoken response. The sound of the words “it would be my pleasure” bore witness to a grave fact. Rachel had made a mistake. The clues clicked in her mind. They had been there all along; his hands, his voice, the fabric of his pants. It wasn’t Eric who had been attending her. It was his father!

“RICHARD???”

The girl looked genuinely surprised to see him, but Richard was not about to waste the open invitation. He seized the moment. A look of horror dawn on her face as he leaned over, cupped one of her supple breasts in his large hand, and gave it a healthy squeeze. “At your service”…

**Part 6**

“Sorry to interrupt, sir, but this is a priority issue.” He had been ordered to report such issues directly to the big boss, but the young programmer was still nervous as he stood in the doorway of the war room.

“Come in. What is it?” He saw his target across the room, but he heard him from a nearby speaker.

The meeting currently in progress was paused so the programmer could come forward and make his report. He looked around in awe as he walked. The large room took up most of space on this floor of the building, but no space was wasted. It was richly furnished with thick carpet and ornate antiques. But in the style of the big boss, it also bristled with technology. Huge flat screens displaying a constant flow of information were mounted between ancient tapestries of Oriental military conquests.

The most impressive piece was the meeting table in the middle of the room. The size and shape of a white oak almost as wide as it was long. It was like someone had stripped the leaves off and then flattened a giant tree into two dimensions and laid it down. The trunk splayed out and branched into unique work niches.

Jay looked in wonder at the table and saw more screens implanted throughout the polished wood surface. Touch and gesture detectors ringed each station as well as webcams and microphones. Speakers were mounted on the ceiling between medieval chandeliers. That made sense. How else could you conduct a meeting with someone at the other end of a 120 foot long table?

What he didn’t detect were the ambient noise cancellation devices cleverly mounted beneath each station. If a person wished, he could turn it on and work autonomously in complete silence while unrelated business was conducted all around him. Various peons scurried to and fro even as the privileged council waited for their leader to return to business.

\*\*No wonder they call it a war room.

At the base of the trunk sat the big boss’ chair, though the boss himself was currently standing. When the programmer finally arrived, he delivered his ipad which contained the report.

“Jay, is it?”

“Yes, sir” he waited while the boss studied his report. The founder and president of BysCo, Anders Bys, had a commanding presence. Worthy of the respect and loyalty he so fiercely demanded of all his employees. Most knew him as a billionaire playboy businessman. Only a select few knew him as Bystander. Jay belonged to the first group.

From a young age Jay had an affinity for hacking. It came naturally to him and his talent grew with him. His life changed one day when he stumbled upon an exquisitely constructed online security system. Fascinated by the undocumented protocols in use, the teenager became obsessed with cracking it. When he finally broke through, some scary looking people appeared at his door. They had been watching his intrusion attempts and were impressed by his talent. They offered him a job at BysCo working in their software subsidiary, BysSoft. He accepted mostly because the alternative was to be turned over to the authorities and face quite a bit of jail time.

Jay immediately loved his job and flourished in the company. Because the questionable ethics of hacking didn’t bother him, he found himself promoted to the director of a special projects division. Mostly he was asked to break into various computer systems and steal or manipulate data. They compensated him and his team handsomely for discretion.

One of Jay’s specialties was performing what he called an “eScrub”. Conventional wisdom says once information hits onto the Internet, it will be there forever. You can never get rid of it. But that’s not completely true. Jay had consolidated and developed various techniques aimed at locating and removing online information.

The eScrub target was a device called “The Pussifier”. Jay didn’t need to understand why. Apparently the boss had come up with another use for it and wanted to erase all evidence of its previous life as a sex toy.

Not all information can be manipulated in this way and the results are not always 100% effective. It helps to catch the information early before it hits a critical mass. Jay’s job was easier this time because the pussifier was relatively obscure. It had failed to sell in the Amsterdam and so was never rolled out globally. Erasing all evidence of that device was relatively easy.

The Dutch porno which happened to feature a pussifier as a plot device was a little more difficult. Using the boss’ considerable resources, he first obtained and/or revoked all licenses to the film. Next he targeted the bootleg p2p networks which contained pirated copies of the movie. He planted a virus in the seed copies which disrupted the host files and all subsequent downloads.

Once those were eliminated, he went back and corrupted the online archives and backups. He was pretty confident that, as long as they continued to monitor the web for future breakouts, all copies of “De Pussifer Kronieken” had been scrubbed from the Internet. All copies except one. It was that troublesome copy which had brought Jay into the war room and in front of the big boss.

“Are you sure about this?” Bys turned to Jay with a look somewhere between incredulous and amusement.

“It is, sir. I’ve double-checked everything myself. You had asked to be alerted to any connection between the pussifier and the pinnacle. We found internet searches for both words coming out of the same house in Thornwood within 24 hours. A laptop registered to an Eric Gillmony downloaded most of “De Pussifer Kronieken” before we were able to fully corrupt the seed.”

“How much did he get? Is it still playable?”

“About 60%. It was a torrent so not a contiguous file. But he did download an open source avi repair utility. I’m guessing he is trying to repair and extract at least some of the video.”

“Why can’t you scrub the file remotely?”

“He has a bit of talent. I can still reach his laptop, but I think he’s suspicious. He moved his partial copy offline once the search results started disappearing.”

“Is this Eric the same person who was searching for the pinnacle?”

“I can’t say for sure. But I don’t think so. The Pinnacle queries were basic Google searches and came from a desktop PC while the Pussifier queries were more advanced and came from the laptop.”

Bys sat down and thought for a moment. “It could be a coincidence, but I don’t take chances. Go ahead and scrub his entire laptop, but retrieve all his files first. There may be other things on there of use to us. You say the .avi utility is open source?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good. Once he reinstalls his operating system, he’ll probably try to repair the video again. Commit a patch of bug fixes to the project. Hide inside that patch some code which will make it so his copy of the video never becomes playable. Grigor!”

The man who had been sitting in the first crook of the table stopped what he was doing and turned.

“What’s the latest on Rachel’s mother?”

“We’ve got her tangled in a mortgage dispute. She had seemed determined to stay and fight it, but my sources tell me she is running out of money and there is a risk of her simply walking away from the whole matter.”

“I can’t afford for mom to show up and ruin the whole thing. She was in advertising?”

“Yes, but currently an unemployed freelancer.”

“Offer her a job in our China division. Triple her income from her last full time job but she must start immediately. That should keep her out of our hair. And whatever you do, she must not visit Rachel.”

“Yes, sir.”

Bystander turned back surprised that Jay was still standing there. “Do you need something?”

“Umm, no sir. Just my tablet.” His quick thinking saved face as the big boss returned his ipad and dismissed him to get back to work. Jay found his own way out while the meeting resumed.

**Part 7**

“AAAAaaaah!” Rachel screamed and slapped Richard’s hand away. She scrambled out of the lounger “Oh my gosh!”

He courteously stood up as the girl danced around in search of a towel. “Is something wrong?”

When she had found a towel and covered her nakedness she addressed him. “I’m sorry. I thought you were,” she caught herself before saying ‘Eric’. She couldn’t admit she had meant to seduce his son. “I mean I didn’t know you…were” Her eyes fell to the considerable bulge in his pants which he wasn’t trying to hide. She burned with humiliation, “…I’m sorry. I have to go.”

She left him standing there and rushed straight to the upstairs bathroom. She put the pinnacle on a wash cycle in its case and jumped in the shower. Richard had applied the tanning oil so liberally to her back side that she had no hope of washing it off. When she had washed her hair Rachel dried off and went to her bedroom.

Lying on the bed in a towel she relived the colossal mistake in her head. How could she ever face Richard again? Something existed between them ever since she served him breakfast in her makeshift peasant rags. She could tell by the way he looked at her ever since that he was replaying the encounter in his mind. He conveyed a willingness to go beyond mere flirting and had a silent way of willing her to consider it too.

He was too smart to cross the line. His slick political instincts served him well in this regard. Better to let the girl initiate everything and stayed safely on the right side of propriety. He learned that lesson by watching too many politicians’ careers ruined by overzealous indiscretion. But that didn’t mean he couldn’t benefit from the occasional woman who happened to wander over to his side of the line.

Today Rachel had done more than that. She had strayed way over to Richard’s great fortune. And though he had taken normally unpardonable liberties with her body, she would never accuse him of wrongdoing. That was his alibi - plausible deniability. In her mind, he was innocent. Her actions, however, were shameful and without excuse. It was the cruelest twist of all, therefore, that her depravity aroused her.

\*\*Ughhhh!

Rachel rolled over and tried to ignore warmth radiating from between her legs. She should feel dirty and miserable that she had let a grown man probably twice her age fondle her naked body. But try as she might, she couldn’t stop thinking about how good he had made her feel. The weight of his hands lingered on her thighs even now. Her breast still tingled where he had sampled it.

Fantasies seeped back in when she failed to muster the appropriate amount of disgust. What if she had stayed and let him continue on her front? How far would he go? He seemed more than willing to help her however she needed. Would he have brought her to orgasm if she asked? He had to be well endowed like his son. Would he have let her play with his penis?

\*\*STOP! It doesn’t matter now. You ran away like a chicken.

Rachel groaned; a mix of ecstasy and agony that after all she had been through her need remained unfulfilled and stronger than ever. She slipped a hand between the fold in the towel knowing her fingers would be unable to finish the job. The frustrating session that followed turned into a restless nap as sleep overtook her. Yet even in sleep she had no reprieve. For the fantasies invaded there as well..

**Part 8**

Rachel awoke after a fitful nap to find Susan standing in her doorway.

“You shouldn’t be sleeping this late, Rachel. It will disrupt your sleep cycle.”

She tried to sit up, but her arms were trapped just like in her bizarre dream which was fading from memory. The towel from her shower had entangled and immobilized them. Also like her dream, she needed to pee. And just as badly she still needed to orgasm.

She untangled herself and rubbed the sleepiness from her eyes. “Sorry, Mrs. G. Let me get my nightgown and I’ll come help you with dinner.”

“Don’t get that nightgown just yet. I have a surprise. I’ve been working on an outfit for you at my club.” Based on the way the girl’s nipples were currently straining at attention, Susan thought she must have been having a very nice dream. “It has everything; including underwear and a bra! Wait here. I’ll be right back.”

\*\*A what!

That got Rachel’s attention. She hadn’t worn a bra in weeks; nor panties in almost as long. Susan hadn’t done her anything that nice in a long time.

The knitting club at the community center was a notorious hotspot for local rumors and gossip. Susan had joined mostly for that reason. But while she was there, she did knit the occasional article. Rachel used up clothing at a pace she had never seen before. This was an inexpensive way to maintain the girl’s meager wardrobe. And after the debacle last week at church, Susan was extra motivated to add to Rachel’s outfit rotation.

Susan’s first project had been to modify Rachel’s one remaining dress. It had shrunk in the wash to the point of being too obscene for both church and school. So while Rachel was working at the mall last Sunday, Susan had added some simple trim to both top and bottom of the wonderland dress.

Rachel had somehow lost or ruined her cowgirl outfit at the mall. She never explained how it happened. As punishment, Susan had made her wear the updated wonderland dress every day since. The mixture of fabric and knitting turned out pretty cute which inspired Susan to embark on her next, more ambitious project.

She returned to Rachel’s room where the girl was squirming on the bed. “Um, I need to go pee.”

“Go ahead. I’ll leave it here. Try it on and then you can come down and model it this evening.” She began to pull the pieces from her knitting bag and spread them on the bed while Rachel scampered naked down the hall to the bathroom.

Susan was gone when Rachel returned. Her first impression was that the dress would be too small. Still she gasped with delight. She couldn’t believe how excited she was to receive such skimpy clothing. Her eyes were drawn to the colorful underwear, so she started there.

Having never worn hand stitched underwear before; she didn’t know what to expect. But panties are pretty easy to figure out. Susan had used her brightest colors of loose spun wool yarn. When she first stepped into them, Rachel feared they were a poor fit. Unlike typical panties these had no structure or elastic and sagged all wrong. But then she found the drawstring which helped. The panties were still a little loose, but perhaps that was to allow for shrinkage in the wash. One trip through the gentle cycle and they would hug her curves just right.

It had been so long since she wore comfortable panties. And while she would not have chosen this particular style, she still savored the moment. With her panties in place, she turned to the bra. Rachel would never have guessed that’s what it was if Susan had not told her to expect it.

The bra had been reduced to its fundamental essence. Both strapless and backless, it was nothing more than two pouches connected by a lattice crochet bridge which narrowed to a single thread in the middle. Rachel considered skipping the bra. It seemed to serve no function other than to draw attention to her chest. But she knew Susan would take offense if she didn’t wear the complete outfit as intended. So she stuffed each breast into its respective pouch and drew the strings tight around them.

This too was not uncomfortable. The yarn of the pouches matched her panties but had been knitted a bit more loosely; probably to allow for future growth. Her bust already exceeded the pouches’ capacity and strained the knitting until holes formed. Glimpses of creamy skin were visible in those spots and her pokey nipples were already finding ways through the stitches. She felt silly, but could live with it as underclothes. Ready to finish the ensemble, she turned to the dress.

Known as a girl’s tent dress, this item was not knitted like the rest, but made from soft orange linen. It was sleeveless with a square neck and flat straps. Not designed to be form fitting, flared prettily as it went down.

The faint, cream tinted fabric complimented the orange threads in her underwear nicely. That match turned out to be intentional rather than a happy accident. Because in typical scandalous fashion, Susan referred to it as a dress. When, in truth, it was much too short to be mistaken for anything but a shirt. It was so short and flared out so much at the bottom, that it did not cover her panties at all! Rachel had worn it to church Sunday and most of school the next day before she figured that one out.

It was Susan’s unique way of treating her like a child. A little girl ought not to mind flashing her bloomers every time she turned around. But that wasn’t even Susan’s cruelest trick. Her signature element was the bust. Now that she saw how it fit, Rachel was glad for the bra. The squared off neckline came up to just below the swell of her chest, but left her boobs uncovered. They would have been completely exposed if not for the bra pouches.

Susan fawned proudly over the outfit and insisted Rachel model it for her and Richard in the living room. She had Rachel strut and spin right in in front of him so she could point out every feature. Richard had innocuous comments about the outfit, but his knowing eyes said so much more. He had recently sampled that smooth skin and firm body more intimately than any man ever before. Rachel should have been ashamed. But by the end, she found herself adding a little extra to her spins; flaring the dress higher whenever she passed him.

Richard’s desire was insatiable in bed that night. Susan attributed it to the fashion show which went exactly as she had hoped. But the earlier poolside encounter was the greater reason for his incredible ardor. Watching a teenage girl model a skimpy outfit was nice, but did not compare to direct contact with her naked body. Susan was none the wiser, and Richard was more than happy to keep it that way…

**Part 9**

The upcoming week was to be a short one. School had been in session for almost a month now and Labor Day weekend was coming up. A teacher in-service day was also scheduled for Friday which would give the kids a four day weekend. On Monday, Ellie broke the news to Rachel. Thornwood had lost the meet to Eastern by 8 points. It had come down to the last race.

“Nobody blames you, Rach,” Ellie tried to console her friend, “we’ll beat them next time”. Rachel took the news especially hard. If Coach Ron had allowed her to compete, she would have certainly scored enough points for her team to win.

Rachel appreciated Ellie’s consolation, but wondered if the rest of the team felt the same way. She got her answer at practice with the cold reception. Obviously not everyone shared Ellie’s willingness to forgive. It made Rachel miserable. Now not only had her outfits made her an outcast at school, but now her own swim team was angry at her.

Along with the Eastern meet, Rachel had also been suspended from another activity two Sundays ago. Only two team members had missed the unsponsored midnight swim at the aquatic facility. Apparently there had been quite a bit of revelry and hazing. The rest of the team still spoke about it with hushed voices and giggles. It was just the sort of thing which knits individuals into a unified team and Rachel had been left out.

Speaking of knitting, by the end of the school day Rachel was really starting to hate her outfit. Her dress, which was a shirt before Susan got ahold of it, still felt entirely too short. Her rainbow panties and joke of a bra were both completely visible.

Things got worse in fourth period math class. It was there that Rachel learned the truth about her dress being a shirt. Another student walked in wearing the same top. Only this girl had the rest of the outfit; a medium length matching orange skirt. The girl also wore a normal bra and modest undershirt under the orange blouse as would normally accompany this style of low cut neck line. Susan had not mentioned or supplied Rachel with these things; only custom fitted boob bags. She looked down to find her pink nipples had poked their way through holes in the yarn again and blushed.

So she had been walking around all day bottomless and with her barely covered breasts hanging out the top. She sat at her desk and wallowed in her humiliation at being so woefully underdressed while listening to the snickers from the rest of the class. She didn’t hear any of the lesson and knew she was falling behind. But she didn’t dare raise her hand to ask a question for fear of drawing more attention to herself.

It shamed her again to think that this girl would be wearing something different tomorrow, while Rachel only had two outfits to alternate between. And she wasn’t sure she could wear this one again after learning the truth.

By lunch time she had discovered another problem. The wool yarn was becoming incredibly itchy. At first she used inconspicuous methods to scratch; the side of the desk or part of her backpack. But her skin just got more irritated as a result. She tried to make it through the end of school, but by last period she couldn’t take it anymore.

She got a hall pass and went to the bathroom; pawing at her intimate areas the whole way. Once inside a stall, she released the drawstring and removed her bra. She scratched her breasts until her milky skin turned pink. Then making sure the room was still empty, she dashed over to the sink and splashed water on them to hopefully cool the itch.

Without a bra, the reflection in the mirror was both ridiculous and erotic. She glanced at the exit; the door was propped open during school hours. But there was a short corridor with two bends for privacy. Anyone could walk through that door unannounced and catch her playing with her bare boobs. But just as easily, she could sneak out into the hallway and have a little fun.

The thought should have terrified her and driven her back into the stall. But she was so horny that she ended up doing the opposite. She loosed the string on her panties and let them fall to the ground. Then she lifted the dress over her head, added it to the pile. As usual these days, she could strip naked in a matter of a couple seconds. A wave of excitement washed over her. The trance of arousal led her over to the exit. She was down the corridor and two steps into the empty school hallway before she snapped out of it.

It wasn’t the first time Rachel had walked the halls in nothing but shoes. She had given little Bradley Harrison quite a shock outside the aquatic center a few weeks ago. That encounter had caused her to flee outside and most of the way around the building before finding her way back to her clothes. This time had one important difference, though. That other time occurred long after school had ended for the day when the school was mostly deserted.

Rachel looked down the hallway. So many doors; every one a room filled with students completely unaware what was going on just outside. Her head was swimming as the hormones filled her mind with fantastical thoughts.

She stood there in the hall as long as she dared. Then to top it all off, she scampered across the hall to tag the cinder block wall on the far side.

\*\*ooh!

She pressed her overheating nipples against the cold wall and savored the feeling. Suppressing the urge to attack her bald mound right there in the hallway, Rachel turned to go back inside the restroom. From here she could see through one of the classroom door windows. A boy was giving a report in front of the class. Everyone was facing away from her except him.

If she could see him, that meant he had a perfect angle to see her too. Fortunately for Rachel, he was too focused on reading his report to look up and notice the naked girl outside his classroom door.

Having pressed her luck far enough, the horny girl ducked down and ran back to the restroom. This time she did collapse against the wall and let her hands move between her legs. She was positively wet with excitement could have stood there playing with herself all day but for class. They would start to miss her and send someone to check on her if she didn’t return soon. Suddenly another risky dare came to mind.

\*\*I should go back to class without my panties on! That would shut them up.

But discretion prevailed. As much as the dare intrigued her, it was not worth getting suspended and possibly even expelled. It was simply too risky in such a short dress. So she reluctantly put on her clothing and returned to class content in the knowledge that she was probably the first student in the history of Thornwood to have roamed the halls naked. And now she had done it twice! Her third chance would come by the end of the week; but not by choice. And the third time did not turn out so well.

That evening she considered removing the tent dress again and doing her chores in just her underwear. It did sort of look like a colorful bikini; though she had never before seen a bikini top that was backless and strapless. But that did not solve the itching problem. So her only remaining options were the chore apron or go naked as she had all last week. With Richard back from his trip, she chose the apron. Better to have some sort of clothing than nothing at all. She also returned to her old habit of avoiding him whenever possible which made for more stressful evenings.

Rachel’s only escape all week from the constant humiliating outfits came at swim practice. It was laughable that she preferred her swim uniform to her school clothes. At least it was a complete ensemble, right? And the pinnacle did feel more comfortable with each passing day. Who would have thought after the humiliating tryout that someday she would actually be relieved to have this to change into?

The practice regimen was little changed from previous weeks. Coach Ron still had the team mostly focus on conditioning. That meant lots of swimming and weight lifting. But he was starting to turn some responsibilities over to the captains. It was their team and practice time was a great leadership opportunity. One captain seemed to be particularly hard on Rachel. As if to punish her, she assigned the most mundane and demanding exercises and never let Rachel use any of the cool equipment. That was a smart move since many of the other kids needed to improve their technique as well as their endurance while Rachel already had nearly flawless form.

Rachel took her punishment and practiced even harder. The only way redeem herself in front of the team was to show that she was willing to do whatever it took. She would not let them down come the next meet. She didn’t think she could be in better shape. But they kept finding new ways make her pay and she went home sore every day. Another week of grueling conditioning had made her an even faster swimmer.

The captain took notice that her uppity teammate never complained by her assignments. But after what had happened at the meet, she was not ready to forgive. There was also the little matter of hazing which the girl had conveniently missed out on. Until she went through that, she would never consider the Rachel a real part of the team. During practice she worked out a way to remedy that deficiency. The scenario grew in her mind into a truly elegant and elaborate ritual. Rachel would earn her spot on the team the hard way…if she survived…

**Part 10**

Katie ‘Pip’ Davonleigh was a third generation captain of Thornwood. Her family’s swimming tradition was almost as long as the school’s. Her grandfather, George Philip Davonleigh was a legend. ‘Pip’, as his teammates took to calling him, swam during Thornwood’s heyday. He helped the school win four straight state titles; the last two as a captain.

The nickname naturally passed to his son along with his swimming talent. In fact, Philip Carter ‘Pip’ Davonleigh was even faster than George. He set several state records in his high school career that have still not been broken. Like his father, Phil captained Thornwood in his senior year. And although the program was already on the decline by that point, his team rose up and captured a state championship of its own.

After his team’s unlikely run, Phil graduated and went to college on an athletic scholarship. The team he built and left behind won again three years later. Unfortunately the momentum did not last.

First the old head coach retired. The new leadership viewed swimming as more of an individual sport. The results were predictably ugly. Without team unity or school pride, the program fell apart. And for the last 15 years, swimming at Thornwood was nothing but a laughing stock.

Katie’s full name, Katherine Penelope Davonleigh, was a mouthful. She preferred Pippi or Pip. She grew up hearing heroic swimming stories from grandpa Pip and from her dad and was proud to adopt the nickname and heritage it represented.

She had the pedigree and talent and was a lock to be named a captain someday. It filled her with great pride to look at all the old trophies and medals at Thornwood with her family name on them. She would love nothing more than to carry on the tradition set by her grandfather and father and bring home a state title.

Now as a senior, Pip had all but given up on those championship dreams. It pained her to admit, but she had to be realistic about it. For three years she had watched Thornwood routinely finish near the bottom of every meet. They had no chance of achieving anything worth remembering. Still she continued to train hard with the intention of earning a college scholarship like her dad.

But then things started to change last summer with the aquatic center renovations. It sparked a renaissance of interest in the program. One of her friends, a decent swimmer in his own right, was about to transfer to Eastern but changed his mind and decided to stay. She convinced another who was going to drop swimming altogether to stay on as well.

The incredible new facilities rekindled Pip’s dream as well. After languishing for three years, this was her time. She dared to hope that they might just accomplish something after all. Until the new head coach nearly ruined it.

Coach Ron overthrew the established order of everything and installed his own authority. This was supposed to be Pip’s team. She was comfortable with how everything had run before and didn’t like some stranger coming in and changing it. Tryout day was a disaster. That day some of her teammates walked away from the program and never returned.

She questioned his loyalty. What did this foreigner care about Thornwood or its legacy? Coach Ron hadn’t been around to suffer these last three years. He revoked the positions held by all returning captains and forced them to reapply. It was as if he had stolen her birthright.

She questioned his competency. How hard was it to order the correct color warm-ups?

She certainly questioned his integrity. What kind of man puts his office in girl’s locker room? All the girls on the team had to get used to changing with him around. When news of that got to the school board, Pip was sure someone would straighten him out. But for some reason they let him stay. And his office had not moved. And then he had begun making announcements while they showered so they could begin practice sooner.

Her dad didn’t seem to think it was that big of deal. He said professional athletes shower in front of female reporters all the time. He seemed more willing to give this new guy a chance; unconventional methods and all.

“In my day, our team had nothing to hide from each other or our coaches. Besides, it’s about time they shook things up over there” was his position.

“That’s easy for you to say.” Pip thought. “You don’t have to go to practice every day and take a shower in front of him.”

Pip lost a couple friends the day of the tryout. She was ready to quit, too. But her father encouraged her to stick with it. He reminded her that the old way of doing things didn’t work. Change was hard, but sometimes necessary.

Despite the grueling practices, or maybe because of them, the mood of the team did improve daily. That went a long way in convincing her to accept Coach Ron’s unconventional style and methods.

But Coach Ron wasn’t the only source of aggravation for Pip. There was also the new girl, Rachel. This transfer from out of state had upstaged everyone at the tryout. Opting for the most revealing uniform, she flaunted her nearly naked body. The spectacle was only matched by her incredible swimming performance. She was fast; no denying that.

Pip recognized that her team needed this new girl if they were to make it to the state finals. But so far Rachel had caused nothing but trouble. She rarely talked to anyone except the scrawny student manager, Ellie. She stole the spotlight wherever the team went. She wore slutty school outfits like she was trying to steal everybody’s boyfriend, too. And Pip suspected she had given the rest of the team food poisoning at the carwash.

She was willing to forgive the girl’s penchant for slutty attire, antisocial behavior and whatever other personality flaws may exist. But getting suspended from the first meet was unforgiveable. Pip had been the one swimming in that last leg of the medley relay against Eastern. She antagonized over that race over in her mind many times; willing the outcome to be different. Though the whole squad had performed admirably, she had been unable to overcome the deficit in the end.

She directly blamed Rachel for costing them the win. Someone that fast would have neutralized and probably even beaten Eastern’s prized fish girl head to head. She would have been a valuable addition to Thornwood’s relay squads and earned victories in multiple individual races. But what good is a superstar teammate whose off-field activities are constantly hindering their ability to compete? She might as well not be on the team. In Pip’s mind, Rachel was a bad egg. She considered her too unstable to rely on as a teammate and would not trust the girl until she proved otherwise.

When Pip mentioned the upcoming midnight swim to her father, he got a twinkle in his eye. “That’s exactly what you’re missing,” Phil told her. “When I was a Wildcat, we worked together; made each other better. We would do anything for our teammates. Unity is just as important as talent. And a little artificial adversity can do wonders to prepare you for the real thing.”

Coach Ron was purposely not going to attend the midnight swim and had left captains the responsibility of coordinating activities. His only instructions were “do things that will bring the team together”. They had access to the entire aquatic facility and even the rest of the school if they chose to venture that far. Hanging out in the pool all night would have been boring. Might as well stay home. Besides, Marco Polo and chicken fight were childish games these kids had played a thousand times before.

Pip needed ideas. Here again her father proved a valuable resource.

“Your coach is a smart man. It’s not politically correct to do such things anymore,” he noted, “but I tell you truly; hazing is the forge on which a championship team is built. Why, I could tell you stories…” a reminiscing twinkle appeared in his eye as he trailed off.

Phil went on to explain some of the best hazing games and rituals that were around when he was young. He approved of his daughter taking the initiative to make her team better and be a leader. He saw nothing wrong as long as they didn’t break any laws, and trusted her not to let things go too far.

That night Pip got together with the other team captains. Eliminating the violent and potentially illegal games, they built up a catalog of activities from which to draw to keep the night interesting. Many involved nudity and were often sexual in nature. The captains agreed it would challenge their teammates to act outside their comfort zone while remaining mostly harmless fun. And it would certainly bring the team together.

Midnight swim was Pip’s crowning achievement so far. In one wild night they learned about each other and built lasting bonds. Her teammates had so much fun that they talked about it for days afterward and were already petitioning Coach Ron to schedule another. Only two swimmers had missed the festivities that weekend. The other swimmer, a boy named Oliver, had a semi-valid excuse. Rachel did not. Unless you count serving a punishment for shoplifting as a valid excuse. Pip did not.

Oliver’s family had taken him out of town that weekend to attend a rich uncle’s funeral in the hopes of reaping inheritance money. The captains met and decided that the two swimmers who had missed the midnight swim should perform an extra task as both a sort of initiation and as retribution for their absence. Because Rachel was involved, Pip advocated a particularly strong tack.

She delivered a rousing speech to her fellow captains. “Leaders must deliver praise where it is earned,” she said with conviction, “but they must also deliver justice when someone in the group is out of line. Rachel put herself above her team. Her selfish behavior got her suspended. Her absence cost us dearly at the Eastern meet. I think I have the perfect way for her to pledge her loyalty to her teammates. That’s where Oliver comes in.”

Pip described a particularly nasty game her father had told her about called ‘Lamb to the Slaughter’. It had all the components she was looking for. It would test Rachel’s resolve and willingness to sacrifice to complete the task she was given. Would she come through for a teammate or leave him to suffer a cruel fate to preserve her own comfort?

Swayed by Pip’s conviction, the other captains put her in charge of the task and made themselves available to help with preparations.

The original game was complex enough and required coordination. It also involved somewhat intimate physical contact between the participants as well as certain risk. On top of that, Pip was planning a few special modifications. Raising the stakes on the humiliation front was her little way of making the new girl earn her spot on the team.

Rachel would face a little adversity on the way to completing her task. But as long as she followed her instructions and did not chicken out, she and Oliver should not suffer too much embarrassment. If she failed, however, the consequences were much worse…

**Part 11**

Pip asked Ellie to personally deliver the message after Thursday practice. Rachel would be less suspicious that way. Friday was the start of a four day weekend for most students. But there were still various activities going on at the school every day.

Coach Ron couldn’t hold practice on a teacher service day. So he gave them the day off to rest up for the tri-county meet on Saturday. His captains had acted responsibly at the midnight swim a few weeks ago and had been asking for another. He thought they would use the time for more team building exercises. How could he know they only wanted his school keys so they could prepare Rachel and Oliver’s elaborate hazing?

Ellie informed Rachel that she was to report to the aquatic center at 4:00am tomorrow morning for what Ellie called a “team meeting”.

“How Mysterious! Ooh, is it another one of those midnight swim things?”

“I’m not allowed to say,” Ellie answered robotically. Rachel should have caught the distress in her friend’s voice. But she was too swept up in her own excitement to notice the unusual behavior. She was finally getting to spend some quality time with her teammates outside of practice. Nothing else mattered.

Rachel excitedly made plans. “Four o’clock? That’s really early. Do you want me to stop by your house in the morning so we can walk together?”

“I’m not going - team member’s only.” Ellie was nearly in tears by this point. There was no team meeting. She was sending Rachel into a trap, but Pip had forbid her from revealing anything about it. Pip had pumped Ellie for information; anything they could use against Rachel. Then she ordered Ellie to keep away from the school fearing she would try to interfere with the operation.

From what little they had told her, there was potential for the whole plan to blow up in everyone’s faces and land the whole swim team in a lot of hot water; not to mention the great personal humiliation Rachel would suffer. Ellie objected to the plan, but was overruled.

Pip insisted, “If she follows our instructions she will survive unharmed. If not, then she is not a team player and will deserve the consequences.” That just worried Ellie more. Rachel was a loyal team player. But the girl was more apt to get into trouble than out of it.

Ellie reluctantly agreed to deliver the message. She couldn’t warn Rachel, but when she saw her, she knew she had to do something. “I will be at home if you need anything,” she emphasized that last word in the hopes that Rachel would take the hint. But she couldn’t tell if the message had struck home. “And be careful.”

“Sure, whatever” it seemed Rachel hadn’t caught the nervous tone in her friend’s voice. Ellie turned and walked away before she broke down. She could only hope now that Rachel would not blame her for what was about to happen and that she would remember the offer for a lifeline if she got into any serious trouble.

Neither Ellie nor Rachel slept much that night. One spent the time wallowing in guilt that she had betrayed her friend and sent her into the jaws of a cruel trap. The other stared at the clock and watched minutes tick by; too giddy with excitement to sleep.

\*\*I wonder what time I should show up. I don’t want to be the first one there or anything. But I don’t want to be late either. Just because Coach Ron won’t be there, Ellie still called it a team meeting. She was sure acting strange this afternoon. Maybe when it’s over I should stop by and try to cheer her up.

\*\*I should have asked her what we were going to do. It could be anything! She didn’t mention swimming. I better bring my uniform just in case. Why do they need us there so early? Maybe we’re going to drive over and prank Eastern or something and we need the cover of darkness. I should apologize to the others for getting suspended. That one captain has been giving me dirty looks ever since the loss. What’s her name? I can never remember. I think it starts with an “M”.

A hundred thoughts flew through her mind until finally, at 2:00am on Friday morning, she gave up trying to sleep and decided to start her day. With nothing scheduled, she could catch up on her sleep that afternoon. She was young enough to recover and it shouldn’t affect her performance Saturday.

The house was dead silent with everyone sleeping soundly. Not worried about being seen, Rachel stripped off her nighty and went to the bathroom to get ready. Eric’s door was closed as usual but she did hear snoring as she passed. In the shower she shaved her legs including the tender petals between her legs. The stimulation added to her excitement.

