

Lifeguard Gets Wet

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“DocCIS”

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Forward:

This is a story I started over TWO YEARS ago that I work on every now and then. It actually started from a Literotica Story Ideas post. Basically, the rich girl gets in trouble and is sent to spend the summer with her former nanny instead of going on a European vacation with her family. She is sent to downtown Atlanta and forced to get a summer job to pay her way, cut off from her money for the summer...so she gets a lifeguard job. Unfortunately, the lifeguard group has been a 'boys only' group forever, so they are not happy about a girl joining their ranks...

Lifeguard Gets Wet

“Penelope Maria Isabella Wenscott,” the matronly voice of her mother, thick with Spanish accent, called from down the stairs. “Get your little culo in the bibliotheca thees eenstant!”

Even without the stern tone of voice Penny knew she was in trouble, as her mother’s accent was only noticeable when extreMelly upset.

Being in trouble in and of itself was not unusual; however, the mixture of both English and Spanish words was a rarity. Her mother’s loss of control meant this was definitely serious.

Penny had always been the wild child of the family. Those who knew her had been amazed she had actually graduated Prep School instead of being kicked out. In her five year duration—taking a year off for a trip around the world with her family—she and her friends had left enough paper to clear a forest in terms of demerits, detentions, and letters to their parents, often threatening expulsion.

Penny’s offenses ranged from minor things such as bad language and skipping classes to dress code violations, promiscuity, and drinking—all things “unbecoming of a lady of her upbringing” as her grandparents used to scold to her.

Dress code violations had been the most common, as Penny felt if you got it, flaunt it, and she knew she definitely had something to flaunt. Being on the swim team—something besides her daddy's money

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that had kept her in school—her body was trim and athletic. But even with the constant workout of swimming, she maintained a voluptuous 36D-24-34 figure. Even her swim coach marveled how she could swim as well as she could with such a disproportionately large size of breasts relative to her small 5-foot 4-inched frame.

Not surprisingly, Penny's curvaceous body was desired by every male she met. Instead of her height growing when she hit puberty, her body had grown outwards—in all the right places, giving her a voluptuous figure coveted even by her closest girlfriends.

While swimming had kept her body firm, it was her breasts that were the envy of all her friends, but it was not simply how large they were that caused such attention, but their firmness as well. Whether from her swimming routines, genetics, or merely God's grace, even with such large breasts she could easily go braless, her luscious tits seeming to almost defy gravity. In fact, she often was accused of having plastic surgery by those who did not know her, as her body was almost too good to be true.

The combination of her short stature, bodacious curves, and large Latino eyes inherited from her mother's side had earned her the nickname Anime Girl by her friends and sisters, as she looked like a living representation of the curvaceous Japanese-styled characters.

In keeping with the nickname, Penny kept her hair long and straight in an anime style, sometimes accenting it with streaks of pink or purple coloring, highlighting her typical pony- or pig-tails. Sometimes she even would style it spiked and frizzy, resembling some of the Cosplay girls she had seen at comic book conventions her and her friends sometimes visited.

Adding to the nickname and keeping true to some of the anime shows her and her friends had watched, her outfits typically left little to the imagination. Not being shy, Penny 'dressed to impress,' often wearing short skirts which showed off her toned legs and curvy ass—often blatantly displaying glimpses of her panties whenever she sat down or bent over. And her blouses were usually low-cut—for obvious reasons—as well as often half-cropped to flaunt her bare flat stomach. In the rare instances she was not showing off so much skin, her clothes were tight, her shirts and pants clinging to her body and not hiding any curve of her outstanding figure.

Even now Penny was wearing a short beige flared miniskirt which barely covered her ass, along with a V-necked halter top tied in a knot directly beneath her breasts, giving them all the support they needed. This was her 'lay around the house' casual wear, the end result showing off ample amounts of legs, stomach, and cleavage.

As if her ample chest alone was not enough to draw attention, Penny wore a pair of suspenders as accessories, the straps pulled to the sides and almost under her arms due to her large chest displacing them, and Penny knew the suspenders only made her large chest even more abundantly noticeable.

Penny liked the attention her body received from guys, particularly as she had developed a prodigious sex drive at puberty. At almost twenty-years-old she had already slept with over a dozen different guys.

Her view on sex was it being an enjoyable activity, not something to hide from or keep confined to the bedroom—or even one person—but to explore as the mood hit her. If something felt good, she did it, believing all avenues should be explored. As such, she was overtly adventurous, willing to try

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anything once—and some things multiple times!

But as liberal as her views on sex were, there were still many things she had not done, such as allowing somebody to have anal sex with her, or something as wild as having sex with more than one guy at a time, or even deep throating a guy. The first she cringed at, not understanding how a man fucking your ass could even be remotely pleasurable; however, the second two were mainly circumstantial. For one thing, at her young age she had never met two men willing to get naked in front of each other—and she had no interest in her and another woman. And in the last regard, she had not yet dated a guy who was big enough to go any further than barely reaching the back of her mouth, so she was as yet inexperienced to try any of the blowjob techniques she had read about.

She often wondered what it would be like to deep-throat a man; however, all the videos she had seen it looked to be an awful experience for the woman—drooling all over themselves, crying and smearing their mascara, and not having any control over the man slamming his cock into their mouths. Although Penny enjoyed giving oral sex—not only relishing the power she had over a man with just her mouth, but a deeper part of her also got a thrill at the degrading way it made her feel. Taking an organ a man used to piss out of and sticking it in her mouth seemed to be one of the more degrading things a woman could do. But deep-throating somebody both caused her a thrill and was frightening, and she was somewhat thankful she had never dated a guy long enough to attempt it.

That was not to say she was not ready, having practiced with her girlfriends on all sorts of items such as cucumbers and even beer bottles, her and her friends often daring each other to see who would gag first. As such, she had learned to control her gag reflex—prepared in the event of finding a partner who was longer than the guys she had already slept with. She was a true boy scout, always prepared.

Her friends had similar proclivities as herself, so it was almost expected at least one of them would get into the trouble last night—it was simply Penny's turn and bad roll of the Fortune dice to be caught.

Thinking back to the previous evening, the only thing Penny regretted was getting caught.

She knew her parents would still be upset this morning, but upon hearing her mother's thick accent and tone of voice along with her botched 'Spanglish,' she realized she had underestimated their indignation.

The night before had been her and her girlfriends' Debutante Ball, held jointly by their families to commemorate the five women finally graduating Prep School—despite their various and sundry transgressions—and moving on to college. The ball had been strategically planned to not be in conjunction with most other Southern cotillions, both from the standpoint of the girls being older than the typical age of recognition, as well as their parents wanting to stand out more. And being that the families of the wild group of girls were too influential to be considered 'normal' to begin with, nobody could complain.

All of the girls in her clique had been undisciplined, so much so the families had jointly agreed to wait until the girls had graduated and proven to reach “an age of maturity befitting a woman of their standing.” The later event also had the distinction of allowing the well-to-do families to stand out from their peers. Penny’s and her friends’ families were some of the most affluent in the

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deep South, so they could—and often did—whatever they damn well pleased. It was one of the main reasons the girls had attended one of the top female boarding schools in the country, and it was also the reason they had been able to remain in said boarding school even with all their rebellions against authority.

As expected, the families had spared no expense for the party, renting the entirety of the vast Calloway Gardens years in advance, hiring the best caterers and bands, and getting the girls the most exquisite gowns.

According to tradition, the extravagant ball was held as an introduction of the girls into their womanhood, and in this instance, also a sending off party for college. For Penny and her girlfriends, it was their final bash before summer when their families took their various and sundry vacations around the world.

And afterwards, the girls would be going their separate ways depending on their family’s inclination—a couple going to Harvard and Yale, while others attended Brown, Dartmouth, and Princeton. Penny herself was going to be rooming with her best friend Samantha Marvin at Brown, and expected to be following in her father’s footsteps by studying business and law.

But none of them cared about any of that right now, for the girls this was their last blow-out party, with plenty of wine, men, and song to go around, and the girls had planned to go all out.

In keeping with their typical misbehavior, the girls had made several wagers amongst themselves as to who would get drunk first, pass out first, and so forth.

It was one of these bets which resulted in Penny’s current predicament.

The particular bet had been who could get laid first at the party. To make the bet more difficult—as all the girls were beautiful model material, so getting guys to fuck them was never a problem—they had agreed to several conditions to ante up the difficulty.

First they could not leave the premises, so it would have to be somewhere in public. In such a place as Calloway Gardens that was not difficult; however, all the girls would be watched closely by their families, so sneaking away would be difficult. In addition, the rendezvous had to occur during the party, so they could not simply scheduled something afterwards and claim victory. And in order to claim such victory, there had to be some sort of proof from both the guy and the girl as evidence of their intimacy, so the girls had decided each had to offer each other’s underwear as way of proof.

None of those particular rules were binding; however, they had also decided the hook-up had to be with a complete stranger, so they could not simply fuck and ex-boyfriend—the girls wanted each other the thrill of the hunt and seduction.

Again, that particular rule had not bothered the girls, as they were all beautiful women, but it was the last rule that had been particularly the bane to Penny getting into trouble--the stranger had to be one of the working staff.

The last rule had been decided amongst them to ensure none of them pre-planned their encounter—they wanted it to be a spontaneous hook-up, and having to lower

themselves to become acquainted with the staff catering the party added an extra level of thrill to the spoiled rich girls, having to debase themselves before the lower class.

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As the best looking girl in the group, Penny had known she had the bet won even before the party had started!

Penny smiled to herself as she exited her room and headed down the long staircase, recalling how good she had looked in her three-thousand-dollar Cymbeline gown, chosen particularly for its ample “décolletage” as her designer expressed in her French accent, knowing it would piss off her parents to be dressed in such a revealing gown amongst their friends. Complementing the gown, Penny had worn a pair of long satin gloves extending to her elbows.

The pure white gown contrasted wonderfully with her naturally tanned skin, and she smiled again at the envious stares of some of the women as she had entered the recreation center, her hair interwoven with white flowers and curled in a thousand-dollar coiffure.

As the most influential of the families, her father had spared no expense for his daughter's big evening and Penny knew she looked stunning, her father beaming with pride.

At least he had until getting a completely different view of her, for some reason opening a storage closet door and finding his Southern belle debutante daughter on her knees, her satin gloved hands grasping the bare hips of a waiter as his cock slammed in and out of her mouth, his hands entangled in her expensive styled coiffure guiding her head.

When the light had come on Penny had been blinded, the waiter jerking his hips in surprise and causing him to smash Penny's face tight against his crotch. It had been at that moment she became thankful for her past blowjob practice and controlled gag reflex, as the head of his cock slammed into the back of her throat as the waiter stood there in shock.

When he finally let go and she pulled back, a deluge of foamy saliva had poured from her mouth, streaming down her chin and dripping onto her “ample décolletage.”

Penny would never forget the look on her father's face—as well as that of District Court Judge Roy McPherson and one of the top banking moguls in the south, Gordon T. Spencer—as they stood in the doorway staring at her situation.

Although all of them had been shocked at the sight of her and her predicament, Penny's first thought had been silently thankful nobody had come in fifteen minutes earlier, wondering what they would have thought having known beneath the expensive gown she had already taken off her silk panties—conveniently stuffed in the waiter's pants—and that his first load of cum was already oozing out of her pussy.

Her father had obviously been chagrined and angry at finding his daughter in such a disheveled and embarrassing state—more so because of being with his influential friends; however, she had recalled seeing completely different emotions in the other two men's eyes, recognizing the look of lust.

Her observation had been confirmed when her father had immediately grabbed the waiter by the coat, escorting him off the premises with two security guards and leaving her alone in the company of his two ‘friends.’

Judge McPherson had smiled knowing at her, reaching into his coat pocket and giving her his card, telling her, “Your father told me you were planning on studying law

at Brown, but he never told me you were such a good oral philanthropist,” he smirked at her. “Feel free to call on me anytime you want to practice bigger and much longer speeches,” he concluded, openly staring at Penny’s cleavage,

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still glistening with her saliva.

Penny was still stunned at being caught in such a compromising position by her own father to do anything but take the judge’s card.

Having just been freshly fucked, a part of her felt an intimate thrill as the sudden image of her bent over the judge’s desk, fucked by the honorable Judge McPherson came to her mind. At the same time she felt revulsion, wondering how she could even think of being in such a position with the fat black man.

Penny knew her father to be the consummate racist, but his lust for power and influence were even stronger, ‘befriending’ the judge if ever the need for a District Court Judge came about.

And although she did not consider herself a racist herself, she had little exposure to blacks other than her former nanny and one or two classmates. As such, she knew much of her sexual thoughts were due more because of the lust still coursing through her body from her encounter with the waiter than any interracial fantasies.

She saw her father returning, and having no place to put the card, she absently slid it into her bodice, still damp from her drool as she noted the judge’s eyes burning with desire as he watched her.

Expecting a reprimand, her father did not say a single word the entire evening; however, Penny had been placed under close supervision the remainder of the night, much to her friends’ amusement. To her anger, she had spent most of the remaining evening close to either her mother or father’s side, allowed to dance with only a few men at their discretion. She could do nothing but watch as her friends partied and enjoyed the rest of the evening without her.

So she sulked in anger, her parents assuming her silence due to the shame at what happened; however, she was instead angry and dismayed at not being able to compete for any of the other bets the girls had organized, although she took some pride at being the first one fucked.

Her frustration was also compounded by her lack of panties. The idea of being around so many men with only the satin gown to hide her cum-filled, shaved pussy had caused her to be aroused all night—she had already been horny and anxious fucking the waiter, and dancing with her bare pussy leaking cum down her thighs caused her feeling both humiliated at her predicament, but also horny, exacerbating her yearning.

As such some of her frustration was having no way of finding relief, her mother even accompanying her to the restroom for Christ’s sake!

Her reverie was broken by her mother’s second summons from the library, and Penny prepared for the typical lecture on how “young genteel girls do not do act so improper” and the like.

Entering the library, Penny immediately noted something was different. Her father was sitting at his desk in his usual immaculately pressed business suit, while her mother sat on the side of the room by the fireplace, quietly crocheting. Normally they would both be standing side-by-side, each trying to look stern as they berated their wayward daughter.

The nonchalant postures were atypical to say the least.

"Sit down, we'll be with you in a moment," her father commanded, breaking the quiet and treating her as if she were merely a business appointment.

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"Dad, I'm..."

Penny was about to apologize when her father raised his hand, interrupting her.

"I said SIT DOWN, and not another word," he reproached her, continuing to fill out whatever paperwork he was diligently working on.

She quietly sat down in one of the high-backed leather chairs in front of her father's desk, designed not for comfort, but to keep the sitter uncomfortable—a strategic maneuver her father had thought of, and like many who sat there before her, she squirmed in uneasiness before the power mogul that was her father.

She glanced at her mother who ignored her, continuing to quietly crochet as if nobody else was in the room.

Her father clearing his throat got her attention. Turning back around she sensed more than felt her mother putting everything down and moving to sit in a more comfortable chair to the side of the desk as her father began speaking.

"I am not interested in hearing any excuses," her father started telling her.

Opening her mouth to again apologize, he once more held up his hand, interrupting her.

"No, not a single word from you young lady—and I'm using the term loosely," he said with obvious disdain. "For the past several years," he continued, "we have put up with your antics, your—restlessness—as well as your complete disregard on what it means to be a part of this family. Your mother and I had hoped you would mature and grow out of this phase by the time you graduated, but things have only become worse," he looked at her sternly. "As nothing has curbed your impetuousness, your mother and I have come to the agreement you need to be held accountable for your actions. As such, we have decided you will not be joining the family this summer in the Hamptons," he told her.

"What!" Penny exclaimed, "That's not fair!" she whined, immediately silenced by her father's stern stare, although she still pouted, only now silently.

Her family had resided in their Hamptons home every summer for the last decade. With summer being so hot in Georgia, the house up north had been purchased to enjoy the calmer heat on the beach. It was unheard of for anybody in the family to miss out unless they were going somewhere even more extravagant, such as the time they had spent the summer in the Alps and touring Europe. Yet even when the family took an overseas vacation they still returned to their Hamptons mansion for part of the summer. It was unfeasible for anybody not to go. Her parents must be really pissed...

Suddenly another thought entered her mind. The majority of the house staff usually went with the family, both residences providing ample housing for the staff. During those months they left only a skeletal crew here in Savannah to maintain the house, primarily gardening staff. She would be left alone! Although her girlfriends would be traveling, she was sure she could track down somebody to party with for the summer.

Immediately her pout disappeared and was replaced by quiet excitement.

Then her father's voice intruded upon her thoughts.

"And before you finish that thought," he said with some amusement—Penny's thoughts obvious on her face—he told her, "you will not be staying here either." Surprised, and before Penny could

respond her father looked at her and said, “Do you think I do not know the mind of my own daughter after almost 20 years?” he said with some amusement. “No, you want to wallow with commoners you can do so at your summer vacation’s expense,” he glared at her.

Penny finally understood what this was really about. This was not about her being the ‘wild child’ in school or even slutting around at the party. If she had been caught with one of the Callahan boys or somebody like Mr. Spencer’s son—all from within her father’s circle of friends—she probably would have received any punishment other than the typical stern scolding.

What frosted her father’s balls was not finding his daughter sucking somebody off in a broom closet, but her doing it with a—a commoner was the only term she could come up with. To her mother and father, the family name and its propriety were more important than even their own personal shame, gain, or happiness. To have their daughter be with somebody out of their socio-economic circle—and to have it witnessed by her father’s friends—was one of the worse things to happen to them.

“So what, you going to send me to summer camp?” she said snottily, starting to get pissed off. “In case you haven’t kept up on things, I’m nineteen years old, and turning twenty this summer. You can’t just shunt me off to little girls’ camp anymore against my will,” she told him disrespectfully. “I’m now an adult and can do what I please,” she threw at both her parents.

Her father smiled, and Penny immediately shut her mouth. It was not his ‘happy’ smile or his ‘pretend to be amused’ smile he sometimes wore to appease the various women in his family when they threw a rage. What Penny saw on his face made her blood run cold. This was the smile her father had during those rare moments when Fate played right into his hand and he came out on top, something which seemed to be a gift to him.

The last time she remembered him smiling like this was several years back, when one of his closest business rivals had attempted a hostile takeover of one of his companies. The attempt failed, and the resulting backflip takeover her father had maneuvered completely bankrupted the opposing company. Her father had then purposely closed the company down, the ultimate outcome being complete financial annihilation of his rival.

Her father now had the same smile upon his face as he had when receiving word of his rival’s family financial ruin.

“You are most certainly correct, you are an adult and free to do whatever you want,” her father told her, standing up and crossing his arms behind his back as he nonchalantly looked out the window, as if Penny was no longer even in the room.

Meanwhile she waited for the other shoe to proverbially drop, which did not take long as her father continued, still staring out the window.

“However, I must inform you that as of this morning your mother and I have frozen your trust fund. You cannot access a single penny until we—or in the event of our untimely demise—the law firm,” he added as he turned back around, “confirms you have proven yourself a responsible and enterprising young lady,” her father finally told her.

“What!” Penny exclaimed. “You can’t do that, that’s my...my...”

She was at a complete loss for words.

"How am I supposed to do anything? How am I supposed to shop? What the hell do you want from me?" she yelled.

Her father merely stared at her until she calmed down.

"First," he told her, sitting back down at his desk, "as to how you will do anything, as you said, you are a 'grown' woman, so that is completely up to you. What we are requiring of you for reinstatement of your trust fund is for you to prove yourself, as you yourself claimed, an adult, and you will do that starting this summer," her father told her smugly. "To survive, you will be required to take a summer job," her father instructed.

"Hunh?" Penny said, the words slowly sinking into her mind.

Before she could say anything else she was silenced as her father once again raised his hand, closing her mouth as he continued.

"You will be required to find a summer job, the proceeds of which you will live on for the summer. This is to demonstrate to you how good and easy you have had things around here. Now I am not expecting you to become a savvy businesswoman in a few months," he told her, "But you WILL find a job and you WILL keep it. You can choose any job field you like, even if it pays a trifle minimum wage," he said. "Failure to do so will only lengthen the freeze on your funding, for as long as both your mother and I are satisfied you can be trusted to be more responsible," he told her.

"Lengthen?" Penny asked. "But what about this fall? I'm starting at Brown," she told him.

Her father smiled that smile once again as he said, "If you fail to find and maintain a job, I'm not sure how you will be able to afford the tuition at Brown. Until you meet our expectations you are on your own financially, so if you want to go to Brown that is perfectly acceptable, but it will be at your own expense, NOT from the family fund," her father told her stoically.

"That's not fair!" Penny told them. Although she refused to have a temper-tantrum—she was nineteen after all—she was coming close. "You know damn well even with my swimming scholarship I can't afford to go there without the trust fund. Why the hell are you doing this?" she cried, finally breaking down and whining.

"We are doing this for your own good dear," her mother finally injected into the conversation. "Your father and I have discussed this extensively, and we feel the best way for you to understand the impact of lowering yourself to such levels is to force you to experience it firsthand."

"But mom!" Penny pleaded, placing more than a few extra syllables and increasing her voice a couple more octaves on the two words.

Her father may not be swayed, but her mother was an entirely different matter, having a soft spot for her youngest. And her mother, as quiet as she was, had as much say as he did in matters like this.

"No buts," her father interrupted, seeing through her ploy. "You will find a summer job, and you will work the entire summer. Failure to hold a job will only demonstrate to us you cannot handle the responsibility of your money; so until you meet our requirements, you will not be getting any hand-outs."

Penny was now beyond being shocked, she was downright pissed. Then suddenly she recalled her father's earlier words—"you will not be staying here either."

“And where am I supposed to live for this said job?” she asked. “Or has that been ‘factored in’ as well,” she told him coldly, using her fingers to stress her words with imaginary quotes.

Charles Walker Wenscott did nothing without a plan. Penny and her sisters often wondered if he had a personal calendar listing things such as ‘Take a shit’ or ‘Take a piss’ written down somewhere. Even having sex with her mother seemed to involve preplanning in his calendar. Penny knew her parents would not just kick her out on the street, looking expectantly at her father.

“Since you feel the need to mingle with the less fortunate of society,” he told her as Penny bit her lip, again waiting for the proverbial other shoe to drop, “we have decided you shall stay with Miss Regina,” he said to her.

“Aunt Reggie?” Penny asked, every other thought leaving her mind as she looked at her father hopefully, finally seeing a silver lining in her predicament.

Regina Pemberly had been Penny’s nanny—as well as her sisters—for more than twenty years, leaving when Penny turned twelve. To Penny the large elderly black woman was more than a babysitter or care provider, she had been the one island of sanctuary and peace from Penny’s stick-up-the-ass family while growing up. ‘Aunt Reggie’—as she and her sisters had called her since they could talk—always had time for the younger Wenscott, stopping to take the time to hear anything Penny wanted to talk about, including her side of any argument—whether right or wrong. And if she were in the right, the woman had no hesitancy defending her side, much to the ire of her father.

A summer with Aunt Reggie would not be as bad as having to fend for herself. Although she had not seen the woman since she had turned sixteen, she was hopeful her punishment was not as severe as she had thought.

“Yes,” her father answered, continuing as if she had not said anything. “As you know, Miss Regina moved to Atlanta to be closer to her family. You will be staying with her this summer and she will in turn be keeping an eye on you to verify you are complying with our demands. We have requested she send copies of every paycheck you get, as well as verifying you are paying for your room and board,” he told her. “You leave this weekend. I suggest you call Miss Regina to discuss possible employment opportunities and the logistics of moving in before then,” he said, picking up his pen and once more looking intently at the papers on his desk.

Recognizing her obvious dismissal, Penny got up and headed out of the library; however, as she was opening the door to leave, her father’s voice came from behind her.

“Your mother seems to have hopes you will prove yourself this summer,” he said, his voice containing an amount of smugness. “I, on the other hand, am firmly convinced you will treat this as you do everything else in your life and will screw it up and not be able to hold a single job,” he concluded. “In full disclosure, I want you to understand I will be having our lawyers look into the process of disowning you from this family should that be the case,” he said, a chill running up Penny’s back as she shut the door behind her.

The reality of her situation did not fully hit her until later that day when she received a visit from ‘Jeeves,’ her nickname for the snooty butler—or house manager, she corrected herself sarcastically—her

father had hired several years ago. His actual name was Dominick Harris; however, Penny loved seeing the man's ears turn red when she blatantly called him otherwise.

The man was a complete extension of her father, acting upon his demands without pause or question. Penny and her sisters wondered if the man even wiped their father's ass after taking a shit, he was so 'in tune' with her dad.

Standing at the door to her bedroom, he handed Penny a packet of papers in an expanding business folio, requiring her to sign several of the documents while he witnessed.

It was not until Penny read through the papers she realized her father had been completely serious—the papers being several legal documents cutting her off from her trust fund, as well as indicating the possibility of her being cut off completely from the family.

From her untrained eye it all appeared completely legal, particularly since all the funds and investments bequeathed to her were not completely hers until the age of twenty-one—until then, her mother and father were the legal executors and could do anything they wanted, including cutting her off before she reached the right age.

The papers all appeared perfectly legit, the irony not lost upon her at having to sign her own signature acknowledging she was getting the shaft.

At first Penny was amazed how quickly her father had gathered the papers to make her basically broke; however, she realized he had undoubtedly made them up sometime in the past, only now utilizing them. Penny understood she had been walking a fine line without knowing it, her father preparing to cut the purse strings on her life at a moment's notice.

After signing the documents under the butler's steely gaze, Penny realized she was truly destitute. Although her parents would not force her into doing anything harmful, she knew she had to prove to them she could hold her own. Her father's last words as she left the library once again came back to her, causing her to become more pissed off. She would show him, she thought. She would not only get a job, but keep it the entire summer, regardless of what it was or how much she hated it she vowed. It was only three months, nothing compared to what she could lose.

Later in the evening she wondered if she could live up to that vow. She had talked to Aunt Reggie for over an hour. At first it had all been about catching up—she had not talked to her nanny in quite some time. At Regina's admonishment to her antics in school Penny truly felt chastised—she had not minded pissing off or disappointing her parents, but Aunt Regina held a special place in her heart, and to hear her being scolded by the all-too-familiar voice caused her to agree with her parents' decision, at least in principle, if not in how they were going about it.

The remainder of their conversation left her despondent as her 'aunt' read the classifieds over the phone. The seriousness of her situation hit Penny when she realized there was absolutely nothing she was qualified for in the summer job market. Earlier in the day she had mentally lain down the rule about NOT do anything fast food related; however, after being reprimanded by Regina who told her a job was a job and she needed to take what she could get, Penny listened to each and every job description as Regina's familiar voice came over the receiver.

Obviously knowing about Penny's predicament before Penny had called her, Regina had already called around to several places earlier in the day to inquire on many of the classified offers, but unfortunately

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due to Penny's high-class preparatory school, most managers refused to even consider her applying on the basis of being 'too qualified.' Penny laughed, it seemingly a crime for somebody with a paid education to flip burgers.

After not finding anything in the classified ads she began to despair, almost crying as Regina promised to make a few phone calls in the morning and get back to her.

Before hanging up Penny promised to email her a resume, which she worked on later that evening. She had plenty of extracurricular things to mention—Swim Club, Investment Club, and Dance Club among her favorites—but when it came to actual job experiences she unfortunately fell short. Other than being on the Swim Team for years she had not had any longevity in any of the other associations.

Each night was the same, talking to Aunt Reggie as she read the daily wanted ads, getting more and more despondent. Unfortunately it was already into the first part of summer, and the schools near Regina had been out for the summer for almost a month. As such, most—if not all—summer jobs had already been taken, and Penny could not believe how few opportunities there were even in a big city such as Atlanta.

Penny grew more and more frustrated each night, knowing her father would undoubtedly gloat at her apparent failure. By the time Saturday arrived and it was time to leave, Penny still had no idea what she was going to do, and as expected, her father made no secret of his conviction Penny was once again blowing things off—even after he himself talked to Regina the day before.

It was close to noon when Penny began saying goodbyes to her older sisters. 'Jeeves' had already finished packing the car with her things, and she was getting ready to leave when her cell phone rang. Glancing at the phone, she saw 'Aunt Reggie,' displayed and immediately answered.

"Heyas Aunt Reggie, I'm just about to head over there," she answered as she took the call.

"That's wonderful dear. And I have some even better news—I found you a job!" the voice said across the phone.

"What? With whom...and doing what?" she asked excitedly.

To her sisters she whispered enthusiastically, "Aunt Reggie got me a job!" to their screeching approval.

Both her sisters had been appalled at their father's draconian punishment towards Penny. Their sister may be wild, but they knew she was responsible and would settle down eventually. Growing up with money, the idea of having that turned off—even for only a few months—was deplorable.

Yet all their distaste at their father's treatment of their youngest sibling, they were undeniably envious at Penny spending the summer with 'Aunt Regina.' There had been times when Regina had been more of a mother to the three girls than their own.

"If you give me a moment to speak without Charlotte and Natalie screeching like banshees I'll tell you—or should I wait until you get here?" Regina's voice asked teasingly. Penny apologized for her sisters interruptions and pleaded with her aunt to continue as she 'shushed' the other two girls, realizing her former nanny was teasing her as she immediately continued talking. "You know how you told me the only thing

you were good at was swimming?” she asked, as Penny affirmed. “How would you like to be one of the new lifeguards at Lake Bright Vale?”

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“A lifeguard!” Penny exclaimed as her sisters once again squealed in the background, “That’s fantastic...Oh my God, I’m going to be a lifeguard!” she told her sisters at the same time.

“Well, first you have to pass the training and other requirements, but that is more a technicality than anything else, but I knew you would be bummed the entire trip so wanted to give you the good news,” Regina told her.

Penny smiled, understanding Regina knew her better in many ways than her own mother, thanking the elderly woman profusely as she said her goodbye, telling her she would see her in a few hours, anxious to catch up after not seeing her for so long.

As she hung up the phone, her sisters began to admonish her about lazing around a pool all summer and getting to watch almost-naked guys all summer.

“Hell, that sounds like more fun than us going to the Hamptons,” her eldest sister Charlotte told her.

Charlotte was in her late twenties, married and already planning a family. She and her husband were spending half the summer with her parents, then the latter half with his family in Europe. Like her other sister Natalie—or Natalia, her full name which her mother insisted on always using—both sisters had been the epitomes of the ideals their parents considered proper for women of their station. Yet even as prim and proper as they were, they both had a jealous streak for their more wild sister and her way of life, neither having the nerve to ‘let their hair down’ like their younger sister always did.

“Quite a considerable commotion to see your sister off,” the distinctly stern voice of their father said behind them.

Her sisters immediately straightened their shoulders, standing rigidly as if on display for their father’s approval and Penny inwardly cringed at her siblings’ acceptance of their father being the ‘almighty ruler’ of the household, but it was who they were.

“Aunt Regina found Penny a job daddy,” Natalia—for she was always addressed by her full name in the presence of their father—told him in explanation.

“As I have stated in the past, getting a job is simple—as Mrs. Pemberly has so adequately demonstrated,” her father said in his typical snide tone.

Penny was disappointed at her father’s nonchalant attitude towards the good news, but said nothing as he continued.

“It is keeping said job that requires responsibility and commitment, instead of doing what one pleases,” their father said, looking down his nose directly at Penny. “And what pray tell fortunate employment has Mrs. Pemberly obtained for you?” he inquired.

Penny glanced at her sisters, who unobtrusively rolled their eyes. They all agreed their father often had a proverbial stick up his ass when it came to something the girls’ were excited about, treating his family like he did his business, cold and calculated. To him, everything had to teach a lesson in life.

“It’s a lifeguard position daddy,” Penny told him, unable to contain her enthusiasm even at his dour expression.

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“Interesting,” her father said, getting a look as if deep in thought.

The girls all remained silent, knowing better than to merely speak without being spoken to when their father was thinking.

After a long pause he continued.

"And is this something you would be interested in as a fulltime job for the summer?" he inquired.

Penny sometimes wondered if her father paid attention to anything she did other than getting into trouble, her having loved swimming since before she could even walk.

Looking at him she said exasperatedly, "I was on the swim team for years—and my scholarship to Brown is from swimming—why wouldn't I be interested" she asked.

"A lifeguard position holds more responsibility than you have been accustomed to," her father told her, as if she had failed already. "You have to maintain a watchful eye on everybody around you throughout the day; you are accountable for their lives. In addition, you are the enforcer of the rules governing the area and must react, and possibly punish, those which break those rules. I would think you would have preferred something—less liable," he explained to her.

