**Two to Tanga**

by ToddCheese

The midday sun was beating down on the city streets, sending waves of heat rising from the cement and asphalt. It was the kind of oven weather that invoked welcome thoughts of air conditioning, ice cream, and, for Kirsten and Elizabeth, cooling off in the local water park. In Elizabeth's case, the day also brought to mind retaliation, her chance to get back at Kirsten for last summer.

It was intended as just an innocent joke, Kirsten had tried to tell her, but the little prank had escalated to leave poor Elizabeth exposed, humiliated, and ultimately, exiled. It had happened at the inner-tube slide, the big one with the enclosed pool halfway down, suspended above the park. The girls had decided to share one of the oversized black inflatable tubes, riding down together. While drifting in the pool at the halfway point, lying side-by-side on their stomachs atop the tube, Kirsten had gotten a wicked idea.

"Hang on, Elizabeth, you're coming undone," she had said. "Here, I'll fix it."

And she'd untied the right string of her friend's bikini, which up until then was really not in any danger of coming off at all, and retied it... around one of the plastic hand-grips protruding from their inner tube! There was no reason for Elizabeth to suspect anything, so she hadn't. It was the first time Kirsten had ever played such a prank, and she wasn't even sure what had possessed her to do it to begin with.

They'd ridden the slide the rest of the way down, and Kirsten had figured Elizabeth's bottoms would come undone when the girls tumbled out of the slide into the pool below and were thrown from the tube. In the translucent water, no one would see Elizabeth clearly, and Kirsten would be right there ready to help her friend. They'd both have a good laugh about it later.

Only it hadn't worked out that way at all. When they impacted the water, Kirsten had been thrown off but Elizabeth managed to cling to the tube, still floating on top of it. Kirsten surfaced as quickly as she could, wiping the chlorine from her eyes, but Elizabeth was already paddling toward the steps at the shallow end. Kirsten knew she should warn her, and had wanted to warn her -- honestly, she had -- but what could she say that wouldn't make her look like a rotten friend? "Hey Elizabeth, I was planning to make you lose your bikini, but..." Any way you worded it, it would have sounded stupid, ruined the joke, gotten Elizabeth mad. But she'd be less mad than if it actually came off, right? But maybe she'd just think it was an accident? Kirsten was never good at making snap decisions in a crisis situation, so in the end she'd done nothing but tread water and watch helplessly.

Elizabeth reached the steps and climbed out in front of a small line of people waiting for tubes so they could ride next. A young boy had taken hers and started off toward the steps, carrying it awkwardly at his side. But as he pulled away, Elizabeth felt the unmistakable sensation of imminent exposure as the knot came loose and the bottom part of her suit fell off her body. Instinctively she reached to grab it, but it was still hanging from the grip on the tube as the boy hauled it away.

Kirsten had watched guiltily as the other people waiting in line saw what happened and began laughing at her friend. Elizabeth's eyes were wide with panic and her face turned bright red as she chased after the boy, hunched over with one arm down both her front and back. Like a monkey, someone in the crowd had commented.

"Hey! You! My suit!" she called out.

The kid was oblivious, but plenty of other people heard her and turned to see what was happening. She trailed him halfway across the park before a pair of lifeguards accosted her, wrapped her in a towel, and escorted her back to the locker room. Elizabeth had tried to explain her situation, but only received a stern lecture about the park's strict "decency policy", and was subsequently banned from admission for the rest of the summer.

That was last year, and Elizabeth, furious and humiliated, had barely spoken to Kirsten the entire fall semester. But around spring break she started to warm up again, and by the time summer returned had even expressed interest in going back to the park. Kirsten assumed that bygones were bygones.

And the truth was, deep down Elizabeth had forgiven her friend, but nevertheless an unshakeable yearning for payback still smoldered in her mind, a desire to see Kirsten go through what she'd forced Elizabeth to experience. She'd kept quiet about it though, careful to give no outward indication, lest she spoil the surprise she had in store for Kirsten.

So when the girls arrived in the locker room, the gateway between the water park and the outside world, Elizabeth suggested they squeeze all their belongings into a single locker to save a little change. Kirsten, suspecting nothing, agreed, and Elizabeth made sure to sit closest to it as both girls stripped out of their street clothes and into bathing suits. Elizabeth had brought a tasteful two-piece red number that went well with her strawberry-blonde hair, one that she could simply pull on rather than having to tie. She still had a phobia after last time, and wasn't taking any chances, no matter how sorry Kirsten said she was.