When she was finished she stood in front of the mirror and sampled her boobs. Her physical maturity was the envy of every girl in her school and most of the female teachers. But it wasn’t just their size. It was the way they stood so high and proud and as if introducing the rest of her. Her whole body was built to allure and seduce; from her flawlessly constructed chest with rock hard nipples to the perfectly symmetrical curves of her torso and the sculpted muscles of her ass and legs.

The unfulfilled sexual need deep within her was so constant and strong by now that it permeated through to the surface and caused all her outward signs of arousal. The ever present moisture glistening on her mound sent a message of erotic desire.

Rachel would love to give up the futile search for relief and return to a normal life. But her body would not let her rest. It remained in a constant state of lust; begging for release. She didn’t know where it would come from or in what form; only that individual efforts were fruitless and she could not stop searching until her need was met.

Her final preparation consisted of fixing her hair and make-up. Even if they were going to mess it up in the pool, she wanted to look good initially. Back in her room, she commenced to picking out an outfit. She laid both her dresses out on the bed as if she were getting ready for a date. With only two to choose from, it shouldn’t take long to pick; though it was a little more complicated than it seemed at first.

While her bra was a necessity for the orange cream dress, it absolutely could not be worn with the wonderland dress. She had tried it once with poor results. The yarn made her chest look lumpy beneath the fabric.

The panties weren’t as bad. They had shrunk a few sizes since she first wore them and now hugged the curves of her bottom just right. So Rachel settled on a combination. Eschewing the bra with its infernal itching, but keeping her panties on, she went with the wonderland dress. It was a comfortable yet relatively modest compromise. Her strength trainer shoes completed the outfit.

At 3:20, Rachel emptied her backpack and packed her uniform. Before heading downstairs another idea struck her. She had already cleared the meeting with Susan and explained that she didn’t know how long it would last. So if it ended up being short, she had a free pass for the rest of the day.

She had already decided to visit Ellie after the meeting and try to cheer her up. So why not hang out with her all day? They both had to be at the school at the same time the next morning to go to the swim meet. Why not go ahead and spend the night?

Happy with this new plan, Rachel added her nightie to the backpack. She left a note for Susan on her bed which said she was sleeping over at Ellie’s house that night and not to expect her back until after the swim meet.

It still very much felt like the middle of the night outside. The moon cast enough light to see by. There was no traffic or activity of any kind as Rachel walked to school. She glanced up at Tommy’s house as she passed and was reminded of the time she had peeked in his window. Now all the lights were off.

A few blocks later she passed Ellie’s house. Everyone was asleep there as well so she kept going. It wasn’t until Rachel reached the aquatic center that she realized how fast she had been walking. Her excitement had quickened her pace and now it appeared she was the first to arrive.

She was going to wait outside for the other team members to start showing up, but then she checked the door and found it unlocked. That meant someone had arrived before her after all.

With no way to check the time, Rachel decided to head inside. She didn’t want to miss any of the festivities because she was waiting outside.

All the lights around the pool were off except for a couple emergency signs. That was fine. By now Rachel could find her way to the locker room blindfolded. She was in no danger of falling in. She found it a little strange that no one was setting up for the team’s arrival. But that was usually Ellie’s job and she had not been invited. The accumulation of oddities gave Rachel pause that something strange was afoot. But her suspicion did not pique in time to prevent her from wandering right into Pip’s trap…

**Part 12**

They pounced on her just inside the locker room. They held her tightly and led her across to where a spot had been prepared. Sparse candlelight provided the illumination and threw eerie shadows on the walls. Rachel’s pulse started to race. She was more confused than scared. She recognized the boys holding her as team captains, but it was still weird seeing them in the girls’ locker room. Looking around she saw only captains. Where were the other team members?

An ominous voice came from a dark corner, “Water warrior, the coaches have honored you with a spot on the Thornwood Varsity swim team. But thus far you have squandered that honor on selfish endeavors. Therefore the captains have declared you unfit to be called our teammate until you prove your mettle.”

\*\*This must be some sort of initiation ritual!

A shape rose from the corner. The voice now had a body to go with it. “A challenge lies before you. Do you accept?”

The mysterious person stepped out from the shadows; another captain. This was the girl who had been punishing her at practice all week. She must be the ringleader or master of ceremonies. Rachel never felt in real danger. She assumed she could say “no” and they would send her away unharmed. They probably didn’t have the power to kick her off the team. Coach Ron was the real authority. He would back her up. But she was tired of being an outsider. She was also eager to prove her worth in front of her teammates; and this girl most of all. She didn’t hesitate, “Yes! I mean, I accept.”

Suddenly there were hands all over her body. They started undressing her. Rachel instinctively resisted at first. No one likes the feeling of being stripped against their will. But it was a planned part of the ceremony so she settled down. They had all seen her naked before anyway.

The leader kept speaking as they were prepping her, “Water is our arena of battle. In water we were formed. It is our master yet it is also ours to command. There are those who would seek to destroy our sacred fellowship. We survive by banding together when one is threatened. The strong must protect the helpless. You are strong, but you only act to protect yourself. Only when you are willing to lower yourself and give all for the sake of your brother will we count you as an equal among us.”

Rachel was naked by now and tingling with excitement. She got the gist of the pep talk about banding together. But why wrap it in such grandiose and arcane language? Other activity was going on behind her that she couldn’t see. Those in charge of holding her in place took their job seriously and prevented her from turning around. She had worn her hair down. One of the girls went at it with a brush. She tied it up into pigtails to keep it out of her way for the task ahead.

“In a very short time, a lamb, one of our own, will be sent to the slaughter. Your fate is bound to him. Only by yielding to the lamb will you find salvation.”

She sensed movement at her feet. They attached nylon zip ties around each of her ankles and cinched them tight. Two more were threaded between them to form a loop so she could not pull her ankles more than about a foot apart. For the first time Rachel felt nervous.

“A water warrior must be keen of mind and sound of body. That is all you should need to face the task ahead. Therefore that is all you shall be equipped with; nothing more.”

In coordination, her wrists were pulled behind her back. She had never been handcuffed before, but recognized the ominous sound of metal clicking shut. It wasn’t painful in the least. In fact she only felt a soft downy substance around her wrists. Though she couldn’t see them at the moment, she correctly pictured something like novelty cuffs. And though they may be wrapped in pink feathers, any sort of tugging on her part confirmed that there was real metal underneath. Two more tiny zip ties cinched her middle fingers and thumbs together just above the knuckle so that her hands were inseparable. Rachel started to panic. Not content to stand by and let them immobilize her, she struggled against her bonds and spoke up.

“Ok, this isn’t funny.” She tried to sound calm in the hopes of talking her way out of the situation.

But it was too late. They passed Pip something behind her back as she stepped up to claim Rachel’s personal space.

“Relax, little water warrior,” her voice was unnaturally calm. But then again she wasn’t the one who had been stripped naked and bound hand and foot, “you should be proud to have been given the honor of renewing this challenge. While yours is the first attempt in years, many who came before us have undertaken it. Compared to them, you’re not worthy to wear the Thornwood uniform. Some rescued the lamb earning great glory while others failed in disgrace. More than a few reported it to be quite an enjoyable experience. And from what I understand, you should enjoy it more than most.”

With a sly smile Pip lifted her hand onto Rachel’s breast. Resting the tip of her index finger just beside a nipple, she traced few circles around her areola. Rachel was taken aback by the girl’s forwardness as much as the warm rush of arousal her stimulation produced.

“Not everyone who has undertaken this challenge was as endowed with such natural…ability. I’m sure someone with talent such as yours can handle a few extra obstacles.”

The purpose of Pip’s actions became apparent when she lifted her other hand into view. Suspended between her fingers on an almost invisible loop of line was a little brass round bell. Rachel’s fully erect nipple made an easy target for the loop. Before the girl could recover from her confusion, Pip hung the bell and drew the knot snug.

“We’ve thrown in a few personal touches to even the playing field. Call it an added degree of difficulty for our team mascot.”

\*\*…!

Rachel’s heart stopped. What did she mean by mascot? Were they dressing her up to look like some animal?

Rachel backed away as Pip produced another suddenly ominous looking bell. But it was too late. With a smooth flick of her hand, Pip deftly set the second bell in place. Rachel’s nipples were so stiff by now that the trinket hung easily; no tightening necessary. But Pip set the knot with a tug anyway, just to be sure.

“Ow”, it didn’t hurt but Rachel still cried out, “Let me go.”

“Let you go? I thought you were committed. No. You already accepted the challenge. If you back out now, you might as well quit the team too. Besides, I couldn’t unlock you if I wanted to. The only key to your cuffs is with the lamb in the art department. Now, we’re leaving. I suggest you get going as well. You have quite a distance to cover and your lamb will only be there for another hour or so before the slaughter begins.”

“This is your real tryout. If you return triumphantly with him safe and sound, your things will be waiting for you. If you fail, don’t bother coming back because he will probably never forgive you for abandoning him. And we will not give you another chance either.”

With the ceremony at an end, Pip pushed a stunned Rachel out to the pool and closed the door behind her. “Cheer up. You’ll do fine, Slutty Bunny.”

**Part 13**

\*\*Slutty Bunny.

The words echoed in Rachel’s ears. The cruel nickname invented by Brenda the Bitch had just been uttered by her captain. Did that mean Brenda was somehow involved in this task? Was she waiting in ambush around the next corner? The thought was enough to make her break out in a cold sweat.

\*\*That’s too crazy to believe. Brenda hates all swimmers. She would never cooperate with a team captain.

But if they weren’t working together, how did her captain come to learn about the nickname? Brenda had coined the name while bullying Rachel near the aquatic center. The story was so humiliating that Rachel never told anyone about it. No one except…Ellie!

\*\*Did Ellie betray me? No. She wouldn’t do that. The captains must have coerced the information from her. And then they made her stay home. Unless…oh my God. What if Ellie is the lamb?!

\*\*That would explain why she was acting so strange yesterday. She was trying to warn me. And I wouldn’t pay attention. Poor Ellie! What have they done to you? I have to save her.

\*\*Wait a minute. Didn’t the captain say the lamb was a ‘he’? Ugh. Does it even matter? How can I go wandering through the school like this?

They had gone to great lengths to strip her of her dignity and transform her into a helpless and vulnerable creature. There was no telling what other surprises they had in store. No doubt they were setting her up to fail; expecting her to give up somewhere along the way and let the lamb be slaughtered.

The desire to prove them wrong strongly motivated her to persist. Even if she was mistaken about Ellie being the lamb, she was still duty bound to save it. And she wasn’t the type to back down from a challenge.

\*\*Slutty Bunny. They think a little ridicule will break me. Well they have no idea what I’ve been through. I will prove them wrong. I intend to represent myself with pride in everything I do. If this is to be my tryout, then I will give it my best shot.

Her mind made up, Rachel strategized over the task at hand as she moved toward the aquatic center exit. Her first concern was one of direction.

Old Thornwood high school was laid out in the shape of an X with four symmetrical wings made from quarried limestone. The school had long ago outgrown those first facilities. The most affordable way to keep up with population growth was incremental expansions projects. Always subject to available funding, these projects tended to be smaller and lacking in continuity. They also lacked the majestic architecture of the original building.

The school had almost an organic quality to it now. Wings sprawled out of the old school in every direction; often following the contour of the surrounding land. Covered walkways which had connected the new wings to each other were eventually enclosed into proper corridors. That left lots of irregularly shaped pockets of grass which were made into little out-of-place courtyards.

The whole campus was a confusing mess that should have been relocated years ago. In the month she had been attending, Rachel had learned how to get to her classes without getting lost, but that was about it. She wasn’t even sure where the art department was located; though she guessed that the captains wouldn’t have picked it unless it was on the opposite end of campus.

Fortunately, the captains gave her some help in the form of a sticky note on the door. In the glow of the exit sign she could just make out little wavy lines and an arrow pointing through the door. A trail fit for a water warrior. Now that she had a general idea of which direction to go, she checked that problem off her list and pushed through the door with satisfaction.

Her next concern was trickier. Time was of the essence and would be throughout the challenge. A person walking at a normal pace might navigate the length of the school in about 20 minutes. In a hurry Rachel could normally be to the art department in well under 10. But the nylon manacles around her ankles slowed her pace considerably. It had taken several minutes just to get to the exit of the aquatic center.

The captain had told her she had one hour before the lamb was taken to slaughter. Rachel could estimate the necessary speed to get there in time. Good swimmers have that natural ability and are always thinking about pace. But that skill was useless in this case because she had no way of keeping track of time in the dark. Also, she didn’t know what was waiting for her and was sure to encounter other obstacles which would slow her down along the way.

She couldn’t depend on maintaining any pace. They had done a good job of slowing her down. All she could do was cover as much ground as possible and hope for the best.

The obstacles they had encumbered her with were nefarious indeed. But perhaps the most nefarious was her own naked body. It must be around 4:30am. Rachel was pretty confident that the school was still deserted for now. But before long teachers would start arriving for their in-service training. And there were any number of other activities that could be scheduled for today. School was no place for a naked girl during the day. As her journey grew longer, the risk of being seen grew higher. Time truly was of the essence.

She saw another sticky at the next door and pushed through to a different wing of the school. Looking back she became aware of something. She could easily push the doors open in one direction. Fine, but what if she needed to backtrack at some point? Could she get it open?

Rachel backed up to the door. It had a pull bar, but with her fingers rendered useless by the mini zip ties, she couldn’t get a good grip. She would have been able to hook a foot around it, except her those were bound together too. The only other tool at her disposal was her mouth. She guessed she might be able to grip it with her teeth and pry it open. But the thought grossed her out. She wasn’t about to put her mouth on a school door handle unless as a last resort. So she turned and resumed her trek…

**Part 14**

Down the myriad corridors walked the naked girl. The classrooms started to run together after a while. Time passed, but she couldn’t be sure how much. As if mocking her, there were an abundance of old analog clocks everywhere; one in each classroom and many scattered around the halls. But it was too dark to read them. The emergency signs barely gave enough light to illuminate the sticky notes which were guiding her way.

For a while it seemed sailing was almost too smooth. The stairways provided her only challenge. She couldn’t separate her feet enough to step up normally and so had to hop. It was at those times that she felt most like a bunny. Her feathery handcuffs provided the tail and her pigtails were floppy ears. Only this bunny lacked fur of any kind - the rare hairless hare. Rachel surely looked ridiculous hopping from step to step with her bare body jiggling right along. She was in good enough shape not to be winded when she reached the top, but her heart rate got a workout.

She was thankful that so far she had not encountered even the slightest hint of another person. Hobbled as she was, Rachel couldn’t run from trouble. She couldn’t even sneak by an open door if it came to that. Because with every step, her little nipple bells tinkled away; announcing the approach of the buck naked water warrior.

She despised those damned bells. Her short halting steps added an extra jiggle to the natural sway of her unbridled melons. The tiny brass ornaments hung from her pointy pink tips; answering every stride with a happy ‘tink’.

\*\*This is the work of that caption. One of her ‘personal touches’.

Rachel would be more than happy to be rid of them. They served no purpose other than to annoy and humiliate her. Removing them would allow her to better sneak around without being heard. The only trick was figuring out how. With her hands bound behind her, she couldn’t just reach up and untie them. She had watched them be secured with simple knots. Surely they could be undone without too much effort.

Rachel looked around for any sort of tool which could help her. Down the dim corridor a ways she saw some lockers lining the walls. In such a sparse setting that was her only tool.

\*\*If my nipples would take a break once in a while, these stupid bells would probably just fall off on their own. Ooh, that’s so cold!

She had reached a locker and was pressing her chest into it. Her plan of action was ill conceived. Mashing her boobs against the locker door, she moved around for a bit in the hope that contact alone would be enough to dislodge the bells. All the while she tried not to think of the lewdness of the scene. The naked girl was rubbing her tits all over some random stranger’s locker right in the middle of her high school. If anyone found out about it, she would never live down the humiliation.

The stimulation and contact with cold metal made her more and more horny. If anything, her nipples got harder the longer she worked at it. The knots held firm. She needed more leverage; something to hold the bells in place so she could pry herself loose. It didn’t occur to her that slipknots only get tighter when you apply more pressure to them.

There was a vent grate half way down the locker about the same height as her belly button. If she bent over far enough her chest should barely reach. Time was still ticking by. And getting to the lamb was more important than personal comfort. She decided to give it one shot and move on if it didn’t work. Shuffling back a bit to get the right angle, she leaned way over and thrust out her boobs as far as she could.

She had to turn her face to one side and use her stiff nipples as feelers. She made a few minor adjustments to position the bells near a gap in the grate. Then she slowly dragged them upward.

“Ow!”

She felt her right nipple stretching as the line was drawn taut.

\*\*It’s just a little tweak, and a good sign. One of the bells must be pulling itself loose. Just one good yank and…

“YEEEOOOOWWWWCH!!! OH ^&#@!” Her chest felt like it had been struck by lightning. She wanted to dance around until the excruciating pain dissipated. There was only one problem. She couldn’t stand up. In fact, every direction she tried to move was met with resistance.

That last yank had caused the bell to snag on the grate. A good tug in the right direction could dislodge it. But that was asking a lot; seeing as the line was tied to her tender young nipple. Too stubborn to give up just yet, she made several valiant attempts to break free. She tried slow, steady pressure. She tried ripping it off like a band aid. But every attempt only caused more jolts until the pain was unbearable. Only being perfectly still gave her any reprieve. That bell was not going anywhere and neither was the unyielding knot. Her face was still plastered against the locker. She had arched her back to reach it in the first place. Now her back muscles were getting tired of standing like this. But relaxing them meant adding more pressure to her already taut anatomy.

Rachel finally admitted that she was trapped and out of ideas. She squeezed her eyes shut and tried to hold back the feeling of despair.

\*\*Oh God, what have I gotten myself into? Some lucky teacher is going to show up and see me like this. Or what if it were a student and this was his locker? Oh my God.

Though she was burdened with stress and the enormity of her predicament, the pleasure centers of her brain were having a field day. In the dark it was easy to imagine all kinds of fantastical scenarios. She had been walking naked past the same classes she attended every day of the week. It was a personal fantasy come to life.

Add to that the thought of some cute guy from class being the one to find her here. Rachel, one of the hottest girls in the school completely naked and exposed. Bound to his locker and unable to cover anything. Bent over at the waist with her boobs hanging down in front and her juicy bald pussy up in the air like some bitch in heat. It sent her system into overdrive. The moisture factory between her legs sprang to life and the surrounding nerve endings twitched with excitement.

At this point she would normally be massaging her swollen outer lips which were growing ripe with need. But not this time. Though her hands were so close to the epicenter, they could not assist. They might as well have been miles away for all the good they did.

Rachel whimpered; unable to hold back the onset of hormones. She could do nothing to help the process along; but neither could she stop it. Her body was progressing through the stages toward impending orgasm despite her lack of active participation. She wriggled where she stood as much as she dared; ever mindful that too much movement would result in more pain for her nipple yet unable to hold perfectly still while the hormones washed over her.

After a couple minutes Rachel was so sexually charged that, had her imaginary classmate appeared for real, she would have willingly turned her body over to him. After all, she was in prime mounting position and ready to go. She would have begged him to finish the job. It wouldn’t take much to push her over the top. One good thrust would bring her that sweet orgasmic relief her body so desperately needed.

But that boy did not appear. And without help, her body’s momentum eventually ran out short of the peak. Even without release, the exertion had taken its toll and she suddenly wanted to sit down. But she was still firmly stuck to the locker.

Sexually frustrated and physically defeated, Rachel stopped struggling and settled in for the long wait. But just as she was conceding that she would be stuck like this until someone found her, an unexpected event caused her to be freed…

**Part 15**

While she should have been wracking her brain for more ideas on how to escape, Rachel found it hard to focus. Her body kept trying to sit or kneel. But the grate was too high to allow that. Any attempt to relieve pressure on her straight legs put more pressure on her already stretched breast. The only option was to wait. Her pulse slowed. She yawned.

It wasn’t a yawn of boredom. Rather, standing still in nearly total darkness for several minutes reminded her that she hadn’t gotten any sleep last night. Many of her joints were stiff. She had to keep unlocking her knees for fear of passing out. Bent over as she was, her hands were higher than the rest of her body. Her fingers were losing the battle with circulation and falling asleep. The wait was excruciating; worse in many ways than the arousal.

Her erotic reverie had been replaced by a soul crushing weariness. The leftover hormones would take time to disperse. She would have used a mini-bate to mitigate such surges. But that remained impossible in her current state. The yearning in her loins had become a constant affliction in her life. It distorted her perception of the world. Sometimes its presence affected her decisions in obvious ways. Other times the effect was more subtle. But the backdrop was always looming over her. She forced it to the back of her mind as she had so many times before and tried to concentrate on escaping.

\*\*With my luck it could be hours before anyone comes down this particular hallway. I don’t know if I can survive that long. Even then they still have to figure out how to get the handcuffs off without keys. That will take even longer.

Her knees gave out for a second and she swayed off balance. She would have stumbled to the ground if the line attached to her supple breast wasn’t holding her up. Rachel cried out in pain and frustration. “WHY CAN’T I EVER CATCH A BREAK?”

Fate must have heard her. It answered her question with some good fortune in the form of the school bell.

“BRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGG”

Rachel jumped out of her skin as the deafening sound of the echoed through the empty halls. The jump was just what she needed to dislodge her roundbell from its vice and, just like that, she was free. Then she let out a deafening sound of her own.

It felt like her nipple had just been ripped from her body. Rachel danced and cursed; anything to ease the pain. Then for good measure she cursed the captain who had put the bells on her to begin with. She couldn’t see it in the dark, but feared the worst and kept waiting to feel blood running down her chest. But that didn’t happened. The pain slowly waned to a manageable level; allowing her to calm down and assess her situation.

\*\*You’re ok, girl. A bell ringing doesn’t mean anything.

The school bell was automated and probably scheduled not to sound overnight. She could deduce that it was probably now 5:00am. She couldn’t be sure though. School bells followed the periods which rarely exactly on the hour.

The sudden noise and subsequent pain had given her a jolt of adrenaline that mustn’t be wasted. Now freed from her locker prison, she was eager to put the whole incident behind her. Distancing herself from that spot was a good start. She had been walking briskly all along, but decided she could risk going a little faster even in the dark unfamiliar territory. The odds of crashing into furniture or another object were slim in barren, sterile hallways.

She set out at a slightly faster pace; twisting her hips in an abnormal gait somewhere between a walk and a jog. Any faster and she was afraid of losing balance. If she fell, it would be very painful since she had no way to catch herself. She was like a wind-up toy expending lots of energy for not much added speed. But speed was still speed.

Her bells went crazy. With her breasts bouncing all over the place, they sang out a joyful refrain. Anyone within a block would have heard her coming, but right now progress was more important than stealth. The only way she could go any faster was to hop like a bunny. And she wasn’t sure she could keep that up the whole way. But it was an interesting thought.

\*\*That’s probably what they expected me to do; hop all the way across the school. The lamb is probably not even a real person. Just a prop or something. I bet they’re all at the finish line waiting for me to show up all worn out and humiliated so they can laugh at me.

As the physical, sexual, and mental exertion took its toll, her acuity started to break down and paranoia set in. Lack of sleep can do that to a person. She grumbled to herself as she jogged.

\*\*…making me follow their trail like a trained animal. They’ve probably been watching me this whole time.

Suddenly she froze; half expecting to catch the kids snickering behind her back. But she heard only silence.

Despite the lack of evidence of a trap, it still concerned her that she was blindly following the path the captains had laid out. Could they really be trusted to get her there safely?

When Rachel reached the next crossroad, she stopped to think for a moment. She was more familiar with these parts of the school. It didn’t look the same in the dark, but she felt confident of where she was now.

\*\*The sticky says to go right. Why do they want me going that way? It leads through the atrium at the center of the school and past the principal’s office. I’ve got to be smart about this.

\*\*If I go left instead, I can circumvent the atrium entirely and come out on the other side.

She wouldn’t give them the satisfaction of trapping her. Rachel took the left hallway. As she neared the main entrance, she looked out through a wall of outer windows. The world outside was as inky black as the school inside with no signs of life in sight. It was a positive omen that she could still complete her task on time. Sunlight was her enemy. With it came all kinds of complications.

Rachel worked her way through some side corridors which ran parallel to the atrium. The going was slow and arduous. To conserve energy she alternated between her pseudo-jog and the halting wind-up toy shuffle. She had to carefully hop down a grand staircase to reach the door that led into the adjoining wing. Once she passed through that door, her journey would officially be more than half way complete.

Proud of how she had cleverly thwarted the captains’ plan, Rachel triumphantly shuffled to the door and turned her hip to push it open. But it was locked and refused to open.

\*\*What? No!

She checked every door down the line with the same result. Looking through a small window, she saw a sticky hanging from the exit sign. She needed to be in that hallway. Because she had only encountered unlocked doors so far, she had assumed they were all that way. That was not the case. The captains had used Coach Ron’s keys to unlock only the doors she would need. They did not allow for alternate routes. She could not get there this way. She slumped against the door, unsure if she could persevere after yet another setback.

But strangely, Rachel found clarity in that moment. Wrapped in all that flowery language about being a water warrior, Pip’s message to her had been one of humility and trust. She pondered that message and began to understand. Only now, in her time of utter helplessness, did she truly realize how important it was be able to rely on those with more ability. If she was meant to be one of the strong members of her swim team, she owed it to those weaker to stop acting in her own interest.

She should have trusted the captains to lead her to safety. But she chose to make her own way. The roundbells had been her burden to carry, but she tried to shun the responsibility by taking them off. And the result was more suffering. The path had been laid out for her from the beginning. Her instructions were to walk without questioning. There was no trap. There was no scheme. Only an innocent lamb. And a task that had been entrusted to her alone.

Rachel did indeed find clarity as she stood in that darkened hallway. The apparitions of her own design stopped haunting her. She had found peace in the journey. Unfortunately, she had lost a lot of time in the process. The price for her wandering still had to be paid. For her foolishness, the water warrior was condemned to suffer the rest of the way without her last form of covering. For in an instant the veil of darkness was taken from her.

The poor girl had taken no more than two paces toward the staircase when the lights came on. And the nature of her surroundings were suddenly transformed in very challenging ways. A new day was at hand for Thornwood High School. And the apparitions were about to become very real…

**Part 16**

When the lights came on Rachel froze more out of necessity than fright. She was temporarily blinded, and if she was caught she could not see to flee anyway. Soon enough her eyes adjusted and she looked around to see she was still alone. The clock on the wall caught her attention.

\*\*Finally, I can stop guessing at the time!

It read 4:50. That could mean the lights were on a timer like the school bell. But it was just as possible that an early morning worker had thrown a switch somewhere. Either way, it renewed her sense of urgency.

The captain had pushed her out the locker room a little after 4:00 and told her she had about one hour to complete her task. That hour was nearly spent. And because of Rachel’s misguided attempt to find her own route, she would have to backtrack all the way to the last sticky and go the right way through the atrium just to get back to the halfway point. At least her paranoia was gone. She no longer feared a sinister trap in the atrium.

There were other priorities than worrying about her captains’ scheming. Like the matter of checking for damage to her body. She looked down at her chest. Her right nipple was still there; throbbing and angry, but intact. Unfortunately the bell was still there as well with its knot tighter than ever. The persistent ache was dulled considerably. She attributed that to the circulation being restricted. When she was satisfied that there was no permanent damage, Rachel resumed her trek. She hopped up the staircase in earnest; her jingle bells calling out a glorious accompaniment.

Rachel had praised the light as a stroke of luck for allowing her to tell time. She soon came to regret that praise watching the cruel hands tick alarmingly fast. Each clock she passed reported another minute gone. It took one to get up the grand staircase and two more to traverse the first hallway. When she made it back to the main entrance, a full five minutes had elapsed.

Here the halls widened into a sort of foyer. It was quite a different scene with the lights on. No longer cloaked in darkness she stepped into a cavernous space where eyes from any direction would spot her in an instant.

The nightscape outside had changed as well with the distant glow of parking lot lights. Looking out the wall of glass she saw her first sign of life; the headlights from a car. As if it had been sent to spoil her good omen from earlier, the car slowed and turned into the parking lot. Rachel scrambled out of sight of the windows and didn’t look back.

She doubted the driver had spotted her from that far away. That was hardly her biggest fear. The reality was much worse. That car likely carried a school employee on their way to work. That person or persons would soon be walking into this very foyer. Rachel had to get out of sight and earshot before that happened. Otherwise they might be inclined to investigate the mystery jingling and track her down.

Without her exceptional physical conditioning, she would have long worn out by now. Hopping and walking in half steps is taxing work; especially when you can’t pump your arms for leverage. She wondered if they had burdened the lamb with similar obstacles. Or was he just sitting there in the art department waiting for her to show up?

The atrium was frequently used for impromptu assemblies and other meetings that didn’t require the full sized performance hall. There were stacks of chairs everywhere and a portable stage was set up at one end. Without the light, it would have been a minefield to navigate.

Rachel slowed as she came upon the administration areas. She peeked around the corner and verified that it was empty before venturing forth. All the lights inside were still off. She passed the receptionist desk and the principal’s office without incident.

At the far end of the atrium she found her next sticky. It pointed down the wing she had seen earlier through the locked door. A noise startled her as she entered the doorway. She identified it as the air conditioning system kicking on for the day. Just another sign that the school was slowly waking from its overnight slumber. At least the noise from the ventilation fans would help mask her movements.

Rachel made her way from the heart of the school. The stickies led her back into the maze of passages and annexes which would hopefully culminate in the far flung art department. She was wholly unfamiliar with this wing of the school and didn’t dare deviate from the path marked out for her.

She kept thinking the stronger than plastic ties around her ankles might stretch loose or fatigue from the constant pull and allow her to break free. But the nylon proved more resilient than it first appeared. At one point she came upon a wooden box with sharp edges. She thought she could apply enough force with her athletic legs by sitting down to maybe break the ties that way. She considered it, but had spent all her margin for experimentation on earlier endeavors. She could not afford to stop right now.

She entered the upper level science department. The walls were littered with complex physics equations and math comics. The classroom lights were off, but she could see LEDs from computers and other equipment blinking within. Rachel pictured the students who normally roamed these classrooms; scrawny, socially awkward nerds who would hyperventilate if a naked girl were to cross their path.

\*\*That yearbook nerd, Marvin Travinsky probably hangs out in this department. He would be creaming his shorts right now if he saw me like this. Well he’s seen enough to last a lifetime. I’m not giving him or any nerd a chance to ogle me anytime soon.

More and more signs of human activity appeared as she went. Every sound was a humiliating encounter waiting to occur; one misstep could mean the end her nude journey. The looming arousal came forward in those moments and steered her thoughts. Like some trashy novel, they wove sexual fantasies into her imagination.

She came upon low rumbles; trucks idling outside with their morning deliveries. It was reminiscent of her first naked romp through school. Where a delivery driver had almost caught her masturbating in the alcove out back. That same man might be outside right now. She had run from him last time, but a lot had changed since then.

The backdrop of arousal loomed large and sent her into a tizzy. She imagined the young man finding her in the throes of unquenchable desire and coming to her aid. He would rip off his own clothes to match her nude state and she would finally get her first up-close view of male genitalia. Her fantasy didn’t end there. She would eagerly bend over and turn her first look into a first taste. After a time he would extract himself from her mouth and move around behind her…

Lost in her imagination, Rachel came around the corner and nearly stumbled over a mop bucket on wheels. It was full of water but its operator was nowhere in sight.

\*\*Whew. Got to be more careful, girl. You almost let that one get away from you. One more step and you would…have…

The backdrop flared up again. This time her amorous partner was replaced with an inanimate object. The tip of the mop handle was sticking out mere inches from her pussy mound. It was just the right height and angle. More importantly, it was not imaginary like her delivery boy.

A spasm rippled through her vaginal muscles as she stared at the handle. Being unable to touch herself down there for the past hour had been agonizing. Like an itch you couldn’t scratch, the need for stimulation grew ever stronger. It took a lot of willpower, more than she would have ever imagined, to walk away. But when she had shuffled off to the next hallway she was glad she did not go through with what she was considering.

Endurance. That was the key. She prided herself with being able to endure hardship. She would rather take the itch with her than defile herself and her integrity on a stupid mop handle. Every step brought her closer to the finish line. She had carried her burden of arousal this long. She could do it a little longer…

**Part 17**

Rachel glanced at the nearest clock - 5:17. She had tinkled down so many hallways that they all ran together interminably in her mental map. But around the next corner was a sight for sore eyes; a poster on the wall advertising an upcoming art exhibit. That meant she was getting close to the art department. The show was titled “Rule Breakers – A celebration of artists who broke convention and changed the world”. The poster boasted of a traveling gallery of famous abstract pieces that would be shown alongside local and student submissions.

\*\*I never realized how much this school appreciated art. Look at that. They even give scholarship prizes to the best student pieces in the show. How do you win at art? I thought it was all supposed to be in the eye of the beholder. Whatever. Hmm, it’s scheduled for today.

Just then a door slammed. Footsteps echoed from around the last corner. They put the fear of God into Rachel. She was angry at herself. The stakes were too high for her to be stopping and reading posters. She heard a woman’s voice which was answered by another. Both sets of footsteps grew louder.

Rachel looked around for escape. The voices were coming up behind her. She took off down the hallway ahead. The corridor was long but curved to the right. If she stayed far enough ahead of the women, she could probably remain out of sight. But moving quickly sent her bells into a cacophony of noise which was sure to attract attention.

Rachel fled about half way down the corridor before pausing. She heard the voices clearer now. They were talking about her.

“See? It just stopped” one of the women said.

“So our current crop of students is not scary enough for you,” the other one teased, “now you’re hearing phantom sounds?”

“I’m telling you I heard bells coming from that direction. HEY! IS ANYBODY DOWN THERE?” she yelled. Rachel did not move a muscle; not even to take a breath.

“Oh, Margaret, I swear. One month into the school year and you’re already starting to crack. Maybe you should have retired last year after all.”