"I understand father," she said, the formal address coming naturally after all these years.

Whenever their father was in one of these moods it was ingrained into all the girls to address officially.

"But after the last few days of not finding anything even remotely acceptable, this is a godsend," she told him.

"So you find this employment acceptable?" he asked her expectantly.

"Of course! It's perfect," she rationalized.

"Fine, then you will not mind me amending my previous directive," he said as Penny looked at her sisters, almost grinning as Natalie rolled her eyes. "If you find this employment acceptable—and I personally find it more than satisfactory in teaching you responsibility—I still have doubts about its suitability for you or your commitment towards it," he said, looking at her sternly before continuing. "But if this is what you wish, I will hold you to this job as part of our agreement. If you fail to maintain this particularly job—it being in a field which you have expressed so much interest in—you will have demonstrated to me your complete lack of dependability and accountability. Therefore if you fail to keep this job under any circumstances the mandate on your funds will remain even after summer," he told her, as if this were the most logical outcome.

"But I haven't even started!" Penny contended. "Aunt Reggie said I had to take and pass training, and first aid certification, and a lot of other things that could go wrong," she protested.

"If you do not feel you are mature enough to handle the job..." her father's voice trailed off.

This was so typical of him. Even when there was good news, their father—particularly when it came to Penny—had a way of finding the most negative of outcomes.

"Fine, fine. I agree," she told him, knowing there was little else she could do. "It's not like there have been a ton of jobs available anyways, at least this is something I know I can do," she told him.

"We will see," he told her. "Charlotte, Natalia," he said, looking at the other two women, "I believe your mother requires your assistance with our relocation itinerary."

The three women knew their father's change of topic was his way of subsequently dismissing Penny, as if she were no longer present or worthy of anybody else's time.

Penny's sisters gave her subdued smiles while rolling their eyes. They knew their father would be pissed off at Penny for some time, and as such, would continue to treat her like less than the staff helping around the house. But true to their nature, and not wanting to rub him the wrong way as well—something Penny had a penchant for—they gave a quick “Yes father,” to him as they each gave Penny a final farewell hug before going back into the house.

After her sisters left, Penny's father handed her a packet of papers, instructing her to deliver them to ‘Mrs. Pemberly,’ her father never addressing any of the staff by their first name.

He then reminded her of his expectation for regular updates on her employment status, and at her acquiescence, immediately turned and followed her sisters into the house, leaving her standing alone on the steps of their mansion.

Knowing her father's meticulous attention to detail, she was certain the packet contained all the contact numbers and addresses of the entire family and where they would be over the summer, as well as her medical records and anything else Regina would need in case of an emergency.

Her mother had already wished her farewell earlier—the matron of the Wenscott family having a breakfast meeting to attend before the family left for the next couple months—Penny got into the back of the car and waited until ‘Jeeves’ drove her to Atlanta. She had been denied taking one of the cars on her own, instead needing to be toted around and delivered like a piece of luggage, yet one more aspect of her ‘punishment’ from her father.

The car engine going quiet and ‘Jeeves’ getting out of the car woke Penny up, realizing she had fallen asleep during the drive—her nap not entirely unwelcomed, considering the disapproving silence from the house's retainer during the drive. Dominick was the perfect addition to her father's entourage, having the same disapproving scowl as her father as if they had been formed from the same mold. His ultimate loyalty resided with the family, and it was not that he disliked Penny, it was simply a matter of her predisposition towards smudging the name of the family he worked for. That was enough to put her on his blacklist.

Getting out of the car, Penny was immediately enveloped in a hug as Regina met them outside the apartment complex.

“Oh my Lordy,” Regina exclaimed, smothering Penny's face in her large bosom, “my little baby has grown so much!”

Penny's muffled response was lost in the embrace as she overheard Regina and Dominick exchanging welcomes.

As a former member of the household staff, Dominick and Regina had known each other for years, and hearing the snooty butler's pleasant greeting, Penny realized everybody had missed the matronly black woman. Either that or apparently it was only Penny who rubbed the retainer's skin the wrong way.

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When finally released from the captivity of her former nanny's embrace, Penny had nothing but a huge smile on her face. In many ways she suddenly felt more at home now than since graduating and being back at the estate.

Regina ushered them both into the building, guiding them to her second-floor apartment as Penny took in her surroundings. She noted how run down and dilapidated

the overall building was—in fact, the entire neighborhood seemed to be a someplace she would never have been caught in at night, let alone planning to spend a summer living here.

She once again recalled her father's comment about her living with 'commoners,' and she had to admit this was as common as it could get.

Penny knew Regina did not live here because of a lack of money—her parents offered a generous severance pay to all former household workers—but out of choice. Regina had grown up here, and it was only natural for her to return upon retiring.

College Park was an older area of Atlanta, formed long before the airport relocated nearby, and as with most metropolitan areas, the older neighborhood had good times and bad times. College Park was no different—currently on what Penny would consider its bad times.

Hearing Dominick's polite refusal on Regina's offer of iced tea, explaining he had to return to the estate in preparation for the family's relocation, the reality of her situation once more flooded back into her as Penny finally stepped into the apartment.

Her first thoughts were ones of surprise, the dwelling not in any way reflecting the low-income nature of the area. Aunt Regina's apartment was not only spotlessly clean, but fully modernized, with everything one could want. It was almost as if Penny had stepped through a time warp, the run-down nature of the hallway in sharp contrast to the spacious, well-kept inside of the apartment.

While Regina walked Dominick back outside to the car, Penny nosed around, surprised to note most of the pictures on display throughout the three bedroom apartment were of her and her sisters. She felt a warm selfish flood of love fill her noting pictures of her far outnumbered both her sisters' combined, one again feeling her 'punishment' was not too severe. There were worse things than having to spend the summer with her beloved nanny!

"Now child," Regina's voice came from behind her, breaking her reverie, "what did you do to cause such a ruckus?" she asked. "Imagine my surprise getting a call from your father out of the blue asking if you could stay the summer—not to mention you requiring a JOB and earning your own keep," she said, emphasizing 'job.' "Since when did a Wenscott daughter have to 'earn her keep?'" she admonished, her tone being as if it were her dad's fault.

Penny immediately feeling a warmth of love at the woman for siding with her, and as much as she had told her dad she was nineteen-going-on-twenty and an adult, she fell immediately into the large woman's arms, sobbing uncontrollable.

And her heart swelled as her nanny did not admonish her, and merely held her until she could move away and dry her eyes.

"Chil', what did you do to piss in your daddy's grits this time?" she asked.

Penny laughed, blowing her nose from her tears. Aunt Regina always had a way with words, a mixture of Southern drawl, black slang, and Gospel all rolled into one. Of all the people she knew, her nanny

was the one person she could be truthful with; however, the circumstances of her getting into trouble caused even the often brash young woman to blush.

"Well..." she stuttered, not sure whether she could open up so much with her nanny. "Let's just say father caught me in a not-so-respectable position with a man at my debutante ball," Penny told her, color rising to her cheeks.

"Dearie, what ever will I do with you," her aunt 'tsked' reproachfully at her. "You could have at least locked the bedroom door," her aunt scolded.

Penny inwardly smiled. Her aunt had learned the second Penny had reached puberty the young woman was not going to remain pure for long. Instead of locking her up or berating her, Regina had taught her to be more of a seductress and less of a slut—lessons her parents obviously never knew about, but which Penny appreciated. Regina believed in letting people do what they wanted and forming their own lives, willing to guide them towards as much a moral path as possible, but not forcing them to do anything against their nature.

"Instead of walking around with your legs spread," Regina had once admonished, "keep them tightly closed and make the man work for the privilege. And always make sure you get something out of it too—whether it be a good dinner or a nice dress—besides a brief flash of pleasure," the woman had winked at her as she recalled her nanny's words.

Looking at her now in the present, Penny again smiled.

"Well," the young woman smirked, no longer embarrassed at her 'Aunt's' admonishment as she answered, "it was a broom closet so it didn't have a lock—I don't think the janitors weren't too concerned about their brooms or mops escaping."

Regina rolled her eyes.

"Dearie, whatever am I going to do with you," she finally exclaimed. "At least tell me he was cute and somebody you are seeing regularly?" she asked wishfully.

Penny felt more at ease with the older woman than even her sisters. Regina placed no delusions of grandeur on people, accepting them as they were, and although she would wish on a committed relationship for the youngest Wenscott, she knew all too well Penny's proclivities.

"Uh, well he WAS cute," she said. "But he was just a waiter at the party," she confessed.

"Penelope Maria Isabella Wenscott," Regina exclaimed, the words having a completely different impact than when her mother had used her full name earlier in the week, "what ever will I do with you?" she repeated imploringly.

The tone of voice and whom it was coming from—more than the words themselves—caused the barriers holding her composure to once again crumble as she burst into tears, once more flinging herself into her aunt's arms.

"Oh Reggie, I fucked up so bad," she cried.

Once again the elderly woman knew exactly what to do, holding the girl—now grown in to an extremely attractive woman—and letting her get out her frustrations and sorrow. Regina knew Penny could not help herself—just as her father, Regina's former employer Charles Walker Wenscott, could not break down the barrier of aloofness he erected around himself from others.

Yet Regina knew Charles Wenscott loved all his daughters more than anything else—including his social standing. After working for the Wenscott's for over twenty years as she raised his three daughters, she had really gotten to know him, actually talking to him. In doing so, Regina had learned Charles Walker Wenscott's darkest secret—the young woman sobbing into her breast was his pride and joy, even compared to Charlotte and Natalia. For it was Penny who was most like the stubborn man than anybody else.

In terms of looks, Penny took after her mother, whereas her sisters took after their father. But when it came down to mental quickness and psychology it was the exact opposite. Penny may have been the proverbial black sheep of the family, but she was more like the cold-hearted man who was her patron than he would even admit.

Free-spirited, Penny was in as much control of her life and things around her as Charles Wenscott had upon his own life. Penny never did anything without fully thinking and following matters through completely, and even if things did not turn out the way she planned, she learned from the experience so it would not happen again.

Although the younger Wenscott partied almost nightly, her grades were higher than either of her sisters; and while Charlotte and Natalia had both gone to college, neither of them had been able to gain acceptance into their sire's prestigious alma mater of Brown University—even with all the money he had thrown at the college over the years.

When Regina had heard his pronouncement of Penny's punishment over the phone earlier this week and her father's threat to hold back her trust and forcing her to fend for herself, Regina Pemberly knew the man better than even himself. It took only a little coaxing from her part to have him admit he had already paid for all four years of Penny's tuition, including an all-expense paid fellowship—the total sum total being well over three times the standard tuition.

Charles Wenscott had spared no expense for his younger daughter's career, giving her what she wanted even if Penny had not realized it herself.

The man had nothing but good intentions, simply trying to teach his daughter a lesson in life, but he would always be there for her. Although the older woman's heart bled for the girl who was slowly sobbing in her arms, she knew she was loved more than she ever would know.

Eventually Penny calmed down, and after handing her some Kleenex, the two women sat and talked for the next several hours, each catching up on what they had missed in each other's lives the past three years.

Regina had followed the girl's progress through school more diligently than even her own blood-relatives, but hearing it directly from the young woman brought a warm feeling of pride to her. Not having any children of her own—her husband passing away during the Vietnam War and never remarrying—Penny and her sisters were as close to daughters as any woman could wish. Regina had been overjoyed when the Lord had blessed her with the three now-grown women, loving them with all her heart regardless of race, religion, or economic status. And just like their father, Regina held a special place in her heart for Penny.

Eventually their conversation turned towards Penny and her job.

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"Ah yes, the job...well," Regina paused apologetically. "I may have some bad news on that dear," Regina told her.

"Oh no, don't tell me it's been taken by somebody else!" Penny exclaimed. "I already told daddy I was taking it," she said hurriedly.

"Calm down sweetie," Regina placated her. "The job is still there; however, I have a friend who told me it may not be something you'd be interested in. I don't know the specifics other than there was some issue with 'hazing' a few years ago with her own daughter. The whole thing was pretty hush-hush and I never even knew about it until I mentioned to her about you getting a job there. I've known Jennie for years and never thought she would keep anything from me," Regina said.

“Hazing?” Penny asked, her brows furrowing in question. “For a lifeguard? What do they do, make you drink pee water from the pool?” Penny laughed.

As a long-time swimmer, she fully understood there was not a pool on earth somebody had not urinated in at one time or another, even herself. It was an unvoiced fact during swim meets many of the girls would relieve themselves in the water during dives and such. It was why you took a shower afterwards they reasoned.

Regina smiled, guessing the direction of Penny’s thoughts, if not the actual content.

“I don’t know the specifics dear, and she was pretty concerned about keeping it quiet. She and her daughter are coming over this evening to talk, but from the way she spoke it may be best to look for something else as a backup,” she told the young woman.

“Aunt Reggie, I can’t turn this down. I already told daddy and he is expecting me to do this job specifically,” Penny told her former nanny. “Hell if I pass it up he’ll use it as another excuse I don’t take responsibility seriously. Even if it was something completely out of my control you know how he is,” she told her aunt with exasperation.

“Calm down sweetie, we don’t know the specifics. And I agree with you, your father sometimes is such a tight-ass when it comes to things like this. Sometimes I can’t understand why he refuses to pull the stick shoved all the way up his ass even if it’s poking him in the eye,” Regina said in agreement as Penny grinned, once again reminded of Aunt Reggie’s colloquial sayings as the elderly woman continued. “But it would be silly to not talk to them and hear what they have to say.”

It wasn’t every day you heard a prim and proper elderly black woman in her seventies call one of the most influential men in Georgia a tight-ass, and Penny was thankful she was spending her summer ordeal with her.

They talked through the rest of the afternoon, then Regina showed Penny the guest room and got her settled in.

Afterwards they went grocery shopping. Although the woman knew Penny backwards and forwards, she was polite enough to let Penny pick what she wanted to eat, not simply assuming what she would like—yet another reason Penny loved the woman.

The surrounding areas were predominately African American, and even with Penny’s dark Latino skin she stood out like a sore thumb. Although not particularly racist, she felt out of place and conspicuous

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in the grocery store, being the only white—or in her case half-Hispanic—in the store.

Yet most of the people seemed to know Regina, who proudly introduced Penny as her surrogate daughter—the warmth of emotion flooding the young woman like no other praise could.

Even so, there were times where Penny felt she had a big neon sign on her back saying ‘White Girl.’

The men in particular causing her to feel uneasy.

Dressed in a short jean skirt and halter top, Penny was aware of the men—young and old alike—leering openly at her. Although she was comfortable with her body and dressing provocatively, she had spent the last several years at an all-women’s boarding school. The guys she came into contact were from similar all-men schools, rich and affluent, and as such, they were always polite or too shy to directly gawk at her.

Not so for the black men in this neighborhood! Penny was totally uncomfortable as she saw them openly staring at her, to the point where she felt like—well a piece of

meat, she thought, the old saying fitting perfectly. She felt as if they were at the butcher section of the store and she were a tender cut of loin steak in front of a starving man.

At the boarding school dances, if you caught a boy gawking, you simply stared them down and they inevitably turned away, too shy to meet your gaze directly. Not so for these men—even when she regarded them and looked directly into their eyes they merely smiled further, leering at her unashamedly.

Several times while they shopped she overheard comments such as “Dayum!” or “Shit, look at that bitch” or even worse, being called a “ho” through the aisles.

At one point she overheard a group of guys obviously talking about her in the other aisle, Regina having moved on to the frozen foods section:

“Yo dawg, you see that white bitch with Miss Regina?” one voice said.

“Hell yeahs, she sho is fine!” another voice agreed. “Them titties are fucking awesome...and dat ass can do a sistah to shame,” it finished.

Normally an attention whore, Penny actually felt degrading, blushing at the crude comments.

After that, she stuck close to Regina, as if the older woman provided the only safety available.

Penny mentioned the comments to Regina, who bluntly told her if she was going to dress as a ‘hoochie’ she was going to be treated as such. That put Penny on the defensive, telling her former nanny she was not dressed any differently than usual, but Regina merely repeated her earlier comments.

Penny became more and more uncomfortable at the men’s open stares, becoming more and more humiliated. And then she realized her body was responding in a completely different way. To her surprise, she actually realized she was getting excited, feeling an odd thrill at the unabashed way the men ogled at her. She was still feeling like a piece of meat, but unlike the shy Prep School boys she commonly laughed at, these men somehow were stirring things deep within her that she was confused and nervous about.

Again, she did not consider herself racist, but other than Regina and a few other house maids she had little exposure to anybody other than Caucasians. Most of the staff at the estate—as well as her school—were predominately white, so she wondered if part of her unease was simply being around so many colored people; however, the frank looks by these men left a flood of emotions within her—uncomfortableness,

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humiliation, excitement, and awkwardness all at once.

And although the mixture of emotions were disturbing, she also felt alive, her pulse speeding up as she recognized the familiar feeling of horniness growing deep within her.

It was with both relief and regret she felt when they finally left to return to the apartment.

Later in the evening, Regina’s friend and daughter arrived. Regina had told Penny she had known Jennie for years, but it had been sometime since they had gotten together.

Placing out a cheese and cracker plate to go with the two bottles of wine her friend Jennie brought, the get-together at first was more about catching up on old friends than anything else.

The evening was relaxing as the two younger women listened to stories of the older women's lives together and Penny felt right at home. Her and Jennie's daughter CarMella—referred to as Mell by everybody—immediately hit it off. Although coming from different backgrounds, the same shit of growing up existed for both—mainly boys, getting into trouble, and parents.

After the first bottle of wine was killed, Regina brought up the subject of the lifeguard job.

"OK Jennie, what the hell happened at the pool a few years back?" she asked.

Penny saw CarMella grow quiet, looking embarrassed as her mother answered back, "I'll let Mell tell the story if she is up to it, but basically that whole group is run by a bunch of male chauvinistic assholes."

Penny looked at the older woman in surprise, as it was the first utterance of bad language the woman had expressed all evening, and the amount of anger the woman exuded immediately broke the happy mood of the evening as everybody looked at her daughter.

"Mom, are you sure this is a good idea? You know what the court order said," she asked to her mother.

"It's alright dear. Regina and Penny aren't going to run around flapping their mouths, and Penny has a right to know what to expect to avoid going near those bastards," Jennie said vehemently. "Just remember Penny isn't from around this area, so you will have to fill in a few gaps," she told the younger woman.

At Regina and Penny's nods of agreement at Jennie's comment, Mell began slowly.

"I guess a lot of this makes more sense—not that it excuses anything mind you—but realize Lake Bright Vale has been owned by the Lions Club since it was built back in the eighties," the young woman said.

At Penny's questioning glance, Mell spoke how the Lake was a large 2-acre swimming pool shaped like an opened Japanese fan. The group who built the lake belonged to the Lions Club organization, a national organization comprised of local businessmen who got together in order to help and promote good will to the community.

The Lake's initial purpose was to become a free public pool supporting the growing Atlanta area, and it served that purpose for several years. Unfortunately, as the costs of maintenance rose, the number of staff needed to support a pool and park of that size, and the insurance needs for the park caused it to become a private membership recreation park.

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It was still open to the public, only now for a daily fee, while members could enter with a pass as well as have the additional benefits of being able to attend private parties and 'members day' events closed to the public.

"The biggest thing to understanding all of this," Mell went on, "is that the Lions Club was originally a men's only organization.' Women were not permitted to become members even as late as the early 90's, and although that has happened around the country, the local chapter here is still all male," she said. "And as mother so eloquently put it, they are a bunch of male chauvinistic bastards," she added to her mother's nod of approval.

Penny found the history lesson all well and good, but it did not explain their consternation, nor why she should be hesitant towards taking the lifeguard job. She was about to say something when Mell continued with her narration.

“So keep that in mind, that this is a ‘good ol’ boys’ club. As such, many of their private pools and recreation areas did not even have women’s facilities until recently within the last ten years or so. The Lake—originally designed to be open to the public—did have male and female facilities, but being run by a bunch of men the women’s facilities were often ignored and even today leave a lot to be desired. The same held true for employment opportunities, even worse as all the staff were men,” she said with some disgust. “Up until I applied to fill an available lifeguard position when I was sixteen, the lifeguard team had been all male. And even worse, most of the guys on the squad were sons or relatives of Lions Club members. When I applied they couldn’t legally deny me a position due to the possibility of any lawsuit, but they did make life difficult,” Mell said.

Her mother cut in saying, “This is where things get dicey,” she said, looking first at Regina then Penny. “Most of what we’re about to say is now considered hearsay by the court, but the bottom line is they treated Mell like shit. During training they would continuously play childish pranks on her, some downright disgusting and things you could only imagine in your worst dreams. Some stuff we could ignore, such as putting her in a locker, giving her swirlies, that sort of thing,” she told them.

Mell nodded at her mother’s comments as she continued where her mother left off.

“Of course, those types of things were more for the ‘public record,’” she said. “And if those were the only things happening, I could have lived with it, but the entire group of guys were a bunch of pigs, and that’s when the sexual harassment started. They would always be gawking and whistling at me, patting my ass as I walked by, even grabbing my breasts ‘accidentally’ in the pool—and all other sorts of similar stuff,” she told them.

Although Penny agreed with the categorization of sexual harassment, a few guys patting her ass or even having her tits grabbed would not be that bad; however, seeing the upset expressions on both Mell and her mother’s faces, she kept her thoughts to herself.

In fact, she had experienced and even performed worse things while in Prep School to some of the underclassmen. In a school as old as hers there were all sorts of hazing rituals for the various clubs. So in her own opinion, she thought Mell—as much as she liked her—was probably a bit timid. She seemed like the type of girl that would take offense at the slightest leer by a man, suddenly recalling

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her experience in the grocery store. She could just imagine the horror Mell would have experienced if such a thing had happened to herself, and although Penny had felt humiliated, no harm had been done and she had, oddly enough, gotten aroused.

“The final straw was when a group of boys assaulted Mell,” Jennie was saying, immediately getting Penny’s attention.

The room was quiet as Mell composed herself before continuing.

“See, sometimes the Lions Club rents out their facilities for private functions. There was this party arranged at one of the smaller private pools and they asked for volunteer guards. Needing the extra money I volunteered,” she said, her voice almost a whisper. “Two other guards from my group went—senior lifeguards who were there to make sure I did my duties correctly, as I was still on probation being new,” she said, again composing her thoughts. “What they failed to tell me was the party was for my high school’s rival football team who had just won the regional division championship against us,” she said with exasperation.

Mell remained quiet for a few moments, obviously gathering the courage to continue.

"At first things were pretty routine. I was the only female there, and these were a bunch of high school jocks, so although there were some crude comments made about me here and there it was nothing I had not heard before," she told the women around her. "In fact, some of the comments were actually flattering," she smiled at them, "and although we were under strict rules to not fraternize with the party, I started talking to several of the guys there, even making some jokes and comments myself, but got caught up in the situation," she finally admitted, once again pausing to take a sip of wine for liquid courage.

"At some point they found out I was from their rival high school. They started with some good-natured teasing about our mascot—a Ram—which was still fine, although most of what they said had sexual connotations. Although we were all in high school, somebody had smuggled in some beer and most of the guys were getting drunk, and that's when things started to get out of hand. It was a private function, and there were no chaperones other than us three lifeguards, and the two senior lifeguards I was with told me it was fine for these types of parties."

Mell paused and took another large drink of wine before continuing.

"It turns out the other guards were from that high school as well, and friends of the guys at the party, so they did nothing to discourage any of the lewd comments made towards me—in fact, after a while, they even participated," she told them ruefully. "Later in the evening I took a break to go to the restroom and as I was coming out I was grabbed from behind. It was a couple guys from the party with hoodies and sunglasses, and although I couldn't tell which guys from the party they were, I recognized one of my so called 'colleagues' from the lifeguard team," she said, obviously disturbed.

"Wait, you were raped?" Penny said in horror.

"No, no, thank God nothing that bad," Mell said, but she was obviously distraught. "They sexually assaulted me, but not that far" she told Penny, who was now looking on in pity at the girl. "First they stripped me naked, while everybody else cheered them on. After that, they all took turns

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touching me, everybody copping a feel of my breasts, or my butt, a few even so bold as to grab me between my legs before they locked me in a maintenance closet for the rest of the night. Occasionally guys would yell at me through the door, calling me a 'cunt' or 'whore' or 'slut,'" she said, shivering as if reliving the night in her mind. "At one point they briefly opened the door and threw cold beer all over me—or at least most of it was beer, who knows what else was in it," she said remorsefully. "I was left there all night until the maintenance guy found me," she said, looking at her mother who nodded her head, Mell obviously too shaken to continue.

"When we reported the incident everybody denied anything happened. It was Mell's word against the entire regional champion football team and two long-established lifeguards. Nobody wanted to believe one ghetto girl's story compared to a group of 'fine respectable men,'" she said, her fingers making quote marks in the air. "Everybody gave the same story, testifying Mell led them on, flirted with them, even left early," she said, rolling her eyes and showing her obvious disdain for what happened. "They said Mell must have accidentally locked herself in the closet—which only the lifeguards had keys for—nobody able to explain how she was naked!" Jennie told them.

The elderly lady also took a sip of wine before continuing.

"About a week after the incident we were visited by a group of lawyers who represented the 'interest of all innocent parties involved' to resolve any outstanding issues. The bottom line was we were offered a decent sum of money to not go any further with legal proceedings to maintain the good name of the Club. In turn we signed a non-disclosure agreement to never bring up the incident again. Mell had to sign a document stating the whole incident was fabricated on her part for attention, stating they would not that declaration as evidence as long as we remained quiet. It is their 'get out of jail free card,' If we try to do anything at this point they will simply pull out that signed document and state she already confessed to making it up," Jennie told them.

"Surely the whole group of Lions Club owners was not involved," Regina piped in. "Why I've known Larry Jenkins for years, he wouldn't support such a subterfuge."

Jennie quickly spoke up, "I'm sorry Reggie, but the lawyers sent to us were on retainer from none other than Lawrence Jameson Jenkins," Jennie told her.

At Regina's snort of indignation, Penny asked, "Who is Lawrence Jenkins?"

It was Regina who answered.

"I've known Larry for almost 40 years—we actually dated at one time. He owns a construction company—in fact, I believe it was his company which built Lake Bright Vale in the first place," she said. "I cannot believe he would be party to such a cover-up."

"Larry Jenkins is also the President of the local Lions Club and has been for almost fifteen years," Jennie said. "As such, he has a major interest in keeping such incidents quiet," she explained.

"Wait, there were more incidents?" Penny asked, looking in alarm at Mell.

"No, not with myself, and nobody is aware of any facts, only rumors," Mell broke in. "There have been a couple other female lifeguards—like me, they all started out training, but each and every one of them dropped out shortly thereafter. Like me, they faded quietly into obscurity. I knew one of the girls' family actually moved when she left the lifeguard group, but not sure what happened

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other than 'something' or what happened to the other girls," she said.

"You can't tell me every girl who's quit there has been assaulted," Regina said. "People leave jobs and move all the time, and we're talking about a span of almost ten years! I bet if you look at the boys who left the lifeguard job there would be just as many, if not more, who have moved and such," she said.

Seeing Mell's reaction, Regina lowered her tone.

"I am not calling you a liar sweetie; I fully believe what happened to you was a horrifying and terrible thing. That it was kept hidden from the public and nobody brought to justice is even more abhorrent, and God bless you were not harmed in any other way. But how long ago has it been since then? You were sixteen so it was over eight years ago. Those boys are long since gone. This is a summer job after all," Regina explained.

Penny could tell there was more history between her aunt and this Larry Jenkins, as her aunt was not one to take somebody's defense blindly; however, the current mood of the room was not the place to discuss it.

"No, and I'm not saying every woman who has ever worked there has been molested and paid to keep quiet," Jennie told her. "But we do know the lifeguard group has remained an all-male group all these years, and that any interested women have dropped out of the program early on. Who knows what happened to them? There are

enough rumors to surmise something happened. I just had to warn you and your ward. There have been rumors of hazing by the football and swim teams at Mell's former school as well—and the head lifeguard is the school's swim coach. Everybody seems to look the other way, and everybody knows Larry Jenkins is a powerful man. Now I am not saying anything may come of it, but I thought you needed to know what happened to Mell all those years ago, just telling you to be careful."

Penny thanked the older woman, and looking at Mell, she could tell the younger woman wanted to say more, but obviously not in front of her mother or Aunt Regina.

Taking the initiative, she got up with Mell as she told the older women, "This is definitely something to think about, and I really appreciate it. I'll let you and Aunt Reggie visit a bit more to yourselves. I know Mell mentioned wanting to look through my iPod collection, so we'll leave you two to catch up," she said, seeing Mell's thankful expression.

The older women continued talking as her and Mell walked away, Penny overhearing the word 'Larry' pop up a few more times in the conversation before they reached her room. She assumed Reggie and Jennie were probably discussing what happened further without Mell around to get upset, and although she would have loved to have listened, the other woman obviously wanted to talk privately

When they went into Penny's room, Mell thanked her.

"Look, I like you and want to tell you the truth, but you have to promise not to even tell Miss Pemberly—if my mother found out what really happened, I think she would disown me or literally die of embarrassment," the young black woman told Penny.

After Penny's firm vow of silence, the young woman continued.

"I don't want you to think less of me, but I had to give that story. What I told out there actually happened, I was felt up by the team and locked in the maintenance closet, but there were no guys

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in hoodies or sunglasses," she said. "But there were other things going on that I couldn't tell my mother. When they found me in the maintenance closet—which I stupidly locked myself in by the way, not anybody doing it on purpose—I was naked and covered..." she paused hesitantly and Penny saw she was actually blushing, "Uh, let's just say I was covered in bodily fluids that immediately caused the maintenance guy who found me to call the police and report a sexual assault," she finally said.

As Mell looked at her, Penny could tell the young black woman was confessing something she probably had not told another soul, and Penny valued the trust the woman was placing in her as she continued.

"All that other shit about woman lifeguards quitting and nobody knowing why was true, but in my case..." her voice trailed off for a moment before she started talking again. "Fact is, I had a crush on one of the other lifeguards, so went to the party at his insistence. I was young and stupid and thought if I did what he asked he would like me. I had drank quite a bit—it was my first time I ever got drunk—and when he asked me to make out with some of his friends, I didn't think much of it," she confessed.

Penny could guess what happened next, but kept quiet as the woman came clean about that night's events.

"You see, I wasn't one of the 'popular girls' in school, and to have that much attention by those guys was a rush. One thing led to another and I ended up stripping for them," she said regretfully. "The name calling and stuff happened, but it was all

good-natured. Eventually one of them—the quarterback of the team—said since their team dominated ours, it was only fair their rivals' women bowed down to them as well. One thing led to another and as I said, I was trying to impress one guy, and well...I ended up giving a handjob to several of them,” she finally admitted.

Penny had guessed some of Mell's actions, but was surprised to hear the quiet young thing had actually jacked off several guys!

“The reason I went to the maintenance closet was to look for some towels to clean off. It shows how drunk I was that I didn't even think to jump into the pool! Anyways, the door shut behind me and locked me in. I guess the guys thought I had left after that,” she said, sitting down on Penny's bed. “Anyways, after the maintenance guy found me and the police came, and then called my mother, I had to think of something,” she said, almost to the point of tears.

“I couldn't have my mother get the image of her daughter kneeling naked in front of a bunch of guys and jacking them off on her,” she said. “I just wanted you to know,” she told Penny.

Penny told her she understood and thought no less of her.

“Hell, I probably would have done the same thing,” she laughed as they both chuckled.

Mell finally said, “Anyways, I wanted you to know that, but also warn you about some of the other pranks the lifeguards did. But wanted to do it privately—I don't need mom getting on her crusade against them again,” she told Penny with a smile.

“Most of the shit they pulled were childish pranks, like dumping cold water on me unexpectedly or such. It was all harmless fun, although that particularly one caused me to walk around with my boobs having hi-beams all day—so you could imagine some of the comments,” she told Penny with a smile. “I found the best way to deal with it was to ignore them. I think they got off more on the surprise

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and embarrassment it caused, and when I just shrugged it off and didn't make a big scene, they stopped. I think if you are at least aware and expecting some of the crap that may be pulled on you you'll be better off,” Mell told her.

Penny agreed with the woman's comment. ‘Forewarned is forearmed’ her father often lectured to her and her sisters. In this case, Penny believed in the Boy Scout motto ‘Be Prepared.’