Kirsten's white suit, on the other hand, had a much skimpier strapless top that tied in back, and a high-cut brief for the bottom piece. Once she had that part on, Kirsten held the strings of the top out at her sides and asked Elizabeth for some help tying them.

While Kirsten's back was turned, Elizabeth reached into her purse. Kirsten let go of the strings as Elizabeth took them in both hands to begin the knot... and then suddenly let go of one end and yanked it away from Kirsten's chest! Using the pair of scissors she'd extracted from her purse, Elizabeth placed the blades right between the breast cups, rendering the garment unwearable in one quick snip.

"Hey!" cried Kirsten, spinning around just in time to see both pieces fall to the floor. "Elizabeth! What the hell are you doing?!"

"It's payback time," announced Elizabeth. "For last year. Or did you think I'd forgotten?"

"But... I thought we were over that," Kirsten said. "I mean, you've never talked about it since."

"That's right," replied Elizabeth. "And that means you really have no clue what kind of humiliation I went through. So now you're going to find out."

Kirsten snorted indignantly. "So I'm supposed to, what, go out there topless?" She indicated her bare breasts for emphasis. "You know how long that'll last before they throw me out?"

"Oh, no," assured Elizabeth. "On the contrary, you'll stay completely covered the whole time... Well, hopefully!"

"So... what, so you brought me some other stupid thing to wear? What is it, a thong? Something that turns see-through if it gets wet?"

"Actually," answered Elizabeth, "you're wearing it right now." And she pointed to the bottom piece of the white bikini, around Kirsten's waist.

Kirsten looked confused.

"Here, give it here, I'll show you." Kirsten looked reluctant, so Elizabeth assured her, "I promise I'm not going to cut it." And to demonstrate that lack of intent, she stowed the scissors back in her purse.

Still giving Elizabeth a suspicious look, Kirsten slid her bottoms down her legs and stepped out of them. Elizabeth noticed that, in the relative privacy of the locker room, her friend didn't appear at all embarrassed or uncomfortable. All that was about to change, though.

Taking a seat on the bench beside their locker, Elizabeth placed one bare foot on the crotch of Kirsten's bikini. Then, with her hands holding the waist on each side, she tugged upward, hard, stretching the garment above her head until Kirsten was certain it was about to rip.

"Hey!" she cried, grabbing at Elizabeth's hands to make her let go. "Quit it, bitch!"

Elizabeth held firm as Kirsten tried to pry her fingers apart. After about ten seconds she let go of her own accord and offerred it back to her nude companion. The ruined garment hung flimsily from her hand.

"I can't wear this anymore," Kirsten protested. "It's all stretched out of shape!"

"Actually it's perfect," replied Elizabeth, a wicked grin creeping onto her face. "Say hello to your new sideless tanga!"

Kirsten's face went pale, her jaw dropped, and her stomach did a complete somersault.

A sideless tanga. The two of them had seen these awhile back on MTV's Spring Break. It was the single most revealing one-piece swimsuit in existence. A tanga was, essentially, an oversized bottom piece whose straps went up over your shoulders. This had the effect of covering the nipples, but leaving the rest of your breasts pretty much visible. Kirsten recalled saying you'd have to have a hell of a lot of confidence in your body, like a supermodel, to wear such a thing in public. And now here she was being asked -- no, ordered -- to put one on.

"No way." Kirsten shook her head. "No fucking WAY! Screw this shit, I'm outta here."

But as she moved toward the locker to retrieve her street clothes, Elizabeth pulled the orange plastic key out of the lock, threw it INSIDE the locker with the rest of their stuff, then let the door swing closed with a clack.

"Oh shit Elizabeth PLEASE tell me you didn't just do that!"

But Elizabeth had, and she smirked triumphantly. "Well, Kirsten. It looks like we can't get back into our locker to get our clothes. The only thing to do is go to the front desk and ask someone to come open it for us. And I'm not doing it."

Kirsten immediately tried the locker door, but it held tight. She sat in disbelief for a few seconds, the shock at her situation sinking in. Finally, glaring daggers at Elizabeth, she stood without a word and moved cautiously toward the locker room entrance. Covering her front protectively as best she could, she inched her way around the privacy wall. She peered down the corridor to the ticket desk where people paid to get in, but saw only two teenage boys stationed there, both several years younger than her. Where were the girls? They had to have some on staff. Maybe they'd be back if she just waited a minute. Then she could call for one of them to come help.