Margaret stood her ground. “I heard bells and I will prove it to you. Come on!”

\*\*Oh shit.

Rachel had to find a hiding spot quickly. One of the dark classrooms would have been perfect if she could get in. She moved as quietly as she could to the nearest door and turned around. She got a clumsy grip on the handle and was able to turn the knob. But as she expected, the door did not open. The wound up handle made a noise as she let go of it.

The footsteps stopped. Then a second later she heard them again coming with renewed haste. Fearing imminent capture, Rachel gave up sneaking and took off hopping down the hallway. All the classroom doors were probably locked, but they weren’t the only doors.

At the last moment before she was caught, Rachel came upon a door with a push bar and an exit sign above it. She charged through without hesitation. The exit led into one of the weird little courtyards which were sprinkled around the school. She quietly eased the door closed before retreating behind a nearby tree. It was still night outside and she was thankful for the temporary cloak of darkness.

Seconds later the two women reached the door. She saw them through a large adjacent window. They stopped and listened for a moment. Up to that point Rachel had left a noisy trail to follow. But they had reached the spot where it went cold. They started looking around for clues to where the noise had gone. At one point, one of the women opened the exit and poked her head out into the courtyard.

“Is anybody out here?” she called. She waited a few seconds then closed the door when she got no response.

Rachel saw the women through the window debating what to do. Margaret wanted to call security, but the other one wanted to drop the chase. Rachel silently thanked the other one for convincing her friend to give up and move on.

Only when she was sure the two women were completely gone did Rachel venture from her tree. Her happiness at escaping the close call was short lived. For when she returned to the exit, she discovered that there was no handle on this side of the door.

With her reentrance barred, Rachel turned back to face the courtyard looking for another route. The irregularly shaped yard was long and skinny. On one side it followed the curving contour of the hallway she had been walking down. A row of classrooms sat on the other side. Down the middle were cement park benches with picnic tables and the occasional tree.

A light came on at the far end of the courtyard. Rachel crept over to the nearest tree and watched through the windows at the back of the classroom. A teacher inside was unpacking his bag. He pulled out a laptop then sat down and started checking his email or something.

When he didn’t do anything else for a few minutes Rachel sat down on a bench and weighed her options. She had to accept that fact that, even though it was still pitch black out here, morning had broken inside the school. This was the third person she had encountered in a few short minutes and more were surely on their way. She was guaranteed to be caught if she didn’t get out of this courtyard. Unlike the one she had passed through, the doors on this side did have external handles. There was a chance that, since this courtyard did not open up to the outside world, they didn’t lock these doors at night. But the more she thought about it, the less likely that seemed.

\*\*I could just go up there and knock on his door. Throw myself at his mercy.

As she studied the teacher through the window, her deviancy surfaced. She had never seen this teacher before, but he wasn’t bad looking. Rumors existed about unnamed male teachers who responded to attractive female students. Perhaps she could persuade him to let her go without turning her in in exchange for a little sexual favor. She could even claim she had been waiting all night out here to seduce him.

\*\*Who knows? Maybe he has a thing for slutty bunnies.

But she knew the truth about rumors. Those stories never happened in real life. To proposition a teacher would land them both in serious trouble. Better to leave sex out of it; as much as a naked and tied and horny girl can.

Just then he stood up and walked over to the glass sending Rachel scurrying back behind a tree. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a pack of cigarettes. Rachel stood perfectly still as he opened the door and joined her in the courtyard.

The teacher must come out here regularly to smoke. Per his routine, he propped his classroom door open with a nearby rock and walked over to a certain picnic table. He didn’t notice her and assumed he was alone. Who would expect a naked girl to be out there in the middle of the night? He intentionally selected the most remote table just around the corner from his classroom and not visible from any of the windows. Then he sat down and lit his cigarette.

This was her opening. She had once read in a history book about a sniper in World War II. He would only move when the enemy lit a cigarette. The flash of the lighter flame would contract their pupils and affect their vision at night for a short time. He would use that time to get into position without being seen.

Rachel thought she could use the same principle on this teacher. There was a concrete partition blocking his view of the classroom door. She just had to get behind that partition before his eyes adjusted and then she could go through his class and get back on track.

If she was going to do it, she had to act quickly. Channeling her inner racer, she took a deep breath then launched from her hideout. Just like when she swam, her movements were fluid and smooth. She was singularly focused on getting through the open door and the path was clear. It would have been a perfect escape if not for her accursed bells.

“Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle!...”

The teacher stood in reaction to the sound.

“Hey, who’s there?”…

**Part 18**

The teacher instantly locked onto the movement. Being on a tobacco-free campus, his first reaction was fear of being caught with a cigarette. Until his eyes adjusted he couldn’t distinguish much about the shape, but he certainly heard the bells. It didn’t seem intent on busting him. Rather, the mystery shape was waddling like a penguin straight toward his classroom with all available speed. He was nearer to the door though and could easily intercept it. He made a critical mistake of extinguishing his cigarette before making his move.

When she heard him call out, Rachel’s survival instinct kicked in and she found another gear. With a high pitched squeal she did her nickname proud; bounding across the yard in a few large hops like a true jackrabbit. She got close enough for the glow from the classroom to illuminate her shapely figure. That’s when the teacher realized he was dealing with no ordinary intruder.

The woman was naked; that much was obvious. And not just naked, but stunningly beautiful. Hampered with shackles at her wrists and ankles, her body jiggled in all the right places as she hopped. But why was she hopping in the first place? And why was she jingling like a Christmas reindeer? The facts didn’t add up to any sort of cohesive explanation. For a moment he wondered if someone had replaced his cigarette with a hallucinogenic substitute. A thorough interrogation should help him get to the bottom of it and would be an enjoyable experience to boot. He moved to nab the streaker.

Rachel reached the doorway just before him. She glanced back to see the teacher coming up fast a few steps behind. She was giving him a nice view of her bare body and heaving bosom but she couldn’t help that. She could not outrun him, but that was no longer her intention. She barreled into the door and intentionally knocked loose the rock which was holding it open. Rachel turned away to hide her identity from the teacher as the door swung free and latched behind her with a crash.

“Hold it right there, young lady. Open this door. I want to talk to you.”

Rachel did nothing of the sort. She hopped away through his classroom at once; leaving him pounding on the door and yelling. Rounding the corner at the end of the hall she could still hear his racket. By the time the teacher had attracted assistance, Rachel was long gone. Unwilling to admit he had been outside illegally smoking, he claimed he had locked himself out of his classroom after coming outside for some fresh air. He didn’t mention being outsmarted by the naked bunny.

Rachel’s escape margin had been razor thin. Her heart was still racing when she got to the art department. How she crossed that courtyard so quickly was a miracle. She hoped he didn’t get a good enough look at her face to be able to recognize her in the future with clothes on. She didn’t have to worry about that. The teacher had been too busy staring at her shapely ass to notice her face.

The clock read 5:30. Her hour was long spent. If the slaughter was on a timed schedule, then her lamb was most likely already beyond help. But she could see the finish line now in the form of a large sticky hanging outside a classroom at the end of the hall. No point in turning back now.

On the way to the end of the hall, Rachel passed a double glass door. Looking out she saw only darkness. There were no more buildings out there. This was the absolute end of the campus. Beyond this point was nothing but empty land. The captains could not have sent her to a more remote part of school.

The last sticky was a welcome sight. It hung outside the largest classroom in the art department. The three previous classrooms on the right side the hall had actually been gutted of their inner walls and turned into one long room. This was useful for larger group instruction or artistic performances. But currently it was being used to store many of the art pieces for the exhibit.

The sticky had no arrow. Below the signature three wavy lines were her final instructions; a paraphrase of the cryptic speech she had heard ages ago back at the aquatic center.

“Your fate is bound. Water is your master yet it is also yours to command. Lower yourself before the lamb. There will you find salvation.”

In context, the message should not have been difficult to decipher. ‘Lamb to the Slaughter’ was a leisure activity after all. Its core was little more than an elaborate excuse to initiate an intimate rendezvous between two teammates. With some minor modification it worked equally well with a male or female lamb. What a fun way to build team unity!

Pip had provided hints in her speech: “A water warrior must be keen of mind and sound of body. That is all you should need to face the task ahead. Therefore that is all you shall be equipped with; nothing more.”

When they sent her out without tools or a stitch of clothing, Rachel should have caught on that her body was meant to be the equipment. And what a glorious set of pristine, mint-condition equipment it was! But she was either too naïve or unwilling to go there in her mind. Either way, she was caught totally off guard by the scene in that classroom…

**Part 19**

The room was dark just like all the other unoccupied classrooms. Not knowing what to expect, Rachel pulled the door closed behind her before feeling around for the switch with an elbow. The scene was unexpected to say the least. It was like she had entered must be the most eclectic collection on the planet; nothing like a typical classroom. I preparation for the art show, creative artifacts had been crammed into every available space from floor to ceiling. Without proper lighting and presentation the pieces looked like junk. Most were junk.

Rachel marveled at the scene. She was unsure how to proceed or even what to do. Then she heard a quiet scuffle from behind a pile. Following a narrow path to a clearing between the mountains of art, she finally came upon her objective.

\*\*The lamb is still here! That’s not Ellie.

The bare chest belonged to a man; a teenager to be more precise. By reflex, she moved to cover her nudity in his presence. But the resistance from her bonds reminded her that was impossible. It didn’t matter anyway, because he had a thick covering over his face and couldn’t see anything.

Just because she had found the lamb didn’t mean her job was done. The slaughter was still coming - but in what form? Her task wasn’t complete until they both arrived safely at the aquatic center. Rachel stood back and studied the situation before approaching. She had learned that every detail could be important.

The boy was on a small wooden platform just big enough to stand on. It looked like an overturned crate. A square post made of the same rough wood came up behind him at least six feet; almost to the top of his head. From the way his arms bent back, Rachel guessed his hands were secured behind the beam with cuffs similar to her own.

The aforementioned covering sat completely over his head like an overturned bag. A cord pulled the bag tight around his neck and was secured with a lock. The lock had three wavy blue lines painted on it.

Moving around beside him, yet still safely out of range, she verified that he was secured to the post. The only difference was that his feathers were black instead of pink and his fingers were not zip-tied. It wasn’t immediately obvious why they had immobilized her fingers and thumbs but allowed his to move freely. Knowing the captains, none of it was an accident.

The bag was just about the only covering he had. He was bare-chested and barefoot with a white towel around his waist. His shaved armpits indicated that he was a swimmer. It made sense that he would be a fellow member of the Thornwood swim team, but Rachel could not confirm that without seeing his face. His feet were tied to the sides of the crate with some rope keeping his stance wide.

\*\*Black cuffs, blue lock. What’s with all these colors? This doesn’t make any damn sense. He can’t move at all and I’m sure as hell not waddling all the way back to the aquatic center! All that nonsense about water and yielding isn’t going to get either of our handcuffs loose. They had told me my key was with the lamb. But I don’t see any keys.

The only other clue was a note hanging beside him. Rachel shuffled forward to get a closer look. Her bells made a little ‘tink’ when she did. The lamb shifted but remained silent. Rachel got just close enough to read the note.

Title: The Carrot is the Stick.
By: Anonymous
Medium: Performance Art

Curator’s instructions: This piece is to be displayed in a prominent section of the exhibition hall with good lighting. Transport it on a mobile cart in one piece. Leave the towel but make no other accommodations or alterations to the subject.

\*\*Oh my God. The art exhibit is the slaughter. They’re going to put him in an exhibit hall all day to be performance art in nothing but a towel. Oh wait. The sign said ‘leave the towel’. Does that mean?

A lump formed in Rachel’s throat. Something embarrassing must be under there and the captains mean for her to find. If her suspicion was correct, once she removed his towel she would no longer be the only naked person in the room.

Before going down that road, Rachel wanted to ask if he had any additional information that could help them or knew anything about the missing keys. Though she hated to reveal her identity, she spoke up.

“Uh. Ahem. I’m here to help you, but I can’t find the keys.”

“Mmmph. Mh Mphh” the lamb bleated out a muffled response.

A horrible reality dawned on Rachel. They had gagged him so he couldn’t explain to anyone that he wasn’t really part of the art exhibit! The sign did all the talking for him and it had been posted above her reach.

\*\*He’s not going to be much help finding the keys. Only I can save him. But how?

It all came back to his towel. The only thing she could think to do was investigate. It must be done. She moved closer and hooked her pinky over the edge. The tuck resisted at first as the boy tensed up. Then all at once the towel broke free and puddled on the floor.

\*\*Now what? If he is naked; I can’t just look at him. I am obliged to preserve his modesty.

Rachel’s sudden acute onset of honor was out of character. Ever since her sexual awakening, her attitude toward guys had been changing. She frequently pictured them naked. And now the opportunity had been gift wrapped for her. All she had to do was turn around and look. Yet still she hesitated.

\*\*It’s not right that I get to see him but he can’t see me.

She grappled with herself; saying she shouldn’t do anything without his consent. But he had been rendered unable to speak. How was that fair? Deep down she knew it was all just an excuse to stall. The truth was she was scared. Afraid to face the object of her lust and the pleasure it represented.

Pip’s words came to her in that moment. “You are strong, but you only act to protect yourself. Only when you are willing to lower yourself and give all for the sake of your brother will we count you as an equal among us.”

\*\*I should be practical about this. My not looking does nothing to preserve his modesty. It only protects me. If I don’t rescue him, he will soon have nothing left to preserve. We’re both naked and defenseless, but we’re not equal in this task. He’s just a lamb. I am the strong one. I’m the one who has been asked to give all for the sake of my brother, even if that means opening myself up to pain or embarrassment or…whatever may result.

If she didn’t turn around she might as well quit the team in disgrace. She couldn’t accept that. So steeling her will, Rachel took a calming breath then turned to face her fate…

**Part 20**

Like many public schools, art was a controversial subject at Thornwood. Violence and nudity in particular straddled the line between free speech and public decency. The art department was always pushing that line while certain staunch Bible thumping citizens of the community stood opposed. The school board was usually stuck in the middle of these fights.

The ‘Rule Breakers’ art exhibit became a flash point in the struggle. Scheduled months in advance, the traveling exhibit technically broke more than a few guidelines; particularly those regarding nudity in art. When concerned citizens demanded the school board alter non-compliant pieces to fall in line with the school decency rules, a minor scandal erupted. The art department countered by leveling claims of censorship.

The school board initially ruled that professional pieces may be shown unaltered, but kept the guidelines in place for student submissions. The art students, who were already riled up, revolted. They demanded the same consideration as the traveling exhibit. What good was a show about rule breakers if the lesson was that you must follow all the rules?

An uneasy middle ground was agreed upon. Student submissions containing full uncensored nudity were reluctantly allowed in sculptures, drawings and paintings. But it was decided that photographs or live performances involving humans must be covered. The board designated one member the unenviable task of regulating all submissions prior to the show. Creative students did what they do best; they got creative. They flooded the system with submissions which flaunted the definition of the word ‘covered’.

The board member tasked with policing the questionable submissions thought the whole thing was stupid. The few staunch opponents wouldn’t be caught anywhere near the art exhibit. What did they care what was going on there? Besides, who could tell which pieces were local and which were professional? They would all be mixed together on the day of the show anyway. He did his job for a few weeks until the public furor died down. No one even noticed when, one day, he quietly approved everything and washed his hands of the mess.

When Pip heard about the Rule Breakers show, she saw an opportunity. A friend told her she could easily slip a late submission into the show and even recruited some help designing and building the platform.

The severity of the slaughter varied in the games Pip’s father had told her about. Usually it was pretty mild. The lamb might be tied to a flag pole or something similarly embarrassing. The specifics weren’t important as long as there was an element of risk for the contestants.

In Pip’s version, if Rachel rescued Oliver in time, he would suffer no humiliation. But if she failed, his slaughter was particularly heinous. He would be turned into a live performance art piece for the rest of the day. Although the bag would hide his identity, the rest of his glorious naked body would be enjoyed by all attending patrons. As for the covering rule, Pip’s art department friends had the perfect solution: body paint.

Oliver had been ordered to the aquatic center at 3:00. There the captains apprehended him and took him to the art department where he was prepped to be Rachel’s lamb. His ‘costume’ was not simple in the least and required quite a bit of assembly. Every element had a purpose, from the color of his handcuffs to the towel right down to the sign stuck above his head. When they were finished, they left him with nothing to do but wait. By the time his rescuer arrived, he had been standing there for over two hours.

Rachel was not prepared for what she saw when she turned around. The boy was naked. That much she had predicted. Whereas previously his she couldn’t see below the waist of his towel, she now saw chiseled abdomen muscles that went all the way down to his bare privates. His pubic hair was completely shaved like hers; practically confirming that he was somebody on the swim team. He was well endowed with attractive anatomy that hung heavy on his tall swimmer’s frame.

There were two unexpected abnormalities. First was the color of his privates. They had been painted orange and black to look like a carrot; complete with green testicles to represent the leafy top. The second abnormality was a tiny thread wrapped around everything in an intricate spider web design. It crisscrossed itself in many places, but concentrated around the base of his penis where a black key hung.

\*\*That explains the title - The Carrot is the Stick. So is that my key? No, mine would be pink. That key must fit something black…like, his cuffs!

When she made the connection she exclaimed “A-ha” without thinking. The outburst surprised them both. The boy was obviously uncomfortable to be naked in the same room as a female. He struggled against his bonds and blushed; obviously distressed about his lost towel. The thread coiled around the base of his organ had kept him semi-erect, but now before Rachel’s wide eyes he gradually grew to full length.

If Rachel was attracted by his genitals before, she was positively enamored with them now. Getting to see his erect penis erased all reservations she had about preserving his privacy. She would happily stare at that all day long. Its function fascinated her like nothing else in nature could.

Eventually Rachel realized her mouth was hanging open and that she had been staring. She tried to swallow but her throat clamped shut and she gasped for air. Shaken out of her trance, she began to put the pieces together, though her gaze remained fixed on his growing member the whole time.

\*\*OK. So there are three locks (including the blue one around his neck) but only one key. His fingers have been free this whole time but he couldn’t reach the black key because his hands were secured behind the post. I have to get the black one off his p..ppp.penis and put it in his hands. I’m sure we could find some scissors or a knife in this mess to cut my zip ties.

\*\*But what about my cuffs? And where’s the key for the lock around his neck? Of course, the wavy lines! It’s near water! That must be the last part of the challenge. Once he’s been freed we have to go back to the aquatic center together to get the last two keys. But he’ll be blind so I have to lead him.

Rachel was wrong on a few minor points, but had the general idea close enough. She beamed thinking she had solved the riddle. Then she remembered that she was still responsible for retrieving the key from his penis. This time she was almost too eager to do her duty. Before jumping in, she briefly paused to wonder if he would approve of what she was about to do.

\*\*If the roles were reversed, and I was completely unable to defend myself. Would I want him touching my pussy to retrieve something that would free me? If it meant saving me from a whole day of naked humiliation, then, hell yes. As long as he’s just there to retrieve the key and not molesting me or anything.

\*\*Am I going to enjoy touching it? Sure. But I’m not doing it for that reason. Just be quick and formal about it. Grab the key and get out. It must be done!

Rachel spun around. Lining up her hands with the key, she slowly backed into the naked lamb…

**Part 21**

First contact caused Oliver to pull back in alarm. Rachel didn’t think it would have helped to warn him what was about to happen. So far talking had just made things uncomfortable. She would rather remain silent during this particular procedure.

Being already backed up against the post, he wasn’t able to retreat very far. Rachel inched back until she felt him again. She knew instantly that she had missed the key. What she landed on was warm and inviting to the touch and throbbed beneath her fingers. She wanted to savor the feeling and explore further, but willed herself to remain on task. So keeping a light connection with her pinky, she traced north then south along a thread until she found the center of the web where the key lay. Oliver was not cooperating.

\*\*If he would just hold still this would be much easier.

His organ seemed to have a life of its own; bobbing and flexing to keep moving the target out of her grasp. With only a few of her fingers free, maintaining a good grip was nearly impossible. She finally managed to get her pinky hooked around the base of the key. Not wanting to waste the opportunity, she shuffled forward thinking the line would either break or unravel as she went.

The key came forward with her. Thinking she had made a breakthrough after two steps, she ventured a stronger yank.

“Mrrr! Mmmooph” Oliver cried out in obvious pain. Rachel quickly released the key and turned around to find out what had happened. The web was deceptively woven. It turns out the key could not be attained without first unraveling the structure behind. Any pulling would only draw the sinister thread tighter around its prey.

Rachel was alarmed to learn that her approach hadn’t been working at all. Rather she had been dragging him along by his privates. Oliver was straining against his bonds with his hips thrust forward to prevent any more pain. The threads constricted his large balls and erect member. Rachel swooned.

\*\*He’s just as sensitive down there as I am. Poor guy. I’ve got to be more gentle.

She got back to work on the web; looking for any weakness or opening to exploit. She felt from the base of his stiff rod to the tip and back down. He penis was deceptively rigid beneath the soft outer layer of skin. Reminiscent of the pinnacle only warmer and more alive. She moved back down and traced threads all over his heavy sack; fascinated at how the balls inside shifted beneath her touch. She touched every inch of his genitals over and over without success.

After fondling him for several minutes, the only thing she had to show for it was an incredible stirring in her loins. The boy’s body seemed to be responding as well. His muffled protests became grunts of pleasure as Rachel’s tender foreplay released hormones into his system.

Time was ticking away. But the web remained unbroken no matter what she did. Rachel wracked her brain for anything that might help. Had the captain given her any more useful information?

\*\*Your fate is bound? Obvious and useless.

\*\*Water is your master yet it is also yours to command? No help there.

\*\*Lower yourself before the lamb. There will you find salvation? Hmm. It couldn’t hurt.

A closer look would help her see what was holding that web together. She wasn’t doing it to get a closer look at his penis; that was just a bonus.

The mood in the room changed as Rachel solemnly knelt and scooted near the target. The lamb heard the bells tinkling toward the ground and got real still as a warm breath landed on his jewels. This was serious business.

The boy’s long potent phallus stuck up and out; bobbing in time with his quick heartbeat. Rachel’s pussy twitched and she found it hard to tear her eyes away from the bulbous tip looming large in her face. Her handling had smeared the superb paint job, but it still mostly looked like a carrot.

On close inspection, she found the webbing rather coarse. Certain intersections were coated with a thicker substance that she guessed was incredibly strong glue. That was why she had been unable to unravel the web.

\*\*But why would they show me the key then make it impossible to retrieve? Unless…OMG.

Finally the captains’ true intention sunk in. They kept calling her a water warrior; saying “water is yours to command”. The glue must be water soluble. And her body was the only source of moisture around.

Rachel wanted to be offended that they would ask her to do such a thing; putting her mouth on his privates to retrieve the key. But she was too mesmerized by the prize before her to work up any sense of outrage. Carnal lust kept all grievances at bay.

\*\*It must be done. Don’t think about it. Just do it.

Oliver groaned when soft lips replaced soft fingers on his genitals. Heat radiated from the boy’s shaft onto her face. She nibbled at the center of the web right at the base of his long prick trying not to dwell too much on how it was affecting her own body.

But she made no more progress on the glue than she had with her hands. For Rachel’s mouth had chosen that moment to go bone dry. All the moisture in her body had fled between her legs. She was practically dripping down there.

Her canal muscles were going crazy. They flexed and rippled with arousal. Had she chosen to engage him that way, she would have snapped his carrot with one good spasm.

Undeterred despite her lack of progress, Rachel moved away from the key and attacked other intersections with greater enthusiasm. She gradually opened her mouth and for the first time brought her tongue out. One taste and she was hooked. He tasted incredible; not sweet, yet somehow the most delicious thing she had ever encountered. After all, bunnies do love their carrots.

As she sank into blissful enjoyment of the deed, Rachel forgot about her task. She was too busy exploring every inch of his mighty jewels with her mouth to worry about the key. The effort did slowly stimulate her saliva glands back into action; a fact she only noticed when she was licking her way up his rock hard shaft for the fourth time. The strokes of her tongue were soon accompanied by cute little slurps.

She excitedly moved back down with vigorous licks and coated his balls as much as possible. The lamb moaned and bucked with approval as she licked the green clean off his undercarriage. One by one the intersections broke loose and the web started to disintegrate. Rachel was almost disappointed when the key fell to the ground with a clang. She was having too much fun to stop.

With the key freed, she had no excuse to continue. But she was worked up and yearned to try one more thing first. She wanted to know what it felt like to have it inside her mouth. The opportunity was too good to pass up. Surely the lamb wouldn’t object.

She made the long journey up his shaft and found the bulging tip waiting for her. There was a tiny bead of moisture resting at the apex. Puckering her lips, she moved in to kiss it. And when she got there, she opened her mouth to receive it. Fireworks exploded inside her as the tip slid over her lips came in contact with her tongue. She intended to retract at that point, but it felt so good that she couldn’t pull herself away.

She stopped and savored the feeling but the lamb was too stimulated to hold still. After a few seconds, nature took over and he made an involuntary thrust. Being inexperienced, Rachel was surprised by it but didn’t resist as the hot poker pushed into her mouth. She opened wider to accommodate a bit more. She sensed that he wanted to keep thrusting, but her mouth was getting quite full by that point and he still had several inches of flesh wanting to come inside.

She thought she could use her tongue to politely expel the intruder, but her tongue had other ideas. Instead of pushing back, it danced wildly along the shaft as if welcoming it in further.

Oliver obliged the invitation and thrust again. Things were getting out of hand. For an instant Rachel felt very vulnerable and out of control. She was naked and on her knees performing fellatio on a massive and relentless intruder. But she had no reason to panic. She need only keep her wits, back away and gently extract herself. The keyword was ‘gently’. She didn’t want to move too abruptly and risk harming him.

Rachel’s noble desire not to harm Oliver was what ultimately doomed her. For just as she was making preparations to separate from him, two things happened that foiled her maneuver. In the blink of an eye, her pleasure turned to fear and she was forced to make a harrowing escape…

**Part 22**

The timing of Oliver’s next thrust was completely unintentional. How was he to know that that that moment Rachel was altering her oral embrace; a seemingly insignificant adjustment? Slackening her jaw, she opened her mouth wide so her teeth wouldn’t scrape him during extraction. The sudden loss of resistance caused his penis to penetrate to the hilt.

Simultaneous to Oliver’s grand entrance was the sound of a door opening and several people entering the room. Rachel’s eyes went wide as the foreign object hit the back of her throat. Her airway was temporarily cut off and this time she did panic.

Forsaking all pretenses of gentleness she thrashed her head around until she was free. She heard multiple visitors entering the room. Only silence on her part would avoid detection but her gagging made that impossible. She gasped and choked as they carried on their conversation.

“…move all this shit.”

“When does it start?”

“Hell if I know.”

“We’re going to need a lot of help. I’ll go get Jamie and Carlos.

“Bring the whole crew. They can get started on the other end. We’ll work from here and meet in the middle.”

The curators had arrived to transport the show pieces to the gallery hall. In this case the curators were school janitorial staff and the gallery hall was an auditorium that had been subdivided into a maze of corridors and smaller rooms.

Rachel sputtered on the ground trying to suppress her coughs.

“Is that you Mrs. Berringer?” The janitor sounded distant. He must have entered the far end of the room. A mountain of art separated them. Otherwise he would have quickly discovered his mistake. She wasn’t Mrs. Berringer.

“I told you we would take care of the moving. We won’t break anything, I promise. You didn’t have to come supervise…Mrs. Berringer?”

“UM, this is…Mrs. Berringer’s assistant, Mary.”

“Oh, I didn’t know she had an assistant. Nice to meet you, ma’am. I’m Harold. Do you need help? Hold on, I’ll come around to you.”

“NO! No. That’s ok. I’m just checking up on some things for Mrs. Berringer. Don’t mind me.”

“If you say so, ma’am. My crew will be here shortly. Just holler if you need anything.”

“Thank you.”

\*\*I have to get out of here, NOW!

Rachel couldn’t imagine anything worse than being caught naked by a bunch of school janitors. And worse, the coating on her lips made it obvious what she had been doing with Oliver. How could she face them in the halls after they had seen her in this compromising position?

Rachel was mostly worried about saving herself, but she did one last thing to help Oliver before fleeing. She bent over and plucked the key from where it had landed on the ground. Her bells tinkled as she scrambled to her feet. Stepping behind him she dropped the key from her mouth into his hand.

“Ran out of time. I have to go. I can’t let them see me like this. I hope you can escape with this key. I’m sorry….and thank you” she whispered into the bag where she thought his ear should be. Oliver didn’t respond. The coast was clear but wouldn’t be for much longer. Rachel turned away and left her lamb behind to fend for himself. She shuffled to the exit and scurried through the glass doors across the hall.

Oliver made quick work of his cuffs and untied his feet. Even blind he managed to find the towel and wrap it around him before the janitors arrived a minute later. He was wrestling with the bag on his head when they found him. Someone produced a box cutter and made short work of the bag. When it was removed, Oliver found himself staring at a crew of very confused janitors.

His next priority was to loosen the gag so he could talk his way out of this situation. When it was removed he expelled the pink key that had been in his mouth for the last few hours. He was sick of the metallic taste and glad to be rid of it.

Pip had explained most of the challenge to him. He knew they were setting him up to be a piece of art. A rescuer was supposed to arrive and bring him back to the aquatic center. Pip had inserted the key just before gagging him, but didn’t explain why. Since he was already freed, Oliver saw no use for the key and discarded it.

His quickly concocted story was half-way believable. He told the janitors that he was scheduled to be part of the art show and was here early to practice. He assured them everything was in order and that they shouldn’t worry about him. He could find his own way to the exhibit hall. The ones who spoke English translated it to those who did not. A few were skeptical. But absent any other reasonable explanation for his presence, they accepted it and let him go.

By the time Oliver got to the hallway, his unidentified rescuer was long gone. He started his trek to the aquatic center alone, but with an eye out for his partner. All in all, he could not be unhappy with how it turned out. He had avoided any major embarrassment and couldn’t wipe the huge grin off his face. He couldn’t be mad at the captains for putting him in harm’s way; not after how it turned out.

He hadn’t heard the girl’s last words to him. They were too quiet and muffled. The only part he made out was “I’m sorry”. Sorry for what? Her enthusiastic participation and bonus oral experimentation was the sole reason he would forever remember this day fondly; not to mention the sole reason for the raging boner in his towel…

**Part 23**

Outside the school, busses were idling in a line somewhere nearby; waiting to transport students to whatever activity had been scheduled that day. Keeping to the shadows, Rachel turned and went the opposite way toward darkness and away from civilization.

She rounded the end of the building but didn’t know where to go from there. A heaviness settled over her. She had abandoned her teammate and failed the challenge. She could not return to the aquatic center. Pip had made that clear.

The only hub of activity in sight was inside the school. Night still reigned everywhere else. She needed to keep moving, but wandering without a destination in mind would be disastrous. She was still naked and vulnerable. She wriggled her sore fingers. They had been clasped behind her for so long it felt like they were growing into each other. The zip ties that held them together showed no signs of fatigue.

She had to get somewhere safe. It didn’t take long to go through the list of possible destinations. Ellie’s house was closer than Eric’s.

“I will be at home if you need anything” had been her last words. Rachel certainly needed help. Ellie’s front door would be a welcome sight. But the zip ties binding her feet together made what would normally be a leisurely stroll into a grueling death march. And even if she hurried, she was not likely to make it before daybreak.

The blanket of night enveloped the naked pilgrim as she embarked from Thornwood proper and into the wide world. She steered well clear of the ominous building. The moon had set and the sun had not yet begun to creep around the horizon. This was the darkest part of the night; a feature for which Rachel was thankful.

She went generally downhill toward what eventually made out to be a tree line then turned and followed it to her right. Crickets chirping in the underbrush went silent as she passed. They were uncertain how to answer her jingling bells.

After a while she came to the football team’s practice field. The manicured grass was soft on her bare feet. She preferred it to the unkempt tree line. The terrain around this part of campus was terraced. She could not see the building from here, but she placed it just over the rise to her right.

A fog hung in the still air over the field; the evaporation of overnight watering. Rachel’s feet were soon coated with wet, fresh clippings. She didn’t mind. In fact she wanted to roll around in the stuff. She had been awake for nearly 24 hours straight. She could have laid down right there and fallen asleep under the stars with nothing except a blanket of grass and the gentle kisses of water vapor on her nude skin.

But that comfort would be fleeting. Summer was getting long, but the mist wouldn’t stand a chance come morning. The Labor Day sun would burn it away soon enough. She couldn’t rest until she got to Ellie’s house and was free of her bondage.

Angling down the next terrace, Rachel came upon a dry creek bed. This marked the northern boundary of campus. Doctor’s offices and other businesses lined the opposite shore. They were all dark at this early hour. The trees had ended and she was facing an open stretch of land for the next leg in her journey. The creek bed would have provided perfect cover, but it was too treacherous to navigate. Unable to balance with her arms and unable to spread her legs more than a foot apart, she would have stumbled over the first rock she came across.

There was a jogging trail with a bridge that crossed the creek. Rachel didn’t dare use it and risk meeting an early morning jogger. Instead she stayed up on the flat lands. It left her somewhat exposed but reduced the risk of a misstep. She kept her eyes peeled for others too. Not that it mattered much. She might be able to scramble down into the ditch in an emergency, but she didn’t relish the prospect of doing so.

She came to a fenced in area and was forced to take another right turn. She had hoped to find the road which bordered Ellie’s neighborhood. But the fence altered her route. The land within was used by the biology department for nature experiments and outdoor education. As she was following that fence to its end, she noticed the world around her taking shape. The black was slowly turning to gray and she could make out where she was stepping now.

She never noticed how much empty land there was behind the school. Over 15 acres in all, it goes on forever when you have to cross it at a snail’s pace. She was exerting more energy now because she was moving uphill. But she did finally find the end of the fence. The next field, used by P.E. classes, was not as well maintained. There were dead spots with no grass and places with gravel which were not very fun to walk on.