Mell continued, saying, “Some of the other things to expect are things like them randomly ‘bumping’ against me to pat my ass or touch my tits. I'm not going to presume anything, but you seem to be comfortable with your body—I wish I had your figure!” Mell said as Penny thanked her for the compliment. “What I mean is you might be more used to the attention guys give to girls. I grew up a bit isolated from that type of thing—I was schooled by my mom. I only attended my junior and senior years at public school, so other than my dad, I hadn't really had much interaction with guys until then,” she said.

“Whenever I was in the water I would be groped. Unlike mom, I don't blame the trainer or anybody like Mr. Jenkins, as it was the guys themselves. But there were other things,” she said, going on to explain some of the practical jokes that had been played upon her such as super-gluing her sunscreen to the table, flushing all the toilets in unison while she was taking a shower, or leaving the hot water on in the men's shower so by the time she took her shower there was no hot water.

“The two things that bothered me the most and caused me to quit—besides the party incident—were a prank played on me with the CPR dummy and the spine board,” she told Penny. “The spine board is a board used to immobilize people who have hurt their backs,” Mell explained before Penny could interrupt her and tell the other woman she had been on her swim team for years and knew what a spine board was. “You are helpless when strapped into it, and one time they put got me bound to one and kept me there all through lunch. Although I wasn’t the only one they did that to, it was not something I wanted to repeat again,” she told Penny. “That feeling of helplessness is too terrifying, and I didn’t know what they would do!”

Penny did not think being immobilized would be too bad. Sure it would suck, but being on the swim team they had practiced with spine boards several times, so was familiar enough with them. She figured Mell might be overly sensitive, asking about the CPR doll.

“That was the most disgusting,” Mell told her. “There is this CPR doll to practice on—I’m sure you’ve seen them before,” she said as Penny nodded. “Well, this one they had taken apart the head or some shit,” she explained. “Whatever they did, when I went to give it mouth to mouth I found they had stuck a vibrator in its mouth! Well, you can imagine the comments they gave,” Mell said.

Penny burst out laughing, thinking about the surprise on the girls face, going to give CPR and finding her mouth full of vibrator. Seeing Mell looking at her in surprise, she quickly apologized.

“I’m sorry, but it sounds like something me and my friends would have done in school,” she told her.

“Well, maybe you’re used to such crude things, but it was a horrifying experience for me,” Mell said, affirming Penny’s original thought about the girl being over-sensitive. “I didn’t think things like that happened in real life. And as mom said, the head lifeguard did nothing, seeming

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to overlook everything going on. I don’t know if he felt it was everybody’s baptism into the ranks or what, but again, the only advice I can give is if ignore them. Or hell, maybe compete with them if that’s your thing, they might accept you, I dunno.”

Penny agreed with Mell about ignoring the pranks and not making a big deal about them—it was a tactic she herself had used avoiding some of the more demeaning things upper classmen had done when she had first gone to boarding school. Also she believed Mell to be more naïve than her, having the suspicion the woman had taken many of the pranks more personally than Penny.

Her feelings were justified, as the more the girls talked, the more Penny believed the ‘terrible’ things Mell had experienced were all things she could live with. Getting groped, finding sex toys in odd places, having her items superglued, these were all simple pranks. She felt sorry for Mell, but did not think things were as bad as she made them out to be.

After Jennie and Mell left, Penny and Regina discussed what to do about the position while they cleaned up.

“I don’t doubt for one minute Mell was hazed,” Penny told her, “and by today’s standards it might be considered appalling, but they were just initiation pranks. Heck, some of the things she told me made me wish my friends and I had thought of during school,” Penny admitted with a grin to her aunt. “Besides, I already told you about the

deal with daddy. What happened to Mell was so long ago, even if there still is some type of hazing on the rookies. I can live with a few pranks. Even if I have to suffer it for the full three months of the summer, oh well. It'll be over before we know it," she told the elderly woman pragmatically.

Regina smiled at her young charge.

"You're an adult now and can make your own decisions. I think the main message here is just be careful," her aunt told her. "But I agree with you, it's hard to believe there's a conspiracy against women joining the lifeguards after all these years," her aunt laughed. "Maybe in the sixties something like that could happen, but nowadays nobody could be so prejudiced. Tomorrow I'll give Larry a call and tell him you definitely want the position. I know training begins Monday, but he'll give me all the logistics when I talk to him," she told Penny.

Monday – Pre-training

The next day Penny and Regina began a routine reminiscent of when she was younger, waking up to find breakfast—scrambled eggs, sausage, pancakes, orange juice, and generous amounts of coffee—waiting for her.

She admonished the former nanny for wasting time on her, nonetheless feeling more at home than she had in years.

Regina had a few errands to run and invited Penny to come along; however, remembering the uncomfortable stares at the grocery store from the men, she declined.

Her refusal was due less to the embarrassment than her confusion about her feelings. Even now thinking about the way the men had openly treated her gave her a mixture of uneasiness and excitement, causing her pulse to speed up. Her feelings were unsettling.

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Also, she did not want to intrude upon Regina's life any more than she had already by staying there.

So while the elderly woman was away, Penny made use of her time by using Regina's laptop researching lifeguards—as much time as she had spent swimming, she knew very little about the job.

Muttering how Charles Wenscott did not realize what an enterprising and sensible daughter he had, Regina left Penny to herself.

Once online, Penny learned there was some disparity for criteria qualifying for lifeguard certification; however, none of the requirements were anything she could not accomplish. Besides the obvious requirements on age and health type of things, there were swimming-related tests that to a seasoned swimmer seemed to be tame. For example, many of the requirements included a 'must swim 300/500-hundred yards without resting,' clause, but to her surprise, none of them had restrictions on time limits or even the type of swimming—most being freestyle. One of Penny's strengths was long-distanced swimming, being able to do the 1500-meter in 17 minutes on a bad day, so a short sprint for this type of qualification would be easy.

The only thing she had never performed was a requirement to retrieve a weight from the deep-end of the pool, but even that was mild compared to most of her swim team training.

All-in-all she was feeling pretty confident by the time Regina returned home, the two of them relaxing the rest of the day and enjoying each other's company.

Later in the evening Regina called Mr. Jenkins, her former friend and the man in charge of most of the Lions Club programs, including the lifeguard training courses. As Regina let him know Penny was definitely interested, Penny got a call from Charlotte on her own cell phone, talking to both her and Natalie about the trip and unpacking at the Hamptons estate.

Hanging up the phone, she heard the tail end of Regina's phone call.

"Yes Larry, I know it beats sitting around the house, but honestly, the church functions keep me more than busy enough for a woman of my age," she was saying, pausing to hear Mr. Jenkins' response before replying. "Well, I thank you, but we both know you are biased on that topic. And yes, I agree it would be nice to get out of the house for a change," she answered.

Looking up and seeing Penny looking at her, she replied back, "But what about Penny? She doesn't have a car and I can't take her to training or to work if I'm working for you all the time, even for half the day," she said.

After another pause listening to the other end, the woman replied, "No, she has never taken MARTA before. I don't know if she would be comfortable on public transportation, her father has spoiled all the kids," she said into the receiver as she smiled at her young ward.

Penny could gather the gist of the conversation—apparently Mr. Jenkins was offering her aunt a part-time job, but as usual, Regina was more worried about her charge than herself. She suddenly felt bad about being the reason Regina was reluctant to take the job, so moving up to her 'aunty' she waved at her to get her attention whispering, "Take the job, I'll take the bus!"

Regina looked at her and shook her head, apparently reluctant; however, after a few more minutes she finally said, "OK, fine, fine, I'll do it. Penny is being as stubborn as you," she said, grinning at Penny while on the phone. "OK Larry. Yes, it's good to hear you too. I will see you tomorrow,"

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she spoke into the receiver before hanging up.

Looking at Penny she shook her head.

"That man has been trying to get into my panties since the day I met him," she said in exasperation.

"Aunt Regina!" Penny said in mock astonishment. "Such language from a woman of your age," she joked.

Regina laughed, telling her Mr. Jenkins—Larry—had asked her to oversee and plan a fundraising campaign he was giving in a few months. She was the chairwoman of her church's events group, and Larry, being a member of the same congregation, was familiar with her reputation hosting events.

She admitted it would be fun, but was not looking forward to fending off Larry Jenkins' advances upon her, again expressing additional concern over Penny taking the bus and having to fend for herself.

"I know you're grown up and all, but I just don't want you to feel lost or that I'm abandoning you," Regina told her.

Again Penny told her she could handle it. She did not want her aunt to be worrying about her, and her aunt was right, she was nineteen-years-old and could handle a bus! Besides, her father wanted her to become more responsible, so this was a good step in that direction.

To put the matter to rest, she asked about the lifeguard position.

“Well, apparently this is a rather sought after job,” Regina told her. “I guess laying around a pool all day in the sun appeals to you younger kids,” she told Penny teasingly. “Anyways, the lifeguard team is only taking in a couple new people this year, Larry explained to me, as most of the crew are repeat employees who had been lifeguards before,” she said. “Larry said the training class for new guards has been booked for months.”

Hearing how competitive the positions were, Penny asked how she was able to get in the last minute.

Regina laughed, apparently amused as she answered, “It’s only because of my ‘relationship’ with Larry that got you a position. Who knew I had friends in high places,” she laughed as Penny smiled. “When I asked how he fit you in, all he would say is he would do anything for me—the old lech,” Regina grinned.

She told Penny the classes started at 9:30 a.m. but she should plan to be there by 9:00 every morning, as one could never predict the time schedule of the buses or train system. She also told her the club supplied swimsuits and towels for the guards, and all she had to bring would be her own sunscreen and footwear.

Penny owned several pairs of swim booties with a thickened soles for swim meets, so was not concerned about having to get anything for her feet. And due to her dark skin, she did not need a high protection sunblock, having some packed already in her luggage.

Penny’s biggest concern was in regards to the Club supplying a swimsuit, as she had an unusual build. Penny typically had to wear a two-piece suit, buying a size small for the bottoms but a medium, or in some cases as large, for the top piece; however, Regina assured her she gave Larry her correct sizes, explaining although he would not have her actual uniform suit until Tuesday—having to order it at the last minute—he would still provide a suitable suit for her to wear tomorrow.

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“His youngest son is also taking the class,” she told her, “so if you need anything, Larry said to talk to Rodell and he would relay it to his father,” Regina said.

Next they looked up the bus schedule and routes for Penny to get to training, as Regina would have to drive in the complete opposite direction to get to where she needed to be for her position as Larry Jenkins’ party planner.

Penny was surprised it would take about an hour to get to the training facility due to the frequent stops of the bus—not to mention the typical Atlanta morning traffic, but Regina said she could at least drop her off at the main bus stop around 8:00 a.m.

Everything planned out for the next day, Penny helped her aunt make dinner—much to the older woman’s constant chagrin about a Wenscott getting their hands dirty—and after dinner they watched a movie, eventually retiring for their busy day...

Tuesday - First Aid training

Penny’s alarm woke her up at 7:30 a.m., and having no need to take a shower or get dressed in anything fancy—she would be swimming and wearing a swimsuit most of the day—she did not have to worry about taking any time dressing up.

As such, she chose one of the typical outfits she wore to swim meets—a loose-fitting cropped t-shirt and shorts. She took a moment to debate on wearing a bra, but the shirt had a habit of slipping off one shoulder, and Penny detested women wearing off-the-

shoulder clothes with bras. Vanity ultimately won out, as her breasts were firm enough to not need the support of a bra, so Penny quickly slipped on the shirt before putting selecting a pair of purple laced aqua boy short panties and cut-off denim shorts.

She had packed her beach bag the evening before with sunscreen, water, and a few other necessities, so once she put her hair in a ponytail and slipped on her pink pair of UGG cork-wedged sandals, she was ready to go.

Regina met her in the family room, admonishing her for not getting up earlier to eat breakfast. To placate her, Penny grabbed a couple of breakfast bars and a large glass of orange juice, pouring it into a Big Gulp glass she found in the cupboard, taking it with her as they went out the door for Regina to drive Penny to the nearest MARTA depot station.

Once Regina dropped Penny off at the bus stop and she waited around at her departure point, she once again felt like she had brought meatloaf to a vegetarian meeting. For one thing, she was the only Caucasian person waiting with the other dozen or so people at her area. But making matters even more uncomfortable was the fact most of the people waiting around were men, most of them some sort of construction workers.

Once again Penny was overwhelmed at the blatant attention given to her body as the men's eyes literally caressed her. Although she had worn this particular outfit hundreds of times, she became uncomfortably aware there was only a thin piece of cloth between the men's stares and her bare breasts.

Penny loved attention she got from guys at school; however, these men completely different and apparently the exception. She tried to shrug it off as simply the blatant way they looked at her, but the

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deep truth was her unease being around so many black guys. Although firmly believing she was not a racist like her father, Penny had not had much contact with African Americans other than the house staff, including Aunt Regina.

Penny's thoughts were filled with uneasiness and feeling out of place; however, her discomfort and other feelings once again became twisted deep within her. Involuntarily she felt her breasts tighten, her nipples hardening into little pearls. It was as if her body was fueled by her disquietude, completely perverting her feelings into those of arousal.

In only a few minutes her nipples were rock hard, the small beads attempting to poke through her t-shirt, adding to her embarrassment and discomfort.

She chastised herself now for not wearing a bra, as the extra layer of cloth would have hidden her body's reaction. And it already becoming hot for the summer day, Penny could not simply shrug off her headlights as being due to the code. In fact, the heat had been another reason she had discarded the idea of a bra—little had she realized she would become aroused at a bus stop!

Attempting to hide her body's reaction, Penny slouched forward so her breasts were not pressing so tightly upon her shirt; however, in this position her loose shirt gaped open, exposing her generous cleavage, drawing even more concentrated stares from the men. She even noticed a few men changing their positions, realizing they were trying to get a look down her shirt.

Penny was not sure what she was more embarrassed about, the fact she was being ogled so openly by the men, or that her body was responding in apparent arousal at the attention!

She was visibly relieved when the bus finally arrived, although ten minutes later than scheduled.

In order to get to the pool facility where her training would be held, Penny had to take the bus to the MARTA train station, then take the Gold line northeast, transferring to another bus that would drop her off near the facility. Although feeling like a fish out of water, with Aunt Regina's MARTA card and the help of the website route map, Penny was pretty certain of her trip—which the site mapped out to 40 minutes.

Once she stepped onto the bus, she saw it was completely full, the only option available being to stand and hold one of the dangling ceiling straps. Sighing at her apparently misfortune for picking one of the busiest buses in the morning, Penny reached up and grasped the leather loop just as the bus lurched forward.

Her body stretched out with her hand above her head, Penny could feel her top once more pressing tightly against her body, once more regretting not wearing a bra as the t-shirt material practically Mellded against her skin.

But her thoughts were too pre-occupied with it being her first time on a public transportation bus, as well as concerned about the time. If this bus was ten minutes late, what did that do to her schedule? She did not want to be late for her first day, holding on tightly as the bus jerked roughly with each stop, apparently doing so at every single bus stop along the way to the train station.

As the bus moved and stopped, moved and stopped, Penny wished she had brought her iPod to drown out the cacophony of sounds upon the crowded bus. It was in no amount of time her mind became numb, falling into the classic haze brought on by the repetitive motions of riding public transportation as the bus progressed along its route.

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She was not sure when it happened, but slowly through her mindless reverie she began to get the feeling of being watched. It was like a second-sense to her awareness, a niggling feeling up her back, and as she slowly glanced around the crowded rectangular vehicle, Penny noticed several guys in her periphery openly admiring her.

Turning her neck and pretending she was stretching, Penny realized there were even more men than she thought, those behind her staring at her ass, while those to her sides were obviously looking at her exposed waist, her shirt riding up even higher than normal due to her hand being above her head to hold the strap.

The bus once again lurched to a stop as more people boarded than left, and as it jerked forward again Penny realized her breasts were jiggling like a Christmas Jell-O mold, the t-shirt material stretched tightly across her chest doing absolutely nothing to hide her wiggling mounds of flesh!

Once again she became overwhelmed with a mixture of excitement, vulnerability, and general 'out-of-place' feelings, which once more her body interpreted as a cause to initiate a flood of hormones through her body.

How the hell did a debutant belonging to one of the richest families in the South end up on a metro bus in downtown Atlanta, surrounded by people whose sum total of incomes probably did not even come close to her own trust fund?

Of course she knew the reason, and it was that very same stubbornness that got her here causing her to take a deep breath and stick out her chest even more, as if proud to show off her body.

It was Penny's typical response to adversity, a trait she had picked up from her father. To her privileged, albeit spoiled thinking, the people around her were beneath

her station, something to completely ignore. Just as their family's maid sometimes helped her dress, she was raised to think her station was above those around her and merely ignored their presence.

And although she could dismiss the stares around her, she could choose to not let them affect her thoughts as much as they were, even though it was obvious many of the men's stares were not those of respect or awe, but plain unadulterated lust.

Yet even as her mind attempted to dismiss the attention she was getting, Penny's body was all-too-aware of the visceral looks the men were giving her, and it was that self-awareness causing her pulse to increase, her earlier arousal returning even stronger. To her repeated shame she felt her breasts tighten up even further, actually becoming firmer, aching to be touched.

With her hand above her head, Penny was completely stretched out and on display, unable to do anything about the men looking at her, her body splayed out from floor to ceiling to keep her balance on the moving, jerking bus. She was poised in almost a pin-up model pose, her legs spread slightly apart for balance, her arm above her head, while her young curvaceous body was exposed before strangers.

And the idea of being so displayed, like a side of beef going to market, was humiliating to her. She knew these men cared nothing about her, not her wealth, not her standing in society, all they wanted was to use her. The looks they were giving were purely selfish, wanting to slake their lust upon her without any care for her own feelings, or even reciprocating the feelings they would be enacting upon her. And once again her body perverted the feelings of debasement she began to feel, warping those feelings into ones that caused her to become increasingly excited.

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Penny had always enjoyed the looks of men—even those 'beneath her station' as her father always stated—but the looks she was getting not only on the bus, but when her and Regina were at the grocery store, were completely different and foreign from the shy glimpses she got from Prep School boys.

Her mind was in turmoil and confusion. She could not understand how, surrounded by the jerking, shuffling crowd and knowing she was being looked at more than any other woman on the bus, could cause her to be so turned on.

A deep inner part of Penny's body chemistry betrayed her as well. Although she had been intimate with several men, only one had been around long enough to discover one of her body's most intimate secrets—if she was subjected to a veritable rollercoaster ride of being turned on and then allowed to cool down, before becoming once more excited, each wave of arousal was increasingly more intense, ultimately cumulating to a point where she wanted nothing but sex, willing to do almost anything to be fucked.

The one person who had discovered her body's response—a high school sweetheart who on prom night had practically tortured her by making out and then dancing with her, making out and dancing with her, repeating the sequence over and over, had gotten her so aroused she had literally screamed for him to fuck her in one of the vacant classrooms, not caring who heard them—or caring whether anybody else joined in.

Even though this was only the second time this morning Penny had become aroused from men's stares, it was more profound than earlier, causing not only her upper body

to heat up, but causing her pulse to speed up, a slight flush forming on her cheeks as she felt a deep-seeded warmth beneath her stomach.

Good God, she was getting wet! What the hell was happening to her?

Although Penny drew some comfort at the bus being so crowded it was unlikely many people would notice her hardening nipples through the shirt material, there were still plenty of men around her who had been watching her all along.

To further prevent her body from being on display, Penny turned slightly, facing away from the main crowd on the bus and towards the side windows, attempting to minimize her profile as she once again made a vain attempt at ignoring the attention she was drawing from men out of her peripheral vision.

At the next stop the driver stopped shorter than usual, the bus jerking everybody forward. Penny gripped the hand strap tighter as she was lurched to the side and back, automatically locking her legs as her body moved in synch with everybody else.

Then just as abruptly, the bus began moving forward and she once again braced herself.

Suddenly a comment in front of her caught her attention.

“Holy shit, did you see those things bounce?” a distinctive male—albeit young—voice said, the sound slightly below her.

Looking down Penny saw two older teenage boys sitting in front of her, both them looking blatantly up her shirt! To her mortification she realized when she had turned around, that even though the t-shirt material was tight around her breasts, with her hand raised to hold the hand strap and having to lean slightly forward for balance, the bottom of her shirt was gaping forward off her breasts, giving

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the two boys sitting below her an unobstructed view of the bottoms of her breasts!

Not for the first time today, Penny regretted her choice of shirts, never considering she would ever have her hands raised over her head and bent over to give somebody below her such a view.

In alarm and embarrassment she tried to maneuver herself around; however, with one hand holding her orange juice and beach bag, switching hands was not possible. In addition, the bus was so crowded she could barely move, everybody jostling back and forth to make room for those getting on and off at the stops, effectively sandwiching her in place.

All she could do was pivot her body, which unfortunately all such squirming did was cause her to jostle to the side, her breasts giving another responding bounce—much to the boys’ delight.

For yet a third time this morning Penny’s body became flushed at being on display before those with the Y chromosome, the mixtures of shame, humiliation, and growing arousal causing her body to respond, flooding her core with a deep heat as she made another feeble attempt at ignoring the two guys before her and her inadvertent peep show.

Her mouth became suddenly dry, and remembering the glass of orange juice in her hand, raised it to her lips to take a drink.

Then the unthinkable happened.

As Penny was taking a drink, the man next to her reached up to grab his hand strap, his elbow raising to the perfect height of her glass as she was tilting it forward for a

drink. Before she could react, the contents of the entire glass poured out of the cup onto her chin and spilling all over her shirt!

Penny gasped in shock as her shirt and chest became saturated with the cold liquid, gasping out loud as the man apologized.

Continuing to gasp at the shock of the cold fluid against her skin, Penny was also vaguely aware of the guys sitting below, cussing as the juice spilt upon them as well.

An elderly woman sitting next to the boys made some vain attempts to help her, handing Penny some tissues; however, the damage was already done. Her shirt was completely drenched, clinging to her body from the orange sticky liquid like a second skin, so other than cleaning off her chin and neck with the Kleenex, there was little she could do about her clothing.

Chastising herself for not even having the foresight to bring a towel to the swim training—having been told everything would be provided—she wondered how much worse the day could get.

The man next to her was continuing to apologize as Penny told him it was alright, telling him it thankfully had only been orange juice and nothing hot or that would stain their clothes.

With her hand now freed, she turned away from the boys and their ability to look up her top, caring little about their disappointment at losing their peep show. She attempted to ignore the cold, clinging sensation of her sticky wet shirt against her body, thankful as the bus finally pulled into the College Park train station.

As the bus unloaded and Penny waited for her turn to disembark from the bus, she glanced up and found the man who had knocked her orange juice looking at her intently.

At first she thought he was going to apologize again, ready to explain once again it was alright, when she realized he was not really looking at her, but instead staring intently at her shirt.

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Looking down, Penny was mortified to see the now-orange-juice soaked material was plastered to her breasts, her wet t-shirt practically transparent and revealing everything, her erect nipples—hard from both her previous arousals and the cold liquid—blatantly visible.

Penny felt her whole body flush with shame, mortified at her indecent exposure, as well as her body's reaction.

In the back of her mind she resolved to bring a change of clothes from now on, wherever she went, still not believing how her day had turned out so far.

Her shameful display and humiliation was interrupted as the group of people directly in front of her began to move forward and the group behind her pushing her. The only thing on her mind at that moment was getting off the bus to clean off, once more attempting to hunch her body forward, slouching to try and not show herself off to anybody else.

Unfortunately it was a losing battle. Even though the shirt was oversized, the weight of saturated material and stickiness of the orange juice caused that material to Melld to her body, even slouched forward. All Penny could do was cross her arms and hide her exposed bralessness—to the knowing smirks of men all around her.

Looking at the time, she realized due to her bus being late, she had no time to find a restroom and attempt to clean up. All she could do, as she boarded the Gold train and found a seat, was to crouch forward and pretend she was alone.

Although the combination of embarrassing emotions running through her made the trip seem like hours, it was not long before the train entered the Doraville station and she disembarked, finding her next bus easily.

Thankfully there were plenty of seats on this bus, so Penny found one without anybody near her, although she continued to slouch, thankful when her stop came up and she got off, heading in the direction of the recreational pool facilities nearby.

Even though there was nobody else around her, Penny kept her arms uncrossed, hoping her shirt would dry enough as she found the address given to her by Mr. Jenkins, finding the recreational hall which led to the pool easily.

Stepping inside, Penny's skin immediately chilled, the frigid air conditioning hitting her wet shirt and skin as she was covered with goose pimples, her nipples tightening and turning into granite as the cold air hit her.

Barely pausing, she hurried to the back door where the signs indicated the pool was located.

Wayne Jackson was in a foul mood. And the very fact of being aware of being in such a mood caused his mood to darken even further.

He had been looking forward to the summer and his off-school, part-time job as head lifeguard for the Lake, and he had been in a good mood about it up until last night when Mr. Jenkins called.

Wayne had worked for Jenkins for years—at one point doing odd construction jobs for the man; however, once he had become the school's men's swim coach he only worked for the man during the summer, in the capacity as head lifeguard.

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He enjoyed the job, and had trained every guard under his supervision—all 36 of them. A good majority of the lifeguards were actually on his swim team, and it gave him a chance to recruit other swimmers during the summer months.

They were required by law to have at least twenty guards available to monitor the two-acre pool, but when you also took into account sick days, breaks, as well as the lifeguards performing various other duties to take care of the pool and covering private functions within the park, a few more were always needed.

And Wayne was the man in charge of them all, from schedules to promotions to pay. He had complete authority over all the hiring and firing—at Mr. Jenkins' approval, of course. Which was something he was reminded of and made perfectly clear of last night, when Jenkins had called to tell him he had to make an available slot in the training program for a new student.

The training program had originally been designed for six students; however, due to attrition, the number of guards needed this year were more than a single class was designed, but too few for two—so he had reluctantly agreed to have eight students for this year's training.

As a good portion of the training involved working with partners, he never selected an odd number, and in the rare instances somebody left the training before completion—whether on their own volition or his—he would substitute as the second partner.

But eight students was pushing his certification training to the limit. Although he was allowed to train up to ten student, because of the time investment he gave to each student he had found six to be his limit. Now, with two more than he typically had, he had already selected eight guys and refused to take a ninth student.

His objections were met with deaf ears, as he was told under no-uncertain-terms another head lifeguard could be found.

With summer vacation impacting his school salary with three unpaid months, substituted his income with this job at the Lake. Although it was not a large salary, after working for so many years it was a decent enough boost to his income that he could live comfortably. And this year he had purchased a new boat—he could not afford to lose any income.

Reluctantly he agreed to take on the new student, knowing he would have to get rid of one of the eight he had already selected and told they would be attending.

Then the proverbial other shoe dropped—this would be a female student.

Wayne almost went into an epileptic fit at Mr. Jenkins' statement, the shock too much to even respond.

"Are you sure, sir?" he finally asked.

In all the years he had been head lifeguard, there had been an unspoken 'no women' decree amongst for the team by the panel of men who controlled the business aspect of the Lake. Much of the reasons were due to historical tradition—the Lions Club had initially been a male-only organization, and here in the South, the change of allowing women members had come at slower pace than other chapters, even slower than the pool becoming integrated racially.

The last part was due to the location, as Lake Bright Vale was right in the midst of the biggest growing black community in southern Atlanta. As such, the white influence was slowly taken over. Although

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the people who came to the lake were all races and creeds, once Mr. Jenkins had taken over—both the Lions Club and the Lake—had become heavily inundated with Afro-Americans.

Funny how Equal Opportunity could be so one-sided, he thought with a grin.

Although not a Lions Club member himself, Wayne had worked with the men who belonged to the organization—both at the Lake and doing other jobs—long enough to know every single one of them were chauvinistic bastards, something he could easily relate with.

Mr. Jenkins himself was one of the biggest bigots against women he knew, the man's wife the perfect trophy wife, beautiful and soft-spoken. Her sole purpose was to make him look good in public and perform well in the sack—as evident by their three sons.

In fact, the youngest of Jenkins' son—Rodell—was in this year's training class. Wayne had likewise trained the other two older brothers a few years ago.

The oldest brother was Wayne's age, and they had been friends all through high school, both of them serving as lifeguards for almost ten years before Wayne had been promoted to head lifeguard and Darius had followed his father's footsteps in the construction business.

He had heard both from Mr. Jenkins and other members of the Club one of the main reasons for no women—following a typical Southern gentlemen's opinions—was them being too 'proper' for the type of work lifeguarding entailed.

There was also a legal aspect to their decision, as they did not want to hire a girl and have somebody drown because she could not physically handle somebody out of the pool.

Although Wayne knew women could be good lifeguards, the atmosphere developed over the years at the Lake was not a suitable position for them.

Wayne had been told to protect the 'sanctity' of the lifeguard image at all costs. Every once in a while over the years a woman would make the training—more from the threat of a lawsuit or as a favor from one of the members, but they never lasted long. Wayne had learned early on the members would go to any costs to not only keep the lifeguard team all-male, but would pay anything to keep issues with women quiet. Every single woman who had gotten on the lifeguard team had led to incidents of harassment, as even the members of the team had the unspoken 'no women' rule. And such incidents were always quietly swept under the rug, whether through payments to the families for their silence, or threat of exposing something the family wanted hidden.

For the members of the Club who controlled the Lake it was all about maintaining the reputation of the Club, and Mr. Jenkins ruled such encounters with ruthless brutality.

Wayne's point of view was more practical. He knew a female lifeguard would just cause disruption amongst other members of the team. No matter what she looked like, a pair of tits amongst a group of guys was asking for trouble, no matter the circumstances. He was opposed to women in the military as well for the same reasons.

Hell, he only had to think of the most recent woman who had gotten on the team, CarMella Hilker, who had been on the team almost eight years ago. Wayne had still been new at the job, but remembered that incident because of his involvement. He had allowed that skank to supervise a private party and it had all gotten out of hand. Even though nothing illegal had occurred, she had cried assault, almost causing Wayne and another of his lifeguards to be arrested.

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It was the overwhelming support of Mr. Jenkins and the other influential members of the Lions Club that had saved him—as well as all the high school football players at the party—from any further legalities. They had not cared if everybody had pulled a train on the bitch, what they cared about was shutting her up.

So what if they copped a few handfuls of boob from her—it was not like she was any great beauty. Hell, she had enjoyed it at the time, and it was unlikely she would ever get such attention ever again. Her being so plain was the reason nobody had fuck her, merely letting her get a few of them off with a hand job. How were they supposed to know she had gotten locked in the maintenance closet. For them, they had simply partied on, forgetting about her until the next day.

And then the bitch had turned around and said she had been unwilling, threatening them all with sexual harassment—until Mr. Jenkins himself had 'talked' to the girl and her mother. After that, nobody even remembered she had been on the team.

Nope, a woman on the team would cause nothing but trouble, Wayne was completely convinced of it, and it was something that, up until the phone call last night, he thought Mr. Jenkins believed as well.

He remembered Mr. Jenkins' reply to his question.

"Yes, I'm sure Mr. Jackson," the voice came across the phone.

Like a child getting in trouble with his parents, Mr. Jenkins only called him by his last name when irritated, so Wayne knew to back down and accept the order.

"Am I supposed to babysit her sir? I have several young men—Rodell included—to train," he asked. "You know how boys will be boys," he said, not needing to mention the other incidents.

Wayne asked the question to know his limits. If Mr. Jenkins was allowing a woman to be trained, knowing full well what may happen, he needed to know if he should step in or let the natural order of things take their course. None of the guys would take well to a woman on the team, and he himself would be willing to participate in her harassment in order for her to leave. He knew Mr. Jenkins ultimate wish—he may want her in training, but Wayne also know there was no way in Hell Larry Jenkins would let her get as far as actually being a full-time lifeguard!

"I am asking nothing more of you other than to accept her into the training program," came the controlled reply. "Whether she passes or fails is entirely up to her performance and your recommendations," Mr. Jenkins said.

After a long pause Mr. Jenkins said, "She's Gina's ward Wayne. I agreed to let her be trained, and if she qualifies, said she could work the summer. We both know the chance of that happening, and Gina herself specifically asked for me to do nothing more than give her a chance. By letting her into the training class I am doing just that. You and I both know the Club's feelings in this regard. I'm not saying to hold back any punches, just do what you do best and train the best group of lifeguards we can ask," the voice finally said.