One of the boys turned and looked down the hall in her direction, so Kirsten quickly ducked back out of sight. What now?? She wanted to poke her head back out, but didn't want some horny teenager getting curious, coming down the hall and seeing her! And there was no way -- no WAY -- she could make herself go up to them in a skimpy sideless tanga! She couldn't handle seeing their amused eyes drilling into her.

As she rounded the corner back to the lockers, she had a few seconds of terrible fear, thinking Elizabeth may have gone out into the park and left her. But her friend was still sitting on the bench, waiting patiently.

"Look," said Kirsten, now pleading, "I am REALLY sorry about that prank I pulled last year. It was SO wrong, and I totally owe you and you can hate me for it and I deserve it!" And she actually got down on her knees, still nude, her hands folded in supplication. "But... PLEASE, Elizabeth, don't make me do this!"

"You're lucky, Kirsten. I didn't have a choice. You do. Either go up to the front desk, or we go outside. But one way or another you're wearing that tanga."

Kirsten glared furiously at Elizabeth. Involuntarily, her hands twitched, as though she desperately wanted to snatch the blonde girl's suit off and use it for herself. Elizabeth had thought of that, and had chosen hers for that reason. It couldn't simply be untied and pulled off.

Elizabeth stood and walked calmly toward the other doors, the ones leading out into the park. Kirsten's mind froze, as it always did under these circumstances, and she was overcome by a sudden intense fear of being left alone, naked, without a thing to wear.

Except that damn tanga.

Elizabeth held all the cards. What if she decided to walk home in just her swimsuit? What would Kirsten do then? She decided she'd better play along. Desperately wishing this weren't happening, she stepped both legs into the overstretched suit and began pulling the narrow straps up over her arms.

"One walk around the main pool, then we'll go back in," Elizabeth reassured her. "Just enough to let you see what it feels like to have everyone staring at you. You owe me that."

Kirsten's first realization was how uncomfortable the garment felt. The rear of the suit, once providing tasteful cover, had been distended into a tight thong, riding uncomfortably deep into the crack of her ass, to say nothing of the front! Being stretched far beyond its intended design, it was pulling down on her shoulders and up from her groin, causing her severe discomfort whether she was moving or standing still.

Kirsten looked down at herself and gasped with horror. The waist straps were BARELY wide enough to cover her nipples! And even worse, with the fabric stretched taut across her body, their outlines were clearly visible poking through! She thanked God she'd at least shaved the day before: The crotch of the suit scarcely contained her vulva lips, there was no way it could possibly have hidden a mass of hair.

"Elizabeth... I can't go out there in THIS!" she moaned. She was acutely aware of how little of her body was left to the imagination.

"Wow, you look hot!" commented Elizabeth. In reality she thought Kirsten looked utterly ridiculous in the improvised tanga, but saying it looked good might help her overcome her fear enough to wear it in public. "Now come on." She pulled the door open to sun and splashing outside. "You go first."

Until then, Kirsten had had vague hopes of maybe hiding behind Elizabeth for the duration of their walk, but now it turned out she was not going to get off that easily. She hesitated at the threshold, unwittingly inviting glances from boys, naturally drawn to an open girls' locker room door.

"Go on," urged Elizabeth. "It'll be worse if everyone figures out you're embarrassed by it."

She was right, Kirsten knew. So, setting her face in a mask, she stepped out into the noisy, crowded, and very public park, trying to ignore the pounding in her chest and the involuntary trembling of her hands. The cement was hot under her feet. She prayed no one she knew would see her dressed this way. Elizabeth followed, smirking, letting the door swing closed behind them.

After mere seconds, Kirsten began to feel heads turning toward her, fingers pointing, eyes staring directly at her scantily clad body. From behind her, not too far away, some jerk made a loud whistle in her direction. Kirsten winced, hunching her shoulders at the sound, but quickly abandoned that when she realized how easily her swaying breasts could tumble out of the suit. She could feel every tiny stray breeze, and every jiggle of her own flesh, leaving her inescapably aware of how exposed she was. The flimsy garment constantly felt like it was going to slip off her shoulders, or reach its stress limit and rip, leaving her naked in public in front of all these people.