The sound of a vehicle first alerted her that she was nearing the road. Rachel came over a rise and saw the road as well as the Rising Star Bread truck out making its morning deliveries. Her relief at finding the right road was soon replaced with alarm when she realized she had been able to read the words on the side of the truck.

Dawn was approaching at an alarming rate. Ellie’s house was about two blocks into the neighborhood beyond the road. Rachel could never make it there before the sun rose. She doubted she could cross the immediate field without being noticed. There was no cover out there. It would only take one truck driver.

She had to get across this field and into the sleepy neighborhood before more trucks arrived. If there was any appropriate time to resume hopping, this was it. As soon as the truck was out of sight, she shot out across the field with wide eyes. As if to spite her, a headwind came up which made her feel faster than she really was.

Like the last lap of a track meet race, her bells rang out; spurring her forward. In 90 seconds she was half way across the field. Like any prey, a helpless bunny must always be on the lookout for danger. Rachel’s wide eyes scanned cross streets for any sign of approaching vehicles as she hopped like crazy through the barren field. She was less than fifty feet from the road when it happened…

**Part 24**

In the short time Rachel was hopping, the sky turned from murky grey to pale blue. Colors appeared everywhere. At her feet she saw brown clusters of dying weeds trying to hang on until the next rainfall. Across the street a purple patch morning glories was starting to bloom in a garden. With all this color, all she could think about was how brightly her pink skin would stand out to any passing motorist.

Just then an approaching car stopped at the intersection off to her right. Its blinker indicated its intention to turn down her road. Like any good bunny faced with an approaching predator, Rachel’s first thought was to go to ground. It took her a couple hops to slow her momentum and drop. Lying flat against the hard earth, she willed herself to become as small as possible. She couldn’t help her curved bottom or fluffy handcuff tail sticking up above the scruffy switch grass dotted plain.

Moving not a muscle, not even to breathe, she listened intently to the car driving past her position. She was at the mercy of the driver and prayed for no wayward glances in her direction. This time her prayers were answered. The car sped by without slowing. She waited until she could no longer hear the engine before struggling to her feet and darting off across the road.

The neighborhood brought comfort in the form of more hiding spots and less vehicle traffic. But it also brought new threats. Morning joggers or dog walkers could appear from any door. Her top sustainable speed was miserable. Even a little old lady in a walker could overtake her over the course of a block or two.

Fortunately it seemed these people had better things to do on a Friday before a long weekend than to scan the streets for naked teenagers. Rachel reached the end of the first street attracting no attention other than a stray cat’s.

She was now less than two blocks from Ellie’s house and could sense the finish line ahead. Her worn down body ached. The balls of her feet were bruised from so much barefoot hopping. Her shoulders were stiff and complained along with nearly every other joint. The fatigue was unlike anything she had felt before. She wanted to rest, but more than that, she wanted to sleep.

Rachel didn’t realize how much her guard had slipped until part way down the next street. She had been watching so intently for pedestrian threats that she didn’t anticipate a garbage truck. Whereas the bags had already been collected and the cans emptied on the last street, this one had not been visited yet. She should have noticed the full trash cans. Only after it appeared at the end of the street did Rachel make the connection.

Garbage collection crews like to work early in the morning and finish their routes before it gets too hot. When it comes to being on the receiving end of exhibitionist shenanigans, garbage men trail only mail carriers and pizza delivery boys. This particular driver had his share of juicy tales.

He loved to tell about a young couple on his route years ago. The husband traveled a lot for his job so the wife was in charge of maintaining the house. She seemed to be the typical bored and horny housewife. Why else did she always wear such skimpy nightgowns when her new husband wasn’t even around to enjoy them?

Weather she intentionally kept forgetting to take out the garbage or not, no one could say for sure. But it made those mornings much more enjoyable for the driver and his crew. Every week as the truck reached their house, the housewife would come flying around the side of the house dragging two trashcans behind her. And every week her nightgown seemed to get progressively smaller and more transparent. She always managed to blush at the garbage men sampling more and more of her hot young body. But the driver sensed a nugget of enjoyment under her feigned embarrassment.

One day, as he likes to retell it, when the truck reached the house the woman didn’t appear. On a hunch the driver slammed his brake pedal. The brakes squealed loud enough to wake the dead. Sure enough, a few seconds later the housewife appeared at the front door. She must have been in the shower, because she was only wearing a towel and her hair was all wet.

She apologized profusely and went to retrieve her trash cans from around the corner. She returned with the cans in toe. Her towel was flapping open in front and threatening to come completely undone. As an apology for delaying them, she offered to dump the cans into the truck herself. The crew stood back and watch in amusement as the barely clad housewife lifted one can at a time and emptied it. Her towel strained beyond its limits a few times and gave them more than a glimpse of the tantalizing flesh underneath.

While she was apologizing one last time, one of the crewmen pointed out that she had gotten a grease stain on her towel. Without missing a beat, the housewife yanked the towel off her body and tossed it into the truck.

“Guess I won’t be using that again. Thanks again, boys.” And with that, she turned and walked back into her house buck naked.

The driver swears that last part really happened. But over the years, his crew turned over and soon there was no one left to corroborate his story. After suffering ridicule for his ‘tall tales’ the driver took to carrying a camera on the truck with him at all times. That way he could capture proof the next time something like that happened to him.

He knew his day would come again. Horny suburbanites can’t resist the urge to be naughty. And when he turned the corner and saw Rachel standing there, he knew today was his day for vindication…

**Part 25**

Her game wasn’t clear, but she sure was. She stood on the sidewalk only a few houses away. She had no trash on her person; neither even the slightest hint of clothing. She kept her hands behind her; presumably so nothing would get in the way of her delectable naked body. Her incredible breasts were thrust out in front of her and she had flawless skin without the slightest hint of fat; a goddess made flesh.

She was looking in their direction but with a blank stare on her face like she was genuinely surprised to see them. The driver wanted to rush over and say hello, but couldn’t outpace his crew loading the truck behind him. He would get there soon enough. In the meantime, he grabbed his camera and zoomed in to snap a few pictures.

Rachel’s sleepy brain had let her down. Rather than hiding, she had just been standing there like a statue trying to figure out what was going on. By now the whole crew had noticed the naked lady. Her presence affected their performance and suddenly they were incapable of emptying a single trash can.

The camera flashes broke Rachel out of her stupor and kick-started her brain. Though it was humiliating to do so, she turned and hopped away between the two closest houses. Better that than stick around while they moved ever closer. She doubted they would chase her. They were on the clock and probably under strict instruction not to harass customers regardless of their state of dress.

As she expected, they garbage men didn’t follow her. They went on down the street doing their job like it had never happened. Nobody would have believed such an outlandish story about a mysterious naked bunny. But the driver had his vindication in the form of more than a dozen pictures. He would make sure his proof hung in the break room for a long time to come.

Other than the humiliation of being seen naked by a bunch of grungy men, Rachel was unharmed. There were no fences between her and the end of the street so she stuck to the backyards for a while. The little detour wasn’t so bad and probably safer than the street.

She moved through several backyards without encountering any major trouble. One household had started to stir. When Rachel peeked in the windows she saw kids inside watching TV. But their backs were turned away and they didn’t see her sneak past.

The backyards on Ellie’s street were fenced in so Rachel returned to the front for this final leg. As exhausted as she felt, she got a surge of energy when she saw Ellie’s front door. She trudged up the steps and rang the doorbell.

Her friend was there in an instant. Ellie had been waiting all night for news, too nervous to sleep. She took one look at the poor girl and broke down crying.

“Oh, Rachel I’m sorry! I’m….I’m so sorry! They wouldn’t let me warn you….”

“Don’t apologize. It’s not your fault.”

Ellie brought Rachel inside and commenced at once to undoing her entrapments. Rachel gaped at how easily the zip ties were defeated with a simple snip from dull scissors. And just like that the cruel binds that had long encumbered her feet were no more. She relished being able to climb the stairs to Ellie’s room without resorting to hops. The balls of her feet thanked her as well.

Rachel’s fingers were similarly freed with a simple snip. She flexed and worked the movement back into her knuckle joints; glad for the return to normal manual dexterity. The handcuffs were another matter. Scissors were no match for steel. Only the original key would help there.

Though they were both very tired from being up all night, Ellie buckled down to figure out what had gone wrong with the key. Her frequent yawns were contagious and it took a while to get through the whole thing. Nonetheless, she got Rachel to recount the whole story in detail starting at the locker room. Rachel did her best but skipped over a couple of the more embarrassing parts, like her naked in school fantasy and the smoking teacher. And she modified the part with the lamb so that his key was around his neck instead of his penis.

Afterward Ellie peppered her with questions. She wondered aloud if the key had been placed somewhere else and Rachel had just misunderstood.

“The captain said the only key to my cuffs was with the lamb” Rachel insisted, “but I never saw one. I’m telling you!”

She slumped to the bed with a jingle. Her bells had become part of her by now. She almost forgot they were there.

“Can you get these stupid bells off?”

Ellie rushed to her aid. A cursory inspection revealed the right threads to pull. One pull in the right place loosed the knots and the bells clanked to the ground. She was free of them but not yet fully rid of their effects.

“ow, ow, OW, OWWWWW!” Rachel jump off the bed and danced around the room as the circulation returned to her nipples. The constricting knots had dulled her nerves. But the blood rushing back into her capillaries brought the sensation back along with a lot of pain. It was enough to make her forget about the balls of her feet.

While her nipples burned, she begged and pleaded for any sort of relief. Once again Ellie provided the helping hand in her moment of desperation. She did the only thing she could think to do. Ordering Rachel to hold still, she rubbed the soreness from her friend’s chest. Rachel allowed Ellie to massage her nipples through the worst of the pain. It’s what she would have done to herself had she been able to reach.

Seeing Rachel in such pain angered Ellie. Rachel didn’t deserve such punishment.

“In the morning I’m going to track down Pip and make her tell where the key really is. And I will not rest until I’ve found it. I promise you.”

Rachel was touched by her friend’s vow. But she reminded Ellie that it was already morning and suggested that they would both feel better after a short nap. Ellie reluctantly agreed through another yawn. She had thrown on some a robe to answer the door. Before flipping the light switch she stripped it off to reveal that she had been naked underneath all along; a fact which didn’t much surprise Rachel.

With the lights off it was dark enough in the room that they should have no trouble sleeping. The tiny twin bed had little room to spread out. But sleeping with a snuggler like Ellie made it a moot point. Rachel lay facing the room; the only appropriate arrangement for two naked girls. But Ellie would have none of that. At once two arms came around to embrace Rachel from behind and resumed rubbing her breasts in earnest.

The pain had subsided for the most part but the massage did seem to help the dull throb which persisted in her nipples. Pip’s knots had really done a number on them. Ellie’s breast massage left no spot untouched. She was as eager as she was thorough. She had been so helpful and Rachel didn’t want to be ungrateful. So she kept her mouth shut and let the work continue. Her tension unwound and before long she was nodding.

“There’s one thing I still don’t understand” Ellie whispered in her ear just before she had fallen completely asleep. “Why are your lips green?”

Rachel was thankful that the dimmed room hid her furious blushing. She had not told Ellie about that part. She was still processing it in her own mind. She was tired and didn’t feel like fielding the many questions Ellie would surely have.

“I don’t want to talk about it right now” she replied. And with that she fell asleep thinking about her lamb…

**Part 26**

“So, what’s Rachel up to today?”

“I don’t know. I haven’t seen her since yesterday. Am I her personal secretary?” Eric had long tired of Tommy’s infatuation with Rachel. Not that he could blame him. She was among the most attractive girls in the school. And Eric knew for a fact that Rachel had a thing for Tommy.

He had been opposed to that sort of relationship from the start. He even actively tried to keep them apart. But when nothing developed after a while, he stopped caring about it. If Rachel really was interested, she sure had a funny way of showing it. She avoided Tommy at every opportunity and said little more than a few words to him when they were together. At this point Eric would rather they just hook up and get it over with.

“Chill out, dude. I just thought we could hang out. I’m bored.”

\*\*It’s not even 7:00 yet and he’s already bored.

“You’re always bored” Eric complained. “All I know is she’s not here. I think she went to some swim thing. They have meets, like, every weekend.”

Tommy went silent for so long that Eric thought the phone call had dropped. Then the voice was suddenly back and very animated. “AWESOME! Dude, you’re not going to believe this!”

“What? You finally found your dick?”

Tommy was too excited to answer the insult. “I just got an email from Ultimate War. I’ve been approved to test their upcoming MMO! They sent me two beta keys to UW: Online. I don’t have to be at work until this evening. I’ll send you one of the keys so we can play it together!”

“I can’t. My laptop is fubar.” The mention of computers was a sore subject for Eric. “And our downstairs computer won’t be powerful enough to run it.”

“What happened to your laptop?”

“I don’t know. I think it got hit by a virus. The OS is totally scrambled.”

“Man, that sucks. Well I’m downloading it now if you want to come over and watch.”

“I might stop by. Later.”

Eric hung up the phone then studied his laptop. The last thing he had downloaded was a corrupted portion of the movie De Pussifier Kronieken. He had repaired the .avi file and watched the fragments. But to his disappointment, he had salvaged no actual scenes of the Pussifier in action, only references to it. It was not enough proof to take to Rachel yet.

Then the virus struck. Other than the files he had on an external hard drive, Eric had lost everything; including his substantial porn collection. Nothing makes a teenage boy more grumpy than that. The timing was all very suspicious. Strange things had been happening while he gathered evidence. Information went missing as if someone was scrubbing the Internet clean even while he searched.

On the walk to Tommy’s house, Eric seethed. He couldn’t shake the feeling that someone was taking advantage of Rachel. If anyone knew the truth it had to be her swim coach. When he got to Tommy’s house, Eric kept walking. He wasn’t in the mood to watch Tommy play the Ultimate War: Online beta. He wanted to go up to the school and confront the coach. Even if he wasn’t there today, Eric might be able to find more evidence to bring before Rachel.

The aquatic center was unlocked even though school was out for the day. Eric half expected to see the team practicing but the pool sat unused. The first person he encountered was a very happy boy named Oliver.

Oliver had reached the aquatic center a little earlier and found his clothes waiting for him in the locker room. Before dressing and going home he jumped in the shower for two reasons. First, Oliver wanted to wash his carrot. Rachel had done a pretty thorough job removing the green paint, but patches of orange remained. Rachel was the second reason for the shower. A few quick strokes took care of the pent-up ardor her mouth had generated. He was so aroused that he came again at the tail end of the long shower. She had been that good.

Eric ran into Oliver as he was leaving the locker room. “I’m looking for the head coach. Is he around?”

“Coach Ron? I doubt it, but his office is over there.” Oliver pointed at the opposite door.

“You’re kidding, right? I can’t go in the girls’ locker room.”

Oliver yawned. “Suit yourself. I’m going home.” He was spent and ready for a nap.

Eric checked the boys’ locker room after Oliver left but only found the office of an assistant coach. Then he made a complete circuit of the aquatic center. There were no other offices. The girls’ locker room was the only place left that he hadn’t checked. Perhaps Coach Ron’s office really was in there.

Boys were generally prohibited from such places. It would be bad news if he got caught snooping around in there; especially if someone was changing or showering at the moment. To claim that the other boy had tricked him was a thin defense. Still Eric was willing to risk a quick look around if it meant getting to the bottom of the Pussifier/Pinnacle mystery.

He stepped into the locker room and, sure enough, the first thing he saw on the door to his right was a plaque which read “Ron Lutheford – Varsity Head Coach”. The door was ajar and the lights inside were on. Jackpot!

Eric knocked on the door and called out “Coach Lutheford?”

He was surprised to be answered by a female voice, “He’s not here right now. Who are you?”

Eric stepped into the doorway and saw another surprise. A fellow student was sitting in the coach’s big office chair.

“Pipsqu…I mean, Katie?”…

**Part 27**

Eric knew Katie from around school. She was relatively popular and not bad looking to boot. Eric used to tease her years ago about her nickname. He called her Pipsqueak. He also knew she came from a big swimming family but never bothered to make the connection that she would almost certainly be one of Rachel’s teammates.

Katie knew Eric too, though they didn’t have any classes together this year. The school was big enough that the circles they hung around in didn’t intersect much. She held no ill will toward his childish teasing from long ago.

“What do you want, Eric? You’re not allowed in here.” Pip sat with her feet on Coach Ron’s desk looking at a book.

Eric relied on his sharp mind to formulate a response. Verbal sparring was his specialty. “I am too allowed in here. I have an issue that I need to discuss with Coach Ron. It’s about Rachel.”

Pip sat up and hid the book in her lap he said that “What about Rachel?”

Eric noticed that she seemed nervous and used that to his advantage. “It doesn’t concern you. Maybe I should ask what you’re doing here.”

His confrontational words made her bristle. “I’m the team captain. I have every right to be here” then she added with obvious worry in her voice “if anything happened to Rachel, I…I should know about it. Maybe I can help.” If something had gone wrong with Lamb to the Slaughter, she could be held responsible.

Pip was acting strange all of the sudden. Eric studied her; wondering if he could trust her with the information about the Pinnacle. He knew he was in the right. But what good was truth that only existed in his mind? It would help to share the burden with someone. He couldn’t make accusations without proof.

“It’s about…her uniform. Particularly the Pinnacle.”

Pip nodded but said nothing. She was still thinking about her little game. So Eric tentatively continued, “I don’t know how to say it. But I’ve seen it somewhere else before. Only…it wasn’t a swim uniform. It was a…HOLY SHIT!”

Just then Eric’s eye caught sight of the device on Coach Ron’s shelf. It was all black and contoured like some futuristic gun or Star Trek phaser. An analog dial, three big buttons and a touch screen were the only controls.

Eric recognized its unmistakable styling immediately. It was a Pussifier remote control. He had laughed aloud when it first appeared in the porno. It looked exactly like a bad movie prop. There was no valid reason that the swim coach would possess such a device. His proof of a conspiracy had been sitting on that shelf staring him in the face all along.

Eric directed her attention to where he was pointing. “That’s a remote control for the Puss-I mean Pinnacle! Only it’s not really a Pinnacle. It’s…complicated. I tried to tell Rachel, but she doesn’t believe me. I need that remote to prove it to her before it’s too late.”

Pip eyed him suspiciously while questions flooded her head.

\*\*How does Eric know all this? And how does he know Rachel? Why does he even care so much? If it’s not a Pinnacle, then what is it? And why does it have a remote control? More importantly, how can I use this to my advantage?

She did not yet understand it all, but one thing was obvious. She couldn’t allow that remote to walk out the door. She came up with some stalling questions while she did a little thinking of her own.

“How is it you came to learn so much about the Pinnacle? If this remote is so dangerous, why should I let you have it? And why do you care what happens to Rachel?”

“Rachel’s my friend. She’s been staying with us until her family can find a more permanent place. And the Pinnacle is…well, like I said, It’s complicated. Now that I have proof, I can take it to…well, I don’t know who to trust yet. But somebody. So either help me or get out of the way.”

Eric had tired of the grilling and took action. He made his move but Pip reacted faster. She jumped up and grabbed it just ahead of him. When she did the book slid off her lap onto the floor.

“Relax, Eric. I’m on your side. There is an easy way to test your theory. Rachel was here earlier and I sent her out on an errand. I expect her back any time. Until then the Pinnacle happens to be in her locker. I don’t know why it matters so much, but I guess I can help you out. If what you say is true, I should be able to tell pretty quickly.”

“Fine,” Eric didn’t fully trust Pip but he agreed, “but let me come with you.”

“I’m sorry, Eric. You really shouldn’t even be in this office without permission. I can’t let you go any further inside the locker room. Go wait outside. Don’t worry. I’ll be right out.” Pip’s sweet words were practically dripping. But she had the upper hand. Eric had no power here. He reluctantly agreed to wait outside for the results of her test.

Earlier Pip had found the pinnacle while rummaging through Rachel’s backpack. Like any sexually developing female, the phallic device intrigued her. She’d inspected it, but had not gone as far as actually trying it out. She reached Rachel’s locker again and pulled her Pinnacle from its case. She laid it out on the bench then pressed the power button on the remote.

The LCD display flashed the words ‘BysCo’ then a row of icons appeared across the top. Next to a home button in the top corner was an image of linked gears. She guessed that to be a configuration or customization menu. Beside that was a red circle. As she watched, the circle turned green and the words ‘connection established…calibrating’ flashed on the screen. Next to the circle were indicators for signal strength and battery life. Both showed full bars.

Pip waited a moment until the words ‘calibration complete’ appeared. Then six new words filled the screen: Inflate, Vibrate, Timer, Program, Reset, Help.

\*\*Inflate? Vibrate? How kinky! Well, here goes nothing.

She tried the first button: Inflate. The screen went blank and then a gauge appeared with plus and minus buttons. The gauge was labeled 0% - 100%. Pip pressed the plus button. She should have expected the Pinnacle to spring to life, but was still a little surprised when it actually did. A tiny internal servo pump slowly drew air inside. The device grew erect in all the anatomically correct places; almost organically. By 35% it had nearly doubled in length and was starting to add girth. Pip had seen enough. She reversed the button and let it deflate back to 0%.

\*\*It’s a freakin’ penis. It must drive Rachel crazy to wear this to practice every day. And according to Eric she is clueless about this remote.

Though she didn’t know how yet, Pip sensed it advantageous to keep the knowledge to herself. She was in no mood to help Rachel and could care less about Eric.

“Sorry, it looks like you’re mistaken. I tried all the buttons. Nothing.” Outside she broke the false news to Eric.

“Are you sure? Let me try it. Maybe you missed something.”

“Look, Eric, I’m a captain. It’s my responsibility to protect my team. I promise I won’t let anything bad happen to her. Trust me. If anything comes up, you’ll be the first to know. What’s your email address?”

Eric left his email address and went home empty-handed. Pip returned to the locker room and resumed reading the book that had put her in such a sour mood to begin with. She had found the box in Coach Ron’s office earlier. It was a delivery of the Thornwood yearbook fall supplement fresh from the printers. Flipping through a copy, Pip was appalled and angry at the content.

Because the regular yearbook came out in the spring, the fall supplement was meant to showcase organizations and teams that had competed in the fall semester. Football usually made up the bulk of it, but this year there was supposed to be a big section highlighting the aquatic center upgrades and new equipment. Pip would normally have been happy about that. Any exposure to the program was a good thing.

But exposure is one thing. This was practically pornographic. Nearly every page had a different picture of Rachel in her uniform working out a piece of equipment. Marvin Travinsky had technically followed the instructions not to show her face, but he didn’t hold back when it came to showing any other body part. In the middle was a big centerfold style picture of Rachel standing beside the pool with the caption ‘Varsity swim captain shows off new uniform’.

\*\*Oh great! Now they’re calling her a captain. Wait a minute. Why should I be upset? Come Tuesday these books will be all over the school. What a scandal! Well, if she wants to be the face of the program then here’s her chance…

**Part 28**

Rachel woke after a fitful night of sleep. Rather, she fought to stay asleep. She kept her eyes shut tightly as if that would be enough to prevent the onset of consciousness and prolong the fantasy. The past few hours had been sheer bliss. Vivid erotic dreams had kept her squirming beneath the sheets as she slept. Those same sheets had been discarded at some point and now lay in a tangled heap on the floor. Who needs linen when you’ve got limbs and body heat to keep you warm?

A pair of hands, not her own, hugged her bosom. Her own hands were…where were they?

\*\*Buried. Some place warm and soft. What a nice dream.

It was a foreign yet somehow familiar place. In her sanguine state Rachel felt an irresistible urge to explore. She moved her fingers around and was rewarded with a soft moan. Everything she touched felt wonderful. Through continued exploration she found an opening and slipped a finger inside.

“Mmm. You’ve been teasing me all night,” a sultry voice said “finally decided to come in?”

Thighs parted to allow her to go deeper and then the squirming began; like a worm and her finger was the hook. The squirming continued for some time followed by a tighter squeeze for a few seconds along with quick breaths. And then it stopped.

“Mmm, number three for me. Ready for your turn?”

One hand found a nipple while the other began to slide down Rachel’s stomach toward her bald pussy.

“No. It’s not right. You’re a girl.” Rachel answered her imaginary dream partner; a hypocritical objection seeing as she was two knuckles deep in the other’s moist folds.

Nonetheless the hand obeyed; stopping just beyond the reach of her outer lips while its pair playfully pinched and tweaked its stiff captive.

“One time doesn’t make you a lesbian. What’s wrong with being an equal opportunity enjoyer?”

A particularly strong pinch sent pleasure radiating out over her breast. This was one of the more vivid dreams Rachel had ever experienced. At least that’s what she thought. A distant voice woke her enough to feel the stiffness in her shoulders once again. A little stretch would make it easier to enjoy the massage. But when she moved to adjust her posture, her arms did not respond.

\*\*What’s going on here?

Then the last night’s events came flooding back. Rachel opened her eyes wide to the sight of midday sunlight streaming through the blinds. She was suddenly very aware that her anonymous partner was not anonymous and that her hands were nestled between Ellie’s thighs. She retreated her wet fingers as far as her cuffs would allow. Not far enough for comfort with the girl’s spread legs encircling her waist.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to do that” Rachel said quickly.

“Sorry for what? That was amazing. At least let me return the favor. You were moaning all night. I know how bad you need it, Rachel. It won’t take long.”

Ellie slipped a little lower and Rachel started struggling.

“STOP! No offence, just…let me up.”

“Fine. Don’t say I didn’t offer.” Ellie untangled herself which freed Rachel to roll over and sit up. Just then a voice called from downstairs.

“ELLLLLLIEEE. Time to go.”

“Oh my gosh, my dentist appointment. I overslept.” Ellie sprung out of bed and ran to her closet. “Don’t worry Rach. It’s right next to the school. As soon as I’m done, I’ll stop in and try to find Pip or your key.”

Rachel was still thinking about where her finger had just been. “You can’t tell anybody about this.”

“Chill out, Rachel. Who would I tell? It’s our little secret.” Ellie emerged wearing a bra and panties and with the rest of an outfit in hand. Her mom called again and Ellie answered that she’d be right down.

“Just stay up here and no one should bother you. I’ll be back as soon as I have the key.” Ellie took one last look at Rachel’s pointy nipples and added “If I was as horny as you are right now and unable to touch myself, I’d go crazy before too long. Think about my offer. I bet you’ll be singing a different tune by the time I get back. Bye, Rach.”

Rachel sat on the edge of Ellie’s bed for some time after she left, unable to process what had transpired in the past few hours. She had fondled a boy’s penis. That alone was pretty amazing. But then she had licked it all over and even taken it in her mouth. The experiments didn’t end there. Apparently she had given Ellie not one, but three orgasms while they slept.

What did she have to show for all these new sexual escapades? Throbbing nipples, an unfulfilled pussy and some sticky fingers.

\*\*Ugh.

Ellie was right about one thing, though. Left alone in private with plenty of free time and nothing but her own body to entertain her; Rachel would give anything to be able to touch herself right now. But her handcuffs kept everything worth touching hopelessly out of reach.

She looked down at her aching nipples and wondered if they were fated to remain engorged like that forever. She could rub them against the mattress but that would probably just frustrate her even more. Instead Rachel risked a dash across the hall into the upstairs bathroom.

She took care of bodily functions and was able to climb up onto the sink backward to reach the faucet. While she was washing Ellie’s lingering essence from her hands, she stared at the bathtub. It reminded her how sweaty and dirty she had gotten trudging across the fields behind the school.

\*\*Might as well take a shower while I’m waiting. Ooh, that’s cold!

The only way to adjust the valves was to stand directly in the path of the oncoming water. She endured temperature swings from ice cold to scalding before she got it comfortable.

She couldn’t use her hands to scrub or apply shampoo, but the water pressure was decent and adequately soaked and cleaned her body and head. She turned around and around letting the hot shower melt the knots in her muscles. She even opened her mouth and rinsed the green paint off her tongue.

Before long her attention was once again focused between her legs. For weeks she had ended every private shower with a mini-bate. Today she had to settle for aquatic stimulation. She backed up to the opposite wall and stood on tiptoes so that her mound was directly in the path of the spray.

The tempest pelted her to create a nice vibrating sensation. But as usual, her body was greedy for more. She strained and stretched; thrusting her pelvis out for maximum effect. But no matter how she stood, the angle was wrong and lacked the force to stimulate anything deeper than her outer lips. After a while she gave up and turned off the water.

Drying was a chore. Rachel racked a towel she found in the cabinet and rubbed up against it to get most of her body dry. Her hair would have to drip dry. She considered taking the towel with her to Ellie’s room. But it was only across the hall and she wouldn’t be able to secure it very well. So she left it hanging and scampered back without it.

Rachel passed the time much like she would on any lazy afternoon. She waited by the window for what seemed like hours expecting Ellie to show up any minute. When she tired of that, she lounged on the bed. But she wasn’t tired and soon started to explore her confines.

Being nude, her territory was limited. She waded through the untidy stacks of strewn clothes in Ellie’s walk-in closet. She couldn’t hope to wear any of the shirts; not while the handcuffs remained in place. She perused the skirts to see if she could squeeze into one. Ellie had breasts, but the rest of her body had not yet begun to develop beyond childhood. Any of her skirts would either too tight or too skimpy to be of any use to Rachel.

The wait was agonizing. By late afternoon her stomach complained that she hadn’t eaten anything all day. Since Ellie hadn’t returned she considered sneaking down to find food. The house was empty for all she knew. But it wasn’t worth the risk. She was glad for that decision when just then the family car returned.

\*\*Urgh! Where is she?

Ellie’s mom and brothers piled out but Ellie was not with them. Noises from activity picked up downstairs as they entered the house. She heard a TV turned on and plenty of foot traffic. But as Ellie had promised, they didn’t bother Rachel. Just to be safe she double checked the lock on the door before returning to lounge on her perch by the window.

In her boredom Rachel must have dozed off, because she was surprised by the knock at the door some time later. It was Ellie’s mom come to check on her.

“Rachel? Are you in there?”

Rachel jumped up and ran to hide in the closet as if Ellie’s mom intended to burst through the door and see her.

“Yeah, do you need something?”

“Actually, I do”…

**Part 29**

“She mentioned you had a late night and are resting up” Ellie’s mom said through the door. “Are you recovered?”

“Yes. I’m much better now, thanks.” \*\*Except I’m naked and cuffed. But just peachy beside that\*\*

“Good. Well, I don’t mean to bother you, but I’m in kind of a pickle. I am supposed to pick up the fall vegetables for our garden before the nursery closes today. If I don’t get them planted today, we will have to wait until next Saturday. I’m afraid that will be too late in the season. Ellie told me she would be back by now, but something must have kept her. Would you mind terribly watching the boys for a little while?”

Rachel didn’t know what to say. She couldn’t babysit Ellie’s brothers while naked and in handcuffs. But she couldn’t very well refuse either. She had just said she felt fine. So to claim sudden onset of sickness would arouse suspicion.

“I, I guess.”

“Oh thank you! They’re watching cartoons and should be no trouble. Just keep them from killing each other or destroying the house. Help yourself to a snack if you like. I will be back around dinner time. Thanks again.”

As Rachel watched the car pull out of the driveway from Ellie’s window, a sense of foreboding fell over her. She peered down the street hoping to see her friend strolling down the sidewalk. But Ellie was nowhere to be seen.

\*\*OK. Don’t panic. Ellie will be back any minute. And the boys are watching TV. They are old enough to take care of themselves.

Not two minutes later the peace downstairs was breached by a resounding thud followed by a piercing scream.

\*\*Oh great!

They must have been fighting. Or maybe it was horseplay that got out of control. Whatever had happened, it was bad enough to warrant her intervention. She was their babysitter. Ellie’s 10 year old brother came stomping up the stairs with his younger wailing brother right behind. The knock came promptly.

Rachel answered it through the closed door with an authoritative voice “OK, settle down and tell me what happened.”

“Uh, Miss Rachel, Tanner’s bleeding.”

Rachel’s heart jumped into her throat. There was only one way to find out if Tanner was seriously hurt. Even in her nude state, she had to go out and face them. Rachel glanced wistfully at Ellie’s closet. She could spend a precious minute struggling into a skimpy skirt. But what difference does that make when you’re going to be topless anyway?

\*\*They’re just boys. You can do this.

Rachel took a deep breath and opened the door.

Tanner, the younger one, was sobbing in the middle of the hall holding his wounded hand up by his other hand like a grotesque trophy. Blood was seeping through his fingers and running down his wrist.

“It’s not my fault!” Jackson was quick to jump in. “I was watching my show first and he kept taking the remote so I put it up high where he couldn’t reach it and then he…” Jackson stopped to take a breath never continued. When he saw that Rachel wasn’t wearing any clothes, he lost his voice.

Turning to the side and clamping her legs closed to hide her bare cleft, Rachel calmed Tanner’s sobs down to sniffles and convinced him to open his hand and show her the wound. On closer inspection the cut didn’t look too serious, though the large amount of blood was worrisome.

Rachel asked the boys if they had a first aid kit. Jackson was useless. He had been struck dumb; mesmerized by the teenager’s curvaceous anatomy. He particularly stared at the bulging orbs on her chest as if losing sight of those pointy pink tips would break the illusion and cause them to disappear.

Tanner was more concerned about his injury, though, and said his mom kept a kit of bandages and stuff in her bathroom.

“Great! Lead the way.” Rachel followed Tanner downstairs with Jackson right on her tail. As her bare body swayed and jiggled down the stairs, she was thankful that at least she no longer had her nipple bells as accompaniment.

As they went through the living room, they passed old Uncle Herbert sitting in his wheelchair. How could she have forgotten about him after he practically molested her in the storm shelter? He looked as old and senile as ever, but grinned nonetheless when the naked blushing teenager crossed his path.