Now Wayne understood. Superman had kryptonite, Lawrence Jenkins had Regina Pemberly. Jenkins' crush on the woman had spanned more than two decades. Wayne never knew what hold the woman had over such an influential man as Larry Jenkins, but the powerful businessman could never say no to anything 'Gina' Pemberly asked of him.

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To her credit, she had not abused her influence on him, never asking anything of Mr. Jenkins that he was against—up until now, Wayne thought dryly.

Then another thought had entered his mind.

"Uh, sir, the female locker room is being renovated this summer," he said, reminding his boss of the facilities problem.

"I know, I know, trust me, this is not something I had planned," the voice said dourly. "Just let them rotate the men's room—it's not an ideal solution, but since we weren't planning this and Gina herself told me not to make any more conveniences other than giving her a chance, it's all we can offer," Jenkins told him.

Asking what the new student's name was so he could add her to the roster, he had to ask for Mr. Jenkins to repeat himself, saying in surprise, "As in Charles Wenscott?" he asked.

The Wenscott name was not common, so there had to be a relationship.

Everybody who was anybody in business knew Charles Wenscott. Born into money, it seemed anything and everything the man touched turned to gold. Before his father had even handed over the family business and before he had graduated from law school the man had taken a failing paper in Savannah, digitalized it, and made it into one of the biggest innovators of online news reporting. He had become rich long before

his father passed away and left everything to him. It was said he owned more property than Wayne or most people would ever travel in their entire lifetime, having holdings not only in the US, both overseas as well. It was rumored the man controlled most—if not all—of the Georgia legislation, including most of the judiciary board, and in certain circles it was stated he owned most neighboring states as well.

Although starting out as a lawyer, he had turned into the epitome of big business, and as such, was hated by all—particularly Lawrence Jenkins.

“Yes, THE Charles Wenscott,” came Mr. Jenkins’ dry reply.

Charles Wenscott made enemies and sour acquaintances, but never friends, so it was no surprise hearing the disdain in Jenkins’ voice, but Wayne knew Mr. Jenkins had more reasons to hate Charles Wenscott than most, having had multiple run-ins over the years with the man when they both had controlling interests, and Mr. Jenkins had never won. Wayne even knew of two of Mr. Jenkins’ closest friends who Wenscott had not only pushed them out of their family businesses, but made them destitute for the rest of their lifetime.

Like Mr. Jenkins, Charles Wenscott was a thorough opponent, and somebody you did not want to be in their crosshairs.

Of course, the same could have been said of Mr. Jenkins, Wayne thought, having seen some fucked up shit while working for the man as Mr. Jenkins’ voice continued over the phone.

“Apparently Wenscott feels his daughter ‘slumming’ for a summer job will build character, and Gina was her nanny, so is her ward this summer,” the voice said.

Wayne wondered how much worse the situation could get. Not only was he supposed to train a female guard—when everyone in the past had failed—but he had a snobby rich princess to pamper.

But Mr. Jenkins has made his desire known, so Wayne had nothing to do but live with it.

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Ever the manager, Wayne asked, “And what about uniforms sir? It’s not like we have a stock of women’s lifeguard suits in storage,” he told the voice on the phone.

He was not surprised at Mr. Jenkins’ reply, the man being as thorough as Charles Wenscott was rumored to be.

“I have that all covered. Her uniforms will not be arriving until late tomorrow—I had Rodell order them overnight, but it being the weekend and all,” he said somewhat sourly.

If Mr. Jenkins had his way, he would have bought out every delivery service and made them deliver on weekends.

“Rodell will be bringing a suit for her to wear tomorrow. He isn’t too happy about the turn of events either, as all the guys on in the program are close friends. He knows because of this woman we’ll have to cut somebody. Anyways, I’ve gotten her measurements from Gina and had Rodell run to the mall and get her a suit for tomorrow,” Mr. Jenkins told him.

Wayne made one more attempt at trying to salvage the situation.

“Sir, with all due respect. The last thing we need is some stuck-up, jet-set, drama queen who thinks her idea of ‘slumming’ for a summer job to be a lifeguard. I need serious people, sir, people who are committed towards saving lives,” he pleaded.

"Well, listening to Gina she apparently is serious Wayne. Gina would not stop talking about how the girl was the lead swimmer on her Prep School's swim team, and you know those private schools do extremely well in competitions," Jenkins told him.

"Well, that's one thing in her favor so far," Wayne admitted, having his own team lose out to a few of the local Prep Schools. "But..." he started to say when Jenkins' voice interrupted him.

"Wayne, she holds the record for the 1500 meter freestyle—17:42," Mr. Jenkins said. "Believe me, Gina has a right to be proud of the girl," he said over the phone.

Wayne knew he was not going to gain any ground on the matter—and he himself was impressed at a girl being able to get such a record time in the long swim.

Still, she was a female and he knew it would mean nothing but trouble.

Knowing what the outcome of the young Wenscott's daughter's career as a lifeguard would be, Wayne wondered how a potential lawsuit by Charles Wenscott himself would be handled, but he was merely the hired help. Such things were better left to Mr. Jenkins and his group of old cronies.

A bunch of hoots and whistles outside his office interrupted his thoughts.

Looking at the clock, he saw it was 9:05 a.m., cursing himself for letting the day get off-kilter. He was a stickler for the students being on time, and silently reprimanded himself for being so lost in thought he himself was late.

Getting up, he went outside to yell at the guys—he did not put up with horseplay during class—when he suddenly stopped short at the sight before him.

A woman straight out of a strip club or pin-up magazine was standing across from him, glaring at the group of guys—who were the ones making all the commotion.

And Wayne could understand why they were reacting the way they did, as his eyes slowly unglued themselves from the girl's long muscular legs and he saw the state of her shirt—a cropped loose t-shirt—completely

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soaked and wet with appeared to be orange juice.

Yet what took his breath away was how the wet material clung to the woman's body, perfectly outlining every conspicuous curve of her breasts, draping across her blatantly prominent nipples, before shelving off her chest to hang down, exposing her slim waist.

Finally taking his eyes off her chest he looked into the largest brown eyes he had ever seen.

Immediately those eyes turned to him, a slight flush on the woman's face as she asked, "Mr. Jackson? I'm Penny Wenscott. Here for the lifeguard training?"

Upon hearing her voice and seeing her body, Wayne's first thought was that of a pornography starlet, but as he again noticed her voluptuous curves and large eyes, he was suddenly reminded of those Japanese anime cartoons a lot of the guys watched. Hell, even his younger brother had a screensaver of such a girl getting raped by some tentacled alien thing—and this girl had an even more prominent chest than half those cartoons he realized.

Getting his mind back on the situation—pushing the thoughts of those large breasts bouncing up and down as she rode his cock—he put his whistle to his mouth and let out an ear-shattering stream of noise, all the guys shutting up immediately.

As the wet dream in front of him cringed from the deafening sound, Wayne could not help but notice how her breasts shifted seductively, his previous thoughts of her riding his cock returning.

“OK gentlemen! Sorry Miss Wenscott,” he said, looking at the girl before turning back to the group of guys. “OK people, line up on the yellow line,” he ordered as everybody followed his orders, including the young woman.

Although her shirt was soaking wet—obviously from some breakfast mishap on her way here—she kept her arms to her side and stood at attention with the rest of the guys. Although lurid thoughts filled his head, Wayne was still impressed the woman was attempting to fit in, even at the expense of her indecency from her wardrobe malfunction.

Focusing his mind back on the here and now, he addressed the eight people—having to mentally correct himself after training six guys for so long.

“As you can tell, we have a new potential trainee for this year’s guard team,” he began. “Mr. Ward will not be joining us this year,” he told them.

A few grumbles and moans arose from the guys, and Wayne heard somebody mutter “Bitch,” everybody knowing it was for the woman in line.

He blew his whistle yet again.

“I know that will be the last interruption I hear from now on,” he said threateningly. “Now, for Miss Wenscott’s sake I am reiterating the rules of this session, even though you heard them last week, as I know you all have them memorized, it still will reinforce what you know. First and foremost, I expect everybody—without exception,” he said, looking pointedly at the woman, “to arrive by nine a.m. each morning. That will give you more than adequate time to get ready for our training to begin at nine thirty. As the women’s facilities are currently being renovated, you all will have to rotate with Miss Wenscott and share the boys’ locker room and showers,” he told them. “As such, I suggest you work it out amongst yourselves on the possibility of arriving even earlier in order to be prepared,” he told them.

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A few quiet snickers were heard at the mention sharing the locker room, but were quickly silenced by his glare as he continued.

“Sharing the locker rooms separately,” he amended, “as if I really needed to clarify that statement,” he said, looking at the offending boy. “Each day is planned and timed based upon a strict agenda. Some days will last all day, others may be shorter—much of it will depend on your progress or lack thereof,” he told them, having used the same speech when talking about swim team practice. “I expect each and all directives to be followed to the letter. If you cannot take an order, you might as well leave now, as I will not have you on my team,” he told the group, once more looking over them, pausing on the young girl’s face.

He was impressed she did not look away, instead boldly meeting his gaze and nodding her head in understanding.

“Latter in the week,” he continued, “you will spend time as lifeguards-in-training at the Lake, supervised by REAL lifeguards, but first you must pass the first aid part of the course, including proper methods of egress of injured parties from all parts of the pool, both as a team and individually. Part of the OTJ—on the job training for the rookie,” he said, purposely ignoring Penny, “is being able to monitor such a largely populated pool as the Lake. With over two-acres of surface area you are not only in charge of your specific area, but your neighbors’ areas as well. The more eyes out there the better. And need I even state this is not summer vacation for you. We are in the job of keeping

everybody safe,” he said, “and anybody who jeopardizes a swimmer’s safety will be removed.”

He continued lecturing them about the job for the next fifteen minutes. He had given this same talk so many times he could recite the speech in his sleep, and although the guys had heard it Friday during the pre-requisite class, he repeated it to all of them—even though it was directed towards the one woman.

And that was yet another thing upsetting Wayne—he maintained a tight schedule, and today was going to be the first day covering first aid. Now had to administer the pre-requisite test to Miss Wenscott, which would take most of the morning. He did not like disruptions to his routine, and after training for so long, he knew it would be better to end the day early and start fresh in the morning than try and play catch up. He would simply extend the finals to Saturday, adjusting the schedule in his mind accordingly.

“Today Miss Wenscott will be performing the pre-requisite test, so the rest of you ladies have an easy day. As such, we will break around lunchtime and resume tomorrow morning,” he said. There were a few quiet cheers for getting out early, silenced as he looked at the group. “Because of this break in scheduling though, we will be holding finals on Saturday,” he told them, to which the accompanying groans were also silenced at his look.

“Mr. Jenkins,” he called out, not even looking as he heard Rodell’s “Yes Sir!” in response. “I was told you have Miss Wenscott’s loaner suit?” he asked.

Hearing Rodell’s response about it being in a box on the table in the locker room, he instructed Penny to find an empty locker in the men’s locker room and change.

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Penny felt a relieved entering the locker room, away from the prying eyes of the men and her wet-t-shirt.

She hoped the rest of the day would not go as bad as the trip here!

Her first thoughts turned towards Mr. Jackson, their trainer. Her initial impression of him was that of complete intimidation. He was a large, six-foot-plus bald black man in extreMelly good physical condition, having the typical “V” body type seen on body builders. Yet Penny could tell he was a swimmer through and through, having seen many such bodies in her swimming career.

She had been surprised to see him come out in a pair of long racing pants, hard-pressed to avert her eyes to the outline of his body beneath the tight material.

She had been so absorbed in averting her gaze she had not even paid attention to whether he had noticed her own wardrobe issues. He had definitely not said anything, being completely all-business.

The feeling of complete submission she had felt having such an obviously dominant man standing over her had almost overwhelmed her. She had no doubts whatsoever she would have done whatever he asked, as apparently each of the men in line had appeared.

Penny was not typically a submissive person, baulking at any authority—as her recent fight with her father could attest—but Mr. Jackson’s demeanor and personality had evoked nothing but complete obedience within her.

She was impressed at his orderliness towards the training program. It was obvious from the grumbings of the other guys they had not been aware of her admission into the program, and it had been a complete surprise her she was replacing somebody, and

it was not something the men were happy about; however, Mr. Jackson's professionalism and control of the group had put her more at ease than anything else.

Penny opened a random locker, seeing a crumbled array of men's clothing at the bottom, knowing it was one of the other guys' clothes. Moving down the row, she eventually found an empty locker for herself, hanging her beach bag in it.

The box on the table as she had entered apparently holding her suit, and Penny sat down on the bench and opened it, staring at the contents a few moments.

"You have got to be kidding me," she muttered to herself, the words echoing off the empty room's tiled walls.

She had been expecting a typical one-piece—or even two-piece—sports suit, but what was in the box was nothing more than a skimpy black string bikini.

She continued to stare into the box for a few moments more, the back of her mind not believing the suit she had been given, again wishing she had simply brought her own gear.

As it was the only suit provided, she sighed and pulled off her damp shirt, stripping down.

Putting on the bottoms first, Penny double-knotted the stringed side fastenings, adjusting them several times until satisfied with their fit. The last thing she needed was to have the suit untie—she had already had enough wardrobe issues showing her off to last a while from the ride here.

The suit bottoms rode low on her hips, and she was thankful she was completely shaved, briefly wondering what would have happened if she had not been—would Mr. Jackson have expected her to swim her trial

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with her muff hanging out? Based upon his demeanor and lecture to them earlier, she had a feeling he would have.

Turning around and looking at her ass in one of the mirrors, Penny was relieved to see the bottoms were at least a medium-to-full cut. She had worn much more revealing suits on trips to the Bahamas, but in this case she was thankful she did not have to give the guys any more show than what her wet t-shirt had already given.

Holding up the top, Penny observed it to be a standard triangular top, but it took her forever to adjust it to how she wanted. The problem with one-size-fits-all suits—particularly bikinis—was her well-endowed chest, and adjusting the suit was less of a chore in deciding how much of her chest to expose than deciding what parts of her chest to expose. There was only so much material, so she had to position it appropriately.

Lifting her arms up and then out to test the feel and stretch of the suit, she finally settled on simply centering the triangular pieces over her nipples. Although that ended up exposing the bottoms and sides of her breasts more than she liked—particularly when she extended her arms—she would rather expose those parts of her breasts than have her nipples pop out while swimming.

Looking at herself in the full-length mirror, Penny had to admit the suit looked good on her—less revealing than some suits she had worn, but showing off her body nicely. Her well-tanned legs extended fully up to the lower portion of her ass before the suit covered the rest, and the front again provided enough coverage to not be indecent. Although her breasts were revealed, they were adequately covered—and again, there was little she could do about it.

Suddenly a voice yelled into the empty washroom, startling her.

"This isn't a fashion show Miss Wenscott, get the damn suit on and get your ass out here!" Mr. Jackson's voice called from outside.

Quickly exiting the locker room, Penny was met by a chorus of hoots and whistles—until Mr. Jackson's ear-shattering whistle blow silenced them.

Although he too looked lustfully at her in the small suit, Mr. Jackson turned and glared at Rodell Jenkins—Mr. Jenkins' son—several moments, until the younger Jenkins blurted out, "Hey, it was the only thing the shopping clerk said would fit her measurements!" he said in way of explanation.

Staring at him for a few moments more before telling the other guys to take seats, Mr. Jackson approached Penny.

Once again she was overwhelmed by the large man's presence looming over her. A deep dark part of her admitted if he found her suit so distasteful and told her to swim naked, she would have. But he simply looked directly in her face as he went over the tests she was going to perform.

Her thoughts focused on more inappropriate things, Penny was thankful she had read up on what was involved in the trials online.

The first test was having to tread water in the deep end for 2 minutes—child's play for somebody in her physical condition.

Once she hit the water, Penny felt in her element. She had been on the swim team for years, so for the first time since her father's decree she was not nervous.

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Looking around as she treaded water, Penny saw the guys had moved to the edge of the pool watching her intently. Several had large grins on their faces, and she wondered if there was some joke going on about her, quickly checking her top as she continued to tread water, finally ignoring them as she focused upon Mr. Jackson.

Mr. Jackson's whistle signaled for her to immediately dive and retrieve a brick he had thrown into the pool. She easily inverted her body and swam down to the bottom, grabbing the brick with both hands as instructed and swimming to the surface, before proceeding to the other end of the pool where she deposited the brick, quickly turning around and swimming back to the deep end.

Reaching the edge of the pool, Mr. Jackson then instructed her to pull herself out of the pool without the assistance of a ladder.

Penny noted the guys all watching her intently as she pulled herself out of the pool, and without thinking jutted her chest out. If they wanted a show, she would give them one, she thought defiantly, not wanting them to think she was self-conscious.

All of the guys were now snickering, several of them whispering to Rodell, but Penny paid them no attention, instead focusing on Mr. Jackson's directions to dive in and now swim a 300 yard relay.

Immediately Penny dived, her mind going into 'swimmer's mode' as she called it, turning her mind to random thoughts instead of what she was doing. She had found if she concentrated too much on her swim she was her worst enemy. Instead, if she let her mind wander and let her body take control, she swam better. When she had made the world record she had actually been thinking about a cupcake recipe her friend Mellanie had told her about using Coca Cola!

This time she recalled Mell's comment about not making a large deal out of some of the guys joking. Whatever they were grinning about as she did her trials she again decided to just act normally, barely focusing upon her freestyle swim.

Watching the voluptuous woman dive into the water, Wayne had to admit the girl was a natural, gliding gracefully through the water like a dolphin. Although he had heard she was a proficient swimmer, he had his doubts, particularly when he had seen how well-endowed she was—female swimmers did not typically have such large breasts.

But his fears were allayed watching the girl move, her body torpedoing straight as an arrow from one side of the pool to the next. He could easily have seen her doing the record 1500 meter freestyle without any problems, admitting she swam better than his two top swimmers—Rodell and Jimmy Baker—the only white guy on the swimming and lifeguard teams.

The pool was a short course pool, and by the fifth lap the guys were cheering and hollering at the girl. He smiled in pride, glad they too could recognize a good swimmer as Penny glided easily in the pool. Glancing down at his stopwatch, knew she would easily beat the times the other guys had swam as he walked towards the shallow end where she would end up.

Walking past the guys, he noticed some black pieces of debris floating beneath the surface of the water, making a mental note to have one of the guys get the leaf skimmer afterwards, but his attention was then drawn away from the floating debris as all the guys got up and moved lawn chairs to the end of the pool where he had been heading. Although it was odd to see them so caught up in a person who

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had displaced one of their friends in the training program—particularly a woman—Wayne continued to watch the woman glide effortlessly through the pool as his thoughts wandered.

His mind thought about seeing the woman come out of the locker room in the black bikini. He recalled Mr. Jenkins saying he had Rodell go and purchase a suit, and he knew the choice had probably been made on purpose by the younger black man, particularly recalling the grins on the guys' faces when Penny had entered the locker room.

He admired the subtlety of the prank, knowing there would be even more—not only on Penny but each other—and he hoped it would not cause any trouble, particularly as many of the pranks that would be pulled on the woman could be construed as sexual harassment.

Penny was finishing up her last lap, so focusing back to her and ignoring the boys, he turned to talk to her as she stood up and exited the pool.

He could only stare as his jaw suddenly fell open in amazement, the whistles of the guys to the side completely ignored as his attention was on the beautiful, voluptuous Penny Wenscott exiting the pool—completely naked!

Penny continued to swim in what her swim coach called 'the zone,' where everything on your mind was put on hold and you let your body focus upon swimming. It had taken her a few months of training to be able to completely wipe her mind and ignore actually swimming, as well as the whistles and cheers of the crowds—but she had learned to

blot them all out, merely focusing upon breathing and counting the laps, letting her body do the rest.

In no time at all she was on her final lap. As with most swims, she wondered what her time was, wondering if Mr. Jackson had a stopwatch. She had not swam in over a month, so felt out of practice.

Ending her run, she glided over to the corner where there was a shallow rise and stepped out of the pool, the cool air welcoming after her exertion, even after such a short swim.

Getting out of the pool she was immediately met by whistles and catcalls of the other guys, assuming they were for her fast swim, and ignored them. Instead she closed her eyes, performing her own mental exercise she did after every swim.

Unconsciously she reached her hands up to squeeze the water out of her hair, once again hearing the cheers of the guys.

As a small part of her wondered why Mr. Jackson was not reprimanding them, but she continued to ignore them as she continued her post-swim ritual.

Reflexively she reached behind her to untuck the suit out of the crack of her ass—an inevitable swimming hazard for most women—when her fingers instead glided over her bare ass cheek.

What the fuck?

All of this occurred within seconds of stepping out of the pool, and Penny felt something was immediately off.

Suddenly she realized the breeze blowing across her body was caressing parts of her that should not have been hit by wind, and opening her eyes and looking down, she abruptly grasped the realization she was naked!

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Penny let out a high-pitched shriek of surprise as she placed one hand over her crotch and her other arm across her chest.

How the hell was she naked? What happened to her bikini?

Looking up in total shame and embarrassment, Penny saw Mr. Jackson staring at her, his face one of shock. Meanwhile over to the side of them, all the guys cheering, a few cupping their crotches as they made comments about liking her 'uniform.'

Although Penny did not understand what was going on, she knew she was the recipient of the first of practical jokes upon her.

"What the fuck happened to the suit?" she yelled in surprise, more to herself than anybody around her.

Bathing suits did not just disappear, she thought, turning and looking into the pool.

Immediately her eyes focused upon a few floating black pieces of debris—undoubtedly her now useless bikini as she heard the guys cheering even louder at her exposed ass.

Mr. Jackson's whistle brought her back to reality, causing her to turn back around while the boys immediately shut up.

Looking back at him, she saw his face livid with rage instead of the previous shock.

"Give her a goddamn towel now!" he shouted out to nobody in particular, the rage in his face manifested through his voice.

Immediately a flash of cloth came out of the corner of her eye, and Penny caught the thrown towel, her movements once again exposing her completely naked body. This

time though, under the watchful eye of Mr. Jackson, the guys did not say a word, although their eyes were glued to her body.

Without even looking at them, Penny noted they had not given her a beach towel, just a simple bath towel, but she wrapped herself in it as best she could, hiding more of her bare body.

She could feel the bottom of her ass being caressed by the wind and knew she was showing quite a bit of it, but she was facing the guys right now, more concerned about flashing her shaved crotch or tits.

"You! In my office, now!" Mr. Jackson ordered, turning around without a second glance to see if she would follow.

Penny did not understand why he was upset at her—it was not like she had stripped in the pool on purpose, but she meekly followed him, again surprised at her submissiveness towards the large man.

Following him into his office, Penny noted it was completely decorated with swimming and surfing paraphernalia, with a few pictures of boats interspersed; however, her attention was pulled away from her surroundings as the door slammed shut loudly behind her.

Turning around, she was again taken aback at the angry man's face.

"This is exactly why I didn't want a woman in the group. They are nothing but a goddamn distraction to the other guys," he yelled to nobody in particular. Turning his focus upon her, he stated, "Do you mind telling me what the fuck kind of stunt you decided to pull out there?" he demanded of her.

"You don't think I did that on purpose!" Penny shouted, almost as loud as him.

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"I don't know what to think," the large man returned angrily, "but this is exactly why women should not be in this program. You all think you can flash your tits and ass and everything will fall your way," he ranted. "Well I will tell you this Miss Rich Daddy's Girl, you are out of this class as of this instant," he yelled at her.

"You can't do that!" she yelled back at him, her voice rising in pitch. "I didn't do anything," she pleaded.

How could he have thought she was at fault, she wondered?

"Well none of the other guys took off your damn suit for you!" he shouted back. "And if it was an accident, why didn't you double-tie the goddamn thing?" he lectured.

"It was!" Penny told him vehemently. "I've swam enough in my life to know not to use a simple goddamn bow for a bikini," she shouted back, her anger and frustration finally returning and overshadowing the timid feeling she got around the instructor, cussing right back at him. "And what kind of goddamn female uniform is a bikini?" she admonished. "Is that your idea of getting a quick thrill at a flash of skin?" she accused, getting angrier by the second. "You want skin? Here's your fucking skin," Penny yelled, ripping the towel off of her and throwing it across the room as she put her hands on her hips, baring herself completely before the large man.

For the first time since getting angry, Wayne was at a loss for words as the undeniably beautiful woman stood in front of him naked for the second time today. Immediately his eyes focused on how rivulets of water ran down from her hair to her shoulder before descending between her breasts. He saw she was completely shaven, the small cleft between her legs barely visible, as if attempting to hide itself from view.

Her skin was completely tanned, and he idly wondered if it was part of her heritage or if she sunbathed nude.

Thankfully a knock on the door broke his thoughts—him getting more pissed at the distraction she had caused than the interruption at the door.

“What!” he shouted.

Rodell’s voice came from behind the door.

“Mr. Jackson. Uh, sir, I need to talk to you,” came the voice.

“After,” he shouted back.

Rodell’s voice came again.

“Sir, it’s my fault. I mean, well, when all of us heard Darnell had been replaced by a girl... Well, we switched suits from the one I had bought for my dad. I...uh...I mean we thought it would be funny to have her wear a dissolvable bikini,” the voice said.

“Goddamnit,” Wayne said, suddenly realizing the naked woman had nothing to do with what happened.

Getting up, he threw a piece of cloth to Penny, who absently caught it, realizing it was a t-shirt.

Quietly thanking him, she pulled the shirt on as the coach opened the door.

It was a man’s shirt—probably Mr. Jackson’s she realized—extending well down her hips to the upper part of her thighs. Although her large breasts were tightly bound by the material, it was better than standing there naked, she reasoned.

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“Get your ass in here now!” Mr. Jackson yelled, as Rodell quickly stepped inside, moving to stand beside Penny as the door slammed back shut.

“Explain,” Mr. Jackson demanded, his attention now completely focused upon Rodell.

Instead of saying anything, Rodell held out a box which Mr. Jackson grabbed.

Reading the box as he took it, she saw across the top the title ‘Water Soluble Bikini’ in white bold letters, the box labeled as the “Get Naked Bikini.”

Looking once again at Rodell for explanation, the young man told him how his father had instructed him to buy a one-piece suit for Penny, but when the other guys found out she was replacing Darnell, they talked about how to get back at her.

“Rio had bought that a while ago, thinking he would play a prank on his girlfriend, but she broke up with him and had it just sitting around,” he explained. “We didn’t mean any harm,” he said somewhat apologetically towards Penny.

Penny stood there in shock, absorbing this latest turn of events.

“A dissolvable bikini?” she asked incredulously, her mind finally catching up with the prank.

Suddenly Penny burst out laughing, startling the two men who looked at her like she was crazy.

“I don’t fucking believe it,” she said. “One of my girlfriends heard about this a while ago, but we thought it was bunk. We actually tried to order one,” she admitted, “but they’re only sold only in Europe and at the time none of our families were visiting there. I had completely forgotten about it,” she laughed again.

Rodell muttered another apology as Wayne stared at both of them.

Finally he shook his head, muttering “Goddamnit,” as his face cleared of most of his anger. Looking at Penny, he finally said, “Fine. Being as this was not your fault, and you apparently aren’t harmed any worse for wear other than flashing your tits to a few

members of your team, you are not kicked out,” he said, the relief evident upon Penny’s face. Turning to Rodell, he continued saying, “Mr. Jenkins, I think Miss Wenscott should name the number your punishment will entail,” he said.

Penny did not comprehend what he was talking about until she saw Mr. Jackson reach up and pull a paddle off the wall—which she had thought was decoration. As understanding dawned upon her she looked at Mr. Jackson in shock.

“You’re not going to paddle him, are you?” she said, her surprise evident upon her face.

“As the instructor of this program, your ass—both figuratively and literally—belongs to me. It is the customary punishment for being caught breaking the rules,” he told her matter-of-factly. “This is also the punishment for every five minutes you are late, so take note Miss Wenscott. Your gender does not exempt you from anything at this point,” he said.

The very thought of being treated any differently from the other guys, even as something as archaic as a paddling for punishment irked her, and she said as much.

“I don’t expect any special treatment. I’m here to learn to become a lifeguard,” she told him. “But paddling is so...Medieval,” she finally said.

“Nonetheless those are the rules I dictate,” he told her. “And as the receiver of said prank, it is your job to dictate the number of hits,” he said.

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Penny was at a complete loss for words. Her parents had never believed in corporeal punishment, her and her sisters’ worst threats being no dinner and confined to their bedroom—and even then Aunt Regina often brought them dinner afterwards. She could not believe he was truly intending to paddle the man next to her.

But both men looked at her expectantly, and she felt more out-of-place than when she had been on the bus or in the grocery store and the men had ogled her.

“I don’t know, whatever,” she said, her mind still grasping what was about to happen. Finally Mr. Jackson sighed.

“Fine. Since Miss Wenscott is apparently not familiar with how things are run here, how many do you believe you should take Rodell?” he asked.

After only the briefest of pauses, Rodell blushed and muttered, “Three?”

“Very generous,” Mr. Jackson said to Penny’s surprise. “Personally I would have given only two, but as a grown man you have taken responsibility for your actions, so this will be a positive mark on your record,” he told Rodell as Penny listened, still in shock, “even if your intentions were not well at first,” he stated. “So three it is,” he said.

Based upon his speech, Penny realized Mr. Jackson was in some way like her father—everything had to be some ‘lesson in life.’

She watched in amazement as Mr. Jackson walked around to the front of his desk, saying words Penny had only heard in the movies, “Mr. Jenkins, assume the position.”

“Uh, I’ll leave,” Penny started to say, but Mr. Jackson interrupted her.

“No. As receiver of the prank you are to witness the punishment,” he told her. “And if it is not to your satisfaction we will continue,” he said.

Penny was appalled hearing him say the last, and could only stare as without another word, Rodell moved and bent over the desk, his ass sticking out.

“Suit down,” Mr. Jackson said.

Now it was Rodell’s turn to look at Mr. Jackson in shock. He started to say something but Mr. Jackson cut him off.

“You’ve seen more of her than her ass today, so it’s only fair,” he told the young man, who obediently dropped his drawers, exposing his darkened firm ass to Mr. Jackson and Penny.

Penny was stunned anybody would subjugate themselves like this. Her mind briefly imagined herself in that position, her bare ass held out to Mr. Jackson to do with as he pleased. Unwanted, images of the paddle slamming across her ass, red welts rising upon her untainted ass cheeks, came across her mind. These were then replaced with Mr. Jackson fucking her from behind.

She imagined him taking her ruthlessly, not caring about her comfort or even her own sexual needs. That was the type of man she thought him, dominant, taking what he pleased, using her completely for his own satisfaction.

Surprisingly, Penny felt a thrill run through her, confused at her body’s reaction of such an archaic form of punishment. She actually felt her breasts tighten, her nipples hardening—and good God, she was getting wet again!

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All of this happened in a flash, within seconds of Rodell lowering his swim trunks before her and their lifeguard instructor.

Silently Penny cursed her body’s chemistry, this wave of arousal not only being more powerful than the last few, but coming on so quickly it was as if a light switch had been turned on within her uterus.

As if in an out-of-body experience, she watched as Mr. Jackson moved his hand with the paddle back, suddenly swinging it forward to meet the bare ass of Rodell.

Penny jumped from the loud ‘smack’ of the paddle hitting Rodell’s ass, a red welt apparent even though Rodell was dark-skinned. She watched horrified as a second, and then third welt appeared from the paddle, her body jerking each time as the loud ‘smack’ seemed to echo throughout the office.

Though it all Rodell did not make a sound.

“You may leave Mr. Jenkins. Miss Wenscott and I need to finish our discussion,” Mr. Jackson nonchalantly, said as if what had happened was an ordinary, daily thing.

And maybe it was, Penny wondered, as the tall black man quietly pulled up his suit and left the office.

Placing the paddle on the desk, Mr. Jackson sat down.

“You are an excellent swimmer,” he began, as if nothing had just happened—as if he had not just paddled a twenty-something-year old man, as if corporeal punishment was an everyday occurrence in the twenty-first century.

Penny was in too much shock to say anything as he continued.

“I am going to be blunt. I am against a female on this team,” he told her. Holding up his hand before she could say anything—another trait he shared with her father—he said, “You will be a continuous distraction,” he explained. “Whether you do so consciously or not, having a woman on this team—particularly one as good looking as yourself—is like throwing gasoline on an already burning fire. There hasn’t been a woman on this team for many years, and the few who were did not last long,” he told her. “If I have my way, that statistic is not going to change.”

Once more she began to say something in her defense, but as before, he held up his hand.