She proceeded around the pool as Elizabeth had instructed, trying to keep her gaze straight ahead, avoiding eye contact, but there was no escaping the looks she was getting. Some, mostly guys, wore delighted grins bordering on leers. Several were accompanied by laughter -- horrible, ridiculing laughter. Her heightened senses picked up every giggle carried on the humid air, and she was certain that every one of them was directed at her.

But worst of all were the older, flabbier women who shook their heads and looked at her with expressions of utter disgust. A few of these were accompanied by whispered comments -- but Kirsten heard them anyway -- containing words like "shameless", "trashy", and "slut". Her face burned a bright red, and she tried to tell herself everybody would think it was just a sunburn. But subconsciously she remembered the rest of her body was a pasty white, without a hint of a tan, and she knew -- she KNEW -- that everyone else could see she was embarrassed. She thought about giving in and just running, but that would only attract more attention... not to mention more jiggling.

She couldn't believe Elizabeth, how she could be so cruel as to make her suffer through this. She now knew exactly how her friend had felt last summer, all because of what she, Kirsten, had done.

This particular thought came into her head about halfway around the pool, and had the effect of instantly evaporating her courage. "Oh my God I can't do this Elizabeth PLEASE let's go back... Elizabeth??"

Not hearing an answer, she looked around desperately, and for a few terrifying seconds was convinced her companion had abandoned her like this. But then she heard a call, "Kirsten!" and cringed, realizing everybody nearby now knew who she was.

"Come on," said Elizabeth, a black inner tube at her side. "Let's do the slide!"

Kirsten went up to her, slowly, to minimize her bouncing and swaying as much as possible. Afraid of being overheard she leaned close and whispered, "But Elizabeth... I don't think this suit will stay on!"

"Well, let's find out!"

Kirsten was about to angrily suggest something Elizabeth could do instead, but then remembered the other girl was the only way back into their locker. Except, hey, wait! She could end it right now, go back and ask those boys at the entrance for help. Now that she'd already been seen by God knows how many people, anything was a better alternative!

"Whadya say, Kirsten?" prodded Elizabeth.

"No," she answered defiantly. "This is too much. Go to hell." And she turned to walk back to the locker room and out of this embarrassing nightmare.

"If you walk away now," said Elizabeth coolly, "I'll rip that tanga right off you."

Kirsten froze mid-step, and swallowed hard. Something in Elizabeth's voice had her convinced she'd do it. The damn thing was so flimsy it wouldn't take much to suddenly make her naked right here. Getting it back on would be awkward, and of course everyone would see the entire thing.

Knowing when she was beaten, Kirsten approached the spiral of wooden steps leading up to the top of the slide.

"Oh, but just one other thing," added Elizabeth, as Kirsten tried to take some cover behind her tube. "I thought we'd go separately this time. Go get your own."

Inside Kirsten was positively SCREAMING. Was Elizabeth's cruel game EVER going to END?!

Having no other options, she sighed in disgust, then turned and stalked toward the pool where the other sliders were climbing out, hefting the tubes with them. She knew, in doing this, that she'd just made herself appear more ridiculous to all the bystanders. Those people may not have heard the girls' exchange of words, but they saw Elizabeth with the inner tube, then Kirsten starting to walk away angrily but ultimately relenting. She knew they could tell she was being forced into something she didn't want to do. This made the whole situation even worse, but Kirsten resolved to just get it over with as quickly as possible.

She got her tube from a much younger girl, maybe 11 or 12, who commented, "Wow, that is a REALLY tiny suit!"

"I know," Kirsten sighed miserably. She turned and began rolling the tube unhappily across the cement, toward the slide.

"ALL-RIGHT KIR-STEN!" shouted a guy's voice. Possibly the same asshole who'd made the wolf whistle at her before.

It wasn't easy hauling the slippery rubber tube up the stairs while simultaneously trying to keep tabs on her tanga. She caught up to Elizabeth near the top of the platform, high above the rest of the park. The line was moving fairly quickly, but to Kirsten the wait was unbearably long. Up here with the open breeze, she felt even more exposed than before. The male lifeguard was unmistakably ogling her, and she even caught the woman on the other side smiling at her just a little too much. Her breasts were constantly in danger of popping out, and she knew -- she KNEW -- that the people standing behind her were checking out her ass. Only she was too embarrassed to turn around and confront them, and let them know how much her current state of dress bothered her.