The bleeding had stopped by the time Tanner unpacked the kit. His crying had stopped as well and he was getting excited. For boys his age, wearing a bandage was part of the fun of getting banged up. He was too focused on himself to care about Rachel’s condition. She got him to recount his side of what had happened. While reaching for the remote that Jackson had placed above his reach, Tanner had tipped over a glass vase and got cut. It sounded like neither boy was completely innocent.

Since Jackson was ogling Rachel and not helping, she ordered him to go clean up the broken glass. Unable to do it herself because of the cuffs, Rachel talked Tanner through cleaning and disinfecting the wound. The end result was not perfect, but decent enough. Tanner wore it like a badge of honor and swore it didn’t hurt anymore.

Since she was downstairs anyway, Rachel stopped in the kitchen to get a snack. Then she told the boys she was going back to Ellie’s room. She left a stern warning that they were to behave and to stop fighting. Tanner nodded seriously and promised to behave, but Jackson just kind of stared glassy eyed at somewhere that was not her eyes. True to their word, they didn’t have another altercation.

Ellie finally returned about an hour later with some bad news…

**Part 30**

“I’m sorry, Rach. I looked everywhere. I found the room in the art department. It wasn’t exactly as you described it. They had moved everything into the exhibit hall. The lamb was gone but I’m sure it was the same room.”

“I searched that room from top to bottom. There was no key. I checked the aquatic center; including both locker rooms. I even went skinny dipping just in case Pip had hidden it at the bottom of the pool. I didn’t see any sign of Pip or the lamb. But I found your backpack!”

“Don’t worry, Rach. I have a backup plan. There are a bunch of tools in my dad’s workshop” Ellie thought aloud. “I bet there’s something in there that can at least break the chain between your cuffs.”

“Why didn’t you say so? Let’s go, just as soon as I get dressed.”

Ellie got the wonderland dress from the backpack. But Rachel wasn’t able to wear it yet. The cuffs got in the way. So Ellie helped her put on the woolen panties then scavenged together some clothes to make a temporary outfit. For a top Ellie used a white button down sweater which she hung over Rachel’s shoulders like a shawl.

Skirt options were similarly limited. None of Ellie’s fitted skirts were big enough. The only item with an adjustable waist was a children’s tutu that she hadn’t worn in years.

The combination of shawl, tutu, and rainbow panties made Rachel the funniest looking ballerina ever. But it would suffice for the time being. The girls went downstairs and slipped out the back door. The garden took up most of the surprisingly big backyard. It had been harvested and tilled and was now awaiting Ellie’s mom’s return with the autumn vegetable sprouts.

The workshop stood separate from the house. Ellie’s dad didn’t work in there much in the summer as evidenced by the cloud of dust that stirred when they opened the door. The reason became obvious when the girls stepped inside and started sweating immediately due to the lack of ventilation. Despite the hot stale air and coughing fit it was a beautiful sight to Rachel. There were so many tools to choose from that they hardly knew where to begin.

Ellie took control and went straight for the hedge shears. Being manually operated this was one of the few tools that didn’t intimidate either of them. She removed the glued on feathers from around her target then positioned the business end of the shears over a middle link of the chain. Ellie put all her miniscule weight into cutting, but after several attempts she had made not even a scratch in the steel.

“I think we’re going to have to use a power tool” Ellie said.

Rachel wasn’t so certain. “You sure you know how to use them?” Sharp blades on such heavy machinery made her understandably nervous. “Let’s try this first.”

She walked over to a massive clamp mounted on a workbench. Her theory was that steady pressure slowly applied should be more effective than a single snip from the shears but safer than a power saw. Ellie agreed to try it. Rachel backed into position and placed her hands over a corner of the clamp. The two huge iron blocks slowly came together as Ellie turned the crank.

“Yes, this is going to work. Just a few more turns should do it.”

Ellie met resistance when the blocks reached the chain. It took everything she had to keep turning. The steel groaned and popped beneath the pressure, but the links held.

“That’s as far as I can go,” Ellie said with a gasp, “do you want me to unwind it?”

“Not yet. Give it time to work.” Rachel didn’t want Ellie’s exertion to go to waste.

Ellie shrugged, “So, how did your day go?”

“Fine. I took a shower and hung out.” Rachel yanked on the chain every little bit to see if it had broken loose yet.

“A shower, huh?” Ellie got a gleam in her eye. She herself had enjoyed countless orgasms at the hands of that shower. “Did you…take care of yourself like you took care of the lamb?”

Ellie had seen the leftover parts of the art exhibit including the curator’s note. She pieced together from that and the green paint what had really happened with the lamb. Rachel’s blush was the only confirmation she needed.

“You know my offer still stands from this morning.” Ellie popped the buttons on the shawl so that Rachel’s breasts sprang free. She grabbed a handful of flesh. Her friend struggled a little but was trapped in the clamp and unable to escape. “I could do it right here and be done in a flash.”

“Ew, Ellie. That’s not funny.” Rachel acted offended, but her excited nipples told a different story.

“Fine. Your loss. You’re so lucky to have big boobs. I don’t know how you keep your hands off them. I know I can’t!” Ellie exacted a playful pinch before letting go and moving around behind to undo the clamp. At first the crank wouldn’t budge and Rachel feared for a few tense moments that she was stuck. But then with a heave Ellie got it moving.

Rachel couldn’t tell how effective it had been other than to know that she was still in chains. “How does it look?”

“A few of the links are smashed pretty good” Ellie reported, “Wait! There’s an opening.”

Because the link had been weakened, Ellie was able to work it wider with some pliers, but the stubborn chain held on. “I know I can get it with the table saw now. One quick swipe will do it. I’ve seen my dad use it plenty of times” Ellie said; though her dad had been cutting wood dowels or two by fours and not steel chain.

“OK, but be careful” Rachel replied.

Ellie guided her over to the machine and plucked some more feathers to clear the spot better. Then she carefully positioned Rachel’s hands on either side of the big round blade. Rachel couldn’t see what was happening. She closed her eyes and waited for it to be over.

“Here goes nothing!” Ellie flipped the switch and the saw began a screeching whir. Metal grinding on metal drowned out all other sounds as the cutting teeth contacted the chain. A glow formed around the contact point and sparks began to fly. One landed on Rachel’s arm causing her to open her eyes in alarm and begin shaking her head. But Ellie only smile reassuringly and prodded her to scoot a bit closer.

But when she did, the table jerked as the blade caught on the chain and came to a sudden halt. A safety mechanism tripped which cut power to the saw and essentially locked the blade to prevent kickback. Ellie pulled the plug before moving in closer. The chain was unbroken and trapped between the saw and the table. The sweater was singed where sparks had landed.

“It’s almost completely cut through now!” Ellie put a positive spin on the situation. “Try to yank it free.”

Rachel yanked with wild abandon, but both blade and chain refused to budge.

“Ellie, is that you?” a voice called from outside.

“Oh no. It’s my mom.” Ellie rushed to the doorway and looked out. “Yeah, mom. I’m out here with Rachel.”

“Where have you been all day, young lady?”

“I was just helping Rachel with…a school project.”

“Well you’ve put my gardening behind schedule. I need both you girls to help transfer my vegetables into the garden before they dry out. Grab the wheelbarrow and come help me unload.”

“Sure, mom. I’ll be right there.”

While her mom left to start unloading the station wagon full of organic vegetable sprouts around the house, Ellie returned to Rachel carrying a large hammer.

“Hold still.” She said it like Rachel had a choice.

On the third strike, the chain finally broke. The cuffs still hung from her wrists but they were no longer connected to each other. Ellie grabbed a couple of old gardening aprons from a hook on the wall.

“You don’t mind, do you?” she said as she tossed one to Rachel.

“Huh? Oh, not at all.”

“Here, put this on. I’ll be back soon.” Ellie threw her an apron before pushing the wheelbarrow out the door. Rachel immediately forgot what she was supposed to be doing and just stared blissfully at her freed hands for a moment.

\*\*I’m actually free. Well, except for the cuffs, but that’s not such a big deal. If Ellie’s mom asks, I can just tell her they are a new type of bracelet. Just another fashion fad. That’s a small matter. I’m actually FREE!

Rachel was on cloud nine as she started for the door. Then she realized she was still holding the apron and stopped to change into it first. She knew nothing about gardening but had agreed to help. It might be fun to learn and the prospect of a little hard work didn’t bother her.

She laid the sweater on a wooden table before undoing the tutu. Then she stepped out of her panties and folded them on top of the sweater before turning to look at the apron. It was dirtier than her regular apron at home; the one Susan had trained her to wear whenever she did her chores. Made of a thicker material, probably canvas, it had one string which looped over her neck and another that tied at the waist. It was stained in places and frayed at the edges.

It never occurred to Rachel that she should have left her clothes on. It was automatic by now to strip before chore time. She had been doing it every day for nearly a month. The fabric mostly covered her front but left her exposed in back. Her legs and feet were bare.

As she was adjusting the skirted front, another learned behavior kicked in. Her hand slipped beneath the fabric and nearly brought her to her knees. A quick mini-bate calmed her nerves just in time for Ellie and her mom to return..

**Part 31**

“Rachel, dear, what in the world are you wearing?”

Rachel misunderstood the question and thought Ellie’s mom was referring to the cuff bracelets rather than the fact that she was naked underneath the gardening apron. She gave her readied answer with enthusiasm, “It’s a new fashion fad!”

“My, my, fashion fad indeed!” Ellie’s mom raised her eyebrows and decided to let it slide. She was generally lax about such things, but nude gardening had never crossed her mind.

\*\*That girl sure doesn’t like to wear clothes.

Ellie’s eyes bulged when she came around the corner and saw the naked gardener. But to say something would arouse suspicion with her mom so she kept her mouth shut.

The girls divided the labor. Ellie was in charge of transportation; shuttling seedlings and supplies from the car. Her mom did the actual planting. Rachel was the helping hand and miscellaneous gopher. She refilled watering cans from a wall tap around the far side of the house and hauled compost from a mountain in the corner of the yard to mix with the organic soil from the nursery.

It was grungy, sweaty work. At times she was up to her elbows in potting soil which caked on apron and body alike and turned her porcelain skin a patchy brown. She looked like a third world child of poverty; wallowing in a pile of dirt completely naked except for an inadequate apron for cover.

They worked for over two hours. By the time they were done, Ellie wished she had thought to strip too. Her clothes were dirt-stained and probably ruined. And she was soaking from perspiration. Even her mom admitted to underestimating how messy it would be.

“Um, why don’t you girls wash off with the garden hose before coming inside? I’ll go get some towels.” She didn’t want them tracking dirt all over her clean house.

Released from chore duty, the girls joyfully bounded off around the house in a race to be the first on the hose. Rachel only had the one little apron to mess with, yet Ellie was somehow the first out of her clothes. She grabbed the sprayer and turned it on herself while Rachel fumbled with her strings.

Rachel got the ties loose but then paused as a tiny remnant of modesty buried deep within her psyche resurfaced. Chore time was over. Time to get back to her normal clothes, or what little remained of them. Also, she shouldn’t be undressing in broad daylight within clear view of the street. Then again, she could not very well get dressed before getting clean.

Rachel ultimately followed the lead of her friend who apparently had no such reservations. There is something enjoyable about watering off after a hard afternoon’s work. Normal coloring gradually returned to the two young babes as they took turns rinsing the mud from their pink bodies and frolicking in the water.

Ellie was having so much fun that she didn’t even notice the kids watching them from the street. Or maybe she didn’t care. But Rachel shrieked when she saw the group of about 10 boys and girls standing on the sidewalk not 30 feet away. They were of varying ages but all looked younger than her. And they were all staring. Ellie happened to be holding the hose just then and knew what to do.

“What are you looking at, perverts!” Ignoring her own nudity she turned the hose on them. They fled as she took up the chase. The hose uncoiled behind her as she dispersed the crowd with water. The petite freshman made it to the street before she ran out of hose. She stood there in all her naked glory in full sight of any number of neighboring houses and yelled at the kids to not come back. Then she turned and marched back to where her more timid cohort was huddled beside the house.

Now that they were clean, Rachel hoped to get back to her clothes. But Ellie’s mom was waiting around the corner in the backyard. She was carrying towels, one of which Rachel gladly accepted, and a platter loaded with healthy snacks. Before giving her daughter the other towel, her mom made Ellie set up the yard sprinkler to water the newly planted vegetables.

Rachel was ravenous and attacked the food platter; sampling all the fresh fruit and delicious cheeses in turn. When she had eaten enough to satisfy her immediate hunger, she sank into a patio chair with her towel wrapped around for modesty’s sake.

When they found out the girls had been playing in the sprinkler, Ellie’s brothers, not to be left out, changed into their swim trunks and came outside. Tanner still wore the bandage around his injured arm, but didn’t look any worse for wear. It certainly didn’t prevent him from following his older brother into the sprinkler. When Ellie returned, she used her towel to dry off but didn’t bother to get dressed. Instead she spread the towel on the patio and lay down upon it.

The wicker chair had no cushions and wasn’t very comfortable. Much less comfortable than Ellie looked lying out on the flagstone patio and soaking up the last of the afternoon’s rays. The boys didn’t seem to care that their sister was completely naked. So with a wary eye on the boys, Rachel whipped off her own towel and fell in beside Ellie. Remembering how the sight of her more developed chest had mesmerized Jackson, she laid on her stomach so he wouldn’t be able to see her nipples.

A nice breeze picked up and broke the heat. It didn’t take long before both girls were fast asleep. The air was quite bearable once the sun went low enough for shade to grow over most of the backyard.

Though it was especially difficult to maintain during dry southern summers, Ellie’s mom took pride in her backyard. She had a double lot to work with, a rarity in fully developed subdivisions, and she took full advantage of it. The organic garden took center stage of course. There was dad’s workshop and another storage building as well as a gazebo.

Along the far fence next to the compost was a rain collection system for irrigation water. That was what she had instructed Ellie to hook the sprinkler to. She insisted that rainwater was better for the plants than municipal water. And who could argue? Her garden always had the best looking and best tasting produce.

The patio was paved with stone and bricks. It had a fire pit (for the winter), a grill, and a huge dining table made of reclaimed wood.

Ellie’s mom took one look at the scene and decided to make and serve dinner out on the patio. While the boys played and the girls napped, she went to work throwing vegetables on the grill and plucking assorted salad greens straight from the garden. She made sun tea and lemonade and opened a bottle of wine for herself. The cheese and fruit platter rounded the meal nicely.

It was as picturesque a summer cook-out as one could imagine. The only things out of the ordinary were the two teenage girls sunbathing nude on the patio. It was almost dark by the time dinner was ready and Ellie’s mom called everyone to the table. When she woke, Ellie blinked twice and stretched. Then hopping to her feet and leaving her towel behind, she walked over and sat down to dinner without a stitch of clothing on like it was perfectly normal.

Since the sun had set, Rachel’s precious cloak of darkness had returned. Encouraged by her friend’s boldness, and a little bit turned on by the whole thing, Rachel got up and went to sit down beside her friend.

Jackson, who sat opposite her, got an eyeful even in the darkness. There were flood lights mounted on the house which cast a unidirectional light and left Rachel’s front side in shadow. But when Rachel turned to pass a dish, her bosom, complete with erect tips, was thrown into relief and Jackson’s jaw dropped.

The situation was different than before since her hands were no longer cuffed behind her. Being more under control she enjoyed having a little fun with him. Throughout the meal she found excuses to cast light on her breasts; reaching for her lemonade with the opposite hand or offering to pass every dish back and forth across the table. The poor boy’s jaw dropped so frequently that he wasn’t able to chew his food and he barely ate anything.

After dinner, Ellie begged Rachel to call and get permission to spend the night again.

Rachel liked the idea, “but we both need our sleep for the swim meet tomorrow. That means early bedtime and no fooling around. And put something on.”

Ellie giggled her consent. Rachel had her nightgown in the backpack Ellie had retrieved. She dressed in the bathroom across the hall then returned to slip into bed. True to her word, Ellie was dressed in a lightweight gown.

They exchanged some pillow talk about Oliver before succumbing to sleep..

**Part 32**

The butterflies began as soon as Rachel woke. This was a monumental day in many ways. Her first swim meet of the year was reason enough alone to be nervous. Knowing that she would be wearing her pinnacle uniform in front of a crowd of strangers while she competed added a whole new level of anxiety.

Ellie had broken the promise to keep to herself. Sometime during the night she rolled over and embraced her friend; their arms and legs enter-twining as before. After finding the open window in the front of the nightgown, her hands had been fondling Rachel’s boobs ever since. The stimulation aroused Rachel, but the butterflies were too overwhelming to enjoy it. So she pried Ellie’s hands from her chest and squirmed out of bed to begin the day.

They wore street clothes to the school. Ellie had khaki shorts with a conservative blouse while Rachel wore the same thing she had worn to Pip’s challenge; her wonderland dress with rainbow panties and strength trainer shoes.

As they neared the school Rachel spotted the two coach busses idling outside the aquatic center. Coach Ron had ordered a second bus from bystander after the Eastern meet. But building wasn’t finished yet, so they had chartered a generic one.

Rachel found Pip loitering in the aquatic center and marched right up to her. Pip had to stifle a laugh. Her teammate had managed to cut the cuffs apart but they were still attached to her wrists.

\*\*Does this girl do everything half way?

Upon returning from the challenge, Oliver had told Pip everything from his perspective. He said Rachel disappeared as soon as she had freed him. Technically she had rescued the lamb even though she didn’t escort him back to the aquatic center as instructed.

Pip could have castigated her over not following through on the task. But the impending swim meet took precedence over any personal agenda. She needed Rachel to be in top mental and emotional condition today. Besides, she would have plenty of other chances to apply torment now that the pinnacle remote control was in her possession.

“Never found that key, did you? Well, lucky for you, I lied about not having a spare.” Pip produced the spare key from her purse and unlocked Rachel’s cuffs.

“You made quite an impression on the lamb,” she added with a wink which made Rachel flush, “but you still haven’t convinced me. Swim well today and I may consider letting you stay on the team.”

“That, I can do” Rachel replied with an aire of confidence; though her roiling stomach wasn’t so sure of her ability to perform in public while practically naked.

The girls boarded the flagship bus with the giant wildcat painted on the side. Coach Ron drove it while Johanna was in charge of the boys in the second bus. Getting to ride a coach bus was an incredible treat. Rachel gaped at the lavish interior; the rich leather seats, hardwood floor, and dark tinted touring windows. Her teammates had experienced it last week on the way to Eastern Academy, but this was the first time for Rachel. She felt like a superstar. She would have been able to enjoy it more if she didn’t feel like she was about to puke.

Every block they drove added to her sense of dread. While the other girls’ excited voices rang about the cabin, Rachel got quiet and stared out the window. A champion would have been in preparation mode by now; calming their nerves and getting their mind right for competition. But all Rachel could think about was the looks she would get from the other teams as she changed into her uniform. Then she imagined the looks from the crowd as she stepped up to her first race. Rachel hugged her precious dress while she could.

She felt sick and fear nearly overtook her. But then with an immense mental effort pulled back from the brink of despair. She closed her eyes and focused on breathing while the bus swayed beneath her.

\*\*The embarrassment will be short. Once you’re in the water, you’ll be just like all the other swimmers.

She had never been to Franklin High. The host school was still a good 30 minutes away. That gave her enough time to get the butterflies under control; or so she thought.

“Attention, ladies.” It was Coach Ron talking into a microphone in the cockpit. His voice was communicated throughout the bus via a speaker system.

“Franklin High has experienced a facilities issue and had to move the meet to another venue. We will be competing today at the Senior Community Center in Lark Bend. Unfortunately, they do not have facilities to accommodate this many teams. Therefore our bus will be our locker room. We will be arriving in about 15 minutes. Go ahead and change into your uniforms.”

The girls jumped into action as the cabin crackled with excitement. Some queued up outside the bathroom to take their turn while others stripped where they were. The tinted windows were too dark for anyone outside to see. One naked girl even blew kisses at a passing car of boys. They were completely oblivious and never looked up.

Rachel waited as long as she could before getting in line for the bathroom. She was the last to enter. Part way thorough changing, she felt the bus slow and roll to a stop. They had arrived. Rachel turned and threw up into the toilet.

She briefly considered withdrawing due to illness. The claim wouldn’t be false. Coach Ron would bench her if she asked. But she had been waiting for this day for so long. It would be torture to sit there and watch everyone else compete. She was born to swim, to be a champion. And she couldn’t let down Pip or her team again.

Everything was in place except her pinnacle. She had grown very deft at insertion, but her body did not cooperate this time. It had contracted a severe case of performance anxiety which left her dry as a bone down there. Even without any inflation and all the relaxation techniques she had learned, the pinnacle barely and painfully fit into place.

Rachel took one last look in the mirror. She was about to share nearly every inch of her athletic body with those in attendance. There would be no turning back once she stepped off the bus. She thrust out her chest and stood tall. The leaping wildcat looked fierce upon her round pussy shield.

\*\*Represent yourself with pride. And focus on the water. That’s why you’re here.

As she made her way to the front of the bus, she dropped her backpack in her seat. Her wonderland dress and rainbow panties were safely inside. It was the last time she ever saw those clothes again…

**Part 33**

The facilities were not at all what she expected. The cramped and poorly lit hallway they entered through looked like it hadn’t been redecorated or painted in 40 years. The inadequately sized pool area was similarly outdated. A bank of windows along one wall overlooked a flower garden and walking trail.

A Jacuzzi tub could have worked as a makeshift warm-down tub, if it weren’t broken. Instead, one of the teams was currently using it as their headquarters and to store their belongings in.

Excited chatter echoed off the cinder block walls. It took about three seconds for the assemblage to notice the arrival of their naked competition. Kids from the other schools standing in groups spoke in hushed tones. Rachel’s plans of hiding in the bathroom until her first race were dashed when she spotted the line waiting to use it. Every inch of her exposed skin tingled with embarrassment.

There were no bleachers to speak of; nor fans. A small group of senior citizens sat in wheelchairs on a raised platform. The meet had interrupted their regular water aerobics class and they weren’t too happy. The sudden change of venue and cramped facilities apparently kept audiences away. For that Rachel was thankful.

Other teams had claimed the best spots nearest the pool. The Thornwood contingent was left to cram into a far corner. Rachel huddled between her teammates, thankful for the two walls behind her.

An Eastern Academy assistant pounced almost as soon as they were settled. She dragged one of the officials over to Rachel. Coach Ron took notice and intercepted them both.

“That uniform does not comply with USSA regulations. The gloves give her an unfair advantage. I formally request that the Thornwood team be disqualified from today’s meet.”

To suspend an entire team over the uniform of one student would have been unprecedented. Still the official was alarmed when he got a good look at Rachel. Not because of her gloves. He was more concerned with the rest of her. He couldn’t believe any girl would want to compete in near complete nudity; unfair advantage or no! If he had not been warned to expect a certain swimmer from Thornwood High School to be dressed unusually today, he would most certainly have not allowed it.

But Bystander had already taken care of the officials and he controlled the United States Swim Association. He had sent word down just that morning to the tri-county official. A new uniform formally known as the “Pinnacle Pro Aquatic” had been pre-approved for use in all high school competition nationwide.

“Your objection is noted, but I speak for the state governing board when I say the uniform is legal.”

The Eastern coach did not give up that easily. She next turned to a technicality in the rule book. “Article 19 Section III states that all competitor uniforms show identification of their host school. Also, precedence dictates that they wear their lane assignments.”

She held up one of the lane tags, “These tags are not just for show. Since Franklin High couldn’t be bothered to provide computers for registration or scoring, we shall have a hard enough time keeping everything straight by hand. Especially with anonymous Thornwood swimmers sneaking in and out of races. This has cheating written all over it.”

“Cheating?!” Coach Ron jumped into the fray.

\*\*Coach Sparks is behind this. He’s probably hiding out in some back room right now and sending his assistant out to harass us.

“We’re not breaking any rules. And you can take your glorified precedence and shove it.”

“The rule book is clear, if you had bothered to read it,” she shot back. “She has no school ID. If she does not match the rest of you, she cannot swim for your team.”

The nervous official considered her argument. He didn’t want to screw this up. Fortunately for everyone, Ellie had been listening to the whole thing. As an assistant in her own right, albeit not a full blown coach, she felt justified in speaking up. After all, Coach Ron had christened her the team rules expert.

“The rule book says nothing about matching. Only that some sort of ID must be worn. Rachel has ID. See?” She pointed to the pinnacle disc. Rachel blushed as everyone’s attention was drawn to the Thornwood mascot nestled between her shapely bare legs. She resisted the urge to clamp her thighs shut and turn away.

Ellie didn’t miss a beat. “That takes care of the school identification rule. The rule book doesn’t mention race tags anywhere. But we should be able to figure out something, I promise. Let me see that tag.”

Bystander had passed word through the official’s superiors that Rachel must be allowed to swim no matter what. In a rush to get away from the epicenter of the controversy, he ruled in Thornwood’s favor despite more vigorous objection from Eastern. The wildcat hovering over the girl’s private area was technically a team ID. He felt like he had dodged a bullet.

“Well caught, Ellie” Coach Ron said as the Eastern coach stomped off. “I think you’re the perfect person to solve this little tag problem.”

He passed the tag and the task to Ellie then turned his attention back to his team and the first races. He wasn’t used to such disorganization. Meets in Switzerland ran with the efficiency of a fine tuned Rolex. But these American High School meets had the appearance of a town drunk. The way they lurched from one race to the next left him and Johanna scrambling.

\*\*I’m a coach, not an usher. I should be working on strategy and motivation. We’re lucky to get the right person to the right starting block on time.

After a couple harried races, Coach Ron stopped to look over the competition. About twenty schools were represented from the tri-county area. Not all were in the same classification. The smaller ones who couldn’t field a complete team sent individuals who specialized in certain strokes.

Franklin had a decent team, and there were a couple other contenders worth watching. But there was only one team that could really hang with Thornwood. A mass of Eastern Academy blue and gold uniforms swarmed around the pool.

\*\*Damn that Sparks. Where is he? Probably waiting in some anteroom with his precious elites so they can all march out together and show off their state title trophy again.

Coach Ron clenched his teeth. He would savor the moment when they beat Sparks this time around. Unlike the last meet, Eastern had no home pool advantage here. And this time he had Rachel.

While Coach Ron lined up his next swimmers for their qualification heats, Ellie worked on Rachel in the corner. The lane tags were designed to be a temporary identification. Contestants got their tags from the registration table before each race. Printed on each tag was a unique alphanumeric code representing the race and lane assignment.

Electronic scoring and timing was a more efficient method, but that wasn’t available at the Senior Community Center. Franklin High, the host school, had resorted to volunteers with stopwatches hovering over each lane. They collected the tags after each race in order to record the times and standings.

Ellie brainstormed for a while. There was no place on Rachel’s uniform to attach the tag. They stuck to fabric just fine, but bare skin was another thing. Then Ellie had an inspiration.

\*\*Who says we have to use the tag? Why not write the code directly on her body? I can’t use anything permanent like ink or marker. But it has to stand up to pool water. I’ve got it!

Ellie asked around and found a teammate who had packed some waterproof lipstick. She sent her to the team bus to retrieve it. The girl returned just as Rachel’s first race was set to begin. It was 200 meter freestyle.

The other teams had attached the tags to their shoulder straps so that they were on the right side of their chest. Ellie replicated that location as best she could under the circumstances.

Rachel was a nervous wreck. She almost lost it when Ellie came toward her chest with the bright red lipstick.

“Settle down, Rach. Don’t worry about this. Just focus on your race.” Ellie held the first tag assigned to Rachel. She copied the letters and numbers in large print and with a steady hand. “You’re ready. Now go kick some Trojan ass!”

Coach Ron grabbed her before she headed for the starting block.

“You’re in lane 4, Rachel. Perfectly positioned. I’ve seen what you can do. But a qualifier is not the place to give too much away. Be smart and save it for the finals. I want you to shoot for second in this heat.”

\*\*Shoot for second?!

Rachel had never been asked to do anything but swim her fastest before. But she trusted her coach. Rachel tried to look confident but was shaking like a leaf.

“Don’t let them get you off your game out there. Represent yourself with pride.”

Represent yourself with pride.

The words triggered something within Rachel and she stopped shaking. Her teammates looked on as she strode to the end of the pool. The pride of Thornwood was on display and marching tall.

“Hey, look” a competitor mocked as she passed, “someone forget to get dressed this morning.”

Another joined in, “More likely Thornwood didn’t want to waste a uniform on her.”

\*\*Don’t let them get you off your game.

Rachel absorbed the japes and kept walking. She made it to her block and stepped up. She was naked forced to endure humiliation at their hands. But she was inches and seconds away from entering the water where none of that would matter.

She bent over and grabbed the bars. As graceful as a coiled snake just before striking, her whole body was tensed as she waited the signal to dive. The girl in the lane next to her belonged to Eastern Academy’s second tier. She was no fish girl, but she had all the arrogance and talent to someday earn a spot on the elite squad.

Rachel was easily fast enough to beat her. She would have, too, if not for that one last cruel verbal jab.

“Thornwood must be lucky to have a team whore willing to give it away so easily.”

Rachel glared back “Shut up…You…you’re the whore!”

“Hey, I’m not the one advertising.”

“Advertising? What are you talking ab…” Then Rachel thought to look at her chest and see what Ellie had faithfully transcribed from the race tag.

It started with ‘T1’ for her school, Thornwood. Next was her unique two-letter code which happened to be ‘TS’ followed by a dash and her current lane assignment. And finally, after another dash, came the word ‘FREE’ because this was a freestyle race.

It took a double-take for her to realize that the code scrawled in bold red lipstick across her naked chest spelled out ‘T1TS-4-FREE’. When she put it all together, Rachel promptly lost her balance and fell into the water…

**Part 34**

Disqualified.

The Eastern assistant was practically dancing as Rachel made the shameful walk back to her team. Falling into the water so soon before the starting bell was considered a false start. Her teammates wore looks of disappointment, but Pip’s glare was the worst of all.

Her first official race of the season was foiled by her own embarrassment over her unorthodox uniform. Rachel slumped against the wall and held back tears. Ellie came over to console her. “Don’t sweat it, Rach. You were just nervous. It happens to the best.”

\*\*Easy for you to say. I was a laughing stock up there and a naked fool. And now they all think I’m a whore.

“You have easily a dozen more races today. Just try to put it behind you and get ready for the next one.”

Ellie was holding a washcloth soaked in a strong smelling makeup remover. Rachel let her clean off the embarrassing code and replace it with the one for her next race. Ellie left the T1TS because that wouldn’t change all day. But her upcoming breast stroke race in lane 8 replaced the ‘4-FREE’.

TITS-8-BRST was only a marginal improvement over T1TS-4-FREE and didn’t make Rachel feel any better. Coach Ron gave her plenty of space and kept busy with his other swimmers. But he found her again when her next race was called to the pool.

“Remember, you’re shooting for second place.” He did not think it necessary to discuss her false start and chose to focus on the future.

It was incredibly hard to climb back on the starting block the second time. The false start had destroyed her first impression even as the vulgar phrase on her naked chest had destroyed her reputation as a person.

But Rachel was a decent breaststroker and, more importantly, a fighter. She made herself get back up there despite the renewed frenzy of cruel barbs from her opponents. Since she wasn’t trying for first, she made a cautious, almost lazy start and managed to avoid another disqualification. When the water met her, she was transformed. She parted it with strong, perfect strokes and was leading by the first turn.

\*\*Stroke, kick, kick, stroke, squeeze. This feels great!

Rachel swam to silence the mockers, to redeem herself to her teammates, and to be the champion she was meant to be. It was almost too easy. By the midway point, she had opened up an incredible lead of half a pool length. Then she remembered the instructions of her coach to finish no better than second.

\*\*Oh crap. I can’t even do this right. OK, girl, slow it down. Stroke, kick, kick, kick, whoa!

Because it wasn’t a full sized regulation pool, the lanes were slightly narrower than normal. Rachel’s lapse of concentration caused her to veer too close to the lane beside her. She made a half stroke of correction just before bumping into the divider, then resumed her regular breast stroke. She went slower than she was comfortable swimming and someone mercifully caught her just before the end.

\*\*That should show everyone I mean business.

Coach Ron was watching the race with as much keen interest as everyone else. He saw Rachel veer off course trying to slow down. He saw her take the illegal half-stroke to get back on track. And he saw the Eastern coaches pounce on her mistake. They practically ran to the race official to make sure he saw it too.

Rachel had received her second DQ before she even climbed out of the pool. Unlike the last race where she had uncharacteristically fallen into the pool, she could not be faulted for this one. She had raced exactly as he had told her. If anything, Coach Ron deserved the blame.

He was a masterful strategist. He deployed his troops like a great field general. He was successful because he was quick to learn from his missteps and make adjustments. Thus far, on the chess board of this competition, Ron was doing a fine job.

He had made all the right moves with the other troops, but had failed to utilize his most valuable piece. Rachel was his queen, versatile and dominant. And he had been using her like a pawn; scripting her races so she wouldn’t get overwhelmed.

\*\*She is a thoroughbred, built for speed. I see it now. Asking her to slow down is foolishness.

Coach Ron went to the official booth to confirm what he already knew. She had been disqualified for using an illegal stroke, much to the glee of the Eastern assistants. He caught up with Rachel back among her teammates.

Ellie was intensely scrubbing her breasts down to get ready for the next code. While Pip, one of the captains, was berating her for the poor showing.

“What were you thinking? You’re worse than useless. Even our slowest swimmers have done better than you so far.”

“I’m, sorry. It was an accident. I was just doing what I had been told to…OW!”

After getting out of the pool, Rachel’s nipples had grown erect. In the middle of her cleaning procedure, Ellie took the liberty to pinch one. “Sorry, I couldn’t resist.”

Rachel wanted to slap the hand away from her chest, but she needed the next race code written. Instead she verbally vented her frustration on Ellie. “Stop messing around and do your job for once!”