“Let me finish,” he told her. “As I said, you will be a distraction, but as to how much remains to be seen,” he said. “I have complete control over this team Miss Wenscott, so

if at any time I find you have become too much of a distraction for the rest of the team to function in their jobs your pretty tanned ass is out the door, is that understood?" he asked, continuing before she could answer. "I know there will be pranks, and based upon your reaction to this little episode, you may have enough of a sense of humor they will not get to you, and play some of them yourself. I completely understand that, but know this," he said, looking at her intently. "While playing a prank is fine and dandy, and probably an accepted bonding experience in this group, getting caught is not. You have seen the resulting consequences, and make no mistake, there are no exceptions, whether you are female or not, is that understood?" he asked her.

Still uneasy with the paddling she had witnessed, Penny could merely nod as she was dismissed.

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The guys were still outside and she joined them, wearing nothing more than Mr. Jackson's t-shirt. None of the guys even acknowledging her state of dress. Although the shirt was wrapped tightly around her ample chest, it covered more than her the bikini—not to mention they had already seen her naked. As such, Penny did not feel the slightest hint of uneasiness like she would normally would have, completely naked beneath the oversized shirt.

Rodell was leaning against the side of a table, and Penny instantly realized he was standing because his ass must be in pain.

To her surprised, the guy next to her—a Hispanic guy—turned and apologized to her, introducing himself as Javier Riojas Nieves.

"But everybody calls me Rio," he amended, as Penny recognized the name of the guy who had supplied the bathing suit.

Rio was not an unattractive guy, and Penny realized all the men were of the type to give her and her girlfriends enough cause to turn and give them a second glance.

Each of them also introduced themselves—Clinton 'Clint' Pinales, the other Hispanic in the group; Cody Shreier, a skinny black boy who not only did not appear to have an ounce of fat on him, but also very little muscle as well, almost nothing but skin and bones; Jimmy Baker, the only truly white person in the group, besides herself of course, although Penny could have fit in with him or the two Latino boys with her naturally tanned skin; Qian 'Costco' Kao, a well-muscled Asian guy; and Janile Elliot, another well-built black boy with a closely shaven head.

Penny was somewhat surprised half the team, like herself, was not black, being so deep in the inner city; however, she also recalled Aunt Regina or Mell mentioning the rest of the lifeguard team was predominantly black—they were merely one squad out of six. But even so, she felt some relief at not being the only non-black person amongst them, even though being a woman, she was definitely in the minority.

Each of the boys also apologized to her as they made their introductions.

She was about to tell them she was not mad at what happened when Mr. Jackson came out of his office, the whistle around his neck screeching from his mouth.

"In line, rookies," he yelled as Penny and the others lined up on a yellow line painted by the side of the pool.

Penny was conscientious of her tits pressing tightly against the shirt, and she was ashamed her earlier sudden flash of desire still remained, her nipples practically poking through the white material. She was thankful everybody else was also in line, only Mr. Jackson being able to see her body's reaction, but he was too busy lecturing them.

She listened with the rest of the group as Mr. Jackson began explaining how he would not put up with any 'shit' during training.

"What you do outside of training I have no control over," he told them. "I am not here to babysit you all the time; however, when you are here on my turf, on my time, I expect to be heeded," he said. "Now the first thing on the agenda is it is customary for me to assign a rookie lead, somebody who will be in charge of keeping track of everybody else in case of an emergency, cancellations of an engagement or needing to rework the work schedule, as well as arranging when people are needed

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to cover private events. This Team Lead will be assisting with the scheduling not only for one-the-job training at the main Lake, but also, if any of your sorry asses make it through training, continuing to do so once you get your official assignments," he yelled out to them. "I want to repeat, this position is not just for training, these duties will continue for those that pass—that is of course if the team lead passes themselves. If not, I will assign somebody else," he told them with an evil smile before continuing. "Traditionally that position has always gone to the best swimmer during the pre-requisite testing, so to continue with it against my own personal feelings, I would like to welcome Miss Penny Wenscott as your new rookie team lead. She obviously had the cleanest run—even with her wardrobe malfunctions," he added to a few snickers from the guys.

Walking over to her, Mr. Jackson held out a gold whistle on a chain, draping it over Penny's head and letting go as it rested as if upon a shelf, laying across the center of her chest.

Mr. Jackson then dismissed them early, telling them they would start fresh tomorrow and reminding everybody to be present by 9 o'clock to have time to warm up and change.

Being as the only thing she was wearing was Mr. Jackson's t-shirt, the guys magnanimously let Penny have the locker room first—stating with a few more laughs on her needing to get dressed more than them—so she quickly went in to take a quick shower and get dressed.

Opening her locker, she pulled out her clothes, grimacing at the mess. Her cropped top was stiff and sticky from the orange juice, so she simply bundled it up and stuffed it into her beach bag—there was no way she was going to wear it on the way home.

That left her with nothing but the thin t-shirt Mr. Jackson had lent her.

Glancing into the mirror at her appearance, Penny saw the shirt upon her frame was almost a kind of a physical oxymoron, being stretched tightly across her breasts on the top, but too loose on the bottom, the shirt being made for a man's physique, and one much larger than herself.

The last part she resolved easily by tying the shirt in a knot on her side, converting it into a cropped top.

Unfortunately, there was nothing she could do about the tight top, her tits imprinted across the stretched material. She had no bathing suit to wear beneath it, nor a bra—something she had foolishly decided not to wear when she had woken up.

Her only hope was the lettering across the front—the words 'Swim-Bike-Boat-Run-Repeat' blazoned across the front—would distract people from actually noticing her breasts, although she knew it was a false hope.

Thankfully it was early in the afternoon, and Penny found the bus and train rides back were not as crowded as the morning, allowing Penny to not only sit down the

entire trip, but keep to herself. As such, her ride was uneventful, not even earning a passing glance by the few apparently homeless people riding the train and bus across the city.

Penny still felt out of place being the only white girl on the public transportation vehicles, but it was what it was, and she knew she would have to live with it the entire summer as she finally walked back to Regina's apartment from the last bus stop, arriving without incident.

Using the key given to her, she let herself in the apartment, going straight to the bathroom and stripping down and taking a hot shower, relieving the stress of the day. The shower she had taken at the

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training grounds had washed off the grime and chlorine and such from the pool, but it was not the same thing as a hot shower at home.

Later in the afternoon when her aunt got home she asked about Penny's day. Although open with the black woman, there were some things even Penny would not talk to her about, particularly her confused feelings when the strange groups of men ogled her. She did tell about the orange juice incident; however, she left out the stares of the men and the two guys who had gotten looks at her bare breasts from their seats.

And she totally left out the part about the dissolving bikini, only telling her aunt about how she was made head rookie of the team, earning a big hug from her proud aunt as the woman praised her for making the team.

Later in the evening, Penny knew exactly who was calling before her aunt even answered, Regina making small talk before handing the phone over to her.

"Penelope," came her father's voice.

Even over the telephone he used her proper name, as he did with all his daughters. To her father, if you were given a name, you used it, not shortened or cheapened it into slang. The girls were all surprised he did not use their complete name, as proud of the 'Wenscott' name as he was.

"I am calling to verify you are abiding by our agreement," he said, his tone that of a simple business transaction, not calling his youngest daughter.

Even after all this time Penny was miffed there was no 'Hi, how are you?' or 'How was your day?' type questions, things one would expect from a father. Instead his tone was all business, the conversation having no emotion, merely inquiring in passing if she was 'abiding by our agreement.'

"Yes father," she answered with some exasperation. "I started the lifeguard training class today," she told him. "Actually, I qualified for the training," she added. "Aunt Regina had to pull some strings to get me into the program as registration and trials had occurred quite some time ago, so I had to take the entrance qualification testing," she explained to her father, although he probably could care less about the specifics.

His next question confirmed her thoughts, as he did not ask anything about how she had done during the testing, simply assuming she had passed as he asked, "And I assume you still plan on continuing to follow through with the training and its employment opportunity to the expectations of our agreement?"

Penny rolled her eyes at her father's perfunctory tone, once again upset at him never asking how she was, whether she liked the job, or anything else that actually meant something to her. Everything was simply a matter of keeping the family name clean and being a 'proper Wenscott.' If she wanted affection, she talked to her mother,

who at times was even too emotional, as if knowing she had to make up for what their father lacked.

She wanted to discuss some of her misgivings with him. Not necessarily upon what had happened earlier in the day—her father would simply brush it off as a prank that may have gone too far, but a prank nonetheless. But she needed to explain what she had learned of the program and her misgivings. Although the bathing suit incident was a prank, knowing the lifeguard group was traditionally a male-oriented

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group and she was not welcomed, she had talked with Aunt Regina, and they both had agreed there could be the possibility of her becoming so ostracized as to become a liability. Such animosity would not have mattered if she were flipping burgers or waiting tables, but a lifeguard had responsibilities where people's lives were at stake. Penny could be the best lifeguard in the world, but it mattered little if the rest of the team pushed her away. Aunt Regina may have been able to convince Mr. Jenkins who ultimately ran the program to allow her to take the training, but he would not endanger people's safety if it ultimately came down to alleviating such discontent by releasing her.

But talking to her father was always an uphill battle, and explaining the difficulties of a woman, even in the twenty-first century, were not things he understood. Her father was not sexist, in fact, he was completely on the other side of the spectrum, expecting everybody to perform as expected, regardless of gender, race, or creed. So explaining they did not want a woman in the group would fall upon deaf ears.

She and Regina had discussed how to handle the situation, and they had agreed upon a strategy which might work with her father. The bottom line was she needed to know exactly how stringent he expected her to comply with their terms, particularly remaining in her current position as opposed to working elsewhere.

"Yes, I plan on completing the training," she finally answered, pausing to steel herself as she continued. "But I wanted to ask how binding you were in regards to me working specifically at Lake Bright Vale. I was wondering if I found another lifeguard position if that was acceptable?" she asked.

Penny was not surprised at the silence on the other end of the phone. Her father rarely said anything until he had all the facts, so she went on to explain the history of the training program and how it was mostly male-dominated, as well as how the groups feelings towards her could possibly be a safety concern for others. Although she did not go into specifics about what had happened earlier in the day with the dissolving suit, she did describe the apparent animosity amongst the team, as well as how she had replaced one of their friends in the program.

"I just think it would be a hostile environment to work in, so was wondering if I completed the training as we agreed but found a position elsewhere, if that will still meet your expectations," she asked.

She explained how the biggest obstacle was becoming certified. She and Aung Reggie believed completing the certification would allow her to be a more attractive candidate for any other lifeguard somewhere else, particularly during the summer.

The phone remained silent for a few more moments and Penny could picture her father sitting at his desk, back straight, shoulders out, as he gazed out the window of his office. She had seen him in the same stance countless numbers of times as he

contemplated and worked his mind about what he would say, never saying anything without completely vetting through every possibility.

Penny also knew he was not really seeing anything out the window. Although his gaze was pointed in that direction, he was oblivious to the world while his mind worked.

"I am disappointed," her father finally said.

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The statement was not surprising. Penny had been a disappointment to her father almost her entire life. She was used to it. What was important was what he would say next, waiting to hear the rest of his statement.

Sitting on the phone, Penny was completely unaware of her stoic stance on the couch—her back straight, shoulders squared, staring out the window, but seeing nothing.

But her stance was not lost upon her former nanny, who grinned at how alike Penny and her father were, having seen that exact stance upon her employer many, many times. She could imagine the older male Wenscott in the exact position on the other end of the phone. The two were much alike, she thought, recognizing Penny's silence as not being one of compliance, but merely waiting to hear what her father had to say before she herself thought about a proper reply.

Meanwhile Penny listened as her father continued to speak.

"Once again you fail to meet my expectations," her father said in an all-too-familiar tone. "The moment you meet opposition you look for an alternative to dealing with the problem instead of taking it head on," he said. "The people there do not want you be on their team?" he said, "Instead of looking for another team where you may or may not be accepted, you should work to MAKE them want you to be there. This is an opportunity to show your worth. Find their weaknesses and exploit them, befriend them, prove to them you can stick up for yourself. Just as in any hostile business opportunity, you must at first feign to rely upon them, making them feel as if they need you there, that you offer something they previously had not had. Give them a reason to show over time you can prove yourself. Do you know how many times I have had to feign friendship or stoop to somebody's lower level for them to accept me?" he asked, not waiting for an answer as his voice continued on the phone. "I abided my time, I let them feel a false sense of security, I made them accept me. Then I struck, like a viper hiding in the grass waiting patiently for its prey to get close enough, and got what I wanted" he said. "THAT is what I am expecting you to learn," he told her. "You have been coddled too much throughout your life. You have relied upon our affluence and money, disregarding rules and doing as you please," her father said.

Penny kept quiet, both because she was formulating her reply, but also because her father was not done and would not appreciate any interruption.

"As a Wenscott I expect you to do whatever it takes to remain upon the team. This is a business opportunity to learn, not a social club. You are not there to make friends, you are there to do a job, and prove you can do it exceptionally," he told her.

Penny could not maintain her exposure or wait for her father to finish as she said, "But these people have a say in whether I stay or go," she told him. She explained how they each evaluated the other at the end of the week, where it was determined if everybody got along or not.

Mr. Jackson had explained being a lifeguard was a team effort, expecting everybody to get along. Penny had felt the guys eyes upon her at that point as Mr. Jackson told

them if even one dissention was stated, he would not be opposed to letting that person go, using the 'bad apple in the barrel' analogy. Penny knew she was the 'bad apple' in the other men's eyes, not only for inadvertently bumping out their friend from the program, but by simply being there, going against the grain of their all-male tradition.

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Winning over such animosity would take time, as well as involve more than simply doing her job. And she only had the next four days!

"Everybody has a weakness, a price where they will eventually agree to go along with something they are against," her father said, as if trying to teach her a lesson in life. "Even somebody's most devout moral convictions can be manipulated," he told her. "It is up to you to determine what and how that weakness can be exploited to your own means," he said. "Greed is a powerful ally, and one that many ultimately fall back on as it is an easy way out," he told her.

"I don't think flashing a little money—which I don't have thanks to you I might add," she said over the phone, "is going to convince these guys into accepting me," she spat.

"People who can be bought so easily are never trustworthy," her father stated. "I was merely using that as an example. There is always somebody willing to pay a higher price and cause people to switch their alliances to the highest bidder. You need to find other weaknesses, their Achilles' heel. As a Wenscott, you should be willing to do anything within your power to win their favor. Pride has no place here—I cannot tell you how many times I've let somebody think they were the boss over me in a merger, meekly abiding my time. Such instances are even more rewarding when they pan out, because you were able to use their weaknesses against them, triumphing without having to use money as a fallback," he told her.

Penny knew her father was right, at least in regards to how he operated and conducted business. But this was a summer job, and these were not business moguls who had years upon them to develop vices and weaknesses to be exploited. These were young men, practically teens. From her experience there was only three things they were interested in—women, alcohol, and sports.

Penny recalled the looks the guys had given her, seeing her naked body after she had gotten out of the pool, as well as their looks after leaving Mr. Jackson's office in the small towel.

She was not a stranger to using her body to influence men. It had actually been a game to her and her girlfriends, and one of the primary reasons for them all receiving so many uniform violations. Although she had gone to an all-girl boarding school, there were male instructors, and it had been easy to flash a little skin to have them overlook a bad grade or missing assignment.

Penny was not naïve—she knew sex was a woman's ultimate weapon. Although her father may not be talking about her seducing the guys on the team—and would have in fact been appalled at the very concept of his daughter being so nonchalant about casual sex—Penny had considered the possibility. The only reason she had graduated and not failed her senior algebra class had been her willingness to suck off Mr. Benton in his office.

But that had been an isolated incident. There were five other guys on the team—not to mention Mr. Jackson! She was not about to become the team slut simply to appease her father's expectations she 'do what it takes' to remain on the team. Which was why

she was having this discussion with him, and the possibility of finding an alternative place to work.

But such thoughts were quickly diminished as her father's voice came over the phone.

"No. Finding an alternate employer is not acceptable," her father said as if he were a judge issuing a decree or verdict before a courtroom. "Look at this as a challenge, one which I expect you to overcome. Find a solution, alleviate the problem, and move forward. Success will mean much more

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if you can overcome such obstacles. Failure will cost you this job, proving to me yet again you are taking the easy way out by not abiding by our agreement," he told her.

Penny knew the conversation was over, any further discussion being moot. Her father had stated his verdict and it was not a done thing. She should have known he would have taken their verbal agreement as if it were a written contract, complete with lawyers and everything. To her father, as a proper Wenscott, she should do whatever it takes to achieve the goal of her not only passing training, but becoming a lifeguard at Lake Bright Vale.

It was not a completely alien setting, being forced to remain at her boarding school against her wishes—another of her father's 'life lessons.' To him, the ends justified the means, and regardless of how she got there, she was expected to remain where she was.

Her thoughts were troubled as she got ready for bed, dreading the week to come.

Penny woke up with a start, and it took her a few moments to remember where she was, or why she was there.

Looking over at the clock radio, she saw it was only 6:45 a.m., earlier than normal, but she was now wide awake and restless.

She had not slept well, waking up several times in the middle of the night hot and sweaty, first turning on the small fan in her room, and ultimately stripping off her clothes and sleeping in nothing but her panties.

The sheets were wadded and twisted into a tight strand, snaking between her legs and wrapping around her right thigh, the material taut against her crotch.

Laying in the pre-dawn light, Penny remained where she was, wrapped in the sheet like the victim of an anaconda snake.

Stretching her leg, she groaned as the tightly wound material pressed against her crotch, arousal suddenly coursing throughout her body as her eyes widened in surprise, now fully awake.

Her sleep had been fitful and full of dreams. Not the normal type of dreams people had, such as playing pranks with her girlfriends at school or doing something to inevitably piss her dad off. No, these dreams were purely sexual.

But they were not sexual in ways she had ever dreamed before. Those dreams were usually wonderfully sensual, where some boy from another school was making love to her, or better yet, some movie star fantasy lover. No, these were intensely erotic and wicked dreams, almost bordering on seedy and sleazy, involving S&M or bondage in their content, causing degrees of humiliation she had rarely known—as well as desire. And they were dark dreams—in more ways than one she added mentally.

The dream had started off with her standing in a darkened room, illuminated by an overhead light shining directly upon her from somewhere above, standing in a ring of light with nothing else but darkness around her.

She had been wearing a pair of black high-heeled platform shoes and a black bikini similar to the dissolvable black bikini she had worn during her swimming trial. For all she knew, it was the same bikini.

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She had not been alone.

Penny had stood in the middle of the room surrounded by dozens upon dozens of men. Old men and young men, tall men and short. Muscular men as well as obese men. All shapes and sizes.

But they did have one thing in common—they were all black.

Penny recognize a few of them—several from the grocery store when she and Aunt Reggie had gone shopping, as well as others she recognized from the bus stop. She even recognized Rodell, Janile, and Cody from her lifeguard group.

She had been completely surrounded by the crowd of dark men, all looking at her, leering lustfully.

Even awake Penny could feel the fear she had felt in the dream, the sense of helplessness standing before them. She had felt completely exposed, small, and practically insignificant. She had felt an overpowering feeling of submission within her, an unspoken and overwhelming abyss opening within her, a chasm of complete loss of self-esteem, her only desire being that of servitude. In her dream she had been willing to do whatever they wanted, without question. It was her sole existence.

Lying in bed, still entwined by her corded sheet Penny remembered a flood of emotions crashing within her—humiliation and debasement, subjugation and submissiveness—a complete loss of self-worth being the most prominent. The feelings coursed through her body, invading her mind.

But where her mind had reacted in a typical flight-or-fight response, her body had betrayed her, disconnecting from her brain and proverbially stabbing her in the back, keeping her completely immobile. As her mind screamed for her to flee, escape the group of men, her body had fed upon the feelings, bastardizing them and contorting them into feelings of lust and arousal—her body flushed while her pulse increased, the skin upon her breasts tightening as her nipples visibly hardened in response to the flood of hormones awash within her.

She stood meekly before the men, and she had gotten wet.

Even awake Penny could not recall a time when she had been so aroused, her fluids practically pouring out of her slit and soaking the small amount of material making up her bikini bottoms.

Then Mr. Jackson stepped in front of her, his presence overwhelming even more so than that of the men around them.

Immediately Penny had lowered her head, not out of respect or deference, but out of complete submission and subservience to him. She knew she had no say in what she would do, or how she would act—she was only there for the pleasure of the roomful of men.

And she had WANTED to please them!

In her dreams she had felt her body flush, heating up hotter than an inferno as her blood rushed to the surface of her skin—as well as more intimate parts.

In the real world, even out of her dream she had sweated in response, kicking off the covers, tossing and turning until her sheet was tangled around her.

“Begin.”

Mr. Jackson’s voice reverberated throughout the room, coming from all directions. Penny had not needed to look up to know every man in the room was waiting in anticipation for her to respond to Mr. Jackson’s command.

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She had not needed to ask what they wanted, knowing without any doubt, reacting more from inherent knowledge, something bred into her very genes. Without any pause she reached behind her and slowly took off her bikini, first freeing her breasts before the room of eyes.

The men’s stares practically devoured her, each look almost a physical manifestation, stroking her breasts like a feather.

She had gasped in response, but did not cease her actions, slowly pulling the bottoms of her bikini down to her ankles before stepping out of them.

Of course she left the high heels on.

Although the room remained silent, Penny knew—she KNEW—the men were watching her intently.

And she had become even more aroused.

Without her bikini bottoms to soak up the overflow of fluids from her core, the warm liquid had slowly dribbled down the insides of her thighs, almost as if she were urinating upon herself in slow motion. Soon the room was permeated with the scent of her sex, the men continuing to leer at her in silence.

She had not been aware of any movement, but suddenly they were all around here, within inches of her body, close, but not touching.

Penny had remained quiet, recalling how she had ached for them to touch her, but knowing she had to remain silent.

Then in unison, as if they were directed telepathically, they reached out to her.

And now she was awake.

Awake and more sexually frustrated than she had ever been in her life.

Looking once more at the clock, Penny realized she had lain in bed for over forty-five minutes—she needed to get ready or she would be late!

Like most people, Penny dressed based upon her mood, and getting out of bed—first untangling herself from the sheet wrapped around herself—her mood was that of horniness, remnants of her erotic dream. Most any other time she would have dressed in something extremely revealing, her ‘inner slut’ as her and her friends called such feelings, needing to be brought out. But recalling her wardrobe malfunctions the day before, she also felt a need to curb such exposure, knowing she should be adequately covered.

So she chose the best of both worlds for her mixed state of mind. Once again she chose another loose-fitting cropped t-shirt—one of her main staples of attire for the summer months—but beneath it she also wore a sports bra. Even if her shirt got soaking wet from another disaster, she was confident nothing would show through.

But that was her only concession when it came to letting out her ‘inner slut.’ Reaching into her vanity drawer, she grabbed another pair of lace boy shorts, liking the way they fit her and made her feel sexy.

The weather report had said it would be in the nineties—with almost eighty percent humidity. In her current frame of mind she did not feel like wearing something confining, even a pair of shorts, so Penny chose a short pleated denim skirt. The loose skirt would keep her cool, loving how a girl could wear something baring her entire ass and crotch and still be considered ‘clothed.’ A man only

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had two options—shorts or slacks—but she could wear a skirt and be practically bare-assed and still be decent. Besides, she liked the way the skirt showed off her legs, fluttering around her upper thighs as she walked.

Making her legs stand out even more, Penny decided upon a pair of high-wedged espadrilles—her tan Naughty Monkey Scream Queen wedges—which perfectly completed her outfit.

She smiled as she bent down to slide the strap over her heel, seeing her ass sticking out as she bent over from the mirror. She did not plan on bending over on the way to training, but made a mental note to bend from the knees if she happened to drop anything, knowing she would otherwise give everybody a round her a good view of her ass.

Finally dressed—although a part of her wanted to change into even more revealing attire—Penny put her hair into two pigtails. She rarely wore her hair the same way two days in a row, and the sexy debutant smiled as she looked in the mirror, liking the way she looked—a mix of casual and sexy all in one.

Twirling around, she smiled as the skirt raised up and showed off her curvature of her ass. She looked good, and she had worn even skimpier outfits in the past—this was actually ‘mild’ in comparison.

Her Aunt Reggie had a different opinion as Penny walked out into the family room.

“Chil, you’re going to get yourself in trouble one of these days dressing like a hoochie all the time!” she admonished the young woman.

Penny smiled at her aunt’s comment. In reply, she spun around fast in a pirouette, knowing the skirt was lifting up and exposing her pink laced panties, not to mention her ass cheeks hanging out of them, to her aunt.

Looking at her aunt in mock innocence, she asked in a sexy southern drawl, “Why whatever is wrong with my attire?”

Seeing her aunt roll her eyes, Penny laughed.

“Don’t worry Aunt Reggie. I’m not going to be bending over for every stranger on the street,” she said jokingly. “Besides, it’s not like somebody’s going to reach up beneath my skirt and feel my ass on the bus,” she told the older woman with a smile.

Her aunt shook her head at her ward’s odd sense of humor as Penny continued.

“Besides, I’m going to be in a bathing suit most of the day, so this is just ‘in-between’ wear,” she told the older black woman.

Although she had woken early due to her dream, Penny had spent much of the morning in her room. It was already time for Aunt Reggie to leave, so Penny once again grabbed some orange juice and breakfast bars to eat along the way.

This time her nanny provided a sealed cup to drink from, also recalling Penny’s disaster the previous day.

Like the day before, Regina dropped Penny off at the bus depot.

Waving to her aunt as she drove away, Penny noted the hub being even more crowded than the day before. And once again she felt completely conspicuous, being

the only light-skinned—if you could call her naturally tanned Hispanic skin ‘light’ she thought—person as far as the eye could see.

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Unbidden came lecture in her aunt’s voice inside her head about there being nothing racial in her sudden apprehensive feelings being the center of attention, it being her attire as the culprit; however, Penny knew there was more to it than that. Once again she was overwhelmed by the alien feelings of servility, almost an instant wave of submission enveloping her as she drew the bold looks of all the men around her.

Penny typically enjoyed being a tease. The majority of all her school violations had been due to her wardrobe, altering her school uniforms to the point where her breasts hung out, or her ass was shown, or wearing something so thin her lingerie beneath was visibly shown. Her and her girlfriends always dressed in as little as possible when going into town to tease the locals, the guys there staring at them all incredulously.

But this was different. She was not drawing attention purely due to her wardrobe—there were several women dressed in similar—and in some cases even sexier—outfits, and they were not drawing the attention Penny was garnishing. No, the major difference causing her to feel uncomfortable was the obvious fact of her being the only white woman present. SHE was the one the men were looking at, not the other women.

And unlike the boys she had teased at her boarding school, these men openly admired her. They did not look at her shyly, afraid to even be caught looking at her—something her and her girlfriends had enjoyed immensely. No, these men boldly stared at her, their dark and depraved thoughts evident upon their faces. These men were not shy about their interest in her.

Attempting—and being unsuccessful—at ignoring the penetrating gazes of the male population, Penny made her way to her designated bus stop. As with the rest of the depot, this area was more crowded than the day before, the entire group watching her walk up to the area with undivided intrigue. And they were not afraid to let their interest be known, several making comments.

“How you doin’ today baby?”

“Nice!”

“What’s up beautiful?”

Several more comments came from the men as Penny stood near the waiting crowd. Each man vied for her attention, a couple even being brave enough to move even closer to her.

For the first time that morning, or even in her young life, Penny wondered if she had chosen the wrong clothes to wear. Although her short skirt and top were nothing she had not worn a dozen other times—such clothing being a staple of her wardrobe—at that moment she felt completely exposed, as naked and vulnerable as when she had gotten out of the pool the day before without her bikini.

She was already sweating due to the ninety-degree heat, but surrounded by a crowd of men completely focused upon her Penny felt her skin flush even further, her heart pounding rapidly within her chest as she became even more heated.

Penny had already woken up that morning fully aroused, and that feeling unfortunately would hover within her all day, but now, unbidden, it rushed to the foreground, filling her with wanton desire—even as feelings of conspicuousness, humiliation, and low self-esteem infused her.

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And confusion.

Before going to sleep last night, Penny had laid in bed contemplating how her body had reacted the day before, when she had been leered at on the way to training, everyone had leered at her when she had spilt orange juice on herself and given everybody a full view of her breasts, as well as how she had felt being the complete center of attention by the guys in her training class when she had been naked before them. She was feeling those same emotions now, feelings of intimidation and humiliation, feeling small and insignificant. She had always had the 'Wenscott ego' and cared little for other people's thoughts about her, yet now it was the complete opposite. While feeling humiliated and belittled, she felt an undeniable urge to please the men around her. Deep down inside, hidden in the darkest corners of her soul, she WANTED to please them, to know they desired her.

Such feelings confused her, as they were completely foreign, almost alien to how she had lived her life since reaching puberty. Penny had always enjoyed the attention from men—she wore revealing clothes simply for the shock value they provided at school—but since arriving at her aunt's, those feelings had been overshadowed and obliterated by darker emotions.

One time her and her girlfriends had gone to an anime show dressed in the sluttiest of outfits they could find and not be arrested for wearing, and had never once felt uncomfortable or have any disquiet about the attention they had drawn from the geeky, comic book crowd of guys. Yet now she was almost ashamed of her body, even as she was fully aware of the men wanting more, demanded more.

Making matters even more confusing was her body's reaction. She was uncontrollably aroused! Her mind wanted her to run, to hide in some dark hole where she could not be seen, and yet her body seemed to relish in the attention and the feelings of discontent and...

Submissiveness. That was the feelings coursing through her.

Her father's voice echoed inside her head about what it meant to be a Wenscott, how she was better than anybody. Up until this weekend Penny could have walked naked through a crowd with her head held high, unabashed at exposing herself. She was better than them, she was a Wenscott, worth millions of dollars.

So why was she so nervous being in front of a crowd? Why did she feel unworthy to even be the used gum sticking to the sole of somebody's shoe?

And why the hell was her body feeding off those emotions and becoming aroused?

Her pulse was racing, her breath staggering as her heart fluttered within her chest. Unbidden came the memory of her dream, standing before the room full of black men, watching her strip and expose herself before them. She was feeling the same emotions as then coursing through her body now.

These men cared little for her being a Wenscott, for having a multi-million dollar trust fund—even though she could not currently access it. She felt diminutive, as if she were almost a non-entity. These men boldly viewed her as less than a person, less than one of their most prized possessions. She was infused with a mixture of emotions—fear, doubt, uncertainty.

And more frightening of all those feelings, she had the consuming desire to please. An overwhelming desire of WANTING to be dominated, to have her choice be taken away. The unfamiliar feelings enveloped her body, forcing themselves upon her mind.

The looks the men gave her made her feel as if she were already stripped down naked before them, posed in an embarrassing stance—and spanked.

Suddenly the memory of Rodell being paddled by Mr. Jackson came to her mind, along with her thoughts of HER being the one bent over the desk receiving the punishment. She had wanted to be the one being punished, to be spanked, then used against her will. In her mind she had no will, merely existing to please.

Once more her mind echoed with her father's voice, speaking the mantra of what it was to be a Wenscott. She had been ingrained with the doctrine her and her family were better than others, they were privileged. THEY were the ones who made the rules, who made others do their bidding, bowing to no one.

And yet here she was, standing in downtown southern Atlanta, a white girl surrounded by black men unafraid to show their interest in her—predators. And for the first time in her life she felt an overpowering desire to drop down to her knees in submission, to grovel before them, wanting to do nothing more than please them.

Penny was all-too-aware of how her breasts were tight, aching beneath her sports bra, her nipples so hard they were visible even through the double-layer of clothing. Not to mention the intense heat between her legs—her lace boyshorts being the only barrier preventing her wetness from pouring down the inside of her legs.

What the fuck was wrong with her?

Once more she reminded herself she was a Wenscott. And slowly almost twenty years of snobbish rich girl bred into her began to surface. Such snobbery was second nature to her, even raised at school where every other girl had felt privileged in the same way.

It may have taken only seconds for the full gambit of emotions to go through her, but eventually Penny slowly raised her head proudly, even as more comments came.

"Hey, what's up girl? How ya' doin'?"

"Damn girl!"

"Hey baby, how you doin' today?"

The comments continued, but with her rediscovered sense of importance, Penny acknowledged them boldly, looking pointedly at some of the offenders, simply rolling her eyes and turning around, not giving them any more attention. Of course, it was all a façade. Deep within her she continued to feel disgraced, shamed, and wanting to do whatever the men asked of her, her outward actions and attitude utterly false.