She tried to use the inner tube as cover, but it was oversized, designed to be sat in, not worn. When she set it on the planks in front of her it would hide her breasts but the hole in the center perfectly framed her pubic area. There wasn't enough room in the line for her to position it in front of her, parallel to her body.

The discomfort in her crotch was increasing, becoming intolerable. Kirsten summoned the courage to look down at herself... and was horrified to see her lips had SLIPPED OUT! The suit was bunched up tightly in the cleft between them. Mortified, Kirsten let go of the tube and carefully tucked them back in, the redness in her cheeks intensifying. Everyone would probably think she was playing with herself, enjoying the exposure!

And the truth was, as she adjusted her suit she did feel damp down there. And hot. Her body was responding involuntarily and unexpectedly to the stress of her humiliation, reacting with some kind of perverse pleasure even though Kirsten was hating every wretched moment of it. She told herself it would be hidden as soon as she got the rest of herself wet going down the slide, and tried to silently urge the line along faster with her thoughts.

As the people in front inched forward, her tube toppled over, forcing her to bend down to pick it up. She used one hand to lift it by the plastic grip, the other securing her breasts so they wouldn't fall out. As she knelt, the tanga rubbed uncomfortably against her most sensitive areas. When she stood back up she saw the suit had slipped off her lips AGAIN, so she adjusted it once more, this time one-handed, with the other holding on to the tube. God, she felt even more wet than before! She was absolutely certain that every single person nearby had watched the whole show she'd just put on. Tilting her head back, Kirsten turned her gaze skyward and tried to ignore the eyes crawling over every inch of her body.

Should she really go through with this? Or back out now, while she still had the option? As the front of the line drew closer, possible scenarios flashed in her mind, all of them ending in disaster.

If she went down the slide she'd end up in the pool, and could swim most of the way back to the locker room. The shimmering water would hide her near-nudity a little. But there was no guarantee the suit would even stay on her once she hit the water. If she lost it...!

And what about Elizabeth? What guarantee was there she'd let Kirsten back into their locker, even after all this? Who could fathom whether she had something else in store, something even worse?

But if she turned back now, she'd have to walk down all those steps, squeezing past all the people behind her in line. All of them would get a good long look at her -- not that they hadn't already! -- and she'd probably take some additional taunts for chickening out on the big slide.

She felt the fabric on her shoulders straining unbearably. If just one of the straps ripped, it was all over. She prayed the suit would hold out long enough for her to make the impossible decision.

"Oh God," moaned Kirsten, squeezing her eyes shut and trying not to cry. "Oh God oh God oh God..."

In front of her, Elizabeth heard, and turned around. "Gettin' scared, girlfriend?" she teased.

And the truth was, she WAS scared. Too petrified to make the choice of staying or leaving, so Kirsten just waited, desperately hoping a third option would present itself to her. Maybe going down the slide wouldn't be so bad. Maybe it would suddenly start raining and they'd close the park and everybody would have to go back down. Maybe--

Her thoughts were shattered by a sharp poke in her right ass-cheek.

"Go!" came a young childish voice directly behind her.

Kirsten jolted back to attention and saw that there was a gap between her and Elizabeth, now a few steps further up. She was holding up the line!

She turned to see a boy, maybe six, and said, "Sorry," before moving on. There was no mistaking the mirth in the adult faces behind her. They were making no effort to hide it.

At the entrance to the slide, Kirsten begged Elizabeth to let her go down first.

"No cuts," came the blonde girl's mischievous reply. The lifeguard waved Elizabeth through, and, mounting the tube, she slid down the tunnel out of sight.

Kirsten was next. She prayed her suit would stay on. Immediately she rolled her tube forward the last couple of feet, into the launch area at the mouth of the slide.

"Whoa-whoa-whoa!" Kirsten jumped as she felt a hand on her shoulder, nudging her back. It was the male lifeguard. "Gotta wait for the last girl to clear it."

They were the longest, most agonizing twenty seconds of Kirsten's entire life. The wetness between her legs was starting to become obvious, especially considering the rest of her body was still completely dry. There was not a shred of doubt in her mind that some of the people around her had noticed.

Finally -- FINALLY! -- the lifeguard waved her through.

"GO KIRSTEN!!" shouted a familiar obnoxious male voice from further back in line. Appreciative laughter from his buddies ensued.