“Yes, ma’am, Miss Killjoy” Ellie muttered. Rachel didn’t scare her nearly as much as Pip.

Coach Ron interrupted the three-way argument. “Settle, down, ladies. We are a team. All this dissent and negativity accomplishes nothing. I take responsibility for that last race, Rachel. But it’s not time to panic. The day is young and you have plenty of races ahead of you. Forget what I said about slowing down and just swim to your strength. Find what’s comfortable and stay in that groove.”

Rachel felt better after that. She was able to calm down and just swim. She still received occasional stinging verbal jabs while walking up to the starting block. But they washed right off in the pool like so much water off her silky smooth skin.

She qualified and won multiple races. And her teammates were performing right along with her. By mid-morning Thornwood had opened up a sizeable points lead with Eastern the only other team within range and Franklin a distant third. Coach Ron swore Rachel was setting records out there. But there was no electronic timing mechanism to make her times official.

He got a kick out of watching whoever was in charge of timing Rachel’s lane. They would always double-take their stopwatch because they couldn’t believe the incredible times she kept putting up.

Even Pip relaxed after a while. The other teams started to take notice. Rachel was the fastest, most dominant swimmer in the building. Even the insults trailed off after a while. Where’s the fun in it when you’re about to get your butt handed to you? It felt more like poking the angry beast.

As Rachel relaxed, so did her sexual organs. The repetitious squeezing along with Ellie’s titular stimulation caused her natural lubricant to slowly return. To compensate, she gradually inflated the anchor between races; sneaking pumps when no one was looking.

Though everyone was having a good time winning, Coach Ron didn’t relax for a moment. He didn’t trust Coach Sparks. He believed that Eastern could still mount a comeback and steal their victory; though that looked less likely with each passing race. Thornwood was riding high, piling up points, and cruising to victory. Still something nagged at him.

\*\*Eastern is putting up a fight, but it’s nothing like last week. This is almost too easy. The Eastern elites are certainly good enough to challenge us. And that fish girl is…

Then it hit him. Where was fish girl? Where were the elites? Where was Coach Sparks!...

**Part 35**

Grigor arrived at the meeting and delivered the good news with no more satisfaction than he would have delivered bad news. His boss would receive either equally and with the indifference of a computer. Bystander showed admirable disaffection to short term objectives and always focused on the greater goal.

He expected small setbacks and considered them trivial. Small victories were equally useless; merely a means to greater ends. Grigor had already analyzed his current report as trivial, but only his boss could make that judgment for sure. Bystander saw important details in even the tiniest bit of information that others would overlook. That’s what made him great.

Grigor began his presentation with an update on Prairie Village; another sort of project that only the great Bystander could pull off. In yet another stroke of genius, Bystander had come up with the idea as a way to undermine the deep-seeded beliefs about old fashioned modesty.

He did it by bringing the old west to life with a few major historical changes regarding the role of nudity in society. He was betting that modern Americans were more apt to accept a reality delivered via television than to go investigate history books on their own. He didn’t need to convince everyone; just a critical majority of the ignorant masses. His genius idea was to present it as a reality TV show/pseudo-documentary rather than simply force feeding them a scripted program.

Though the show had yet to begin airing, it was already producing astounding results among its reality participants; the unwitting citizens of Prairie Village. All in all it made for a nice runner-up project. But Thornwood was the signature program right now; the main event.

Then Grigor transitioned into Thornwood by talking about the pinnacle. “Pete Dinnacre has been heading up our uniform development. The Pinnacle Pro Aquatic design and pre-production is complete. We have begun manufacture and will be rolling it out to stores within the next few weeks along with an advertising blitz.”

His boss seemed to read his mind and got straight to the quick. “What about Rachel’s mother. Has she accepted the job offer yet?”

“She did not accept on the spot. She was understandably skeptical of such a lucrative offer. But Jay has been monitoring her internet usage since then. She researched the Asia division of BysMedia and then transitioned to researching living conditions in the city where we would be relocating her. I see that as a good sign that she will eventually come around and accept. With her current financial problems, the money is just too good to pass up. She did research flights to go see Rachel…”

Bystander perked up visibly at that.

“…but we gave her a strict 36 hour window. I made it clear that if she is not on our jet when it leaves the runway, the offer is rescinded. My sources now believe that she has given up on the idea of flying to see Rachel. At last report, she was packing her car. Since there is no way she can drive all the way to her daughter and make it back to Chicago in time, all signs indicate that she plans to drive straight to O’Hare.”

The boss relaxed, but only slightly. Rachel was the key to everything. The authority figures surrounding her influenced her clothing choices and her uniform, but nevertheless their control remained fragile. A mother was the ultimate authority. She could come in and trump them all in the eyes of both Rachel and the law. It was critical that her mom stay out of the picture at least until the pinnacle caught on as a legitimate swimming uniform.

Grigor moved on to the next item in his report. “I spoke with Ron earlier. He is taking the team to a local swim meet in the nearby village of Lark Bend. Rachel is scheduled to compete.” He looked at his watch. “If any trouble had arisen regarding her uniform, we would have heard about it by now. He is surely busy managing his team at the moment, but I will update you on the results once I am able to get back in touch with him.”

Bystander seemed satisfied. He only had one more question. “What about their financing?”

“I have approved Ron’s request for a second charter bus and also offered them the use of our private jet fleet. The bus should be ready by their next meet.”

“Good. Make it clear that I expect Rachel and the team to want for nothing. Spare no expense. A lavish reward will be interpreted by her subconscious as compensation; making her physical exposure worth it. Positive subconscious feedback is a powerful force. If he has no pressing needs, tell him to come up with some. And give him another bonus.”

“Yes, sir.” Grigor left with a simple nod. Bystander was not the sort who required genuflection from lesser men. Anything like a formal bow was unnecessary…

**Part 36**

\*\*Damn that Sparks. He sent his scrubs along with that sleazy little assistant to distract and keep us preoccupied. Then the bastard took his elites to a better meet somewhere else.

Coach Ron had been so careful to make sure everything went perfectly. And it had; too perfectly. That’s because Thornwood had not faced a single swimmer from Eastern’s elite squad. They weren’t at the meet.

Distracted by his personal vendetta, he had fallen right into the trap Coach Sparks laid for him. He had not seen the eastern head coach all day. Coach Ron kicked himself for not catching it sooner. Then he channeled his anger and went on the war path. He hunted down the Eastern assistant coach who was reclining in a folding chair with her feet up. She must have been expecting him. She was smiling as if she couldn’t wait to reveal the big fraud.

“I guess congratulations are in order. You were truly the stronger team today.” Her concession came with a heavy dose of derision and the congratulations rang hollow.

“Where is Sparks? Where’s the rest of your team?”

“You think he would waste his best swimmers at this puny little tri-county joke? Franklin High is lucky we brought anyone at all. They hardly know how to run a proper meet. If we hadn’t shown up to make it somewhat respectable, the entire affair would have been a farce.”

Coach Ron kept his mouth shut despite wanting to respond to the slight. Gaining information was more important right now than trading insults.

“As for the rest of our team, the Eastern Academy Elites have always had to travel to find worthy competition. Right about now they’re probably arriving for the Labor Day Invitational. It’s a super-regional with teams from over twenty states. The competition in Indianapolis will be much more fitting than this sorry rabble.”

Coach Ron had heard enough. He stomped off and did a little research on his phone before calling a quick meeting of his coaches and captains.

“I’m withdrawing our team from today’s meet.”

No one liked the news; Pip least of all, “Withdrawing? You can’t do that. We’re winning!”

“There are bigger fish to fry, Katie. But we need to get on the road as soon as possible. We have enough points to win even if we walk away now. Is that correct, Ellie?”

Ellie quoted the rules as she remembered them, “we have enough points, coach. But that’s not the problem. After qualifying rounds are over, a team may withdraw from up to three finals to conserve energy for the relays. Any more than three represents a forfeit from trophy consideration.”

Pip advocated for sticking around. Even though they weren’t keeping official times today, the winner of each final was eligible to compete in the mid-year district meet where you could then qualify for the state championships. She had two such races remaining and was a strong candidate to win at least one. What did some far flung out of state meet offer that was better than that? Besides, they had already lost their first meet. Why give up a guaranteed win to go chasing an unsure thing?

They settled on a compromise. The boys had exactly three finals remaining. They could take one bus and leave early to get a head start. The girls would finish out the tri-county meet, collect the trophy, and follow after.

The Labor Day Invitational was a Sunday-Monday affair. The principal had granted Coach Ron authority over such matters and the parents had signed permission slips. He could take the team anywhere as long as they were back in time for school on Tuesday. He sent out a quick email to all the parents explaining their new weekend plans. No doubt Bystander would pick up the tab for travel, food, and accommodations. Grigor was always eager to write him another ‘donation’ check to cover expenses.

The first task was to see the boys and Coach Johanna off.

“Just head west until you get to I65. Then follow it north all the way to Indy. Oh, and stop somewhere along the way and get them something to eat. When you get there, find a hotel. Don’t worry about money. Just use the credit card you were issued and keep all your receipts.”

His assistant coach looked nervous as he peppered her with instructions. Johanna had never been solely in charge of a group this large. She wasn’t much older than the boys she would be responsible for. And she was still learning the culture. But Ron trusted her. He had no other options. She was the only other coach.

They got off to a bumpy start; literally. Johanna had been trained and licensed to drive the bus and had passed all the competency tests. But in her nervousness, she forgot to release the parking break. She drove twenty screeching feet before the emergency clamps broke free. The rented bus lurched to a stop as debris fell from the undercarriage. In ten seconds the bus had been rendered unfit for a road trip.

Coach Ron forged ahead and improvised a solution. “Take our bus, then. I’ll call Principal Robinson’s office and have them send up a regular school bus. It should arrive by the time we’re finished with this meet.”

It didn’t occur to him until much later that they should have unloaded the girl’s belongings first. By then the bus was long gone. Coach Ron didn’t fret about it. He figured they could sort it all out later that night when they caught up at whatever hotel Johanna had picked out. But he didn’t account for Johanna’s abysmal navigation skills.

Rachel might have spoken up against the plan had she been given a vote and had she been aware that her clothes were leaving without her. The other girls’ belongings were going, too. But the impact on them was nominal. They could travel just fine in their uniforms. Rachel, on the other hand, would be especially inconvenienced wearing just her pinnacle uniform on the road trip.

Johanna transferred the boys into the other bus and started traveling west as instructed. They never found I65…

**Part 37**

The Thornwood girls closed out the tri-county meet with a flourish. Rachel cruised in her remaining finals and Pip even won two of hers. The relay team dominated from wall to wall; lapping every other team before it was over. Everyone agreed Thornwood was the best team there that day and their nearly naked MPV had a lot to do with it.

The girls passed the team trophy around on the way to the bus. Rachel took her turn with delight. It looked great next to the prize in her other hand. The individual trophy for best overall competitor had been awarded to her unanimously.

It was great to be recognized as a champion, but her delight was short lived. The knot in her stomach returned as she when reached the parking lot and saw a yellow school bus in place of the one that had brought them to the meet.

After everyone was seated, Coach Ron announced that they were not returning to Thornwood just yet, but were embarking on a road trip to compete in another swim meet. A murmur of excitement rose among the girls and they started peppering him with questions.

“Settle down and I’ll try to answer your questions. We’re going to Indianapolis to the Labor Day Invitational. I know it’s unusual to compete in two meets back to back, but this is an extended weekend. The invitational starts tomorrow and runs through Monday. Sorry about the travel accommodations. Coach Johanna and the boys had mechanical trouble and are using our other bus. Your things should be at the hotel when we arrive.”

After a few more questions, Coach Ron cut the girls off, “Don’t worry about expenses. Our boosters will cover them. Now, we really need to get on the road. There are a good 500 miles between us and Indy. I suggest you girls get comfortable and settle in. Try to get some rest if you can.”

Rachel’s heart sank. She dreaded riding all the way to Indianapolis in nothing but her pinnacle.

Standard American school buses are not made for comfort or long road trips; a fact the girls learned quickly. At least there was room to spread out. Built to seat upwards of 50 passengers, each of the 23 girls had a bench to herself.

Rachel sat alone and stared out the window. Even Ellie abandoned her. Coach Ron had asked her to sit up front to help sort through travel logistics as they drove.

The sun reflecting off the other girls’ shiny red swim uniforms flooded the inside of the bus. Most took their arms out of the shoulder straps. That compromise between modesty and comfort was typical after a long day of swimming. Such suits provide excellent upper body support, but the straps cut into your shoulders and got unbearable after a while. From a low angle, a passing motorist might mistakenly think he was passing a bus full of topless girls, when in fact only one fit that description.

Since her shoulders were already bare, Rachel took off her swim cap to let her hair breathe. Other than that and her gloves, she had nothing else on. Even her shoes had been left on the other bus. Well, there was the pinnacle. But she refused to even consider removing that. Without it she was just a naked girl on a school bus. Sighing, she turned back to the window and watched Lark Bend roll by without really seeing anything. Lacking any support whatsoever, her bare breasts jiggled with each bump and pothole.

Most of Thornwood’s bus fleet was air conditioned. It was simple luck of the draw that Principal Robinson’s office had sent one without. A small vent kept the driver cool, but the rest of the passengers were out of luck. The stuffy cabin was like an oven even with all the windows open. The pool water evaporated off the girls’ suits and skin only to be replaced by perspiration.

\*\*I wonder how long it takes to travel 500 miles. Several hours at least.

Rachel shifted in her seat. Her bare skin stuck to the thinly padded vinyl. As they got closer to Indy, she should be able to read the road signs and keep better track of their progress. But right now she had neither a clock nor a speedometer to calculate their rate of travel.

The bus wound through small towns for at least an hour. Then they turned north on I65 and accelerated to interstate speed. Suddenly a torrent of wind replaced the stale air coming in the open windows and the bus became a wind tunnel. The girls rushed to close their windows.

Annoyed by the deafening noise Rachel stood up to close hers as well. It was a manual process. She worked the two latches on each side and started sliding the glass pane up into the closed position. As she reached high above her head to push window closed, she didn’t notice the semi-truck pulling up beside on the multi-lane interstate.

When the window latched finally caught, Rachel smiled with satisfaction. Then she happened to look outside to find the trucker smiling back at her from the next lane. Her eyes bulged and she quickly covered her chest and ducked out of sight. But the damage had already been done. She had bared her naked breasts to a truck driver less than 10 feet away.

The trucker shadowed them for a few miles after that to see if Rachel would make another appearance. She was relieved when he finally exited. He must have spread the word, because other trucks seemed to follow the school bus like a wolf pack. But Rachel sat low and still in her seat and took care to avoid flashing again and they, too, gave up after a while.

\*\*Stay calm. There’s no reason to panic. The trucker is long gone and my clothes are waiting at the hotel. Just have to survive the next few hours.

The next stop would either be a bathroom break or dinner. Rachel dreaded either prospect. She had already made up her mind to skip dinner and stay safely in the bus, but she would have to pee sometime.

She put that on the backburner and focused on another troubling phenomenon that was becoming more and more noticeable. Perhaps it was caused by the way she was sitting. Or maybe the grade of the road had changed somehow. But the road vibration was traveling straight through her pinnacle and into her body.

The sensation was not at all unpleasant. On the contrary. It was actually too pleasant. And soon Rachel was struggling to maintain her composure…

**Part 38**

The bus became hot and stuffy with the windows closed. It was either that or suffer the deafening road and wind noise. Even something as skimpy as a skin tight swimsuit was not enough to keep Pip from sweating. For once she was jealous of Rachel’s minimalist suit that allowed her skin to breathe.

She had the pinnacle controller close by throughout the tri-county meet in case Rachel got out of line and needed to be put in her place. Bored and with nothing else to pass the time, she opened her small purse and started to play with it. Browsing around the menus she found a screen with several graphs rolling across. Each number had a label.

\*\*Cool. Heart rate, moisture level, hormonal response, number of orgasms…OMG! It’s tracking Rachel’s arousal signs!

Rachel’s heart rate was 55bpm; a respectable resting rate for a female her age in prime physical shape. Moisture level was 15% but the 50% hormonal response number seemed a little elevated. Sadly, the orgasm counter showed 0.

Pip peeked back across the bus to where Rachel was sitting and decided to have some fun. The challenge was to see how far she could push Rachel’s levels without her figuring out where it was coming from.

She found plenty of advanced commands relating to movement and inflation. The pinnacle could be programmed to perform every manner of internal stimulation imaginable. But Pip had another idea. Traveling at such a high speed caused a slight vibration in the hard molded bus seats. She herself could feel the sensation through the thin fabric of her swimsuit. Pip thought that a safer place to start.

\*\*Now to arouse her without arousing suspicion, hehe!

Navigating through the menus as before, she found the controls for vibrate and turned on the lowest setting, 1 out of 10. Where she was sitting, Pip could keep an eye on Rachel without looking suspicious. There was a blip in the numbers, but Rachel showed no outward indication of the change.

When the numbers did not change for 5 minutes, Pip bumped the vibration up to 2 and caught movement out of the corner of her eye. Rachel shifted ever so slightly in her seat before settling back down.

Checking the vitals, Pip found Rachel’s heart rate holding steady at 56bpm. But her hormonal response had jumped to 58%. Her moisture levels were climbing, too.

\*\*Bingo. Once I get her wet enough, I might be able to slowly inflate the pinnacle. That should keep things moving along.

Pip waited until the numbers leveled off again before bumping the vibrator up to 3. Rachel looked down where she was sitting then scooted over on the bench a bit. She turned and looked back out the window as if nothing was happening, but Pip knew the truth of it.

Hormonal response spiked to 75% and moisture levels continued to climb. But Pip was more interested to see the heart rate number inching up. As long as the numbers kept climbing, Pip didn’t risk another bump in vibration. From personal experience she knew that even weak vibrations could be very effective if kept in the right spot long enough. Outwardly Rachel could hide her arousal for a time, but the numbers didn’t lie. She was getting turned on. No girl could resist a vibrator in her pussy forever.

Pip watched the moisture counter inch upward. When it reached 60%, she made her next move. Throughout the swim meet and afterward, Rachel had kept the pinnacle at a comfortable inflation level. Not too low to risk it falling out, but not too high as to be uncomfortable. Pip saw that it was currently 40% inflated. She recalled that in the locker room that was about the point where the pinnacle had stopped growing longer and started adding girth.

Rather than make a sudden adjustment, she gradually raised the inflation rate by 1% every few minutes until it was at 50%. The increase in fullness and the steady vibration pushed Rachel’s levels even higher.

\*\*What a horn-dog. The girl is a little moisture factory. Keep this up and she will have an orgasm right here in the bus. Maybe I’ll go sit by her right before it happens. I could have some fun with that.

Rachel was squirming in her seat now and biting her lip. She looked nervously around the bus. Pip caught her eye and smiled. Rachel’s mouth smiled back, but her eyes told a different story. She was aroused and struggling to keep it together.

\*\*I wonder how long she can hold out until she has an orgasm. She is a fighter. Maybe she suspects the pinnacle is malfunctioning. But what can she do? She wouldn’t remove it on the bus any more than I would take off my suit.

Pip checked Rachel’s hormonal response graph. It pushed 90% with moisture not far behind. And her heart was pounding out 98 beats per minute. It wouldn’t be much longer.

Pip stood up. Just when she was about to walk back to Rachel’s seat, the bus lurched to one side. She sat back down and looked out the front window to see them turning onto an exit. Coach Ron called out from the driver’s seat “Dinner break.”

\*\*Damn! So close.

Pip turned back around but Rachel had disappeared below the top of the seat. Pip hurried through the menus of her controller and turned off the pinnacle just as the bus rolled to a stop in the parking lot. Rachel would have caught on for sure if it had kept vibrating after the bus stopped.

Evening was coming on fast, but Rachel was still inappropriately dressed to go into a restaurant. She told Coach Ron she wasn’t hungry and would rather sleep so he let her stay on the bus.

Two dozen swimsuit clad girls pouring into a restaurant caused a scene even without Rachel among them. Pip got her table to flirt with the waiter and earned them all free deserts. The check was all paid for by the boosters anyway, but it was still fun.

When she returned to the bus, Rachel was laying down in her seat either pretending to be asleep or actually sleeping. Pip checked the remote and saw that Rachel had deflated the pinnacle all the way down to 15%. It looked like her fun was at an end so she put the remote control away and vowed to try again some other day…

**Part 39**

\*\*OK, just try not to think about it.

Rachel tried, but it wouldn’t go away. When you’ve gotta pee, you’ve gotta pee. The other girls had used the restroom back at the restaurant, so she was probably the only one on the bus with a problem.

\*\*Damn it. I should have used the bushes when I had the chance.

The gradual onset of arousal as they traveled had preoccupied her thoughts. After the bus stopped and she deflated her pinnacle the arousal had faded. Being still mostly naked, she couldn’t join her team in the restaurant. But she should have had the presence of mind to sneak out into the bushes while she had the chance.

The bus had been at the back of the parking lot. It would have shielded her from the service road. Only the cars on the interstate might have caught a glimpse of her as she scampered from the bus to the bushes. But how much could they see at 80mph?

Her stomach grumbled as she rolled over for the twentieth time in another futile attempt to relieve the pressure on her bladder.

\*\*How much longer? Didn’t the other girls drink something at the restaurant? Surely some of them will have to pee soon.

They had driven at least another hour after dinner and it was twilight out. Most girls had fallen asleep after the long, tiring day.

Rachel sat up and just in time to see a road sign go by outside. It said “Indianapolis 108 miles”.

\*\*108 miles. That’s what, at least an hour and a half? Probably more. I’ll never make it.

After traveling through a couple smaller cities, the route opened up into pastures and farmland. It occurred to her that, even mostly deflated, the pinnacle may be pressing on her bladder. But Rachel didn’t dare remove it. It was her last vestige of modesty; her connection to the team. Without it she was just a hopeless girl traveling cross country without any clothes.

The miles stretched on forever. Rachel yawned. She would have dozed if her bladder was not keeping her awake.

Then suddenly the bus came upon a bumpy stretch and Rachel almost lost control. That’s when she knew she wasn’t going to make it to Indy and looked out the window with more urgency. There were no trees or bushes to go behind, but it was dark enough that she would settle for the side of the road at this point. She stood up and made her way to the front of the bus. Some of the girls were stirring because the turbulent pavement had woken them.

“Coach Ron. I need to pee. Can you pull over?”

“We’re making good time and should be there in about 30 minutes. Are you sure you can’t hold it?”

\*\*I might be able to hold it for 30 seconds. But 30 minutes? Forget it.

“Um, I really need to go. It will just take a minute.”

Then another girl nearby spoke up, “I need to go too.”

“Me too” called another from further back.

Coach Ron gave in. “OK, there is a rest stop in 2 miles. I need to call Coach Johanna and find out where we’re staying anyway.”

Rachel was the first off the bus when they got there. She sprinted toward the restroom; reaching it just as another car pulled up. The rest stop consisted of a few park benches, some vending machines, and the restroom. The building was built out of rustic stone from a local quarry and had men’s and women’s restrooms on opposite sides. It was at least 50 years old and maintained by the Indiana parks department. There was no attendant on duty.

Her bare feet stuck to the cement floor. She tried not to think about that or the smell and just do her business. By the time she was done, a few other girls had joined her in the restroom. She washed up at the sink while they took their turn in the stall.

There was only the one car other than the Thornwood bus. But it was parked directly in front of the restroom. The driver was a middle-aged man. He would see her for sure if she tried to go past.

The best option was to wait until the car left, but then she spotted another car and a pickup truck rolling down the exit lane. The rest stop was about to get very crowded. Better to make her move now.

\*\*…or I could sneak around behind the building and come out on that side.

Rachel praised her ingenuity and snuck around the dark side of the building away from the parking lot. She was so focused on the bus that she didn’t notice that she was walking directly past the men’s restroom.

\*\*Smack!

The door came flying open and hit her right in the face as a teenage boy about her age came out.

“Oh, I’m so sorry. I didn’t know anybody…was…” the boy trailed off as his eyes came to behold the naked girl.

Rachel blushed from head to toe. She had been so concerned about avoiding the driver that she had forgotten to account for passengers.

“It’s all right.” Her nose was throbbing. She held it for fear it would start bleeding and left the scene to scurry back to the bus; the boy’s eyes glued to her jiggling ass the whole way. Rachel found her seat and curled up into a ball. She told herself it was an isolated incident. But somehow she had a feeling that boy wouldn’t be the last lucky person to enjoy the sight of her exposed body that weekend.

She couldn’t have been more right. And it all started when they got to the hotel…

**Part 40**

Coach Ron kept the news to himself. No point in sowing distress. For the last stretch run into Indianapolis he said nothing about how disastrously the boys’ trip had gone.

Somehow his assistant coach got utterly off course and missed the exit for I65. Coach Johanna drove half way across Arkansas before one of the boys suggested they were going in the wrong direction. They had backtracked to somewhere between Little Rock and Memphis, Tennessee.

The only way they would make it in time for the meet would be if Coach Johanna drove straight through the night. The boys had been resting all afternoon and the luxurious coach bus had adequate sleeping accommodations for them. But they were not certified to drive the bus and Coach Johanna was in no condition to keep driving through the night. To ask her to do so would likely end in a disastrous bus crash. So Coach Ron had instructed her to find a hotel in Memphis and get an early start the next morning. Arriving late was better than not at all.

The girls would not like hearing that, with the coach bus hundreds of miles away, they would have to suffer a little while longer without their school clothes. That’s precisely why he kept it to himself and waited until they had reached their destination before breaking the news. As he drove, he brainstormed ways to make the best of latest development.

He followed signs toward the airport district because that would have the highest concentration of hotels with vacancy. Since Bystander was picking up the bill, the temptation was to pick an extravagant up-scale place. But Coach Ron had more sense than that. A nondescript cookie cutter chain was more fitting for a high school sports team. The girls would be more likely to settle down and actually sleep rather than staying up late and ordering midnight room service. And most importantly, as the only sponsor, it would be easier for him to control the situation in unspectacular accommodations.

Rachel’s heart fluttered when they pulled into the parking lot. She sensed immediately that something was amiss. Where was the other bus, the one with her clothes in it? She was stuck in an unfamiliar land without any covering to speak of. She desperately needed that bus!

Coach Ron went inside alone to check in. When he returned, he could no longer delay the news.

“Ladies, there had been a setback. Coach Johanna and the boys are not here yet. Their bus will not arrive until sometime tomorrow.”

As expected, a groan erupted from his team. Coach Ron took a hard line and commanded silence. “I know the conditions are not ideal, but we cannot change them. This is not the time for grumbling.”

The girls were not happy about it, but they did settle down as ordered.

“As representatives of the Thornwood, I expect you to conduct yourselves in a professional manner throughout our stay here. We are here to sleep, not to play. I have reserved 9 standard rooms for tonight plus some for the boys to occupy when they arrive tomorrow. This is a big two day meet and the mental preparation needs to start now. So put the distractions out of your mind and focus on getting a good night’s sleep.”

Coach Ron had the girls divide into groups of 2 or 3 and handed out the room keys. Ellie paired up with Rachel. Then it was time to go inside. The girls filed out of the bus but Rachel lingered behind. She gazed out the window at the parking lot. It was by no means full, yet still had too many vehicles for comfort. Each car represented another person or family. How long before they all learned there was a naked girl staying in the hotel this weekend?

She fought back tears and sat down hard. The pinnacle disc rebounded off the molded bus seat and sent a tremor straight into her body. She wanted to take it out right then and throw it out the window. But instead sat there and silently brooded.

Ellie had gone ahead to help Coach Ron with preparations. When she noticed Rachel was not with the group, she returned to the bus to locate and retrieve her friend.

“What’s the hold up, Rach?”

“I can’t do this. I can’t go in there.”

“Oh, it’s not that bad. You won’t believe what…”

“STOP!” Rachel interrupted and lashed out in anger, “Don’t tell me how bad it is. You don’t know what it’s like to be the only one on the team without a normal suit; to have people constantly staring at you. To be the center of attention as soon as you enter any room. It’s not fair. My body does not belong to the whole world. I’m sick of it. I just want to go…” \*\*Where?

That question gave her pause. Where could she go? Home? Eric’s house was no sanctuary. Susan arranged only the skimpiest of clothing choices at home. And her bedroom didn’t even have a door. Compared to that, being naked in a hotel room with Ellie would be a piece of cake. School wasn’t any better; having to constantly fight with her outfits to avoid flashing her classmates.

Just thinking about it overwhelmed the young teenager. This time she couldn’t hold back the tears. Ellie saw her friend had reached her breaking point and was really struggling. She came closer.

“I know it’s hard sometimes, but you really ought to stop crying and listen to me. Coach Ron let me in on something that will cheer you up.”

With a little encouraging, Rachel composed herself and followed her friend off the bus into the cool Indianapolis night air. She rallied as they approached the front door.

\*\*You are a member of the Thornwood varsity swim team. Represent yourself with pride. And just try not to make eye contact with anybody!

The other girls were milling around as Rachel and Ellie entered the hotel lobby. Coach Ron had not given them leave to disperse to their rooms just yet. The lobby was empty except for a single employee manning the front desk. She looked as bored as anyone working such a dead-end job would look. After a while, every high school group passing through was pretty much like the last.

Earlier that evening she had given six rooms to a soccer team on the third floor. And now this swim team had taken the entire sixth floor. She got paid the same hourly wage no matter how many rooms were rented on her watch. As long as the kids didn’t pester the front desk, she could care less.

Coach Ron had intentionally left the girls to loiter in the lobby. There were several special arrangements he needed to make with the hotel staff. That was another reason he wanted a less extravagant hotel. He could wave some of Bystander’s money around and get things done on his terms.

First he stopped by the maintenance office and reserved the indoor pool for early the next morning. That way he could work out the girls with a little regular practice time before heading downtown for the invitational. He kicked in some extra cash to make sure the pool remained inaccessible to other guests.

Next he stopped by the kitchen. This hotel had decent culinary facilities, but did not normally provide room service. The breakfast buffet was a communal affair. His team deserved better. He arranged for a cook to send someone up in the morning and take their custom orders and have the meals served in-room after swim practice. That way the girls would not have to fight the crowds around the waffle maker.

Since everyone had been wearing their swimsuits all day, his last stop was housekeeping to ask to use one of the industrial clothes washers. After that, Coach Ron returned to the lobby.

“We are on the sixth floor. Find your rooms and settle in. Bedtime is in 30 minutes. I will be coming around shortly to collect your uniforms. You are dismissed.”

Ellie had prepared Rachel that it was coming. They stood back and watched the shock register on the other girls’ faces. Once Coach Ron took their suits away, they would be forced to remain naked until morning.

As the only sponsor, this was part of his crowd control scheme. No lone man could hope to police 9 different hotel rooms for an entire night. Sure, his team had generally good behavior, but no teenager could be completely trusted. Someone was bound to sneak out and try some shenanigans.

But they wouldn’t make it far without any clothes. At the very least, he could ensure they didn’t try to visit a nearby dance club or catch a late night movie. With nothing to wear but tiny hotel towels, they were effectively contained to the premises for the night. Someone might get the idea to streak another floor, but they would return to their rooms once the harmless prank was over.

Upon collecting the uniforms and sending them to housekeeping, Coach Ron went to his own room. For the sake of propriety, he had reserved a separate luxury suite for himself. After a long hard day of coaching and endless driving, he was happy for a night of peaceful, uninterrupted sleep.

Things did not turn out so smoothly for his assistant. Coach Johanna was inexperienced at managing large groups of teenagers. She ended up employing more visceral techniques to keep her boys entertained that night. But that’s a story for some other time.

Coach Ron woke well before sunrise following his especially pleasant night. He had generously compensated the front desk clerk in exchange for alerting him if any girl was stupid enough to try and sneak out the front door. But receiving no phone calls, he had slept all night without worry.

While he got ready, he thought about his boss. Not his official boss, Principal Robinson, but rather his real boss. Bystander, the mysterious benefactor behind the renaissance in Thornwood’s swim program had recently given him a new assignment; find ways to get his girls used to functioning with less clothing. Rachel had come so far and now it was time to expand the scope to include the rest of the team.

Bystander had cautioned him to wait for just the right time. Today he saw the perfect opportunity. Taking away their uniforms had transformed 23 potential troublemakers into perfectly behaved little angels who slept soundly all night without a stitch of clothing between them. His plan had worked to perfection. Why rush to change a proven formula?

“Create situations where the young ladies must learn to function with less clothing,” his boss had said, “expand your creative methods beyond the locker room.”

\*\*Easy for him to say. He’s not the one who has to make it happen. Well, one thing is for sure. Indianapolis is a long way from the Thornwood locker room. But how do I….wait, that’s it!

Bystander had tasked him to expand beyond the locker room. But Coach Ron had a new idea. Why not expand the locker room instead? Redefine the very concept, in fact! When the Tri-county meet got relocated to the Senior Center in Lark Bend, the girls had used the charter bus as a locker room. Why couldn’t he apply the same principle to the entire hotel?

He excitedly finished getting ready then contacted the hotel’s various departments to set his plan in motion…

**Part 41**
Manny punched his card into the time clock at 4:30am and made the short walk to the kitchen. Food prep was already underway. He hated breakfast duty, especially on long weekends when all the most obnoxious travelers seemed to converge at once. Snotty kids spilled cereal everywhere like they had never used a spoon before while their parents complained about the quality of the food.

\*\*It’s a complimentary buffet at a low budget hotel! What the hell do you expect?

He put on his apron and looked over the to-do list. Rather than strict assignments in the kitchen, Jack left it up to the team to make sure everything was done. It was that kind of flexibility that kept good people around. His manager was a nice enough guy; willing to step in and lend a hand and always thinking up ways to make the job more fun for his employees. For that Manny could not complain; though he would be happier with a pay raise once in a while.