Ignoring her outwardly apparent rebuff, the men continued to make comments to her, unoffended, almost expecting her rebuttal.

As embarrassing and humiliating as the attention was, oh how Penny wanted it to continue! The rush of emotions coursing through her, even the alien emotions of submissiveness were almost addictive, flooding her body with feelings she had never experienced, a rush like no other.

Penny recalled Mell's advice concerning the pranks from the other lifeguards—that if she would have met their comments and pranks with acceptance, joining in on the laughs, they might have stopped. Penny wondered if she turned around and acknowledged the compliments and catcalls from the men what

might happen.

Thankfully she did not have to make such a decision, as the bus taking her to the train station abruptly pulled up and opened its doors, the mass of men moving forward, sandwiching her amongst them.

As with the depot station, the bus was more crowded than the day before. Penny wondered if some event was going on as she was shuffled towards the back half of the bus along with everybody else, bumping into and jostled all around her by the mass of people.

Eventually the movement stopped, cramming Penny in the center of the bus. She was surrounded and pressed upon all sides by the mass of people, barely having enough room to reach up and grasp the remaining strap hanging from the ceiling before the bus lurched forward.

Putting in her ear buds for her iPod—difficult while holding her orange juice in one hand—she began to listen to her Lorde soundtrack, almost immediately falling into the ‘transportation haze’ caused by the repetitive movements of the bus.

Penny had not been on the bus for more than ten minutes when she sensed something wrong. Sandwiched by people, hemmed in on all sides by a wall of human flesh on the overcrowded bus, Penny first thought she was imagining things—something being ‘off’ but not able to put her finger upon it—attempting to ignore her feelings of uneasiness.

If things had continued as they had, she might not have noticed anything unusual, but all too soon Penny became aware of what was wrong—feeling the pressure of somebody’s hand upon her ass!

She had initially ignored the sensation, pressed on all sides by people, bumped and jostled with every movement of the bus. She had merely believed the pressure upon her the backside of her dress was somebody’s hip or some such; however, it took only one small squeeze for her to realize what was actually happening.

Glancing around, Penny could not tell who the offender was—there were so many people around her it could have been one of a dozen people—but there was no mistaking the sensation now, there definitely was somebody’s hand upon her right ass cheek.

Then it moved again.

With sudden apprehension, Penny realized the hand was slowly raising her skirt up!

For a moment she was at a complete loss of words, barely comprehending what was happening. She did not move, her mind in total shock, like a deer in the headlights. And all the while, as her brain tried to process her confusion, shock, and embarrassment, she felt the denim material of her skirt slowly rising, the cool breeze of the poorly air-conditioned bus caressing the bare upper back of her thighs, no longer protected by the denim material.

Any other time in Penny’s life she would have shouted out, or moved away from the offending grope, or in some way causing a scene to embarrass and reveal her molester. Yet now, surprisingly and confusingly, she did nothing, her only outward response being to grasp the strap above her head even tighter as she took in a shallow, fluttered breath.

Penny’s heart was fluttering within her chest, rising and becoming lodged in her throat. Although some of the apprehension she felt was fear and panic, to her rising shame she also felt another feeling, that of excitement and arousal.

Sandwiched amongst the shifting passengers on the bus, Penny instantly knew the moment her skirt was completely raised, her lace-covered ass revealed to anybody able to see. She closed her eyes as the hand tucked her skirt into her waistband and exposing her entire ass.

Losing all subtlety, the hand now firmly clenched her right ass cheek, the man's palm—for it was definitely the grip of a man—warm and course as it decisively cupped her laced flesh, as his roughed fingers slowly caressed the bare flesh of her lower buttock. Goose bumps rose from his touch, spreading down her bare thigh, as well as moving higher, the electrical reaction on her skin seeming to shoot straight to her breasts as her nipples began tingling.

Without realizing, it Penny pushed her hips back, pressing her body further into the hand, giving involuntary permission for the stranger to continue his exploration.

And taking the movement for what it was, the hand complied, sliding across the wedge of her crack to Penny's left cheek, gently caressing and massaging it as well.

Penny wondered who else was staring at her now exposed lace-covered derriere while the hand continued to grope her, sliding back to its original position and once again feeling her right ass cheek.

The bus lurched forward, abruptly stopping at one of its long line of bus stops and Penny took a step forward for balance, immediately letting out an involuntary groan deep in her throat as the hand used her body to also steady themselves, firmly grasping her yielding flesh, the fingers sinking deep.

She was not even aware when the bus started again, all her attention focused upon her lower body and the hand clenching her ass.

As the hand squeezed again Penny gasped, feeling the lips of her slit part, the man's clench pulling the skin to one side. Instantly Penny's crotch heated up, the parting of her flesh causing the exposed moisture to seep directly into the crotch of her panties.

Penny's mind was filled with sudden fantasies, all centered on her being taken in any way, shape, or form right there on the bus. It was as if all morals had fled from her mind, actually yearning to be an unwilling subject to be used by the men around her.

Then the hand slid lower, stroking the soft skin on the back of her thighs, before it returned again moved to cup her ass.

And still Penny did nothing, not even acknowledging of the man's touch.

As the bus lurched forward again, Penny almost cried out, not from fear, but desire as the hand moved yet again, this time cupping her between the legs, the man's fingers curving into her crotch and pressing directly against her slit.

This time Penny did move in acknowledgement of the hand. Without thought she hitched her hips back, her body overriding all thought and reason, overpowering her mind with pure unadulterated desire as she ground herself upon the man's hand.

Penny had no doubts the man could feel her wetness through the lacey material, and before she realized it, she widened her stance, prepared for whatever would happen next.

Suddenly everybody around her began moving forward, moving Penny with them.

Quickly the hand pulled back as Penny realized the bus had arrived at the train station. Her mind had been so focused upon the stranger's invading touch she had not even been aware of her surroundings.

Quickly reaching back and pulling her skirt out of her waistband, she felt it fall back down, once again covering her laced ass.

It was almost with a feeling of disappointment she got off the bus with the rest of the passengers.

Looking around, Penny tried to see if anybody was looking at her—or at least looking at her more than everybody else around her, all of them staring at her and her body.

Not seeing anything unusual, she realized she would never know the identity of the mysterious stranger, her mind going down dark paths within her thoughts on what could have happened had the bus continued moving.

Finally in humiliated resignation, Penny made her way to the train, taking a seat and riding to her destination without anything else untoward happening. Eventually she was on the bus to the recreational facility, reaching the training building without any other incident.

Wayne Jackson was in another foul mood—the cause being the same reason as the day before. Once again he was regretting the moment he had agreed—although involuntarily—to take Penny Wenscott into the training program.

Briefly his mind derailed its train of thought, reminiscing on how hot the young woman was—her body lean and athletic, but with breasts putting any woman to shame.

His dreams had been filled with images of fucking the rich white bitch in every way imaginable, waking up horny and frustrated, further adding to his vile mood.

For who knows how many times in the last twenty-four hours he once again reaffirmed his belief women were nothing but distractions on the team.

Although he had been expecting it, he was still unprepared when Mr. Jenkins had called him the previous evening after the first day of training, or more importantly, his chastisement of Rodell.

To Wayne's surprise, the elderly tycoon had not berated the swim coach, who was expecting the powerful man to chew him out for disciplining his son and not Penny.

"Rodell was definitely at fault," the man said matter-of-factly, "and you acted accordingly. I am not expecting you to turn a blind eye when such flagrant violations occur," Mr. Jenkins told him. "You've kept the team running for years, and I am completely behind you. The fault lies with Rodell, whose mistake was not keeping his mouth shut. If it were not for his confession, you could have acted upon your original instinct towards the young Wenscott girl being at fault," he explained to Wayne. "Until Rodell's admission, you would have had every right to kick her out of the program. Hell, even her father would have agreed with your decision for calling such attention to herself."

Wayne knew Mr. Jenkins never held back the rod when disciplining his own boys, but was relieved when the man expressed as much to him after Rodell's paddling.

"But what I am telling you," Mr. Jenkins continued, "is you could have handled things differently towards such a resolution. Instead of calling the woman into your office, you should have berated her in front of the team. Such open reprimand would have diminished her stature even further amongst the team, particularly being exposed thusly to them. And instead of getting her a towel, you should have let her stand there naked, further humiliating her. Nothing puts a woman in her place more

than having her naked before authority. It's a tactic that works even on the sluts who dance at my club," he told Wayne, who knew Mr. Jenkins owned one of the strip clubs downtown.

His boss continued speaking.

"I'm sure the combination of embarrassment and reprimand would have sent the girl home crying, possibly too ashamed to ever return. Remember, the goal is to make her WANT to leave the program," he told Wayne over the phone.

There was a long pause as Mr. Jenkins gathered his thoughts. Wayne could hear the frustration in the man's voice already, so he already knew the gist of what Mr. Jenkins was going to say before stating the words.

"This woman needs to be gone from the program," came his boss' voice over the phone, "and I honestly don't care how it is done. But that being said, it needs to be done in such a way as to pass at least a cursory scrutiny. From my talk with Gina, Charles Wenscott fully expects his daughter to fail the program. This is in our favor, as he will not examine any cause of her leaving closely, assuming the onus of fault will be her own. He apparently believes the 'trials and tribulations' of such a menial job is so beneath her, she will come crying home to daddy. That works in our favor," the older man had told Wayne. "We can force the girl to drop out and regardless of what excuse she may give to her asshole of a father, once Charles Wenscott makes a decision, he does not alter it. If he already thinks she will fail, we will only be affirming his belief. It won't matter why or how it happened, just that it did. In this case, the ends definitely justify the means," Mr. Jenkins had told him over the phone.

"Yes sir," Wayne had answered dutifully. "But what if things get out of hand?" he asked, knowing how 'kids' that age acted.

Unspoken, the topic of CarMella Hiker was in his thoughts. Even though none of what happened to her had been anybody's but her own fault, the incident had occurred through the result of 'kids' not thinking things through—including himself at the time. If events had not gone as far as they had, Mell's faulty claims would not have done any harm to the program and she would have eventually left on her own volition.

His attention was redirected back to the phone as Mr. Jenkins answered.

"I fully expect you to maintain discipline and order, not only amongst the trainees, but the entire team," he told Wayne. "The sole reason you have remained head coach and trainer for so long is because you have maintained an aura of respect from these youths. All I'm saying is until Miss Wenscott leaves, I'm giving you permission to loosen up a bit. Let things happen further than you might normally allow, possibly even encouraging the boys without them becoming belligerent. The ultimate goal is to have Miss Wenscott leave the program, preferably of her own volition, but as a last resort, if that fails, I'm sure you can make her final evaluation...well...less than stellar," Mr. Jenkins told him over the phone.

It was the most direct order Wayne would ever receive towards getting rid of the woman. He was to make her week of training hell until she quit, and if that did not work out, fail her during the examination.

It was not the first time he had failed somebody Mr. Jenkins felt did not belong in the program. And it was easily done, as Wayne held the final examinations individually throughout the day. Trainees partook in a physical examination similar to their qualification trials, a First Aid practical, and then had a written examination. It took over

two hours to complete the examinations, but Wayne overlapped the practical exam with the written. Even so, it was still a full day for him. But it would not be difficult to create obstacles for the young woman to fail during any part of the examination—using a heavier weight in the water for her to retrieve during the physical; giving her a first aid challenge not covered in class; he even had an examination that was so difficult he could barely get a passing grade. Such things had been done before, and it did not matter if the woman was a good swimmer and the right frame of mind for the job, her qualifications meant nothing if the rest of the team was distracted. So yes, if worse came to worse, he could have her fail.

From outside his office he heard several ‘wolf whistles’ and knew the object of his thoughts had arrived. Glancing at the clock, he saw it was nine o’clock sharp. The woman was pushing his limits even with her arrival. Wayne held a strict policy everybody should arrive by nine a.m. to get changed and ready for the program, which started promptly at nine-thirty. Anybody late would receive a similar punishment as Rodell had earned the day before.

The sudden thought of the young Miss Wenscott bent over his desk, her bare ass exposed to him, sent lurid thoughts through him. He was willing to bet the woman had never been disciplined before, the thought of her virgin bare ass deflowered by his paddle filled his mind. He imagined her there, bent over his desk with her ass reddened and stinging from his paddle as he took her from behind, fucking her relentlessly.

He cursed, his mind again preoccupied with thoughts of the woman, reaffirming her not belonging in the program. If Wayne himself could not keep his thoughts off the beautiful, well-endowed girl, he could only image how the rest of the team was doing, their hormones running rampant at this time in their lives.

He recalled when he was that young, every day an adventure to find a willing—or even unwilling—snatch to slam his black cock into. He grinned, thinking about the past. Back then, when he was a lifeguard at Lake Bright Vale, they even had a contest to see who could score. But it had gone far beyond that, he recalled, the lifeguards donating money into a pot and drawing random names out of a hat—names printed off the member registry of women between the ages of sixteen to sixty. When you drew a name, you had the rest of the week to find her, hit on her, and score with her—the winner getting the pot.

Wayne smiled as he remembered winning the pot several times, even once fucking a forty-five year old woman in one of the storage shacks while her husband watched their children.

Even over a decade ago the team had been around twenty or so lifeguards, so the winnings were usually a couple hundred dollars.

As he listened to the muffled comments of the men outside, knowing Penny was changing into her swimsuit, he once again thought about fucking the young rich debutante. He had no doubt similar thoughts were going through his training team’s thoughts.

He smiled as he realized there was another avenue for the young Wenscott girl to fail the program. All lifeguard candidates had to be ‘approved’ by their fellow teammates, everyone voting at the end of the training program. And similar evaluations occurred for the entire lifeguard squad throughout the summer.

He had started the process years ago, knowing the old adage held true—even one bad apple could ruin the barrel. So he had arranged several evaluation periods where the team was able to submit a name they felt did not belong in the program. Although Wayne typically kept each training class working together at the Lake, feeling people who had gone through the same class worked better with each other, some shifts rotated, so it was crucial everybody got along with everybody else.

Knowing how the young men's minds worked, he knew they were all thinking about scoring with her. He also knew the guys were already against the Wenscott girl being on the team, not only because of the obvious male exclusivity of the lifeguard team, but they all were friends with Darnell Ward. There was obvious resentment towards Penny for 'stealing' Darnell's place on the team. Granted it was misplaced resentment, he knew Darnell would not have made it through the training period, so in the grand scheme of things, it was as much as the truth as any reason.

Being typical hormonally driven men, they would undoubtedly attempt to get into the young woman's pants. And when she refused—being the prim and proper young debutant she was—they would hold even more resentment towards her.

He smiled, knowing he may not have to do anything to follow Mr. Jenkins' orders. There were plenty of ways for the young woman to be kicked off the team. Mr. Jenkins was right, he just needed to let things play out on their own.

Personally Wayne was not upset by the thought of forcing the woman out of the program, once again firmly believing a woman was not a good fit for this job. He just did not feel comfortable letting such a good swimmer go for invalid reasons.

Maybe if there had been more than one qualifying female...

But he quickly pushed that thought out of his mind.

A knock on his door broke his reverie, and turning to look over his shoulder, Wayne could only stare in open-mouthed astonishment.

He had already seen Penny naked—not only after the dissolving bikini incident but in agonizing detail within his dreams. He had been surprised the woman had been more concerned on whom to lay the blame for the incident than being overly shy with her body's exposure. Even now her concern seemed more towards the suit being altered than how much of her body it revealed. Then again, he recalled the way she had dressed the day before.

He had been surprised at her response following yesterday's prank, recalling her laughter once she realized the joke.

And even now his mind continued to replay the moment when she had thrown away her towel in frustration, fully exposing herself in front of him without any hesitation, standing before him completely exposed.

Such attitude only angered Wayne more. He detested women who were blatant cock teasers, showing themselves off without any intention of following through.

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And now sitting in his office, Wayne noted the woman's stance, the Wenscott girl's anger directed towards what was clearly another wardrobe malfunction—more than likely played out by the team once again, even after his lecture to them following the dissolving bikini prank. Although at first glance it appeared she was once again naked, standing in his doorway wearing some sort of body paint, Wayne quickly realized Penny was actually wearing a one-piece suit—although one which clung to her like a second skin.

The suit stretched over her body like a thin layer of paint—hence his first thought at her being naked—revealing every curve, dimple, and contour of the co-ed's body.

Wayne's eyes immediately tried to take in everything, as nothing of the woman's body was hidden from his gaze, taking in her voluptuous athletic figure. Other than the stark color difference of the red suit, it was difficult to discern where her skin ended and the material of the suit began.

Seeing she had gotten his attention, Penny walked into Wayne's office without invitation, taking a stance in front of his desk with her hands on her hips.

Meanwhile Wayne could only continue to stare. The woman might as well have been naked, for as little as the suit covered her body.

Unbelievably, her exposure dressed in this bathing suit was even more intoxicating than the day before when she had stood before him completely naked.

"Is this another one of the guys' jokes?" she asked again in a tone that demanded an answer, a tone given from a superior to a subordinate.

Although it was readily obvious what the woman was talking about, Mr. Jenkins' conversation the night before was still fresh in Wayne's mind, so he decided to see how things panned out and understand what was going on a bit further.

"What do you mean Miss Wenscott?" he asked with mock confusion, finally looking at her face.

"This suit!" she said with exasperation. "As if the dissolving bikini wasn't enough to show off my body to everybody on the team, do you not see anything wrong with what I'm wearing?" she asked.

Once again Wayne glanced down at the woman's body, deliberately staring at her and continuing to furrow his brows in puzzlement, as if still unable to see the suit's obvious lack of modesty.

At first Wayne's attention was drawn to what the suit revealed. He took in the large exposed expanse of her cleavage, the tight suit pulling her breasts together and, even to his untrained eye, providing plenty of support for the woman's enlarged chest. Even this close, it was difficult to determine where her skin ended and the suit began, the material stretched tightly across her.

The stretched thin material did nothing to hide the woman's nipples, the pebbled protrusions not as much covered but encapsulated by the taut elastic cloth, enwrapped by the material and as prominent as if she were completely naked. Even the small rise of her areola were visible, as if also seeking release from the tight fabric.

His eyes then strayed downwards, looking in hungered surprise at the woman's definitive and well-defined camel toe, the folds of her slit practically devouring the material between her legs.

Once again Wayne's thoughts turned to sinking his cock between those folds, knowing it was only a fantasy.

And it was that revelation of his thoughts only being fantasy that again caused his ire to rise, his mantra of women—even one as attractive as Penny—not belonging on the team, the thought repeating over and over within his mind.

He then focused on the matter at hand, the suit itself.

The outfit was a simple red one-piece swimsuit, but even had it not been for all intents and purposes painted upon Penny's body like a second skin, it would be too revealing for a lifeguard uniform. The suit had a deep cut neckline exposing

considerable amounts of the young woman's cleavage, the sides also cut wide and showing the sides of her prominent breasts as well. In fact, more of the woman's breasts were exposed than hidden, and Wayne's lecherous thoughts again towards ravaging the woman, reaching from behind and sliding his hands easily beneath the material to firmly grasp her breasts.

Mentally shaking his head to clear such thoughts, he lowered his eyes further, seeing the bottom portion of the suit was just as revealing—the sides cut high above her hips to reveal a considerably expanse of her tanned skin. Even facing him, Wayne could tell a good portion of her ass was exposed, there being no way the cut of the sides of the swimsuit could have covered much.

The style of the suit alone would have been impractical—and distracting—for a female lifeguard, but Wayne had to admit the suit's 'aftermarket defect' was even more noticeable. The tampering of the lifeguard suit was not only undeniably noticeable, but a stroke of genius—Wayne immediately realizing the guys had removed the inner lining and padding from the suit.

Although impractical as a lifeguard uniform, it was definitely a revealing and sexy look for the young Miss Wenscott!

Focusing upon her exposed breasts once again, Wayne held back a smile as he finally noticed a small white cross with the word "Guard" emblazoned across the lower curvature of her left breast—the emblem almost obscured from sight by the swell of Penny's breast, but once known, drew even more attention to her well-endowed chest.

Once again recalling his orders from the night before to 'let things go further than he would normally,' Wayne feigned ignorance, asking, "Is the style not to your liking?" to the frustrated woman. As the hot coed scowled Wayne continued, asking, "Do you mean the neckline is too low?" purposely staring at the woman's cleavage even more intently.

Although he knew he was probably imagining things, Wayne almost believed he saw Penny's nipples become even more prominent, hardening before his very eyes!

It took all his restraint not to reach out and pinch the delectable buds through the thin material, the luscious pebbles barely three feet away from him across his desk.

"Hello?" the woman said in surprise. "Can you not see the suit's liner and padding have been removed?" she asked, naively believing Wayne was as ignorant as he was acting. "I might as well be naked!" she exclaimed, echoing his thoughts. "Not to mention the damn thing is a couple sizes too small!" she said, arching her back for emphasis.

Wayne's mouth watered as the woman thrust her chest out, as if daring the material of the suit to rip away from her body and free her breasts from their tight confinement. He could only stare fascinated, observing how the material became almost translucent as it thinned, stretching tighter across

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her body almost like colored plastic wrap.

And as she stretched, he watched hungrily as the material dug further into the slit of her crotch.

The effect was so erotic, Wayne felt himself get turned on at the privileged young woman's denuding, grateful to be sitting down behind his desk to hide his erection.

"And what do you want me to do about it?" he asked innocently, "Run to the store and buy you a new suit?"

Penny looked at him in surprise, as if replacing the suit had not even entered her mind; at that moment Wayne realized Mr. Jenkins was right—he needed to keep his mouth shut and simply see where things led on their own.

Thankfully, Penny seemed to dismiss the idea of getting a last minute replacement as she continued talking.

“Well, for starters,” Penny exclaimed, “since Rodell and the guys swapped out my suit yesterday, I want to know if this is actually the suit I’m being expected to wear!” she said.

Wayne suddenly became aware of two things. First, the woman was undoubtedly used to getting her own way. Secondly, he again took note of the woman less concerned about what had been done with the swimsuit by Rodell or another team member than if it actually was the suit she was expected to wear.

Having been around Mr. Jenkins and the other ‘well-to-do’ business men of the club he associated with, Wayne realized both aspects were one and the same, her apparent disregard for her body being on display before him inconsequential because she deemed him beneath her in standing.

Such an attitude only angered him further, and any reservations he had of feeling pity on her or relieving her embarrassment instantly evaporated as his earlier thoughts returned—women did not belong on his team.

Penny did not even pause in her demand as she said loudly, “I want you to call Mr. Jenkins immediately and verify this is the suit he intended for me.”

“Miss Wenscott,” Wayne said, outwardly trying to appease her even though he was beginning to seethe inside, “I’m sure you are used to getting your own way due to your father’s influence and money,” he told her, “but here in the Bright Vale Lifeguard Program we do not bother one of the key shareholders with fashion questions,” he told her.

The woman did not blink as she stared directly at him, stating in a commanding voice, “Call him. Now!”

Even as misogynistic as he was, Wayne found himself reaching for the phone without thinking.

Pressing his speed dial button, he placed the call on speakerphone as Mr. Jenkins answered on the first ring.

“Jenkins,” came the deep baritone voice of his employer.

“Mr. Jenkins,” Wayne said, his eyes focused upon the young woman’s angry face. “I have Miss Penny Wenscott here with me,” he explained. “There seems to be some question as to the validity of the swimming suit provided to her today,” he told the powerful man.

“Oh yes, I can completely understand her concerns after yesterday’s misfortune,” Mr. Jenkins said, obviously unfazed at the call. “I would like to apologize to you Miss Wenscott for the little prank Rodell played upon you. Although I’m sure Mr. Jackson reprimanded my son fully, I want you

to know I too punished him severely for his part in what happened,” his voice said over the phone.

Wayne saw Penny’s look of surprise, the young woman’s scorn completely deflated as she was taken off-guard by Mr. Jenkins’ amicable attitude, quickly replying, “No sir, it

was alright. I...uh...I mean, I didn't get offended to be honest sir. In all honesty, it was a funny prank, even though I was on the receiving end," she said.

Wayne immediately noted the deference Penny was giving the older man, referring to him as 'sir' in her reply. Again his anger returned, the implication being she did not consider him worthy of similar respect

"That is quite magnanimous of you, dear," Mr. Jenkins was saying, his voice smooth and calm as it came over the phone's speaker.

Wayne had no doubts in his mind Mr. Jenkins was acting. The man rarely using terms of affection—particularly to somebody Wayne knew the man detested, as even though he had not met Penny, he had several dealings with her father, which was enough to place the woman immediately upon Mr. Jenkins' blacklist.

"Still, I want you to know Rodell has been held accountable," Mr. Jenkins continued. "So what can I do for you today Miss Wenscott," he asked, instantly changing the subject.

"Penny," answered the young woman automatically as she stood in front of Wayne. "You can call me Penny," she said, still apparently taken aback by Mr. Jenkins' well-bred manners.

Wayne realized Penny had been expecting somebody gruff and all business like her father—cold and calculating, an individual who would have been completely upset at being called first thing in the morning with something as trivial as a bathing suit.

Not for the first time he admired Mr. Jenkins' manipulation of people, his false kindness placing Penny completely off-guard. It was yet another demonstration of his employer's conniving brilliance, purposely being the 'kind and understanding gentleman' and treating the woman with profound respect.

Wayne knew the sick old bastard would have no reservation forcing the woman to be naked and on her knees cleaning his kitchen floor as he and the rest of the household fucked her from behind. If Wayne was a self-admitted male chauvinist, Mr. Jenkins took misogyny to the highest level.

"That is most kind of you Miss Penny," Mr. Jenkins replied, using a term of respect even with her first name. "So what can I do for you today?" he inquired politely.

"Well," Penny said with hesitation, apparently at a loss for words as her anger was deflated by Mr. Jenkins' kind tone.

What a conniving bastard, Wayne thought, marveling at his boss' comprehension of what was going on so quickly.

"Sir," he stepped in, the young woman obviously flustered at being treated so kindly. "There seems to be some question as to the validity of Miss Wenscott's bathing suit which was supplied to her this morning," Wayne said to the phone. "After what happened yesterday, I believe Miss Wenscott wanted to verify she received the correct item," he explained.

"Yes," Penny said, nodding at nobody in particular. "Yes, I just wanted to verify they were the right ones," she repeated.

"Oh yes, completely understandable!" Mr. Jenkins said in a pleasant tone of voice Wayne had never heard uttered from the man before today. "Let's see, I ordered one suit each from three different distributors. I would again like to apologize for not having them available beforehand," he said sounding completely sincere, "but Miss Regina completely surprised me with her request for you to join the program, and unfortunately

I did not have time to properly research female lifeguard attire,” he said. “I again want to apologize for my lack of preparation and any cause of disconcertion you may have,” he said with what Wayne knew to be completely false earnestness.

Wayne stared at the telephone in surprise. Although he knew the man was completely false, Mr. Jenkins apologized to no one—even in jest—but to hear him now, the man seemed genuinely sincere.

“Oh no,” Penny said, completely taken in by the man’s kind words and subterfuge. “It’s no problem at all, and I am fully willing to wear whatever you deem is alright,” she said.

Wayne almost guffawed out loud at the woman’s capitulation. Although he knew honey drew more flies than vinegar, he could not believe the woman had just agreed to wear not only what she was wearing now, but anything Mr. Jenkins asked of her!

Wayne could only nod in admiration at his employer’s sophistry and manipulation of the young woman.

Penny continued speaking, saying, “I just wanted to make sure they were correct, as they...” she paused as if for a loss of words before finally saying, “Well sir, there seems to be a problem with the size, I’m sorry to cause you any problems,” she finally said.

Once more Wayne held back a smile, not only for the deferential tone and respect Penny was giving Mr. Jenkins—calling him ‘sir’ without having even been instructed to was a key sign the older man had won the woman’s confidence—but also her capitulation of anger, actually apologetic for his apparent mistake.

“Oh dear,” Mr. Jenkins said, with what sounded as obvious concern. “I went by the sizes Miss Regina gave me on the phone,” he explained. “Are the suits too big?” he asked.

Wayne held back another laugh, now firmly aware his boss had bought the suits purposely too small. “I once again wish to apologize, I am not as up to snuff on women’s clothing sizes, which is why I consulted your aunt,” Mr. Jenkins said, as Wayne looked down at the phone, tightening his lips to prevent openly laughing.

Wayne realized Rodell more than likely had nothing to do with the young woman’s wardrobe malfunction this time, again marveling at Mr. Jenkins’ deviousness. The man purposely was acting dumb concerning the swimming suit’s size and diverting her attention from the obvious defect.

“No, no,” Penny said, looking almost ashamed. “The sizes are correct according to the tags,” she said defensively, “but...” she hesitated, as if at a loss for words. “Well sir, sometimes these suits normally run small,” she explained, practically apologizing herself for the mix-up. “It’s not your fault, these things happen a lot,” she continued, “It’s why most women go shopping so much. We need to try on almost everything to make sure it fits,” she said to the phone.

Once again Wayne admired his employer’s cunning. In barely a minute he had manipulated the woman from her readily apparent anger to actually apologizing to HIM for the mistake, as well as telling him

she would wear whatever he asked!

“Oh dear!” Mr. Jenkins said, with mocked shock. “I am so sorry!” he once again apologized. “Are they even wearable?” he asked. “With the program already begun, finding a replacement will take some time,” he said over the phone. “Are they at least wearable until we can find a replacement?” he asked with mocked sincerity.

Wayne suddenly began coughing, having been taking a drink from his coffee cup when Mr. Jenkins asked if Penny could wear the suit for now, again marveling at the unmistakable deception and manipulation of his employer.

Incredibly, Wayne watched as Penny raised her arms and stretched, pulling her shoulders upwards to get a feel of the suit and if it was 'wearable.'

But Wayne's eyes were elsewhere, watching as the material stretched even more tightly across her breasts—something he would have thought impossible. Then his eyes almost popped out of his skull as he watched the bathing suit material get pulled upwards, slipping into her slit like a thong.

He was glad to be sitting down as his cock harden in response.

"Well," Penny said, again in a deferential tone, "the two-piece suits are the worst," she explained.

Wayne could only look at the woman in surprise. If this suit was actually the best in the lot, he could not even picture what the others she must have tried on were like as Penny continued speaking.

"Actually, the bottoms are fine, but I didn't even attempt to try and fasten the tops. I did not think they would get tops over my..." she paused before continuing, and Wayne smiled into his coffee cup as the woman blushed. "Past my shoulders," she finished. "I probably need a size, if not two, larger for the tops. The bottoms, although tighter than I would like, I could probably get by with," she said to the phone, Wayne once again admiring his employer's trickery while Penny continued. "The one piece, well, I can wear it," she capitulated, "but it would be nice to have a larger size if possible," she said.

"Fantastic," Mr. Jenkins said happily.

Wayne was still amazed. Mr. Jenkins' jovialness was probably real, although for a different reason. Although there was not even a doubt in Wayne's mind the suit Penny was wearing was unsuitable to wear in public, Mr. Jenkins had unbelievably caused the woman to agree to wear it—even though it was one of the most revealing and degrading outfits Wayne had seen. And instead of having to replace the other suits, which Wayne could only imagine as to how they looked, Mr. Jenkins only had convinced her to wear them as well, promising to 'replace the tops', which Wayne knew was not even considered. By simple feigning of kindness he had forced Penny to wear the improper outfits.

Wayne had a lot to learn, and made a mental note on how to handle the uppity debutant in the future as Mr. Jenkins' voice continued over the phone.

"I will have my secretary order two more tops to replace the other ones. I'm not sure what the timeframe will be, considering these are not a complete set, but will have them shipped as soon as possible. In the meantime, I appreciate your willingness to be uncomfortable wearing the ones I've already provided until then," he said.

"Thank you," Penny said humbly as the line went dead, Mr. Jenkins not even waiting for the woman's response.

Wayne looked up from his desk, surprised to see a completely different woman standing before him. Earlier she had been a fire-breathing dragon, ready to ignite and destroy anything in her path. Now, he could only equate her to a kitten, one which had been abused and kicked around and then suddenly offered a treat. Wayne had no doubts the woman would never bring up another issue with her swimsuits again, again amazed as Mr. Jenkins' ability to completely get what he wanted. Looking at Penny,

Wayne saw nothing but capitulation in her stance, as well as obeisance, her previous emotions completely deflated.

"Is that all?" he asked her as his thoughts continued silently.