Not wanting to bend over to climb into the tube, lest the tanga slip off her front, Kirsten held it up against herself and simply flopped forward, riding down on her stomach, hands gripping the plastic protrusions. Soon she was spinning down the wet blue tunnel, splashing from side to side, away from the leers and the stares, if only for a few moments. The cool water felt refreshing on her burning face and the sensitive spots where the malformed suit had rubbed her raw. Her breasts had already come loose and were floppping wildly inside the tube, but she didn't dare let go of it to fix them. She'd take care of that in the suspended pool halfway down, then again when she reached the end of the slide. Lying prostrate, the tube gave her sufficient cover. No one would see.

Okay. For once she had a plan, she'd made a decision. Moment of truth.

It took only a few seconds to tuck her breasts back into the straps. So far, so good. Kirsten paddled her tube to the opening of the second slide and launched herself down it, her stomach quivering nervously as she swerved and spun toward the bottom. Just before the final splash, as she burst from the base of the slide, Kirsten caught a glimpse of people lined along both sides of the pool, all eagerly waiting to see if tanga-girl's suit was going to stay on. She unmistakably heard someone announce, "There she is!"

And then she landed in the pool and flipped out of the tube, splashing in on her back. Chlorine water filled her mouth and nose. She scrambled toward air, surfacing inside the black ring, a wall of rubber all around. She heard voices, laughing voices, ringing from every direction. A tremendous relief in her shoulders and crotch gave way to the horrifying realization that something was tangled around her legs. She reached down to pull the suit back up but couldn't seem to figure out how to make it go back on right.

"Hey, you in the tube! Clear the way!"

A lifeguard, Kirsten guessed, and he sounded annoyed. She was in the path of people still waiting to ride down. Not wanting to emerge until she got the suit straightened out, she steered the tube blindly toward what she hoped was the shallow end. Unfortunately, she couldn't kick through the water and keep the tanga clasped between her legs at the same time. Somewhere along the way it slipped down off her feet.

Then she heard laughter, and, "Look! It's her suit!" The tanga was floating on the surface of the pool somewhere beyond Kirsten's tube. She reached an arm out, groping for it.

A moment later, it reappeared beside her head, lowered into the circular opening on a rescue pole.

"This what you're looking for?"

Kirsten lifted it off gratefully, but was devastated to find not two connected loops, but only one. The other side of the suit hung uselessly, a pair of loose, frayed strands. One of the shoulder straps had ripped completely through! Kirsten hadn't even felt it happen. It must have been right when she got thrown into the water, while her senses were still busy taking in everything else.

Now what was she going to do? How would she ever get out of here without being seen by dozens of people? The hole in the center of the tube was too wide to act as cover for her lower body, and it'd take both hands to hold it up, leaving her breasts uncovered. And everyone -- EVERYONE -- was watching.

From somewhere, a group of male voices was gleefully chanting, "KIR-STEN! KIR-STEN! KIR-STEN!"

For once, in the midst of a crisis, Kirsten's thinking was clear and decisive. There was no way she could possibly cover everything with just two hands, so she did the next best thing:

She covered her face.

No one in the hooting crowd would ever forget the sight of her smooth, glistening, naked body emerging from the water, but maybe -- MAYBE -- they wouldn't recognize her the next time they saw her fully clothed. Peeking out between her fingers, she navigated her way through a sea of catcalls, taunts and jeers, up the steps and out of the pool. A pair of lifeguards, both female, were waiting to wrap her in a towel.

"This park has a strict regulation about public nudity," one of them informed her. "I'm afraid you'll have to leave."

"For the rest of the summer," added the other.

"But... but it was an accident!" Kirsten protested, though she knew that didn't sound very convincing. Not when you were wearing a sideless tanga, a swimsuit specifically designed to show off the absolute maximum expanse of flesh possible. And how was she supposed to explain the prank, the whole history between herself and Elizabeth?

Elizabeth.

No matter what her friend -- no, make that EX-friend -- had gone through last summer, Kirsten knew her own ordeal had been much, MUCH worse. She was determined to even out the score.

At least it was all over now. At least the lifeguards were escorting her back to the changing room. They'd be able to get the locker reopened. Kirsten's street clothes were in there.

As were Elizabeth's.

As were the scissors in Elizabeth's purse.

THE END