Lorenzo was chopping vegetables for the omelet station. Manny waved as he passed. From the walk-in freezer he fetched bags of “fresh squeezed” orange juice to start thawing. Then he went to grind coffee. His manager appeared a few minutes later with a twinkle in his eye.

“I have something for you” Jack announced.

“Unless it’s that promotion I’ve been asking for, forget it.” Manny replied.

“Not quite. But it is a special assignment.”

Manny eyed Jack with suspicion. But if it got him out of breakfast duty, he was willing to give it a shot. He shut off the coffee grinder and turned to listen.

“What do you need, boss?”

Jack smiled warmly. “A high school swim team up on six is requesting priority room service. And you are the perfect guy for the job.”

The hotel did not offer room service except in special situations. It was an inconvenience for the cooking staff, but the server in charge of delivery was usually compensated for his trouble. Serving an entire swim team could mean a particularly large reward.

“What’s the catch? You want me to split the tip with you or something?”

“Nothing like that, buddy. Besides once you get up there, you will probably forget all about the tip.”

Coach Ron had already lined Jack’s pockets and those of every other department manager in the hotel. Jack had chosen Manny purely on the merits of his job performance.

“Forget about the tip? Now you’re talking crazy!” Manny turned back to finish prepping the coffee.

“Listen, the way their coach explained it, the team is basically using the entire sixth floor as their locker room to get ready for an important swim meet today. He warned me that they might not have time for modesty while food is being ordered and delivered. And that whomever I send up there should be comfortable around nudity. Did I mention it’s an all-girls swim team?”

Now he had Manny’s attention. Room service did not sound fun. But delivering food to a locker room full of semi-naked high school girls was a different matter entirely.

“OK, deal. So what do I do?”

“It’s simple. First, you need to look presentable. Go find a clean apron. Then go up there and take everyone’s order. Lorenzo will help you cook the meals. I’ll cover the regular guests. Good luck, buddy.”

Jack watched his best worker rush to swap out his dirty apron for a new one and fly to the service elevator. He was happy for the kid. In 20 years of management, he had his share of epic hotel stories involving nude or underclothed guests. If anyone deserved a story of his own to tell, it was Manny. But Jack was in for a shock when his employee brought back more than just a good story.

Pip stood along the back wall while the other tired girls filed into the large room. They had all been woken similarly with instructions to come to Coach Ron’s suite immediately for a team meeting. That meant traipsing through the sixth floor of the hotel naked since he hadn’t yet returned their uniforms. No one looked happy being forced to attend the meeting without clothes.

When the last few stragglers arrived, Coach Ron called the meeting to order. As the first order of business, he addressed the issue of the missing uniforms by blaming a mix-up in housekeeping. Apparently the laundry crew conveniently overlooked that pile last night; just as Coach Ron had instructed them.

“They are busy with regular morning laundry at the moment. But I have assurances that our uniforms will be cleaned and delivered by the time we depart for the meet. Fortunately, we don’t really need them right now. Just treat this as any other locker room and everything will be fine.”

As Coach Ron launched into one of his boring speeches about team pride, Pip looked around the room. Most of the girls were still no more than half awake. Yawns swept over them like the wave at a football game. The short notice had given them no time to fix their hair or even look in a mirror. Only a few who had woken up early looked perky and put together.

As a group, they still looked spectacular. That did not seem to interest Coach Ron, though. He spoke to his naked team with a casual indifference which impressed Pip. Maybe he had grown accustomed to it having seen similar sights almost every day before and after practice back at the aquatic center. Most men would be overwhelmed by the awesome display of nubile female nudity in such a confined space.

But Coach Ron was certainly a different animal. He had plenty of chances to behave inappropriately while among them, but was a consummate professional. And after nearly pulling off a miraculous upset of Eastern Academy at the scrimmage, Pip was more willing than most to overlook his eccentricities.

She spotted her nemesis across the room. Rachel wore a smug look on her face. With her pinnacle, she was relishing the fact that she was the most dressed girl on the team for once. Oh, how the tables had turned. But that advantage was temporary, Pip knew. Pretty soon they would all get their uniforms back but Rachel was stuck with her embarrassing getup for the rest of the season.

As Pip was pondering when she would get another chance to use her remote control on Rachel, the meeting was interrupted by a terse knock. A young man in a hotel uniform and cooking apron was standing outside in the hallway. Since the door had been propped open, he could see all the way into the suite. The girls reacted as anyone would when caught naked in the presence of a stranger.

Those closest to him dove screaming into the bathroom. The few who could fit squeezed around the corner and hid out of sight. Some dove for the beds looking for cover. And in the melee a small pillow flew out the door and hit the young man. Pip stood her ground along the far wall with a group of her friends. She felt the urge to run and hide but managed to suppress it.

\*\*So this is how Rachel feels every time a new person sees her in her immodest uniform.

“I WILL HAVE ORDER!” Coach Ron marched to the center of the room, bellowing as he went. Pip had never seen him this angry.

The girls got quiet and the dust settled. The beds were a mass of hair, and bedding, and a lot of bare skin. A few standing had managed to grab a pillow in the mad scramble were hiding behind them, while the rest had only their arms and hands to wrap around themselves. The man at the door looked on in total disbelief.

“What is your name, sir?”

“…uh, Manny.”

Coach Ron turned on his team; disapproval and anger clear on his face. “My team does not act like a bunch of squealing children. The hotel has been kind enough to send Manny up to take our breakfast order. And we will treat him in a civilized manner.”

The girls climbed out of the beds while Coach Ron drove the others out of the bathroom. He welcomed Manny into the suite and made the worst offenders line up to apologize one at a time.

Manny nodded in acceptance, still not quite believing what he was seeing. There were so many exquisitely sculpted young bodies each more beautiful than the last and without a scrap of clothing. When the last naked girl had apologized, it was time for Coach Ron to meter out his punishment. He began by making them stand there at attention so he could give his lecture.

“To be a member of the Thornwood varsity swim program means physical fitness and excellence in competition. But those qualities alone are not enough. A comprehensive attention to attitudinal refinement and service are also expected. Representatives of Thornwood must go above and beyond; always seeking out ways to positively affect their environment.”

“I had reserved the hotel pool for an early morning practice session. I thought it a good way to warm-up for the invitational. But perhaps some other practice is in order as well. You should always find ways to contribute and make things easier for those around you. I tried to instill that value in you with the charity carwash. But clearly some of you have not yet learned that lesson.”

To the five girls who had hidden in the bathroom he said, “To that end, I am sending you with Manny to the kitchens. While we are practicing, you will work to prepare our meals so the regular breakfast service will have no undue burden on account of us. I cannot abide my swimmers abusing the hospitality of this fine hotel staff.”

The color drained from the girls’ faces as the reality of their punishment set in. No doubt Coach Ron intended them to cook breakfast alongside the kitchen crew without clothes.

He ordered food appropriate for athletes before a performance and sent the five girls off. They looked like prisoners sentenced to hard labor as they fell in behind Manny to head down to the kitchens. When they were gone, the other girls breathed a sigh of relief thinking they had escaped punishment. But they were mistaken. Coach Ron had witnessed Jessica and Morgan fighting over a pillow when Manny first appeared. They winced when he called out their names next.

“I’m sure there are other departments that could use some willing bodies. Jessica, Morgan, you will accompany housekeeping on their morning rounds. Maybe you will gain more respect for the hotel bedding after spending some time fluffing pillows rather than fighting over them.”

Four other girls who had screamed and dove for cover, he singled out to report to the laundry room. Their duty was to aid in washing the team uniforms. Then he instructed Ellie to take the rest to the pool and prep for practice…

**Part 42**

Morning had not yet broken outside and most of the hotel was still sound asleep when the remainder of the Thornwood varsity swim team started their trek to the ground floor pool. The mood was solemn. Most felt they had dodged a bullet by not being sent off on other tasks. None dared balk when asked to journey through a hotel without any clothes on when the alternative was naked housekeeping or being naked chefs with Manny.

Using the rear stairwell, the girls silently followed Ellie down six flights. They made no sound except that of the soft padding of their bare feet on the cement stairs.

12 perfect little hourglasses emerged single file onto the ground floor and down the hall toward the pool area. Their young bodies were bursting with fertility. Full round breasts put on a hypnotizing display while rounded hips swayed in time with each stride. Weeks of conditioning had made them physically fit without an ounce of sag or flabby skin to be found.

Though their stages of physical development did vary to some degree, all sported a complete lack of pubic hair. But despite those characteristics, no one would mistake them for little girls. Even Ellie, the youngest and smallest of the group, could be proud of certain feminine features. She led them down the hallway with a bounce in her steps; unconcerned that such youthful exuberance added an extra jiggle to her bare breasts.

Rachel was among the group along with Pip and most of the other captains who had held their cool when Manny appeared. In spite of the mood, Pip cracked a smile when they reached the pool area. Her body tingled with excitement. Even in her nude state, she couldn’t help but feel excited about the upcoming swim meet. She was surrounded by her comrades; competitors all who were committed to one goal - becoming champions.

The solemnity took on an air of seriousness as the girls set up the area for practice as they had done dozens of times before back at school. They moved a few lounge chairs out of the way and cleared the pool of toys. Only the banal chatter was missing as they chose instead to go about their work in silence.

Coach Ron arrived a few minutes later and began practice as if they were right back at the aquatic center. The kidney shaped pool was much smaller than their Olympic size one at Thornwood. It was so small that only four swimmers fit at a time, and most could cross it in a few strokes. Ellie suggested that, rather than wasting so much time climbing in and out of the pool, each of the three groups should swim several laps before trading out with the next group. That elegant solution also gave them extra chances to work on their turns.

So they weren’t just standing around waiting for their chance to swim, Coach Ron setup a station at one end of the pool for the girls to warm down and stay loose with stretches. The group at the other end faced a mirrored wall (or at least they thought it was a wall) and did jumping jacks or ran in place to keep their heart rate up. When the whistle blew, each group was to move to the next station. Despite their nudity, or maybe because of it, the girls stayed very focused and productive throughout the hour long practice. They rotated in and around the pool like a well-choreographed play.

The only things missing, other than their uniforms, were their teammates who were busy serving in other capacities around the hotel. Their mornings did not go quite as smoothly.

The four girls on laundry duty ended up with the mildest punishment. They spent the whole time washing and folding the team uniforms. And because they were in a remote laundry room, no one else was around to witness their nudity.

The same could not be said of those sent to help with breakfast. The kitchen crew was pleasantly surprised when Manny returned with five naked girls. It was a real morale booster, but an argument soon broke out on out how to divide five girls fairly between four cooks. Manny called them together for a quick huddle.

“Listen, guys. I’m pretty sure Jack’s cool with all this, but only if it is not a distraction. If we’re not getting our work done, I guarantee he will send the girls back upstairs and we all lose out. So let’s just settle this. Draw straws and pick a girl in order to be your helper? The longest straw gets whoever’s left since there’s one extra.”

The cooks agreed and quickly drew straws before returning to divide up the spoils. Lorenzo had won the right to go first. He took his time scrutinizing the delectable lineup. There was no bad choice among the lot, but one stood out in his eyes. He always had a thing for redheads. Dani, one of only three redheads on the team, exhibited all the signs of Irish ancestry. Her skin was creamy white and she had striking green eyes. Besides that, her breasts were in the running for the best looking on the team and were certainly among the biggest. The way they stood full and round over her ribcage which tapered to such a small waist made them look even bigger.

Yes, Dani had nothing to be ashamed of. But that did not stop a blush from spreading down her body when Lorenzo pointed at her. Everyone else picked their girl leaving little Samantha to go with Lorenzo. He took her and Dani back to his station and put them straight to work while he stood back and ‘supervised’.

Victor, not content to simply watch Karen stand around chopping vegetables, started issuing orders at once. As much as he enjoyed watching his unclad assistant scurry about, he had the most fun sending her into the walk-in freezer to retrieve some ingredient or another. After a few trips, she was visibly shivering. Goose bumps dotted her bare skin and her fingertips and toes looked like icicles. And her poor nipples were as hard as rocks.

When Jack finally came out of his office, he was astonished to find the five naked high school girls from the swim team working alongside his guys to make breakfast. Last night, after stressing the importance of team pride and giving back, Coach Ron inquired about letting some of his team help prepare the room service. And Jack had agreed to help out.

He had also politely listened to Coach Ron explain his crazy philosophy of treating the hotel like a locker room. But Jack had failed to put the two together. He assumed the locker room philosophy would be confined to the sixth floor. He never expected the girls would be naked while performing their acts of service throughout the hotel. Jack’s first inclination was to cancel the whole deal and send the girls back. The last thing he needed was a distraction; or worse, a lawsuit under his watch.

But he was reluctant to do so having already accepted a considerable amount of money from the head coach; he preferred not to call it a bribe. He told himself that Coach Ron must know what he’s doing. He surely meant for them to be naked or he wouldn’t have sent them down like this. And it was almost comical how hard his guys were working. They clearly didn’t want to upset a good thing.

As a compromise, Jack grabbed some extra aprons and hair nets and made the girls put them on. That way they were still exposed as Coach Ron obviously intended without violating any FDA regulations. Though their backsides remained exposed, the girls welcomed the aprons as an improvement in the modesty department. One skinny girl in particular was in desperate need of an extra layer. She was nearly frozen when Jack got to her and her poor nipples looked like they were about to break off from frostbite.

All in all, it was a successful morning for the breakfast crew. The girls were great representatives of their school and did whatever was asked of them diligently and without complaining. And Jack could not deny that his guys worked more efficiently and happily with scantily clad beauties at their side than they had ever done before.

Other than the four guys in the kitchen and their manager, the girls were able to avoid being seen by anyone else. The same luck did not extend to Jessica and Morgan. They spent their morning cleaning rooms on the third floor where a certain boy’s high school soccer team happened to be staying…

**Part 43**
\*\*This can’t be happening. This can’t be happening!

That was all Morgan could think about as she pushed her cart past the guest rooms of the third floor. The housekeeping manager had laughed herself into a coughing fit when she and Jessica reported for duty.

“Well, what ave I caught? You ‘ere to work or shall I call you up a spa treatment, miladies?”

“We’ve come to work, ma’am” Morgan responded. She could understand the manager’s confusion. It wasn’t everyday someone shows up to work without any clothes on.

“Is that right? Ya coulda fooled me, heh! Now I’v seen everythin; a coupla bairn lambs as you puttin’ up for hard labor. It’s a good thing ya coach greased me skids or I h’v half a mind to throw ya sorry lot back int’ the sea. A good paddlin’s what you need, I say. Oh well. Grab a cart an’ find Marta on three. You’re her problem now.”

While they were translating her words into some sort of comprehensible English, the lady stood up. At her full height she struck quite an imposing figure.

“Oi, I’m not here to babysit ya wee pixies; bare arsed or no. Ya said ya ‘ere to work. Third floor! Go on, then ‘fore I change me mind ‘bout that paddlin.”

They hurried from the room. They hadn’t caught everything the gruff manager said. Only that they were to grab a cart and report to Marta on the third floor.

Finding a cart was the easy part as several were lined up near the service elevator. Loaded up with cleaning supplies, fresh linens, and a trash receptacle, it was bigger than both girls combined and twice as heavy. Jessica got behind it to push but couldn’t see over the top. So Morgan stood in front to steer and help pull.

With a concerted effort they got it into the service elevator and pressed the number 3 button. A short ride later they hauled their heavy cart out onto a corner landing on the third floor. The hotel was laid out with four inner hallways connecting in a perfect square.

From their landing the girls could see half the rooms by looking straight down the two adjoining halls. The rest of the floor was out of sight around the corner. They did not see Marta’s cart. So they picked the hallway on the left to make a clockwise circuit of the floor. One way or another they should catch up to her.

Jessica leaned hard into the handle and the heavy laden cart started moving. She strained to keep the wheels turning. Once it got some momentum, the cart had a mind of its own. It resisted Morgan’s direction and several times she just barely kept it from crashing into the wall.

Morgan jumped as an ice machine whirred to life nearby. They had been walking less than a minute and she was already on edge. With every little noise her preservation instincts screamed for her to run and hide. Their luck had held out so far, but it was only a matter of time before one of the guests saw their naked bodies.

Just then a door opened ahead of them. A boy about Morgan’s age came out from his room. He was tall and very handsome; a member of the soccer team that was staying there. His attention was directed back inside the room for the moment. Morgan was suddenly acutely aware of her nudity. One turn of his head and he would see everything.

Normally she might try to catch his eye. Maybe even flirt with him a little bit. But right now all she could think about was finding a place to hide. She glanced back at the cart saw her salvation in the form of the clean towels stacked up for delivery. In a flash she grabbed the top one and wrapped it around herself just before the boy turned around. Sadly, there was no time to toss one back to Jessica who was still wrestling with the rear handle and couldn’t see what was happening up ahead.

The boy looked Morgan up and down with a smile. After all, it’s not every day you see a cute hotel maid wearing nothing but a towel. He started walking toward her and nodded as he passed. Morgan nodded back; glad that her quick thinking had averted some major embarrassment. Then she winced when she realized his trajectory would take him right past Jessica who was still fully exposed and oblivious to his approach.

\*\*Poor girl. Here it comes. 3…2…1…

“Holy shit!”

“Aiee!” Jessica cried out as the boy reached the rear of the cart. A few seconds later he passed Morgan again; likely on his way to alert his teammates of the naked housekeeper in the hall. Morgan grabbed another towel and ran to her friend’s side. Jessica was leaning against the wall; clearly shaken by the encounter.

“Put this on, J, before they come back.” She left the towel with Jessica and returned to the front of the cart. A bunch of teenage boys were pouring into the hallway. Word travels fast when there are naked girls about.

The only thing to do was keep moving. Morgan called out for Jessica to resume pushing. With the white towels securely fastened about them, they walked the cart past the entire soccer team who had lined the hall. There were several whistles and a few appreciative phrases tossed out. Morgan feared someone would be so bold as to try and yank her towel off, but none of the boys went that far.

The boys, who were about to go down for breakfast, were suddenly keenly interested in making sure housekeeping did a good job. It looked like the excitement would be short lived when the sexy maids continued around the corner without stopping at any of their rooms. But against all odds, the girls did return not five minutes later. And this time they were wearing nothing but a kind smile of hospitality.

For Morgan and Jessica had found the other housekeeping cart parked outside a nearby room. The room’s previous occupant had just checked out and Marta took the opportunity to quickly train them on how to properly clean a room and make the beds.

Marta’s manger had told her to expect two helpers and not to be alarmed by their unusual attire. Marta took it in stride and made a point to remind the girls that hotel towels were meant for guests to use, not maids. And with that she sent them back the way they had come to turn down the six soccer team rooms.

Morgan stood tall and proud and barely managed to mask her embarrassment as she knocked on the first room in the line. The boys at the door welcomed them inside and stood back to let them get to work. She had a newfound appreciation of what her teammate, Rachel, went through on a daily basis with her Pinnacle style uniform.

\*\*It’s only six rooms. You can do this. You’re a representative of Thornwood. Have some pride.

She felt eyes staring at her from behind as she leaned over to fluff the pillows and tuck in the sheets. The attention had caused her nipples to become stiffer than she had ever felt before. It made her look like she was enjoying it, but she couldn’t do anything about that.

She looked across the bed where another group of guys were appraising her friend’s intimate assets. Jessica’s similarly engorged nipples were accentuated by a bright red blush on her breasts. If one could die of embarrassment, Jessica looked like she might do it. At the very least she was close to fainting.

\*\*Why, oh why, did I throw those damn pillows at that waiter? I could be down at swim practice right now instead of up here being ogled by a bunch of horny soccer players! OK. This room’s done, only five to go. Only, I’m not sure J is going to make it. I’m not sure I’m going to make it!...

At 7:00 Coach Ron called an end to practice. True to his word, the maintenance supervisor had made sure they were not disturbed. After a brief cool-down period the team returned to their floor.

Dani and the other kitchen girls were helping Manny setup tables for breakfast when the team arrived upstairs. This time, if anyone was uncomfortable being naked in Manny’s presence, they made sure to hide it. Coach Ron’s lesson had sunk in. In fact, everyone went out of their way to be especially friendly to Manny.

Near the end of breakfast, the laundry crew returned with freshly cleaned uniforms in tow. Coach Ron regretted their return. His team had never concentrated so well as when they were naked during that morning’s practice. As ready to perform as they were right now, he would prefer to have them ride to the sports complex naked and focused before adding the distraction of clothes.

He reluctantly let the girls get dressed for the meet, but pledged to install a nude practice policy at Thornwood after the trip.

After breakfast, Jessica and Morgan trailed in at last looking worse for wear. Their punishment had been the worst and most humiliating. They had given the soccer team more than an eyeful and couldn’t wait to get into their swimsuits. Jessica broke down and cried like she was seeing a long lost friend.

They quickly got dressed then checked out their breakfast. Jessica’s nerves were shot and her stomach was too tight to eat. A quick nap was more fitting for her than a plate of cold food. She collapsed onto the bed; careful not to make extra work for the housekeepers by messing up the covers

Morgan eyed the spread hungrily, but turned it down in favor of another need that had been building within her. She announced she was taking a quick shower before it was time to leave. She locked the bathroom door, took off her uniform, and carefully hung it up as if it were the most valuable article of clothing she had ever owned.

Once in the shower she thought about the lusty eyes of the soccer team. She had not failed to notice how many had erections nearly bursting out of their pants while they watched her work. And her naked body had caused every one. Morgan’s hormones soon transformed the ordeal into a fantasy and before long she was happily pleasuring herself to the memory under a relaxing spray. Secretly, she couldn’t wait for the opportunity to try something like that again…

**Part 44**

The team’s whirlwind morning schedule and swim practice had kept Rachel’s mind off the fact that she would soon be appearing naked in front of the multitudes attending the swim meet. It helped that she had spent all morning in the company of similarly unclad swimmers.

For a short time she got to be the most dressed girl on the team while everyone else was fully exposed. It was nice to see them get a taste of what she went through on a daily basis. Because of that she didn’t mind as much that everyone else got their uniforms back afterward.

In the lobby, while they were waiting for Coach Ron to pull the bus around, the girls had a little excitement. Through the front windows they watched a man on a gurney be wheeled from the hotel through a side door. The front desk attendants who were gossiping about it were able to fill the girls in on the situation.

“Yeah, that’s Mr. Watts, our maintenance supervisor. Somebody found him passed out in the exercise room next to the pool. Turns out he had a heart attack or something. Don’t know why he would be in there. He doesn’t work out.”

“Hey, maybe he was finally trying to get rid of that beer gut that’s been growing for the past thirty years!”

“Then explain why his pants were around his ankles when they found him.”

“Don’t ask me. Maybe he’s going senile. All I know is old Mr. Watts has always creeped me out. The man needs to just retire already.”

Given more time, the Thornwood girls would have inquired more about this exercise room being mentioned and learned how it was located on the viewing side of a two-way mirrored glass wall next to the pool. They would have then made the connection that it was their nude swim practice routine that had done in poor Mr. Watts. But about that time, Coach Ron pulled up to the entrance and cut the investigation short.

They boarded the bus and drove downtown to the Indianapolis convention center and sports complex. Rachel was spared her embarrassment for a little while longer when they were directed to an entrance reserved just for female athletes and teams competing in the Labor Day Invitational.

\*\*So far, so good.

Coach Ron and Ellie went to register while the team familiarized themselves with their surroundings. The locker room was more a series of smaller rooms connected by a giant common corridor. Rachel was comforted seeing girls from other teams walking about in various states of undress. It allowed her to blend in for a little while longer despite her unusual uniform.

They passed a heated pool where competitors could wait and stay loose between races. Like everything else in the complex, it was scaled up to accommodate large groups. The boys’ teams had their own pool on the other side of the building.

They found the private room reserved for Thornwood and were just settling in when Ellie returned and started handing out printed schedules and id tags. When Rachel saw the tags, a combination of performance anxiety, pre-race jitters, and impending exposure hit her all at once and nearly made her sick. She quickly grabbed one of the schedules and started searching for her name.

\*\*Just don’t think of the exposure and focus on swimming. Everyone’s equal in the water. Let’s see, 8:00…no races. 8:15…nope. Wait, I’m not on here at all? What the…?

“Rach. Coach needs to see you”, Ellie called out. “He’s in room D119.”

“Well, I’m right here! Where the hell is he?” Anger welled up within her. As a top performer and their best chance at scoring team points, she was sure Coach Ron would give her a full docket. After all, this is what they had been training for. She wasn’t here for sightseeing or cheerleading. She was here to be a champion and it was ludicrous that Coach Ron wouldn’t sign her up for every race possible.

There was an obvious reason why he didn’t just come to see her. The Thornwood girls were used to having Coach Ron around. But the other teams would object to seeing him in the women’s locker room. So he had made an excuse to stay away and sent Ellie in to retrieve Rachel instead.

“D119, how am I supposed to find that by myself? This place is huge!” Rachel wondered aloud.

Ellie Explained. “It’s not far and there are maps everywhere. Just follow the signs.”

“Why does he want to talk to me? Oh, God. It’s about my uniform, isn’t it?”

“I think so. But don’t worry too much. Coach will figure something out. Just go talk to him.” Ellie could tell Rachel was upset. But she was too busy to deal with it. With Coach Johanna absent, Coach Ron had dumped a load of managerial duties on her. The most pressing task was sewing RFID race tags into all the team uniforms. It was a normal requirement that the other teams had completed days ago. But as a last minute entrant to the meet, Thornwood was playing catch-up.

Left to fend for herself, Rachel silently exited the Thornwood enclave and started toward the end of the corridor. She couldn’t shake the feeling that she was marching to her doom. Her imagination ran wild with speculation.

\*\*That’s it. They’re not going to let me compete. This whole trip was a waste.

A map on the wall at the end of the corridor showed the first floor layout of the complex as well as her current location. After some scanning, she located room D119. But despite Ellie’s promise, it looked like she had some ways to go.

\*\*So it’s on the other side of conference hall D. Well, at least there’s a side hallway that will take me straight to it.

The downtown convention center was easily big enough to host multiple events simultaneously. The Sports Complex backed up to sector D where another conference was also scheduled that weekend. Rachel read the label for the other conference, but it didn’t make any sense to her.

\*\*What’s a SciFiCon? Must be some kind of business conference. Oh well, what do I care? It’s not like I’m attending.

A twinge of foreboding struck her when she stepped through the door. She suppressed the sensation and set out to find her Coach. Around the corner some important and terribly embarrassing information about the conference emerged.

First, the map had not indicated that the hallway running high to one side of the conference contained windows overlooking the show floor. They were regularly spaced all the way down as far as she could see. The first was a little round thing; barely big enough to frame her face. Had the others all been that same size, there would have been no problem. But as if to add an architectural flourish to the building, someone had decided to make each window just a bit larger than the last. It made her tremble to think what awaited at the other end of the hall.

The second revelation was just as disconcerting. Peeking through the little porthole, she got her first look at SciFiCon and saw at once that this was no ordinary business conference. Rather it seemed more like a congregation of mostly teenage boys and younger men who had come together to celebrate superheroes, or cartoons, or…something; she wasn’t sure what.

She also saw that she had grossly misjudged the scale of the map. The conference hall was huge; easily the size of a football field! For all the activity below she was a little surprised to be the only person in the hall. But how long would that last? She briefly considered turning back and finding a different route.

\*\*No, I should stick to the route in my head. Even if that means walking past an arena full of pimply faced pubescent nerds.

Her nipples came to attention at the thought. She had been able to keep arousal at bay and her body had mostly behaved since arriving in Indy. Seeing all the other girls deal with their own nudity last night and this morning had helped distract her from her own ongoing sexual ordeal.

Of course, Ellie had insisted on sharing a bed in the hotel room last night just like they had done at the sleepover. And as usual she managed to find the warmest, most intimate spots on Rachel’s body to snuggle up to. And she couldn’t prove it, but she suspected Ellie did more than just snuggle.

Her dreams had been filled with vividly erotic scenes. And at one point in the night, she could have sworn she sensed a suckling sensation on her breast. She awoke to find Ellie snoozing soundly against her bosom with her lips suspiciously close to an engorged nipple. She also detected a hint of lingering moisture. But it was possible she was just imagining things. And besides, Ellie was mostly harmless. So she had simply rolled over and gone back to sleep.

But the convention hall was no figment of her imagination. Her only defense was to act confident; like she belonged. In a way, the myriad of weird costumes on the show floor made that easier. She could almost pass as some sort of sexy alien with her webbed gloves and bright orange belt. She would certainly have had a harder time fitting in with a room full of businessmen in suits. It also helped that at least 30 feet of air separated her from the conference below.

As she walked she saw other women in revealing costumes, too. Both attendees and those hired to be “booth babes”. None were nearly as revealing as Rachel and her Pinnacle uniform. They were all very popular among the target demographic of the show and attracted clusters of fans and onlookers.

More and more eyes fell on her with each window she passed. She crossed her arms over her chest and kept her head down but it helped little. The windows grew sufficiently large to see definitively that the mystery maiden was not wearing a top. She remained hidden from the waist down…for the moment. But each pane now took two or three paces to cross and she sensed people eagerly tracking her progress from one frame to the next.

As the panes grew wider, the gaps of wall between them shrank by an equal amount. Soon they began to grow taller, too. After crossing the last one which still reliably concealed her lower half, she faltered. The sheer number of startled looks and gaping mouths she had witnessed was overwhelming. There were just too many people staring agape at her body and the rest of the walk was only going to get more embarrassing. She collapsed against the wall as a surge of hormones caused her pussy muscles to flex. Her legs buckled with the first spasm.

\*\*Oh no, not now!

A mini-bate usually satisfied such spasms. But that meant removing the Pinnacle to gain access. And she couldn’t touch herself like that while wedged between two large panes of glass with people impatiently waiting for her to appear on either side. And what if someone should appear in the hall while she was doing it? Better to suck it up and keep moving than to stand here prolonging her embarrassment.

The map in her head told her that her destination was right at the end of the hall. Maybe she could figure out something when she got there. So she gathered her wits, did her best to ignore the sensation and focused on putting one foot in front of the other.

As the rest of her body gradually came into view along with the Pinnacle, she was a fantasy come to life for many of the attendees. For other younger patrons, her presence was a mystery to be solved. It prompted more than one heated conversation.

“Who’s she supposed to be? Kala of Tryion?” one kid asked. He was only 9 and more interested in placing her character than studying her curves.

“Can’t be. Where’s her plasma scepter? And Besides, Kala wears a cape.” His friend answered. “I’m pretty sure she’s Anime. Ginzoko Blast, or maybe someone from the Freedom Assault universe. Is that a cat emblem between her legs? That could mean...”

“Who cares? She’s hot as hell and practically naked!” the older brother interrupted. “Just look at those perfect tits. Better than any ecchi I’ve ever seen! And she is not FA, idiots. She is clearly Princess Bellows from Power Spin Kamatziru…the orange series, naturally.” Even in the presence of a naked girl, the nerd in him couldn’t help flaunting his superior Sci-Fi knowledge over his younger brother’s friends.

Had she stopped to think about it, she might have wondered why Coach Ron would pick a room next to the SciFiCon and so far from the aquatic facilities. The answer is that he didn’t. Rachel was going to the wrong room…

**Part 45**
She arrived at what she thought was room 119D and entered into a bustle of activity. What first caught her eye were the myriad of costumes hanging up everywhere. It looked like a dressing room for a futuristic fashion show or play. No sign of Coach Ron, but another man noticed her before long and made his way over.

“What are you doing here? I thought the agency wasn’t sending a Kala.”

Then he did a double-take. “Nice outfit, honey. You guys really go all out. Only you forgot something.” He grabbed a cape of a rich purple color from the nearby clothing rack and tossed it to her. “I don’t know what they told you, but this conference is PG-13; not rated for nudity. You can’t go out there like that. It’s a good thing Kala always wears a cape.”

The man looked to be in charge. He was clearly stressed and very busy; not enjoying himself like the conference attendees outside had been. As he was turning to leave, Rachel stopped him.

“Wait, I need to talk to Ron…um”, he had been Coach Ron to her for so long that she couldn’t remember his last name. “Ron. I was supposed to meet him in 119D.”

“Well, I don’t know any Ron, sweetie. But you’ll have to meet your friend after the show. Now hurry up and get dressed. We’re due on the main stage in 5.”

This time Rachel let him move on. Then she made a hasty retreat from the room. She wanted to be long gone before the man realized he had mistaken her identity. It would be difficult to explain that she was just some lost naked girl looking for her swim coach. Even if he never figured it out, she absolutely wanted no part of going on stage in her current attire.

\*\*At least I got a cape out of the deal. I’m sure they won’t miss it.

She quickly wrapped it over her shoulders and clasped it around her neck. It was lightweight but opaque and hung down well past her waist. She had almost forgotten what it felt like to have her breasts concealed and the feeling made her practically giddy. Sure, any fast walking would cause it to sort of billow up behind her. But if she took things slowly she could stay relatively decent.

As she was planning her next move she noticed the plaque beside the door which labeled the room as 199D.

\*\*199! How could I have been so stupid?

\*\*A little ways down she found another map. Sure enough, she had gone to the wrong place. 119D was right next to the locker room. Time to backtrack.

Having already made the trip once without a cape, Rachel was confident she could endure a return trip with one. Unfortunately, a security guard was waiting when she returned to the walkway. He blocked the entrance and prevented her from going back the way she had come.

“I need to get to the sports complex.”

“Sorry, Kala. No extras beyond this point. You have to go through the conference hall like everyone else. Nice outfit, by the way. Can I have your autograph?”

Another case of mistaken identity. She pled with him, but he insisted that the only way to the sports complex was to traverse the conference hall itself. That gave Rachel an idea.

\*\*Wait a minute. That’s my ticket back. I can pretend I’m this Kala character and go through the middle of the conference hall.

So Rachel was fated to attend her first SciFiCon after all. She strode out onto the show floor to raised fists of salute and calls of “Hail Tryion”.