"Oh, yeah," Penny said, surprised at him addressing her. Wayne saw her blush as she also said, "Look, I'm sorry about that, I just...well, after yesterday," she stuttered.

Wayne could only nod, still astonished how Mr. Jenkins had completely mollified the affluent woman, one apparently baffled. She was so used to getting her own way, she was completely bewildered, barely recognizing the fact she had agreed to wear the outfits provided.

"No apologies necessary," Wayne said, playing along with Mr. Jenkins' earlier attitude. "And I too would like to thank you for at least wearing the swimsuits provided until Mr. Jenkins can find replacements," he told her, reaffirming her agreement.

Looking at his watch, Wayne saw it was nine twenty-five.

Wayne told Penny he would be right out to start the day's training, and Wayne watched her walk out of his office, again marveling how easily Mr. Jenkins had maneuvered her to wear such a revealing outfit.

The guys were going to have a field day with her, he lamented, once again regretting she her presence in the program.

Before she exited his office, Wayne suddenly asked, "Why are you here?" he said, looking at the voluptuous woman.

Penny looked at him in surprise as she answered, "I was just leaving," she stated the obvious.

But Wayne's train of thought continued in his mind as he said, "I don't mean now. Why are you in this program?" he asked. "You are an intelligent girl, and must have done some research into this program. I doubt it was a surprise to you walking in yesterday this group has historically been a male-oriented team," he told her.

Penny stepped back into the office, looking at Wayne as she nodded, "Yes, I did hear that," she admitted.

"Then why are you here?" he asked truthfully, his curiosity at the woman's adamant desire to remain in the program—even to the point of wearing something completely degrading as the suits Mr. Jenkins had provided. "After the prank pulled on you yesterday, most women would have already called me and told me they were not returning," Wayne told her.

He was uncertain as to why he was pursuing the matter. The bottom line was she would be forced out of the program one way or another. It would be best to simply push her to her limits and have her leave of her own volition, but based upon her capitulation with the swimsuits, that was not going to be

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easy. For some morbid curiosity, Wayne wanted to understand the mind in that pretty head.

In some sense, he admitted to himself he admired Penny's resolve. Particularly if she had some inkling of the difficulties she would be facing and still had joined. She was either stupid or admirable, and Wayne's sense of character told him Penny Wenscott was not stupid. For some reason he wanted to know what made her 'tick,' knowing there was more to the woman than a body any man would want to fuck.

"Because I made an agreement with my father, and I know it is something I can do," she answered.

Wayne snorted.

"You could also flip burgers," he returned. "I mean why a lifeguard. And not only that, why THIS particular lifeguard team," he asked.

Stepping further into the office, Penny sat down at one of the chairs in front of Wayne's desk. Even wanting to talk to her, he could not help but stare at her body's revealment by the swimsuit. Sitting across from him, he could not help but observe her breasts fully outlined by the thin suit.

Turning his attention back to her cute face, he only half-listened as she told him about her father's wishes, how he had told her she took too much for granted and wanted to teach her a lesson.

"But more than that," Penny went on to explain, "as soon as my aunt Reggie—she's not really my aunt, but that's what we call her," she explained, although Wayne already knew the relationship between the young white coed and the black matron, particularly in light of Mr. Jenkins' relationship with the woman, he listened as Penny continued. "As soon as Aunt Reggie told me about this job, it felt right. I believe in it. Not just because I'm a good swimmer, but it is actually helping others, something which my family has very little history in doing. I feel like I can do this, and do it well," she answered, "and make some way of giving back to the community."

Wayne fully appreciated the answer she gave. Unlike her father or Mr. Jenkins, although the woman was uppity, it was apparently her attitude was related more to her upbringing than what she actually thought.

Taken by some overwhelming desire to be honest, Wayne looked at Penny directly in the eyes.

"You know he's not going to let you finish the program," Wayne said to her.

If the woman was going to be truthful to him, he could only do the same.

"Mr. Jenkins?" Penny asked as Wayne nodded. "I'm not worried about him. He and Aunt Reggie go way back and he's doing this as a favor to her. I don't think he'll sabotage their relationship," she said.

Wayne snorted again as he said truthfully, "You underestimate the man," he stated. "Larry Jenkins is as ruthless a man as your father, if not more so. Your father grew up on money; Larry Jenkins had to earn it from the ground up, bit by bit, penny by penny. The man only cares about himself—not his wife, not his kids, and definitely not your 'Aunt Regina' who spurned his advances for longer than your lifetime," he said.

"He seemed nice enough over the phone," Penny said as Wayne smiled.

"I don't know who that was, but that was not the Larry Jenkins I know," he said honestly. "I was directly by him just last night to fail you out of the program, regardless of how well you did," he told her, staring straight into her face so she knew he was being honest.

"You can't do that!" Penny cried out, shocked at his bluntness.

"I can, and if it comes to it," he told her, "I will. It won't be the first time I kicked somebody out of the program at Mr. Jenkins' request, and I know it won't be the last, particularly for a woman. The bottom line is the Lions Club members do not want a woman on this team. It doesn't matter how pretty she is, it doesn't matter how influential her father is," he told her, "and it doesn't matter how well of a lifeguard she could be. Even if the woman was one of their own daughters they would not permit it," he said.

"But you can't just fail me—what if I pass?" she said.

Wayne laughed again.

"I can make it so you can't," he told her. "But that's a long way away. I have a feeling you'll quit before then," he said truthfully.

"Why's that?" Penny asked.

"You think yesterday's prank was bad?" he asked. "I've been told to 'look the other way' and let things pan out when it comes to the pranks the guys will be playing upon you. I can't stand by if there is any physical danger, but I can guarantee things are going to get a lot worse for you. Not only do the Lions Club members not want a woman, the guys on the team do not as well," he told her. "They already resent you for taking one of their friends' place in the training program, you think they'll want to have you remain?" he asked.

"What about you?" she asked.

Wayne looked at her in surprise.

"What did you say?" he asked as she repeated her question.

Wayne shrugged.

"A woman is a distraction, and a woman as attractive as you are is even more of a distraction. We can't have lifeguards staring at your tits and ass and miss somebody drowning. We can't have guests staring at you and not paying attention to what they are doing and ultimately hurting themselves because they see a pair of tits on the lifeguard tower. We've already had to change the normal environment here by having shifts with the men's locker room so you can change. Eventually we'll have to make more concessions. Things have been working fine here for over fifteen years, they don't need to be changing to accommodate one spoiled rich girl," he said.

"I may be rich, but that doesn't mean I won't make a good lifeguard," Penny said with conviction. "Since when did money have anything to do doing a good job or caring?" she asked. "Rodell is Mr. Jenkins' son, he's rich, and he sure as damn well is spoiled worse than I am, and yet he's here," she told him.

Wayne knew she spoke the truth, but answered the obvious answer, "But he's not a woman."

"Look," he finally said, seeing the exasperation on the woman's face. "Not only do you have to pass the course and take and pass the final examination, but I have to deem you are even up to taking that examination. And one of the biggest things I look at is if anybody causes a problem during training. I have absolute discretion on kicking anybody from the program—even Rodell. And even more importantly, I demand everybody get along with their teammates. At the end of the week I will ask people to write down anybody's name on the team they feel will not belong, allowing them to 'vote'

on who remains on the team. It is an anonymous poll and one negative vote will lead me to relieve that person," he told her. "The team needs to work together as a unit, and there can be no dissention amongst the ranks. In fact, once everybody is a full guard on the team, the other members get to cast a similar vote as well at the middle of the season," he told her. "There is enough resentment right now that I guarantee if I took a vote right now, you would be voted off unanimously," he told her truthfully.

"But that's not fair!" she pouted.

"Fuck fair," Wayne spat back at the young woman. "It's a fact of life Miss Wenscott. I'm sure you can win one or two of the guys over to you with a pretty smile, or possibly

flashing them a bit of skin,” he said emphatically, “but the whole team? You’d have to do more than that, and you don’t seem like the type of girl fuck a group of guys for a summer job,” he said bluntly.

Penny looked at him in shock, and Wayne knew he had struck a nerve.

“You heard me,” Wayne stated to the disbelief upon her face. “Those guys out there see only one thing when they look at you—a piece of gash. Not a comrade to work with or a person they can place as much trust into as one of their other friends. It doesn’t matter if you were the best swimmer on the team—which I fully believe you are,” he added. “When it comes to this team, my job is to make sure the boat isn’t rocked, and you are on shaky ground already,” he told her.

“And what if I can convince them to stay?” Penny asked.

This time Wayne did laugh out loud.

“Even should you ‘convince’ them of your worth to stay on the team,” he told her making quotation marks above his head, “you still have to convince me. And to stretch this imaginary fantasyland even further, even if you could somehow convince me—and as hot as you are, I don’t see you as being that fantastic of a fuck,” he told her bluntly, “you’d have to convince Mr. Jenkins.”

Wayne looked at the young woman’s surprise, fear, and revulsion and laughed.

“And that, my dear, is where any plans you may dream up for remaining in this program fail, because I can guarantee you unequivocally Mr. Jenkins will not have you on his lifeguard team, no matter how much your aunt means to him,” he told her.

“So unless you’re a glutton for punishment, humiliation, and harassment, you might as well leave now,” he concluded. “I’ll abide by any decision you make, but I am being truthful when I say not to delude yourself into believing there is even a snowball’s chance in Hell of you remaining on this team after the week is out. But again, it’s your choice. I’ll tell you what, I will even give you a recommendation to another lifeguard program if you find one willing to take you. Hell, I’ll even certify you for it, but I guarantee you won’t ever be a Lake Bright Vale guard,” he told her.

Penny remained quiet for a few moments before standing up and walking out the door without another word.

Wayne could not help but watch the woman leave, her ass perfectly outlined by the skin-tight suit, the material gripping her ass cheeks like a pair of hands, cupping them and lifting them up while also riding into the crack of her ass.

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As if aware of his gaze, Penny reached back and pulled the invading material out of her ass, and Wayne smiled as the material immediately sank back between her cheeks once she took another step out the door.

Wayne waited a few minutes to give the woman a chance to say goodbye to the guys and change, before he finally got up and following in the direction of the young, and former member of the training program, Penny Wenscott.

As he rounded the corner of his office to the pool, Wayne stopped short, surprised to see Penny standing around with the other guys, not saying goodbye, but waiting for him—in her ‘painted on’ one piece suit.

A small part of him admired the woman’s stubbornness, as fruitless as it was.

What he was NOT surprised with was seeing all the guys ogling the young woman’s body. In the direct sunlight the suit was even more revealing than in his office.

Two of the guys—Janile and ‘Cosco’—were even sprouting obvious erections, their loose swim trunks doing nothing to hide their bodies’ response to the revealing appearance of Penny.

Seeing their physical reactions, Wayne yet again affirmed his stance women on the team were nothing but distractions. Even had Penny had been wearing a suit covering herself from head to toe she would have been a distraction for the men, and Wayne hoped his training would not be contaminated by her presence—she may be gone after the week was through, but the boys would remain, and if they were too preoccupied staring at her tits or ass and missed a critical piece of information which could save someone’s life, HE would be the one at fault.

Another thing Wayne noted was Penny’s nonchalant attitude. He was surprised Penny did not seem to be conscientious of the men’s stares nor embarrassed at her body’s exposure. Although she was keeping to herself—sitting in a lawn chair away from the main group of guys—she was doing anything to prevent the guys’ view of her, her arms resting on the table in front of her and readily visible to everybody.

But more importantly, she did not seem to have any intention of leaving, proving she was as stubborn as her father.

Involuntarily taking another look at her, Wayne’s eyes widened in surprise to see the woman’s nipples even more prominent than in his office, the pebbled knobs sticking out of the material of her suit like metal rivets on a battleship.

As it was well into the nineties, the humidity so thick one was almost swimming through the tepid air, he knew her body’s response was not due to cold. His own cock started to harden as Wayne realized the woman was not only unashamed of her body’s exposure, but aroused!

Blowing his whistle, he watched as the team—including the sexy Penny Wenscott—stand up and get in line, even before the last sound of the ear-screaming noise faded.

Standing in line at attention, her chest thrust out and highlighting her breasts even more than when she was relaxed, Penny might as well have been bared to the entire group. She was glad to be in line with them, out of their direct line of sight like earlier, when she had sat waiting for Mr. Jackson to start the class. Sitting around the pool she had attempted to ignore the poignant stares of

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the guys, ogling at her body just as they had the day before. Now at least she was not displayed before them, although a few were still looking sideways at her. And as the material stretched tightly over her body with no liner or padding, Penny knew she might as well have been topless for all the good the tight swimsuit did covering her.

When Penny had arrived, she had been thankful to finally reach the recreation center and get off the bus. Her body had still been aroused from the anonymous groping on the bus, even after the train ride and second bus trip. The steady movements of both modes of transportation had only exasperated her arousal, the vibrations of the moving vehicles seeming to center directly over her crotch as she sat on the plastic seats.

Penny could not ever recall a time when she had been hornier in her life. First her erotic dreams which had kept her restless aroused all night, followed by the lecherous stares of the men at the bus station, and then her assault on the bus—all causing her body to be nothing but a raging bag of hormones.

And then to be wearing her suit, which might as well have been painted on her, accentuating more of her body than if she had been naked!

Penny was used to wearing skimpy clothes and showing off her body, but it usually was for shock value, her and her girlfriends enjoying teasing boys around them. Wearing her current 'uniform' was completely different. She was on display for the guys around her to look at and tease not of her own volition, but of theirs. She was not wearing an outfit carefully chosen for maximum effect in accentuating her breasts or her legs or even her ass. She was being 'forced' into wearing the revealing bathing suit and exposing herself to the men around her without any say in what she was wearing.

Instead of teasing and her being the one having control over who and what she exposed herself to, she had no choice but to wear the thin and revealing outfit. She had no say whatsoever if she wanted to remain in the program, and being exposed in such a way was completely humiliating.

She knew it was a prank, and it was only her desire to prove her father wrong—no matter what the costs—as well as her earlier talk with Mell, that kept her going. Although she knew her father did not mean she should openly flaunt her body or degrade herself before the team when he said she should do anything to remain, she also knew any reason, even if it were valid, would be a sign of failure to her father. And from her talk with Mell, they both believed if she did not acknowledge her embarrassment and her suit's obvious alterations, the teasing would lessen.

Thinking back to earlier when she arrived, Penny has been glad to finally get off the bus, quickly making her way to the locker room.

She had felt a moment of excitement finding the garment boxes, stripping down quickly, her eagerness to try on the suits she would be supplied as a uniform overshadowing her earlier apprehension. What girl did not like receiving new clothes!

Her attention returned to the present as she finished undressing and took off her panties, noticing how damp the crotch of her lace boyshorts were.

How could she have gotten so excited over the blatant and invasive touch of a pervert? She still could not believe she had not said or done anything, instead allowing the stranger to grope her on the

bus. Even worse, her body had become excited, Penny still not believing how she had moved her hips to give the strange hand even more access to her body.

It was with relief she peeled off her damp panties in the locker-room, putting that part of the day behind her as she tossed them into her locker.

Turning her attention to the clothing boxes on the bench, she unpacked the package wrapping, directing her thoughts away from her body's betrayal and instead focusing on the new bathing suits.

Although the first two outfits were two-pieces, they were actually Penny's preference over the one-piece, but her choice was more due to vanity than functionality—Penny knew she would be out in the sun quite a bit and did not want to get a 'one-piece suit tan.'

But when she tried on the two two-piece suits, she discovered both outfits were at least two sizes too small, barely able to fit into the tops. Looking at herself in the mirror, she was dismayed how her breasts stuffed obscenely into the tight outfits, looking to pop out of them at any moment.

One of the tops was a simply pull-over, but it took her forever to adjust her chest within the tight confines of the top to even look remotely decent, aghast to look into the mirror and see how her breasts protruded from the top and sides. Adjusting it by lifting the top higher fit better, but exposed the bottoms of her breasts as well, the effect, although sexy, not something she would have ever considered wearing in public.

The other top zipped up in front, but again Penny could barely get the two halves close enough to engage the zipper, the end result smashing her tits together as if within a vice.

The bottoms of the suits were not as bad—although they exposed more of her ass and body than expected, and due to being so tight, had a tendency to ride into the crack of her ass even waking back and forth in the locker room.

Looking at the tags, the suits were the correct size; however, Penny knew it was not an uncommon problem for clothing to run small, so she did not believe Mr. Jenkins had any ill-will to purchase them smaller. And the discrepancy of top and bottom sizes was to be expected—Penny was used to tops of clothes being tighter than the bottoms due to her unusual body type. There were several times she had purchased two of the same outfit of different sizes so she could wear the bottoms from one and the top from the other.

But wearing either of the two-piece outfits was a no-go in Penny's mind, they were way too tight and revealing.

Then she had tried on the one-piece.

Penny knew from the second she had pulled the suit over her chest it would be small, but it was a stretchy material and was able to shrug into it. But once she had looked into the mirror and saw how every curve, every dimple, and every inch of her body was outlined by the tight suit, she almost went ballistic.

Was the suit a mistake or was Rodell and the other guys trying to pull another one on her?

After yesterday's prank, she was leaning more towards the latter.

It was obvious the liner and any padding in the front had been removed, and as such, the suit might as well have been painted upon her.

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It was at that point she had stormed into Mr. Jackson's office demanding to speak to Mr. Jenkins herself, ignoring the hoots and hollers from the guys as she stomped past them.

But now standing in line, listening as Mr. Jackson reviewed the day's activities, she wondered if it had been an honest mistake. Maybe the suit had not come with a liner.

Of course Mr. Jenkins would not have known how to order a woman's bathing suit. Even though Aunt Reggie had given him her sizes, Penny rarely bought things online due to her particular body type, preferring to try on clothes first.

Yet even being an honest mistake, there was little she could do other than wear the suit today and tomorrow, even as revealing as it was.

And she had even agreed to wear the two-piece outfits until Mr. Jenkins could get replacements!

Penny had been completely humiliated after leaving Mr. Jackson's office and sitting before the team in such a revealing suit, but what was even more embarrassing was her body's reaction at their looks and stares. For some reason her body was reacting to her humiliation and embarrassment by becoming aroused!

Even now, standing in line as Mr. Jackson instructed them about the methods of retrieving a person from the deep end of a pool, Penny's body was on fire, hornier than she had ever been.

Her nipples were rock hard, and the thin material of the suit did nothing to hold back their perkiness, and Penny hoped they would get into the pool soon, being submerged providing at least a bit of decency.

There was another reason Penny hoped to be in the pool soon, as she was worried her body's response would start to show between her legs. Due to the small size of the suit, it was impossible to keep the suit from riding up the crack of her ass or—other places, and Penny was worried her arousal might begin to show between her legs, her body becoming so turned on it was only a matter of time before she became so wet her suit would start absorbing her arousal.

Once again she knew her horniness was almost to be expected—practically every moment since she had gone to bed had been associated with some sort of sexual tension. Waking up from her erotic dream the night before, being leered and gaped at by strange men at the bus stop, and then, to her complete mortification, getting felt up by a stranger on the bus. It was natural for her body to become more and more aroused each consecutive mishap, her hormones building higher and higher within her blood stream as each event stoked the fires of her arousal even further, her passion intensifying higher and higher with each event.

She almost considered excusing herself to go to the restroom and masturbate, such was her current level of desire.

Trying to take her mind off of her body's out-of-control lust, Penny thought about her talk with Mr. Jackson, and how everybody wanted her gone from the program.

She had known from the visit by Mell and her mother—as well as comments from Aunt Regina—the program did not have any women, but she had attributed it more on few women applying than discovering they would actively push her out of the program. Such male chauvinism was unbelievable in this day and age to her, but she might be able to use that to her advantage she thought as Mr. Jackson continued speaking.

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Penny was an attractive girl, and she was no stranger to using her looks to get her way. Her father had once told all his daughters they had one advantage he never would have—being a woman. That factor was currently a detriment; however, Penny realized the revealing suits might work towards her advantage.

The guys were attempting to humiliate her and embarrass her out of the program. In one aspect Mell was right, if Penny ignored her exposure it might lessen their teasing, but she suddenly realized she could work that to her advantage and turn things around.

Penny was already willing to do whatever it took to pass the training program and remain on the team. She thought back to her junior year, when she had given head to her Algebra instructor because she had been failing, ending up not only passing, but getting an A! Such tactics were not beneath her, so Mr. Jackson's comment about fucking around was not out of the realm of possibilities.

But at this point in time Penny knew it did not need to come to that. Mr. Wasem her Algebra teacher had been an extreme last minute case. This was merely a lifeguard summer job, and Penny realized letting herself be exposed by the swimming suits was not necessarily a bad thing, and she had time where she could go further if need be.

Mr. Jackson was her main concern, as he had already stated he wanted her out of the program, even if he was only following Mr. Jenkins' orders. Penny needed to convince him or her 'worth' being in the program beyond her lifeguard skills, and even beyond showing a little skin. Although he had obviously looked at with approval yesterday when she had been naked, as well as earlier in his office, had a feeling more would be required.

She looked at the muscular black man as he talked, the image of sucking him off—or even fucking him—popped into her head as she recalled her dream.

The thought of fucking a man she had just met did not bother her—hell, that was the reason she was in this mess with her father in the first place, she thought with a grin. But Penny had never been with a black man, not even ever seeing a black man naked. Once again she thought how she had never considered being racist, she had been raised in a predominately Caucasian world, so the 'taboo' of having sex with a black man was not something she could simply shrug off.

Idly Penny wondered if the jokes concerning 'once you go black, you never go back' and comments about the size of a black man's penis had any bases or were over exaggerations.

She was definitely no virgin, having been with a dozen guys, but none of them had been black. Still, she could not image skin color having anything to do with endowed they were.

But the thought of 'convincing' Mr. Jackson of her worth made her even wetter, particularly in her currently aroused state of mind. Apart from him being black and the ingrained 'taboo' of being with a black man, Penny knew she was fully capable of being intimate with the lifeguard instructor, and as handsome as he was, would not shirk from that task if it came to such an action.

The boys on the team were a different matter. Penny believed she could handle them like some of the boys from the other schools—if she at least strung them along, teasing them here and there, they would probably want to keep her around simply for the POSSIBILITY of getting into her pants. She could probably get away with flirting with all of them, picking no favorites, and earn their votes.

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And if things did not work out completely and she had to fuck one or two—well, none of them were ugly, she thought, although once again the thought of interracial sex left her with uneasy feelings she had never experienced.

"Miss Wenscott," Mr. Jackson said, startling her by calling out her name and breaking her reverie. "How about you be our first victim today. I'd like you to float in the pool as if you are unconscious, while everybody else attempts to safely remove you from the pool," he told her, as Penny nodded in understanding. "Janile. Cosco." Mr. Jackson called out. "How about you two pair up and make the first attempt to remove Miss Wenscott safely from the pool?" he asked.

Thankful to be finally getting into the pool and cool down, Penny dived into the pool, relishing the sudden coolness surrounding her body as the water enveloped her.

Breaking the surface and pushing water and wet hair from her face, Penny asked Mr. Jackson, "Do you want me on my back or front?" while treading the water.

"Whatever position you prefer," came the noncommittal reply, although Penny heard several snickers from the other guys.

Ignoring the other guys, Penny took a deep break and leaned forward, letting her body float face down in the pool, hearing the splashes of Janile and Qian—aka Cosco—diving into the pool. Although acting ‘unconscious,’ Penny kept her eyes open, floating limply as the dark skin of Janile’s legs came into view in the water.

Then she felt a pair of hands go around her torso, his hands immediately grasping her breasts!

Penny’s mouth filled with water as she shouted, “What the fuck!” and pulled away from the dark man’s violating hands, sputtering water as she repeated her outburst.

“Miss Wenscott!” she heard Mr. Jackson’s voice come out loud and clear over the water as she stared at the surprised look of Janile, as well as Cosco, who was swimming near him. “Is there a problem?” the instructor asked.

“He grabbed my tits!” she said accusingly.

“I did not!” came Janile’s reply, accompanied by a few laughs from the others around the pool until Mr. Jackson glared at them. “I was just trying to get a hold of her and pull her over to Cosco!” Janile said in defense of his actions.

“Bullshit,” Penny spat back.

There had been no mistaking the way his hands had purposely reached around her, cupping each of her breasts in the palms of his hands and squeezing roughly.

Suddenly the piercing screech of Mr. Jackson’s whistle shot through the air.

“Out of the pool!” he shouted. “Everybody back in line!” he ordered.

Glaring at Janile, who had the audacity to wink at her, Penny climbed out of the pool along with the two other men as they all took their place in line.

Mr. Jackson stood in front of all of them, Penny and the other two boys dripping wet from their recent egress from the pool, and Penny she saw Mr. Jackson looking specifically at her intently.

Feeling self-conscious, Penny looked down, her heart practically stopping as she stared in shock.

The one-piece suit still clung to her like a second skin, outlining every part of her body; however, she realized the lack of lining had done more than ‘cushion’ the curves and crevices of her body.

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The inner material had also prevented the thin Lycra-like material from becoming transparent when wet!

To Penny’s complete shame and humiliation, the suit was essentially transparent, the material turning diaphanous in the water, doing nothing to hide her body. Not only were the outlines of her breasts and areola now visible, but her navel, and—even more embarrassing—her shaven groin!

Penny was essentially naked, her body once again exposed to the entire team.

Mr. Jackson looked at her body for a few moments while the rest of the team remained unaware of Penny’s current revealment before he started speaking, turning away from her and apparently ignoring her state of dress—or undress, she thought wryly.

Short of leaving the line, there was nothing Penny could do, knowing any action she took now would result in her probably being kicked out of the training program—something her father would not be surprised about and something Mr. Jackson expected of her. So Penny simply stood there in all her glory as Mr. Jackson began to lecture them.

“OK people, I want to make this perfectly clear here and now so it is completely out in the open. I understand the Lifeguard Program has been predominantly male, but I want it understood that under NO CIRCUMSTANCES will sexual harassment of any type be permitted,” he stated, as Penny breathed a sigh of relief.

Although he might want to get rid of her, there were obviously some lines even Mr. Jackson would not cross, she thought as Mr. Jackson continued speaking.

“That being said,” he told the group, turning his head to look at Penny, “we are here to save lives. I’m sorry your delicate body was so violated at Mr. Elliott’s attempt to save your life Miss Wenscott. Maybe some other time when you are unconscious and drowning perhaps you will prefer somebody to come over to you and gently tap you on the shoulder, apologizing for the inconvenience of saving your life. Or maybe you would prefer they hand you a clipboard with a permission slip for you to sign so they don’t let you simply drown because they are too afraid of touching you because of some implied lawsuit instead of SAVING YOUR FUCKING LIFE?” he shouted.

“Silence!” came Mr. Jackson’s retort as Penny opened her mouth to reply. “I am training you all to act first, think later. The last thing we need is for somebody to drown because a guard second guessed themselves on whether it was politically correct to touch a woman, or use mouth to mouth or CPR and let the person die!” he stated, his anger fully evident upon his face as he began pacing back and forth in front of them. “I don’t give a goddamn shit if somebody grabs your tits, your ass, or fucking pulls you to the edge of the pool by your snatch, if you were drowning or about to die I think you’d be fucking grateful for whatever assistance they offered if it saved your life, would you not Miss Wenscott?” he asked.

Penny had the frame of mind to not answer the obvious question, instead silently nodding.

“If you would like to be excused from these activities, you know where the God damned door is, so please feel free to leave now and avoid any further ‘harassment’ to your person,” he shouted.

Penny remained standing where she was, refusing to even look at Mr. Jackson as he continued.

“Now, I am not giving everybody permission to fondle Miss Wenscott,” Mr. Jackson stated to the rest of the team as he finally turned away from her. “But that being said,” told them, looking at

the rest of the team, “I also don’t want you to avoid an ‘inappropriate touch’ if it is the only way to position her when removing her from the pool,” he said, making quote marks over his head. “That is of course if Miss Wenscott doesn’t want to keep playing the sexual harassment card on every fucking thing we do!” he shouted.

“I wasn’t...” Penny stated, before Mr. Jackson’s stern look silenced her.

“Maybe we should just let somebody else play the ‘victim’ in this case,” Mr. Jackson went on, “since your sensibilities are such you cannot assist in what is undoubtedly one of the most important skills for a lifeguard to learn. In fact, if you’d like to sit out for the whole exercise, we can accommodate you, that is if you ready to let an unconscious person drown because you don’t know how to fucking safely and efficiently extract them from the pool—all because you are too afraid of OFFENDING them? Maybe you have some magical way of not touching a person and transport them miraculously from the pool?”

Mr. Jackson paced back and forth while the team remained silent, his anger emanating from him worse than the Georgia sun.

“Jesus fucking Christ, you are unbelievable,” he finally said. “This is EXACTLY what I expected from somebody like you, being too good to take the job seriously. Again I submit to you, If you are so easily offended, maybe you’d like to just leave right now?” he asked. “The door’s right there Miss Wenscott,” Mr. Jackson said as Penny gritted her teeth and attempted not to cry.

“What the matter?” Mr. Jackson asked, walking towards her and stopping within inches of her face. “Are you going to cry like the little spoiled rich girl you are?” he asked, seeing Penny holding back her emotions. “Are you too good to save lives on this job Miss Wenscott? Would you rather sit on the side of the pool in your cute little sexy red bathing suit and tell daddy what an important person you are?” he asked.

Turning away from her, Penny watched out of the corner of her eye as Mr. Jackson moved back to stand in front of the whole line.

“Do you want to leave Miss Wenscott?” he asked.

“No sir!” Penny shouted out, embarrassed, upset, humiliated, and berated all at the same time.

“Maybe it’s best if somebody else acts the victim,” she heard him say.

Penny did not even acknowledge the comment as she turned and dove into the pool, looking at the instructor before once again leaning forward and floating on her stomach, face down in the water.

Penny heard the splashes of somebody diving into the pool, soon seeing dark legs swimming close to her again.

Whether it was Janile or Rodell—Cody’s body being too small—she was uncertain nor did she care, but Penny was not surprised when a pair of hands reached around and immediately grasped her breasts, flagrantly kneading them under the water.

This time Penny kept quiet.

Suddenly she sucked in a mouthful of water as the hand upon her right breast squeezed her nipple tightly between their thumb and forefinger, her gasp a mixture of surprise, shock, pain, and—to her complete shame—lust.

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Still coughing as her head was lifted out of the water, Penny let out a groan as her beaded bud was rolled between the black forefinger and thumb, the entire crowd watching intently as she was finally rolled completely over to her back, finally taking a breath while Janile, whose face loomed over her with a wide grin, once again grasped her breasts from behind, pulling her against his chest as he began to tread water, swimming backwards towards Cosco who was waiting to assist pulling her out of the pool.

Not surprised in the least after Mr. Jackson basically gave a ‘green light’ for her to be fondled in the pretense of ‘saving lives,’ Janile made no attempt at being discrete with his hold upon Penny’s breasts, grasping them through her suit as if they were handles while Penny looked at the other guys watching from the side of the pool, eager grins on all their faces as she knew to expect similar treatment from them.

Glancing at Mr. Jackson, Penny saw him looking on without any expression upon his face, as if daring her to say something.

So Penny remained quiet, even as her breasts were openly and brazenly squeezed by Janile, her tits stroked and groped in the pool in front of everybody.

Attempting to ignore the blatant assault upon her as Janile pulled her over to Cosco, Penny suddenly became aware of something else. Janile had pulled her against his body, using his powerful legs to propel them through the water. As such, her back was pulled against his chest when Penny became aware of something firm poking her in the lower back.

As Janile pushed out with his legs once more, she realized with astonished clarity he was hard, his cock pressing against her ass!

Penny suddenly felt a wash of heat flood through her body at the man's obvious sexual arousal, unable to hold back another groan as he once again squeezed her breasts, this fully aware of his pelvis grinding into her ass.

Then Cosco was there, his hands also all over her, Penny remaining quiet as one of his hands grasped her ass firmly, lifting her up and over the edge of the pool.

Suddenly Penny gasped again, her intake of breath seeming to echo across the pool as Janile suddenly reached between her legs, cupping her crotch firmly as he 'helped' lift her out of the water.

Eventually she was completely out of the water, lying on the edge of the pool with her face down upon the concrete, her hardened breasts and nipples pressed into the ground.

Penny was grateful for the wetness of the suit, as it hid her body's response, her loins heated beyond belief from Janile's prolonged kneading of her breasts, not to mention the other groping done by him and Cosco. And then there was the sensation of his cock digging into her behind.