Kala proved to be a very beloved character who garnered much attention. No doubt her skimpy outfit contributed to her popularity. After all, she was basically naked under her cape. But it was fun to have a fan base. Not about to let them down, Rachel played to the crowd by nodding nobly and signing autographs when possible.

She had so much fun that reaching the end of the hall was kind of a disappointment. She enjoyed seeing the other weird and wonderful costumes and would have liked to explore the vendor booths more. It was fun to play pretend and dress up once in a while. And it gave her a thrill to be daring with her body but still somewhat in control for once. Rachel had so much fun that she vowed to research SciFiCon when she got home and attend some in the future.

But now it was time to get back to the swim meet. She went straight to the correct 119D this time where Coach Ron and another man were inside glaring at each other across a table. The two men continued their heated conversation as she approached.

“You can do whatever you want. But I’m telling you it’s dangerous. There are all kinds of chemicals in a swimming pool. It’s no different than doing an ear. The area needs time to close up or you run the risk of infection,” said the man who she later learned was named Damien.

Coach Ron still hadn’t noticed Rachel. He asked, “How long do we have to wait?”

“It depends if she is a fast healer or not. Normally, I’d say a day. But she’s young. And an athlete, as you say. She might be able to go after a few hours as long as there’s no redness or swelling.”

“Fine. We’re short on swimmers as it is. And this one is too valuable. Go ahead and setup.” That’s when he noticed Rachel coming up behind him.

“Rachel, good to see you. This is Damien. He’s here to pierce your nipple.”

“Pierce my WHAT?!”…

**Part 46**
Grigor had seen that look before. His boss was not happy. A dire development threatened to derail the whole Thornwood project. But he knew his boss would not give up without a fight. Luckily, the heart and soul of BysCo had an uncanny ability to turn such curveballs into homeruns. All in a day’s work.

Initially it didn’t look like much was happening. He was just sitting motionless at his desk; the potentially ruinous memo in front of him. But having worked with him for so long, Grigor knew better. The genius was at work. Time was critical. Grigor need only provide useful information until Bystander had developed a plan of action and execute once the decision was made on how to proceed. Bystander spoke.

“I thought Kathy was on her way to the airport. How did we lose her?”

“Our tail reported that she packed two suitcases into her car and left right on time; presumably to drive to Chicago.”

After accepting the job, Kathy had begun preparations at once for the move to China. She cancelled her utilities and made arrangements for a moving company to pack up the rest of her belongings. When she got into the car that morning, she had given no indication of doing otherwise.

The tail had only been hired to watch the house until she left the house. No one followed her after that. Grigor caught a brief look of annoyance on his boss’ face. It was his mistake to presume she would drive straight to the airport. But Bystander was too focused on the task at hand to worry about punishing such oversights. That would come later.

“Any idea where she is headed instead? Any close friends?”

“No one she hasn’t already said ‘goodbye’ to. We’re monitoring her communications.”

“Good. She’ll show up. In the mean-time, get me a copy of her emails from the past day and bring me her psych profile so I can figure out her next move. And put out an APB for her car on the public wire. Maybe we’ll get lucky.”

“Yes sir.”

\*\*Maybe we’ll get lucky. Yeah, and maybe she’ll just show up at the airport!

It was just an expression. Bystander never left anything to luck if he could help it. Grigor used his tablet to transfer the requested information over to the master workstation. He was in the middle of posting the APB when his boss made a breakthrough.

“Forget the APB. I know where she’s going!”

“What? Where?”

“Indianapolis. It’s right here in her inbox.”

“Of course!” Grigor cursed himself for not piecing it together. He filled in the rest aloud. “Coach Ron sent the parents an email about the Labor Day Invitational. Kathy had promised to attend at least one of Rachel’s swim meets and this is her last chance before leaving the country. The team was supposed to be in Lark Bend this weekend which is too far away. But Indy is only 3 hours from Chicago. She probably found a commuter flight from Indy to drop her straight into O’Hare in time to catch our plane to Beijing. So, how are we going to stop her?”

“We’re not.” Bystander replied calmly. As usual, he was already thinking several steps ahead. “It’s too late to intercept her at this point. Contact will happen, but that doesn’t mean we can’t spin it in our favor. Call Coach Ron and warn him that Rachel’s mom is on her way.” He dismissed Grigor with a nod and dove headlong into Kathy’s psychological dossier.

Coach Ron sat in room 199D wallowing in despair. His great gamble had slowly fallen apart over the last two days. He had hoped that, even without Rachel, his girls could somehow hang around in the top 10 the first day. Then with his boys arriving and Rachel retuning to form, they might just have made a run at a championship today.

That dream was all but extinguished now. Johanna and her team had somehow been delayed coming out of Memphis and were going to miss the meet completely. He hadn’t even bothered to activate Rachel. There was no point in risking her health now.

He hated to admit defeat, but the deficit was just too much to overcome. He had spent most of the day hiding in this makeshift office rather than watch Coach Sparks and Eastern Academy celebrate yet another victory. A few more races and the invitational would mercifully be over.

When Bystander’s office called, he braced for more bad news. But the tone was even more threatening and urgent than he had expected.

“Forget winning the meet,” Grigor had said, “Bystander has a new priority. That means you have a new priority. Rachel’s mother, Kathy, is entering the complex as we speak. She only has time to watch one race before she must leave again for the airport. It is imperative that Rachel be in that race!”

Coach Ron struggled to keep up. “What difference does one race make?”

“Bystander has studied her psych profile. Seeing her daughter in such a revealing uniform will be jarring. She can and will destroy everything you have accomplished. However he calculates that if she simultaneously sees Rachel happy, successful and fulfilling her true potential, she will not stand in the way. That is why you must get her on the starting block before the next race starts. Is she with you?”

“I…I have no idea where she is.”

“Well you better go find her now. If you are any sort of good coach, you will get that girl in the pool and motivate her to swim the race of her life. Your role is about to change as well. Call me back when she’s on the starting block and I’ll explain the rest of the plan.”

Coach Ron took pride in his normally unflappable nature, but Grigor’s ominous words shook him to his core. If this didn’t work, his job, in fact his whole career would be over. He set out running across the sports complex. He gathered some essentials then took off running. His first order of business was to find Ellie. If anybody could lead him to Rachel, it was she.

In the bleachers, Rachel sat huddled inside her cape and nursed her wound; still shocked that Coach Ron had convinced her to go through with the piercing. According to meet regulations, all competitors must have a tamper resistant RFID tag system attached to their uniform. This tag would identify them throughout both days of competition.

The device was semi-permanent; not meant to be removed until after the meet had concluded. Any sign of tampering could disqualify an entire team. The only way to be allowed to compete was if she had one installed like the other swimmers. Unfortunately, her uniform had no fabric in which to sew the tag. Her belt and gloves were polymer and too flimsy. And the hard shell of the Pinnacle was impervious to puncture. That’s where Damien and his piercing tools had come in.

Despite the scary looking giant needle, the act itself was quick and not at all painful due to a powerful local anesthetic. Damien proved a skilled technician. His deft touch produced a significant inflationary response from her nipple even as the cold topical medicine dulled her nerve endings. One smooth motion had the curved cylindrical stud safely injected through the tip of her pink flesh. He finished by applying a medical sealant which would prevent contamination while she healed. No blood, no mess, no discomfort.

When the piercing was over, there was one thing left to do. Coach Ron pulled the RFID badge out of his pocket. Rachel felt a brief tug on her nipple as the metal badge snapped securely into place on the magnetic stud.

He declared the uniform modification a success and quite attractive to boot. It bothered Rachel that he kept referring to it as a ‘uniform modification’. It looked more like body modification to her. Did that mean her body was her uniform?

All that day and into the next she had plenty of time to ponder that and any other question that came into her head. She sat in the bleachers and sullenly watched the heats. In the latest one, Jessica from Thornwood finished 5th. Some girl from a school in Michigan won. When the official time was announced Rachel’s mood soured further.

\*\*It’s not fair. I could have beaten that.

“I know you want to help your team,” Coach Ron had said, “but you can’t do that until the redness and swelling has abated and there is no more soreness. I will call on you when the time is right. You would do best to rest up and prepare yourself mentally.”

She had pleaded with Coach Ron to let her swim; insisting that she felt no soreness. But now with the anesthetic wearing off, she privately admitted to a dull pain growing around the pierced area. Now that the race docket was winding down, a realization dawned that she probably wasn’t going to get into the water. Coach Ron had abandoned her.

She looked around the bleachers. Even though the most exciting races remained, the crowd had dwindled as the second day of races wound down. Evening was fast approaching and even the most avid swim fans had to start thinking about work tomorrow.

She cocooned inside her cape and checked her progress for the millionth time. The command to wait for the redness and swelling to dissipate had been a cruel joke. She was a horny teenage girl. Her left nipple, the one that hadn’t been pierced was just as radiant and plump as the other one.

In fact, the familiar ache in her loins had grown stronger of late and her nipples were begging for some attention. Artfully concealed beneath the cloth shell, she reached between her legs and lightly caressed the delicate skin around the Pinnacle. It helped a little. What she really needed was a good, thorough ‘bate session.

She idly wondered if it were possible to find a private room with a lock somewhere nearby in order to attend to her body’s sexual needs.

\*\*I could probably even do it right here inside my cape if I removed the Pinnacle and was very careful…

But before she could pursue that thought, she was interrupted by a commotion nearby. She looked up to see Ellie running toward her waiving frantically. Coach Ron trailed not far behind.

“It’s time, Rachel. This next race is yours!” he said when they reached her. He must have run half way across the complex because he was out of breath.

“What, really?”

“Yes!”

Ellie waived a scanner device over her body. It read the signal from her RFID tag and registered her for the race.

Rachel stood up, excited but still very confused. “But how? This is a final and I didn’t qualify.”

“In the case of injury, there’s a rule where a team may substitute contestants. Pip qualified so we’re giving her your spot. This race is critically important. In fact, everything hinges on your performance. Are you ready?”

“I…uh…YES, of course!” Rachel’s heart began to pound in her chest. A wash of adrenaline hit her at the prospect of competing. More than anything else in the world she wanted to swim. Instinct took over and her body began flexing different muscle groups.

She checked her equipment; making sure the Pinnacle was anchored securely before donning her gloves. The she stood up and marched toward the starting block…

**Part 47**
Like a cat toying with a mouse, Jay gazed into his computer screen with satisfaction. His nation ranked as an Ultimate War player had earned him a beta key to UW: Online. And although resourceful and cunning, his current opponent was no match for the prodigy. Jay surveyed the virtual battlefield knowing victory was nearly at hand. He had masterfully cut off his opponent’s every attempt to establish supply lines. And once the dwindling reserves ran out, there would be no other choice but to quit the field.

An alert appeared and drew his attention to a peripheral monitor.

“Damn, kid. Don’t you know when to give up? What are you up to now?”

His eScrub program had been monitoring and thwarting Eric’s repeated attempts to reconstruct the fragmented Pussifier Kronieken video. But his meager computer skills were no match for Jay.

He brought the program up and told it to display active traffic. It found Eric on an IRC channel dedicated to video file tech support. Deciding to have a little fun, he quickly hacked into the channel and began pounding away at his custom built mechanical keyboard.

\*\*Bow2YourG☢d has joined the channel\*\*
[Moderator]Lorraine > Did you try rebuilding the file?
User\_1069 > Yes several times. It always gives me the same error.
Bow2YourG☢d > Don’t listen to her kid. She doesn’t know what she’s talking about.
\*\*Bow2YourG☢d has been promoted to moderator status\*\*
\*\*[Moderator]Lorraine has been demoted to user status\*\*
Lorraine > Hey, you’re not a mod! How did you do that?
[Mod]Bow2YourG☢d > Shut up bitch
\*\*Lorraine has disconnected\*\*
\*\*Lorraine has been banned from this channel\*\*

User\_1069 > …hey, she was helping me!
[Mod]Bow2YourG☢d > You are never going to get that video fixed, so you might as well give up.

\* IT’S INFECTED\_ \*
\* | \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ | \*
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[Mod]Bow2YourG☢d > Seriously, this is way bigger than you could ever imagine. So if I were you, I would delete the video and forget it ever existed.
User\_1069 > Screw you.
\*\*User\_1069 has been renamed to Eric\_Gillmony\*\*
Eric\_Gillmony > WTF HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?!
Eric\_Gillmony > w/e nice little trick but it’s not going to stop me.
[Mod]Bow2YourG☢d > Listen, kid, I know you think you’re helping her. But you’re wasting everyone time. So I’ll give you one last chance to walk away.
[Mod]Bow2YourG☢d > …or would you rather I send your little porn stash to the whole school? I’m sure everyone will be very interested in those l33t spycam videos of Rachel.
[Mod]Bow2YourG☢d > It’s your choice. But remember, I’ll be watching.
\*\*Eric\_Gillmony has disconnected\*\*

“Holy shit!”

Shaken, Eric slammed his laptop shut and backed away as if it had suddenly turned into a radioactive viper. After calming down a bit and cautiously disconnecting the wi-fi, he turned his laptop back on checked his cached copy of the IRC chat log. But the hacker had removed all traces of the conversation. He tried convincing himself that the hacker was bluffing. But he wiped his hard drive anyway.

With his evidence destroyed he was back to square one…

**Part 48**
Pip glared at the giant scoreboard. It wasn’t a pretty sight. Mighty Eastern Academy sat second in the overall point standings. Thornwood was languishing in 28th place. She had been a great captain throughout the meet; fighting for every point and urging her teammates to do the same. But Thornwood’s chances took a serious hit with their star swimmer sidelined due to that unspecified injury.

“Screw Rachel. We don’t need her,” she remembered saying at the time. That was a lie. They needed Rachel; especially since they were only half a team. Coach Johanna and the boys had failed to make the trip. A team of only girls or only boys was not uncommon, but it was unheard of for one of those schools to win the all-around team championship.

There were only a handful of races left and only this one mattered to her now. Her individual performance had been masterful, culminating in qualifying for the 800 freestyle final. While warming up for the race, she mentally calculated how many points her team needed. But it was hopeless. The best she could hope for was a personal medal. At least that was some validation for all the sweat and effort she had poured into the program.

That opportunity was denied her when Coach Ron appeared and unceremoniously bumped her from the final. Officially it was due to an unspecified injury. But really it was only so Rachel could have the spot.

\*\*What a load of shit. I’m not injured! That little slut has done nothing to help us so far. She’s been practically absent this whole time and more useless than a team mascot. At least a mascot cheers for their team. And now Coach Ron is giving her MY spot in the most important race? Well I’ll teach her to steal my spotlight!

Grumbling to herself, Pip retrieved the rectangular device from her purse. At the perfect moment she would remotely inflate the Pinnacle to full size and turn the vibrator on maximum. She knew the device’s gripping fins would cause it to dig deep into Rachel’s tender womb. She would be forced to stop swimming as her body was violated like never before and massive vibrations wracked her from inside. No one would know what was happening below the surface except Pip.

It was the perfect way to exact revenge. She waited for the race to begin in near giddiness. But her attitude changed when Rachel made her glorious appearance. Like an apparition she floated down from the stands; a savior wrapped in deep lavender, the color of royalty. Swept up in the magnificence of it all, Pip temporarily forgot her venomous wrath.

In a flash and without hesitation Rachel shed her cape. Like a butterfly emerging from her cocoon, she emanated beauty and grace. On the surface, her bare body was all soft curves and tantalizing buoyancy. But strength was also evident in the way her muscles flexed as she walked. And her eyes were fixed like granite on the starting platform. Nothing soft there. Pip had not seen such confidence in her teammate before. She was transfixed by the sight and gawked for fear of missing anything.

If she was embarrassed at being exposed in front of the assembled audience, she showed no indication of it. The sway of her breasts caused something shiny to twinkle upon her nipple as she walked. Electricity hung in the air as the nearly nude contestant reached the starting block just ahead of the deadline. She had always possessed a natural beauty and talent. But Pip was particularly struck by how much raw power her body exhibited.

How she managed to walk with that artificial cock buried in her pussy, much less swim was a mystery. Pip flushed when she realized she was getting turned on by the whole thing, but even then could not bring herself to look away.

Rachel coiled up into her starting position and waited for the gun with a calm determination; a viper readied to strike. Everyone in the crowd got quiet. It felt like the whole world had stopped to witness the spectacle. A few tense seconds ticked by in silence. Then the gun sounded.

All the energy carefully gathered earlier was released at once caused her to explode from the block like the gun had been firing her instead of a blank. She leapt from the platform and leveled out parallel to the water. Her arms were stretched out in front as if meaning to fly the length of the pool instead of swim.

Though her especially high launch trajectory looked queer to Pip, it didn’t seem to matter as her practiced form was flawless. Defying gravity by somehow adding elevation, she was a weightless apparition soaring several feet above the water. Finally with a dip of her head she descended and prepared for entry. By then she had flown nearly to the quarter length mark of the pool and left no doubt among those in attendance that they were witnessing something world-class. The other contestants, rendered into slow motion by comparison, were still in the process of leaving their starting blocks.

Smooth as silk she slipped beneath the surface of the pool with almost no splash and dolphin-kicked for several lengths. The crowd rose to their feet as she emerged at the half-way point and settled into an impossibly quick stroke cadence. Pip stood up to get a better view as well; the remote dropped unused and forgotten by her side.

Rachel crisscrossed the pool lapping her competition with ease. After her final turn, she went into an unbelievable finishing kick which made it go by in a flash and she thrust forward one last time to tag the wall.

As the other swimmers trudged along several laps behind and all but forgotten by the crowd, Rachel pulled herself out of the pool. A cadre of serious looking race officials converged on the spot and quickly escorted the confused girl toward an exit. She was still breathing quite heavily from the exertion and would have appreciated a moment to recover. But they seemed intent on whisking her from the room.

She only caught snippets of their conversation; something about needing certification and the inevitable challenge from other parties. Somebody mentioned a drug test. Before she could ask to borrow a towel to dry off, a roar erupted from the crowd and the group paused. Peeking out between two of her escorts, she saw what had caused the commotion. Her race time had just been posted onto the scoreboard followed moments later by the flashing words “New World Record!!!”

The officials stowed her in the Thornwood locker room with a vow to sort things out and return. She sat down and tried to process what had just happened, but unable to contain her glee she stood back up immediately screamed with joy.

\*\*I did it. I really did it! I broke a world record.

So what if the officials were skeptical? They ought to be. It might take them a while to sort it out and certify everything, but they would be back to congratulate her eventually.

\*\*Guess that explains the drug test talk. No matter. They can test whatever they want. I’ve got nothing to hide. I’m clean…well, a quick shower wouldn’t hurt.

But no sooner had she removed her gloves, belt and swim cap than the excitement once again overcame her and she began jumping up and down and squealing like the little school girl that she was. Surging endorphins fed a voracious ardor for anything and everything to burn brighter inside her and spark an array of emotion. She felt somehow both satisfied and in want at the same time. She felt vindicated, but also the need to prove herself again and again. She felt alive. And not surprisingly, she felt incredibly horny.

It came to a head when she reached between her legs to remove the Pinnacle. She began to extract the long shaft when her vaginal muscles reacted and yanked it back inside her with a spasm of pleasure.

“Ooh!”

Right then Rachel made an unconscious decision to do something she had sworn never to do. It was wrong to use her swim uniform for sexual pleasure. And she would never be able to look at the Pinnacle the same way again. But left alone with so much pent up arousal, she simply couldn’t stop herself from collapsing into a nearby chair and spreading her legs.

Meanwhile, in the commotion following the race, Coach Ron made his way over near the officials’ booth. A Thornwood liaison was expected in case they had any questions. But more importantly that location afforded him a better perspective from which to search for Rachel’s mother. He carefully scanned the crowd.

\*\*…there!

A woman emerged from the bleachers, bypassed a barrier separating the lower sections from the ground floor and walked purposefully toward the hallway where they had taken Rachel. One look confirmed that he had found his woman. She shared many physical attributes that indicated familiarity with Rachel. And though she wore conservative attire befitting of a middle aged businesswoman, it was still clear where Rachel inherited her stunning physique. If Kathy was any indication, Rachel would be enjoying her genetic inheritance for many years to come.

He moved to intercept and caught her before she reached the exit.

“Ms. Thompson, I presume? I’m Ron Lutheford, the head coach of Thornwood. I don’t believe we’ve met yet, so let me say what an honor it is to get to coach someone of your daughter’s talent.”

He held out his hand to shake but she did not return the gesture; choosing instead to cross her arms acrimoniously.

“So, you’re the one responsible for...whatever that was. I don’t know what you think you’re doing here, but it has nothing to do with honor. Embarrassment is more like it.”

Coach Ron was unfazed by the allegation. If anything, he was struck by how cute Kathy looked when she was irate. Having seen Rachel’s body so thoroughly and frequently, he couldn’t help but briefly picture what her mother must look like under those clothes; a fully mature version of equal beauty.

But his reverie only lasted an instant. He could not afford to get distracted. Many things were happening simultaneously and it was important he stay focused on the task at hand. Rachel had performed spectacularly. Now was his time to step up and close the deal.

He started into an explanation, but she cut him off in the middle of it.

“Ma’am, as the head coach I was authorized and commissioned to…”

“AS a parent, I have the authority to decide which extracurricular activities my Rachel is part of. And rest assured that it won’t be your swim team. In fact, I know people on the school board. And I can see to it that you never coach in the district again!”

Her scathing assault indicated to Coach Ron that he might have underestimated his task. He needed credibility in her eyes or she would never entrust her daughter to his guidance. Fortunately for him, Ellie and Pip arrived at that moment leading the head official to him. Those reinforcements were just what he needed to regain some credibility in Kathy’s eyes. He only hoped they bore good news.

“Please, ma’am. I would never deign to usurp your authority as a parent. I treat my students with the greatest care and respect and I think they all would attest that I only have their best interest at heart, right ladies?” He welcomed the girls into the conversation and invited them to answer his question truthfully.

Pip and Ellie answered in the affirmative.

“As for the uniform, I know the design may appear unorthodox to the untrained eye; shocking even. But from an industry standpoint, what you saw was merely a natural progression of recent trends. All our uniforms were thoughtfully selected from a competition grade collection in order to achieve the exact level of results you’ve seen today. I can assure you that the contestants are not in the least bit embarrassed by them. In fact, the school board has already ruled on this matter and my actions have been consistent and transparent from the beginning. I was brought in to return the swim team to a championship caliber. Performances like Rachel just gave are evidence that we are on the right track.”

Coach Ron motioned the race coordinator to join in. “Now, this gentleman has news that I believe should be of some relevance.”

The coordinator stepped forward and addressed the group. “I will be brief. We have reviewed the race data and it appears that your swimmer did indeed set a new world record. Congratulations.”

Kathy’s eyes went wide in disbelief. Ellie squealed with delight. Pip just started calculating how far that would bump Thornwood in the standings. The meet awarded substantial bonus points for breaking national and world records. It would put Thornwood back into contention. Her best guess was top 3 with just a few races left. Hope flickered. There was still time to move into first place!

The official turned to Coach Ron and said “Understand, though, that another team has issued a challenge about how she even entered this race. And of course there is further certification to be done by the International Committee on Records. But for now our judges have decided to award your team the points and allow you to continue in the competition.”

Coach Ron smiled graciously. “Thank you, sir, but that won’t be necessary. Thornwood is withdrawing effective immediately.”

Now it was pip’s turn to protest. “WHAT? Withdrawing? We finally start to make some progress and you want to QUIT?”

“I’m afraid so, Katie. We must turn our attention away from the Invitational and look to the greater prize.” While he explained, Coach Ron included a bit of his own pedigree for Kathy’s sake. “I consider myself a pretty good judge of talent. During my tenure at the Zurich Aquatic Club, I oversaw the training of many world-class swimmers. And put quite simply, Rachel is every bit as good. In fact, she is good enough to represent team USA at the next summer Olympics.”

This revelation prompted more looks of disbelief. Of course, Kathy’s was the only reaction that mattered. Slowly and gradually, he seemed to be winning her over.

“I looked up the Olympic qualifying schedule. We came dangerously close to missing our window. But it seems fortune is on our side this time. The final qualifier is this weekend. If we return home now, we can catch a flight to Orlando in time to register her for the event.” He paused and looked expectantly at Kathy, “That is, unless you still intend to remove her from my care. Either way we will have no reason to remain here and compete.”

The mention of catching a plane struck Kathy in just the way Coach Ron had hoped. Her own plane bound for China was scheduled to take-off from O’Hare in a matter of hours; something she hadn’t even disclosed to Rachel yet. But Coach Ron was forcing her to make a call with little time to deliberate. Dawdling could cost her the lucrative job that had conveniently landed in her lap.

Kathy got very quiet. He gave her space to think and dismissed the race official with thanks. The very fact that she was even considering agreeing to this new plan showed that Bystander’s gambit had a chance. After all, what parent could crush their child’s chance to become an Olympian? But he couldn’t let her consider the details for too long lest she begin to pick it apart and find fault. To seal the deal, he loosed one last sweetener.

“If it makes you feel any better, Rachel and I won’t be undertaking this venture alone. An Olympic hopeful should be surrounded by a competent support crew that is dedicated to her success. Ellie here is the equipment manager and Katie is one of our team captains. I think they would be excellent companions. I was going to ask them to accompany us on the trip…assuming they also receive parental permission, of course.”

Ellie squealed with delight at that and rushed to accept the offer. Pip was still brooding about the announced withdrawal, but her mood improved noticeably with the invitation.

He concluded his pitch with a sense of inevitability. “There you have it! Between the three of us, I can confidently say that Rachel will be kept in good care. Ellie, please inform the rest of the team that we’re rolling out in 5 minutes. I will go warm up the bus.”

Then as if the matter was settled, he turned and walked to the door. He had boxed Kathy in neatly. She hesitated a moment, then checked her watch. It was past time to go. She had to make a decision.

“Well…I guess if this is really what she wants to do. I mean, how can I say ‘no’? Can I at least see her off?”

Coach Ron opened his arms warmly. “The bus can wait. I’ll escort you to her myself.”…

**Part 49**
Lost in a world of arousal, Rachel writhed as she worked the artificial phallus in and out of her slippery love canal. Whenever she tugged on the shaft, the exact same muscle groups she has learned to flex while swimming eagerly drew it back inside her. Each time they did so shivers ran up her spine and a gasp escaped her strained face.

Sitting splayed out in the chair in direct sight of the doorway left her vulnerable and exposed. But that didn’t matter. She had completely forgotten her surroundings as familiar sensations bubbled up inside and curled her toes.

\*\*Ung ung OOOOOoooh yes!

Her nipples grew harder and redder until they were practically throbbing upon her creamy mounds. Any bigger and they would pop. The sound of distant footsteps barely registered in her brain.

The chair was solid with large plastic cushions on the seat, back, and arms. The yellow cushions were permanently attached to the sturdy metal frame. While moderately comfortable, it was purposely built for years of service and could certainly stand up to one young woman thrashing about on it.

Rachel tilted her head back into the rear cushion and hooked her legs over the armrests. Then she lifted her bottom and arched her back so that all her weight was resting on the back of her knees and neck. Her breasts strained upward and her nipples pointed toward the ceiling. Anyone walking in at that moment would have been treated to a spectacular scene of teenage sexual urgency.

She offered her whole body to the pleasure gods and they responded graciously. Ripples of pleasure spread from her pussy canal as her muscle groups milked the Pinnacle’s bumpy surface. She increased her pace. Moisture flowed freely which helped to counteract the heat that such great friction generated.

Her orgasm was so close that it would take an incredible effort to stop it now. But why would she want to stop it? A jingle of keys gave her a reason worth considering. Someone was nearby and intended to enter the room. But who? And did it even matter?

\*\*It’s probably just Ellie coming to tell me they’ve made a ruling. She’ll jump for joy when she sees me get over the hump.

\*\*Or maybe it’s Coach Ron. Surely he would understand my need to let off a little steam after that swimming performance. So what if he walks in and it happens? He’s already seen so much. Guys jack off all the time in their locker room. Coach Johanna must have seen it plenty of times. Why should the girls be treated differently?

An image formed in her mind of Oliver in the boys’ locker room stroking his gorgeous cock; the same one she had licked up and down and even wrapped her lips around only a few days earlier. Suddenly her legs failed as a particularly large wave of arousal pushed her closer to the brink. She dropped back to the seat momentarily then thrust her hips back into the air and resumed her session.

The latch clicked signaling that her privacy was being invaded. Even that did nothing to subdue her vigorous effort. She would deal with the fallout once she had come down. Right now all she needed was to finish the job. Only when the familiar voice called her name did she desist.

“Rachel?”

“MOM?!”

Rachel’s blood ran cold. Faster than she thought possible, she shot out of the chair and shoved the pinnacle back into place as her mom appeared in the doorway followed closely by Coach Ron. Content to stay out of the mother-daughter reunion, he went right to work tidying up the room and collecting various pieces of equipment.

Having been so close to climaxing, she struggled to remain standing as Kathy approached and examined her as mothers are wont to do. Although she had nothing left to hide from either her coach or her mom, she felt very self-conscious that they were at the same time seeing her so indisposed. It did not help matters that she was out of breath and still tingling all over from furiously pleasuring herself mere moments ago.

Tearful words were spoken in haste and with a sense of urgency. Rachel heard them, but caught none of the actual meaning. And before she knew it, her mom was embracing her and saying her goodbyes.

“I’m so proud of you, honey. Sorry I won’t be there to watch it in person, but I know you’ll do great. And I’ll be back to visit as soon as I can get away. Bye, baby. Love you!”

And with that, her mother was gone.

“Come along, Rachel.” She heard her coach say on his way to the door. “We need to get on the road and there’s a lot of ground to cover before dark.”

“But…my shower.”

“Oh. I you haven’t already taken it? Then what have you been doing all this…” Looking at her he, for the first time, really noticed the flustered and disheveled state in which they had caught her. Bemusement briefly flashed on his face as the realization kicked in. Then he quickly regained composure. “Never mind. Just finish up and make it quick. The bus will be waiting at the west side exit.”

The door slamming behind him broke her from her stupor. The room swam around her and she felt like she might faint. She needed to sit down. Instead, she remained upright and willed her wobbly legs to carry her into a shower stall. Having grown so practiced at it, she gradually calmed the sexual urgency that had built up earlier and was able to focus on scrubbing herself clean.

Only afterward, when needing to dry off did she realize how thoroughly Coach Ron had scoured the locker room. He had already taken the towels the team bus. But to her greater dismay, he had also taken every other piece of Thornwood equipment including the rest of her uniform!

Without the belt, cap and gloves that marked her as a swimmer, she only had the Pinnacle to wear. The only silver lining, she thought making her way through the halls toward the west side exit with damp hair dripping everywhere and goose bumps raised prominently all over her bare skin, was that the late hour made for sparse foot traffic. She only raised a few eyebrows of passers-by.

Once on the bus, she discovered that Coach Ron had loaded her uniform in cargo with the rest of the team equipment.

\*\*If he considers my cap, belt and gloves to be accessory equipment, then where is my uniform? Is it nothing more than the Pinnacle itself?

That thought gave Rachel something to ponder as they drove on all that evening and late into the night.

Because of the late start, Coach Ron did not quite achieve his ambitious goal of driving all the way home that night. It was ok, though. Since despite all the urgent talk, they faced no serious deadlines. The kids would miss part of school the next day. But the reason for their absence was school related. That alone would earn them an exemption.

As for the flight to Orlando, Bystander’s charter jet provision afforded them a schedule lenience not typically enjoyed by air travelers. As long as they departed sometime around mid-day on Tuesday, they should arrive in plenty of time for Rachel to get acclimated before festivities ramped up on Wednesday. Olympic trials did not actually begin until Thursday.

So with that in mind, he resolved to drive only as long as he could remain alert and to find accommodations at the first sign of fatigue.

Rachel spent most of the evening drive alone. Ellie and Pip had been summoned to the front of the bus to coordinate logistics with Coach Ron. She was just nodding off when she heard Ellie’s voice above her.

“Hey there, sleepyhead. Mind if I join you? Are you excited about the trip?”

Rachel scooted over so Ellie could sit down.

“Yeah, I guess. I just wish she wasn’t going. I don’t trust that girl.”

“Who Pip? Oh, she’s not so bad.”

Rachel scoffed. “You don’t know her like I do.”

“Say what you want, but she seems friendly enough to me. You might as well get used to her. Coach Ron says we’re all rooming together tonight and in Orlando. Apparently, now that you are practically an Olympian, you need ‘handlers’”.

“Oh great! Just what I needed, Katie Davonleigh handling me.” Rachel sighed.

“Don’t worry, I promise to keep her in line.” Ellie said confidently; although Rachel doubted her ability to follow through on that promise.

It was late in the evening when the bus pulled off at a rural motel somewhere south of Nashville.

Pip engaged her in conversation while they were settling in. To Rachel, it felt more like verbal sparring. Every comment, no matter how sweetly delivered contained a jab of haughty disdain. She hadn’t the slightest clue why Pip considered her an enemy, but she resolved to keep her handler at arm’s length. Soon Coach Ron arrived to collect the uniforms. She took greater pleasure than she should have to have her frenemy stripped naked. Pip had nothing to be ashamed of when it came to physical assets. But losing her clothes sapped her desire to spar. She left Rachel alone after that and soon turned in for the night.

Unlike the previous place they stayed, all the rooms in this rundown motel exited straight to the parking lot outside. A cold front tracked down Interstate 65 in the night. The only insulation to speak of came in the form of cheap blankets on the beds themselves. Air seeped through gaps in the crumbling bricks and the old heaters did a terrible job of keeping up.

As Ellie cuddled close to her, Rachel was thankful for a bedmate to share warmth with. Pip spent the night tossing and turning all alone in the other bed. She figured Pip would find some way to blame her for the uncomfortable sleeping arrangement…