Penny was completely bewildered, her mind moving a mile a second at the whirlwind of emotions and conflicting feelings. Moments earlier she had been pissed off at the intimate touches, and yet now her body was turned on by them. What the fuck was going on with her?

"Excellent," came Mr. Jackson's response, as Penny attempted to recover her composure. "OK, back in the pool Miss Wenscott," she heard him order, followed by the statement, "Rodell. Clinton. You two are next," he said.

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For the next hour Penny was subjugated to continuous gropes, pinches, and caresses of every part of her body by every guy on the team. After Janile and Cosco it was Rodell and Clinton, then Cody and Jimmy, then Javier and Rodell again.

Each time her breasts, ass, crotch, and practically every other part of her body was felt up. Groped, squeezed, and caressed, her nipples pinched and pulled, even her slit stroked and cupped several times by each of them, emboldened at her silence and Mr. Jackson's earlier comments.

Penny remained silent the entire time, not wanting to bring down Mr. Jackson's ire at her 'crying wolf' again, or interfering with training. She feared the next time she spoke out, she would not have the choice on leaving.

After the guys got through retrieving Penny from the pool in pairs, each one was told to get her out of the pool singly, and then finally as a group, Mr. Jackson explaining one could never predict if other people would help or not so they needed to be prepared.

Through it all Penny's body was groped and felt up by the team. And each squeeze, each caress caused her to become more and more humiliated as the debase treatment continued under the watchful eye of Mr. Jackson.

It was better to lose an individual battle than the entire war, and she needed to stay in the program, not only because of her agreement with her father, but for herself. So she kept quiet, even as her body was violated over and over, again and again.

Or at least she tried to be quiet. Each time she was pulled or pushed out of the pool, Penny's humiliation grew—not from the blatant and demeaning touches of the team, and not because of how degrading it was to suffer from their degrading lecherous caresses and touches. No, what was the most humiliating to her was her body's response, becoming increasingly more aroused, her body responding to her shame and humiliation sexually.

It was difficult to contain her groans of desire, much to the amusement of the men around her, who realized what was happening.

She was thankful when Mr. Jackson eventually had somebody else play the 'victim' and she could participate with each of the guys as a team member; however, even with somebody else as the victim Penny realized her ordeal was not over.

At first it was her partner 'assisting' her with the retrieval, cupping her crotch and ass, or reaching out to 'guide her' to the pool edge by holding on to her breasts. Then Mr. Jackson asked the victim to become scared and floundering, basically urging them on to reach out and touch her.

Then something happened which took Penny's embarrassment and humiliation to a completely new level.

At one point Rodell was playing the unwilling victim, and almost expectedly like the others, reached between her legs to intimately cup her crotch.

Penny had been struggling the entire time with Rodell as she treaded water, and unbeknownst to her, due to her bathing suit's tightness and all her movement, the material had wedged tightly into the crack of her ass—or more importantly, wedged between the folds of her slit.

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Suddenly she let out a gasp as Rodell's finger dove straight into her, his long digit sliding completely into her pussy!

Even in the pool Penny was wet from arousal, and Rodell's finger met no resistance. Before Penny could even think, she let out a loud moan, bearing down her hips and impaling herself fully upon the black man's long finger.

Looking across the water at him, Penny could see Rodell was as surprised as her, his shocked expression mimicking her own, but he overcame his shock quicker than her as he smiled, slamming his finger fully into her as Penny grunted in lust.

It was only a few seconds, and to Penny's shame it was Rodell who pulled out of her, not herself—her body aching for more.

Penny immediately adjusted her suit as both her and Rodell treaded water, her looking dumbly at his smiling face.

"Is there something wrong?" Mr. Jackson asked from the edge of the pool, seeing both Rodell and Penny staring at each other.

"Uh, no," Penny quickly said, completely mortified by what had occurred.

To hide her humiliation—more so from her reaction than Rodell's forwardness—Penny grabbed the now grinning Rodell beneath his arms and pulled him to the pool edge.

Rodell said nothing out loud to the group as a whole, but as Mr. Jackson worked them repeatedly, alternating the victims and rescuers, Penny caught him grinning at her several times.

Penny's mind was in a state of turmoil. Although she was a very outgoing girl when it came to sex, and she adamantly stated she was not racist, Rodell's invasive touch of her had disturbed her on many levels. First the intimate touch alone in public, in front of everybody—even though they may not have seen what had happened under the water—left her completely flustered. Combined with the earlier groping she had received on the bus, Penny felt more vulnerable than she had ever felt in her life. In addition, her reaction to the gropes left her wondering what the hell was going on with her. Instead of being indignant and calling out either Rodell or the mysterious groper on the bus, Penny had actually ENJOYED the blatant fondling both times, her body actually moving into the touches for more.

And then there was her bathing suite, practically transparent when she had talked to Mr. Jackson earlier, but now wet, left nothing to the men's imagination about her body.

And once again, instead of being indignant, she felt completely humiliated, and even more disturbing, her humiliation was making her aroused!

Although she kept her mind on the exercise, she could not ignore the looks and gropes of the men on her team.

Eventually everybody was worn out—Penny not only physically, but mentally as her mind continued to try and grasp her thoughts on what was happening. Penny's body was both tired and wound up at the same time, her feelings of arousal almost unbearable and it was with some relief when Mr. Jackson blew his whistle for them to stop and get back in line.

Under any normal circumstance she would have raised Hell, complaining about the assault upon her body throughout the exercise—particularly Rodell's intimate touch. Even if it had been an obvious mistake

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under most circumstances she would have said something, but after Mr. Jackson's speech, the complete exhaustion all of them felt, and Penny's newly discovered humility and subsequent arousal, she let it be.

When Mr. Jackson informed them they were breaking for lunch and that it was already prepared and catered compliments of Mr. Jenkins, her and the five guys all sighed in relief, everybody collapsing into the surrounding lawn chairs as Mr. Jackson handed out boxed lunches and fruit juice.

Penny was so tired, she could care less what was in the boxes, so exhausted to the point where she was not even upset any longer about how her body was brazenly exposed to all the men, the thin red material of her bathing suite revealing as much of her body as if she were nude.

Instead, like the others, she simply leaned back in the chair and rested for a few moments.

Yet even tired, her imagination ran rampant, her hormones raging through her body in desire.

Her body was a chemical and physical oxymoron—so aroused she probably would have allowed anybody to fuck her right there given half the chance, too tired to do anything about it. And again her mind was a whirlwind, wondering how she could be so humiliated, so aroused, and so confused all at once.

She was physically so exhausted little bothered her at the moment. Mr. Jackson had worked them continuously, having them constantly diving in and out of the pool, swimming nonstop, bodily pulling each other out of the water. It had reached a point where even the guys had been too tired to give her much grief, everybody volunteering to be the 'victim,' as they were the only person who catching a brief respite by floating and 'resting' while people manipulated them out of the pool.

But Penny's arousal was almost out of control, having built up all day—starting with her dreams, then the men's looks at the bus terminal, her mysterious groper on the bus, and finally the day's training, where she had been blatantly put on display and exposed, sexually assaulted and groped, and ultimately fingered by Rodell.

The continuous, blatant fondling of her body by the team had fueled her body like a steam engine, and Rodell's 'accident' was troublesome not in the actual act, but her response to it. Even now she felt her pussy throbbing in aching need as she thought about Rodell's finger plunging into her core.

Her confusion stemmed from her incredible arousal, causing her mind to be completely unsettled. The gropes by all the guys had been more humiliating and debasing to her than anything she had ever experienced, and she knew she should be indignant and angry at their treatment of her; however, after Mr. Jackson calling her out the first time and how they needed to help a drowning person even at the expense of their 'decency,' she had stayed quiet.

She had never been treated so shamelessly before, and it had left her mind completely confused. Her experience with men was limited to boarding school, where the guys were shyer than the girls, nervous to even kiss a girl. These men were entirely different. There had been no hesitancy, not even anything sensual about their touch. There had been no desire to please her. Quite the contrary, each man had used her body for their own enjoyment and cheap thrills, having no regard for her own person. She had simply been treated as a plaything. Their treatment to her had been completely and ultimately degrading, and Penny had never before felt so helpless.

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And it had aroused the shit out of her!

That was where her confusion emanated. Although she had been completely demeaned and degraded as a female and person, her body exploited and molested in broad daylight by people who were supposed to be her 'friends' and teammates, humiliated and shamed, it was a completely foreign experience for her, and her body had not known how to respond. Her complete and unadulterated desire and horniness in response was unexpected.

She had heard of women who enjoyed to be degraded, getting a thrill out of a man dominating them and generally disrespecting them; however, her father had raised her to be completely an independent woman, not allowing anybody to stand in her way and doing whatever it took to get ahead. Although she had used her body to influence decisions, she had always been in control of the situation.

Such was no longer the case, and it left her feeling belittled and insignificant, the guys around her not caring at all about her own personal space—and it made her so horny she could barely keep still in her chair.

If she had even been one ounce of energy left, Penny would have gotten up and gone into the locker room to masturbate, her need so great. Hell, for that matter, she

might as well be gangbanged right there by the pool she thought, such was her need and complete disregard for privacy.

She got the feeling she was being watched, and opening her eyes, saw all the guys looking at her. She knew her bathing suit with the removed liner left little to the imagination, but now that it was wet from being in the pool, it left nothing to the imagination, her breasts easily outlined through the thin material, her nipples and areola shadows outlined through the cloth. Glancing down at her visible cleavage, she knew her ass crack would be showing as readily, giving the guys on the team an unobstructed view of her body. Even as tired as they were, they were leering at her, their indifference towards her own privacy and respect bordering on pure lewdness. And yet, their degrading looks and smiles, while making her feel like shit as a person, caused her body to flare up in lust, hornier than she could ever remember, and her thoughts strayed once again to them using her as a group right then and there.

What the fuck was going on with her, she wondered? She had never been with more than one man before, and yet her head was filled with images of the guys using her repeatedly as a group, filling every hole they could find. Not to mention never having interracial sex before, yet the thought of being dominated by the team of black, Asian, Mexican, and one token white guy was a taboo leaving her heart fluttering in excitement.

She opened the box of lunch, more to not look at the guys leering at her, and saw Mr. Jackson had packed turkey and cheese sandwiches, orange and apple juice, and chips for their lunch. Although lunch typically was not provided by the Lions Club, Mr. Jackson had explained with the missed day in training—everybody looking at Penny as if it were her fault—he wanted to work through the training in an accelerated pace to make up for the time, therefore had asked the Lions Club to provide their lunches for Tuesday and Wednesday.

Thursday they would be on site at Lake Bright Vale, supervised by the other lifeguards, and Friday Mr. Jackson said they could at least fend for themselves one day out of the week.

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Penny was relieved they were not having more pool exercises in the afternoon, the session after lunch being First Aid, her and the other guys thankful for the rest while they ate.

As tired as they all were, it was with some surprise when Penny bit into her sandwich, realizing she was famished. Apparently all the exertion in the pool, not to mention her increased metabolism from being completely aroused all day, had caused her body to burn enough fuel to create quite an appetite.

The other guys apparently were feeling the same as her, watching as they all dived into the food, like they had been starved for weeks.

Looking around, her eyes suddenly locked upon Rodell's, her immediately blushing as the man smiled and raised his right index finger, grinning as he wiggled it suggestively.

Penny dropped her gaze to her sandwich in embarrassment, knowing without any doubt that was the finger which had plunged intimately inside her core. And once again her body was flooded with mixed feelings of shame and desire, humiliation and arousal.

The implications of what had occurred were not lost upon her—she could no longer joke with her girlfriends about never having a black man inside her, having broken her racial cherry. It might have been an accident, but it had still happened.

Penny's feelings, thoughts, as well as her body's reactions were all jumbled up and at every extreme, ranging from anxiety and excitement to fear and shame.

A black man had been inside her.

Once again she reiterated her mental mantra of not considering herself a racist, but could not ignore the 'taboo' after growing up amongst a family whose grass roots were entrenched within the foundation of white privilege.

Her father dealt with black men on a daily basis in the business world, but Penny and her sisters knew he did not like it. As much as she was ashamed to admit it, Penny's exposure to colored people was so limited she felt awkward around them—other than her Aunt Reggie.

Having any type of sexual contact with a black man had brought about deep dark emotions within her, making her feel almost animalistic. Such feelings—and more frighteningly, her body's response—were completely foreign to her, disturbing to even think about.

Focusing back on her lunch, Penny attempted to push such thoughts aside, not wanting to dwell upon such matters.

Unfortunately, the guys were not as understanding, nor was her body.

"Cold there Penny?" asked Javier, the one the others called Rio.

"Damn, you can cut glass with those," said Janile with a laugh.

Looking down, Penny realized although her mind was a whirlwind of emotions, her body did not have any such confusion—her nipples hardened into pebbles and sticking out of the thin material of her suit as if she had stuffed it with a pair of M&M's!

Rodell laughed as he said to the others, "I told you the pool wasn't the only thing making her wet!"

Penny felt her body flush with shame, her skin practically matching the red suit.

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More horrifying was Rodell was right, if Penny's suit had not already been wet from the pool, she would have been completely embarrassed knowing her crotch would be wet, feeling a sudden heat between her legs.

She knew they were teasing her to purposely make her uncomfortable, harassing her until she left the training program, so she simply lowered her head and attempted to ignore their comments, trying to still her rushing pulse and rapid breath.

The guys continued to tease her as she ate, and she was thankful when lunch was over and Mr. Jackson blew his whistle for them to get back in line.

Mr. Jackson paired them up into teams, and to Penny's embarrassment and further shame, she was paired up with Rodell.

Rested, the tall young black man was obviously ready to give her more grief, refreshed and once again staring at her hungrily.

Penny tried to ignore him, but Rodell continued making comments, whispering, "Maybe later we can finish what we started," he said with a grin.

Instead of giving him any reply or satisfaction he was having an effect upon her, Penny ignored him, listening to Mr. Jackson's instructions for what they were doing the rest of the afternoon.

Unfortunately she could not hide the response her body had beneath the thin bathing suit, her nipples continuing to stay hard to Rodell's obvious amusement, even as Mr. Jackson continued to talk to them.

"One of the things I've learned over the years," the muscular black instructor was saying, "is many people already know the basics of First Aid. Where they cause harm is when they tend to second guess themselves. If most people would simply follow their instincts, they would get it right most of the time. As a Lifeguard, you need to rely upon those instincts, reacting at a moment's notice. So making the assumption you already know most of what I'll be lecturing you, and in an attempt to not waste time lecturing on something you already know," he said to them, "we will go through a series of scenarios where you will treat your partner. I have here," Mr. Jackson said, holding up a small cardboard box, "a box of cards with a First Aid incident written on them. Each of you will draw a card. Upon that card will be a First Aid incident for which you will be a victim of. You and your partner will have thirty minutes to discuss how you would be treated using anything available to you from the pool area, including the First Aid kit. After agreeing upon a treatment, you will then perform that treatment in front of the class to demonstrate to everybody the proper technique of what is ailing your partner," he told them.

"Maybe I can give you mouth-to-mouth," Rodell said next to Penny as she again attempted to ignore him. "Or maybe you can try to cure my erectile dysfunction," he grinned at her, cupping the crotch of his pants.

Although Penny was expecting these sorts of sophomoric comments from the tall black man, she was mortified to feel her body flush as the images his words conjured filled her head.

Attempting to keep her mind on something else, she watched as Mr. Jackson walked down the line, holding out the cards and letting everybody pick. Eventually he came to her and ignoring Rodell and the other guys looking at her, quickly took a card, not even looking at it.

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After everybody had a card, Mr. Jackson blew his whistle and looking at his watch, told them they had thirty minutes to come up with a treatment for them and their partner.

Immediately everybody paired off, her and Rodell moving to one side of the pool where there was some shade.

"So what did you get on your card?" Rodell asked as he looked at Penny appreciatively. "Let me guess, choking, preferably on something long hard and black," he said with a laugh.

Again Penny felt herself blush, both in embarrassment at Rodell's comment, but also in shyness, realizing she had never before seen a black man's penis. It was not like she had any interest, and she had seen a fair share of men's dicks before, but they had all been white.

For a moment she wondered if there were anything different from a black man's penis compared to a white man's, other than color. But knowing time was crucial, she turned her mind off of such thoughts and instead read her card.

"Multiple bee stings," she said, reading the card. "What did you get?" she asked Rodell.

"Mine's easy," he said, looking at the card and reading it. "Sprained or broken wrist," he told her.

"Yeah, that's easy," Penny said. "We just need to get a splint or something, wrap it up, and we'll be good to go, but I don't know what to do about a bee sting," she said. "Any ideas?" she asked the tall black man.

"No clue," Rodell answered, as stumped as she was.

For the next fifteen minutes or so, they discussed what to do about 'multiple bee stings,' their discussions ranging from bandaging her arms and legs to taking tweezers and pulling out stingers. Although Rodell continued to leer at Penny's body, she became used to the dark man's stares, as they were nothing different than what she had received all her life. However, there was one major difference—the man looked at her as if he owned her, or if she were a piece of property.

Penny was used to guys staring at her, but unlike the hesitant, almost shy looks she got from the guys from neighboring boarding schools, Rodell looked at her like a lobster in a tank, ready to sink his teeth into her at any moment.

Because of his blatant staring, Penny was uneasy, feeling small and insignificant. And as Rodell looked at her, Penny began to WANT him to look at her, to actually want to please him.

It was a feeling unlike anything she had ever felt, and Penny was completely off-guard.

Penny knew she was behaving unusually when she got up to look in the First Aid kit to see if there was anything they could use for her bee stings. Due to the tight suit, the material had ridden into the crack of her butt, and without even realizing it, she reached back to pull it out and over her rear again.

Suddenly Rodell said in a commanding voice, "No, leave it."

Looking at him questioningly, the dark man smiled, sending goose bumps all over Penny's skin as he said, "I like seeing you, and besides, it will just ride back up again, why fight it?" he asked.

To Penny's utter amazement, she found herself agreeing with him! Although her mind screamed out in protest, Penny's will was overtaken by some other force, and with a shrug, she continued walking

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to the table where the First Aid kit was located, her ass in blatant view to the dark man's gaze. In fact, she even swayed her hips more, feeling her heart flutter when she looked back and saw the man staring at her ass intently.

What the hell was she doing, she thought frantically? She was pretty much showing off her entire ass to the tall black man, feeling a thrill when she saw him smiling at her—not to mention the other guys watching her intently. Even Mr. Jackson was watching her as she made her way back to their area, her bathing suit wedged tightly into the crevice of her ass cheeks.

Unfortunately the First Aid kit had nothing for bug bites, so her and Rodell were at a loss, both beginning to feel the time crunching upon them as they tried to think what to do about bee stings.

Suddenly Rodell said, "Wait, I think I know!" as Penny looked at him intently.

Rodell's eyes were firmly glued to Penny's breasts, her nipples continuing to 'headlight' through the thin material, much to her partner's obvious delight.

Instead of being ashamed, Penny suddenly felt another thrill run through her, glad the man liked what he saw.

Turning her attention away from her unusual feelings, she asked, "What?"

Rodell looked at her intently before finally saying, "Well, I remember when our family went to the beach one year. My brother saw a jelly fish and told me if I ever got stung by one, I should pee on it to make it better," he told her.

"What?" Penny exclaimed, not sure if the man was serious or not.

"Apparently it calms the sting," he told her with a shrug. "But if it helps with those types of stings, why not bee stings?" he asked.

Penny looked at him in astonishment, no longer thinking about how much on display she was in the tight bathing suit.

"Wait a minute, are you suggesting you pee on me?" she said in complete amazement.

"Well, do you have any better idea?" Rodell asked.

"You are NOT going to pee on me!" Penny exclaimed, not even believing the man was considering such a thing.

Suddenly Mr. Jackson's whistle blew as he yelled out, "Five minutes!"

Rodell looked at Penny frantically, saying, "Look, we haven't been able to come up with anything else. And that at least has some basis of science to it," he told her.

Although she stared at him incredulously, she vaguely remembered hearing something similar to what he said in the past.

Could it be true, she wondered?

"You are NOT going to pee on me!" she said emphatically.

Rodell looked at her, surprising her when his face turned angry.

"Look here bitch. You may want to fuck around with my dad and Mr. Jackson and all the other Lions Club owners, but you are not going to fuck with me and cause me to fail this course. I don't know what your agenda is by even taking this class, but you are not going to drag any of us down with you, you feel me?" he asked.

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Penny looked at him in shock, realizing he was serious, actually frightened at the man's demeanor. Once again she felt small and insignificant, almost wanting to do anything to please him.

"Look," Rodell said, his voice getting softer. "I'm the one who has to pull out my dick and try not to be overcome by stage fright," he smiled at her. "I'll only do it on your foot. Hell, we swim in that pool all the time and I'm sure there's plenty of piss in it from kids and shit," he told her.

Penny actually agreed with some of Rodell's logic. Even during swim meets it was common for the girls to urinate in the pool—that was what chlorine was for they reasoned.

But to have somebody purposely pee on her? Penny could not believe what he was suggesting.

Suddenly Mr. Jackson blew his whistle again, telling them all to come to the lawn chairs which he had arranged in a circle, telling them to take a seat with their partner and he would call them out to show them their various treatments.

Rodell said nothing more and Penny felt her stomach flutter.

Was he actually planning on peeing on her leg in front of everybody?

Penny could not believe he was even considering it, but before they could discuss it any further, Mr. Jackson stated, "OK, Janile and Rio, you're up."

Penny barely watched the two men get up, her mind still wondering if Rodell was actually serious. Although they had not come up with any other treatment plans, she could not honestly believe he would urinate on her in front of everybody.

Her thoughts were in a whirlwind as Janile read from his card, "Sand in my eye."

Rio then got up and went into the First Aid kit, coming out with a saline wash as he told the group the immediate response was to wash out the foreign debris.

"Excellent!" Mr. Jackson said. "This is what I meant earlier," he told the group. "Go with your gut feeling, as nine times out of ten, that will be the correct response. Trust your instincts," he told them.

Penny caught Rodell looking at her intently, her stomach again fluttering at what his intended 'treatment' was to be, but then her attention was diverted to Rio, who ready his card, stating "Stepped on a sharp object resulting in a bleeding wound on my foot."

Immediately Janile came up to his partner, telling him to lay down and raise his foot—telling the rest of the group it would slow the bleeding—while he wrapped Rio's foot tightly with a gauze bandage.

"Again, very well done," Mr. Jackson told them once Janile was done. "And excellent thought on raising the leg," he added. "Lots of folk do not thing about gravity, and keeping the foot lower than the rest of your body only aggravates an open wound. One point I will add is if there is an object in the wound—whether it be a stick, glass, or whatever—simply wrap the wound and leave it in place. Let the emergency room deal with removing the object, as many times pulling it out can also exacerbate the bleeding and may even lead to a more serious wound," he told them.

"Good job guys," Mr. Jackson told the two men as they made their way back to their seats. "OK, Miss Wenscott and Rodell, how about you two come up next," he said.

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Penny's mind was a thunderstorm of thoughts, apprehension making her completely distracted. She could not believe Rodell had been serious about urine being a treatment for bee stings. They had discussed several options, including simply bandaging her leg or arm, so maybe he was teasing her purposely to provoke her. It was unthinkable for somebody to even consider such a thing as treatment.

Her mind was so preoccupied she did not even acknowledge the wolf whistles and cat calls from the other guys as she and Rodell got up and stepped into the center of the circle.

"Que bonito culo tienes!" Clinton said, catching her attention, more from him using Spanish than what he actually said.

Penny's mother spoke enough Spanish—particularly when she was upset—for Penny to know he was making a comment on her ass, and she suddenly realized the bottoms of her bathing suit were still shoved into the crack of her ass!

Realizing there was little to do about it, knowing if she adjusted her suit it would only draw further attention and comments from the other guys, she left it alone.

Besides, her mind was on other things, still wondering if Rodell was actually going to suggest his 'treatment.'

Prolonging her apprehension, Penny went first, describing Rodell's broken—or at least sprained—wrist, telling the group the first thing after checking the coloring for circulation, was to keep it immobilized, demonstrating how as she wrapped Rodell's wrist up tightly with an ACE bandage after applying a split.

The exercise at least took her mind off Rodell's suggested treatment for a while, and after her fifteen minute demonstration, she had convinced herself she had nothing to worry about.

Rodell's suggested treatment was outrageous, and she had mentally convinced herself he had only mentioned it to make her nervous. There was no way he was going to pee on her in front of his friends!

"Very good Miss Wenscott," Mr. Jackson told her.

Penny noted even he was looking more at her body than her face, and she again felt exposed and on display amongst the group of guys.

She might as well have been naked, like a stripper before a crowd with her transparent bathing suit, the bottom shoved up her ass while the top displayed considerable amounts of cleavage. Not to mention her nipples practically poking through the material.

Then Rodell started speaking and every thought Penny had flew out of her head.

"So my partner has received multiple bee stings," he told the group. "We had a bit of trouble with this one, but then I remembered something my brother told me once when we were on vacation," he said.

Penny's eyes opened wide in shock as she listened to Rodell speak. Surely he was not planning on going through with this, she thought!

She watched in horror as Rodell moved up to her and reached for the waistband of his bathing suit—it was as if the world stood still.

At first Penny thought he was not actually going to go through with his plan, as she saw him pull out something almost a foot long, thinking it might be a split or something to wrap her with. Then her

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eyes opened wide in realization Rodell actually was pulling out his dick—which was well close to a foot long!

Rodell's back was to most of the group, so only Penny saw the huge member in her partner's hand, her mind barely able to comprehend the size or reality of what was happening. As if in slow motion she watched as a strong stream of yellow fluid shot out of his penis, the large stream hitting her squarely on her thigh as the sound of splashing and spilling fluid filled up the area.

Nobody said a word, everybody completely in shock as the only sound was the steady stream of Rodell pissing on Penny's thigh, resonating even over the sounds of the filters of the pool in the background.

The heated stream of fluid pressed upon Penny's thigh, splashing upon her hips and stomach as the warm liquid splattered across her legs, pouring between her legs as she kneeled upon the ground.

She was mortified, beyond humiliated, beyond shamed. It was inconceivable another human being was actually pissing on her! Penny had never felt so degraded in her life, how low did one have to become to be subjugated to such a disgrace?

It was almost with some relief when Mr. Jackson finally reacted.

"What the fuck!" he exclaimed.

Rodell, Penny, and everybody else in the class turned towards the dark tall instructor, although the stream of piss continued spouting from his dick—Rodell's attention causing the stream of warm liquid to cross Penny's lap on to her other thigh.

Splatters of urine were splashing most of her body, particularly her stomach as she heard Rodell explain his earlier thoughts about jellyfish stings to Mr. Jackson, even as he continued to piss upon Penny in front of the entire team.

The stench of urine was overwhelming, and Penny was still too shocked at what was happening to her to move, although a part of her mind was amazed at how long Rodell had been peeing, his stream seeming to be endless as she was surrounded by an expanding puddle on the concrete.

Penny had never felt more demeaned and belittled in her life, her self-esteem hitting worse than rock bottom. Again she wondered what type of human allowed another person to piss on them! Even if it was for a First Aid class, she could not think of any valid reason why she should put up with such humiliation. And yet she sat there, not saying a word.

She was silently thankful when she felt the stream of urine slowly losing power, the stream diminishing in force until he was done.

There was nothing but silence around them, the rest of the guys staring in shocked surprise as Penny knelt in a pool of piss, the yellowed liquid slowly spreading towards the pool along the concrete.

Suddenly another spurt of liquid shot out of Rodell's large cock, this stream hitting Penny right in the center of her chest, the fluid dribbling quickly down between her breasts and soaking into the bathing suit.

Rodell put his cock away after finishing pissing on her, Penny too humiliated and embarrassed to even focus on her surroundings.

Everybody was startled when Mr. Jackson spoke, Penny surprised at how calm his voice was compared to his initial outburst.

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"Interesting choice of treatment," he said, his tone completely normal. "However, the card stated MULTIPLE bee stings—you only treated her one leg," he told Rodell. "If she is suffering from stings all over her body, what are you going to do now?" he asked.

It was not only Rodell, but Penny and the rest of the team who looked at Mr. Jackson in complete astonishment.

"Uh...well, we thought that would be enough to show the treatment," Rodell finally said, fidgeting as he was placed on the spot.

"I'm afraid that will not suffice," Mr. Jackson said as Penny looked at him in surprise. Mr. Jackson looked at the rest of the group for a moment and said, "There is nothing half-assed with this training. You either go all in, or you can get out right now."

Rodell muttered an apology while Penny continued kneeling on the ground, her legs covered in urine as Mr. Jackson—apparently undaunted by Rodell's 'treatment' to her First Aid crisis—continued to speak.

"Miss Wenscott, have you ever been stung by a nest of bees?" he asked.

Penny looked up at the muscular black instructor in surprise, caught off guard at his question directed to her.

"Uh, no sir," she finally answered.

"Well, this exact incident happened a few years ago. A young woman stepped on a nest of bees in the ground, disturbing them and proceeded to get swarmed by them. Thankfully, due to the proper response of the lifeguards on duty, she survived what was potentially a life-threatening situation," he told them all. "I can guarantee anybody in that

particular situation is going to be more concerned about the pain and bees than any impropriety about how they were treated, do you not agree?" he asked.

Penny realized Mr. Jackson was talking to her as she numbly nodded.

"So knowing the excruciating pain you are in, I think it would be amiss if you were treated improperly, am I correct?" he asked.

Penny was uncertain what Mr. Jackson was getting at, but nodded again. He was correct—if she had been stung by a nest of bees, she doubted she would even remember how she was treated, let alone be embarrassed by how.

"Well, seeing as Rodell emptied his tank by only treating a part of the patient, I believe the rest of the class can help out. I did say any available resources could be utilized," he told them.

Penny could only stare at Mr. Jackson in shock. He could not be suggesting what she thought he was suggesting!

"Well men, what are you waiting for? You have a woman with multiple bee stings. The treatment is urine. Who can help out?" he asked.

Penny still shared in astonishment at Mr. Jackson who calmly looked at her.

Suddenly Penny felt a stream of warm liquid on her back, and turning her head, she saw Cody, standing behind her, his black dick in his hand as a bright yellow stream of piss hit her!

In the back of Penny's mind she was aware of the other guys getting to their feet, many of them with smiles on their faces as they surrounded her, towing above her as she knelt before them, completely

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embarrassed at what was occurring.

She felt the stream of urine zig-zag across her back as Cody moved his hips, apparently enjoying the fact he was urinating on another human being.

Her attention was drawn to her right shoulder as a hot stream of piss hit her, and Penny glanced up to see Rio smiling down at her as he too complied with Mr. Jackson's direction to piss on her.

Feeling splatters of urine hitting her face, Penny quickly turned, only to see Janile standing before her with a big grin.

"We can't let those pretty titties suffer any longer," he said to her with amusement.

As if in slow motion Penny watched as he freed his dark member from his bathing trunks, and grasping the darkened tube of flesh, released a sudden surge of piss, hitting her directly between her breasts.

Penny raised her head, grimacing and closing her eyes as her chin was splattered by the force of Janile's release.

But her attention was drawn from multiple other parts of her body as she suddenly felt several jets of warm fluid upon her body, the other guys following suit.

Tears of shame were pouring out of Penny's eyes as she was surrounded by her team, all of them pissing on her as if she were a communal urinal. Somebody behind her—probably Cody—began pissing on the back of her head, Penny's hair becoming saturated as her nose filled with the stench of urine.

She had never felt more insignificant in her life, completely degraded as she felt Janile's stream rise up her chest, hitting her neck. And then to her shame, the stream of piss rose higher, hitting her square in the face as she continued to silently cry, wondering how she had gotten into such a situation.

Penny was soaked, completely covered by urine. She knelt on the ground, silently crying in shame as the guys made jokes around her, all of them stating they had finally found a use for her on the team.

She could not believe Mr. Jackson was sanctioning such treatment, although his earlier conversation had stated as much, such vile treatment of another person had never entered her mind.

Words could not describe her thoughts or feelings, and she was extremely thankful when the last dribble of urine was done. She was drenched, her body more wet than if she got out of the pool, and to her utter humiliation, the stench of urine surrounded her, a poignant reminder of what was actually upon her instead of water.

Penny slowly opened her eyes to see everybody moving back to their seats, the rivulets of urine slowly cascading down her body now to join the long pool of liquid covering the area.

She had never felt more insignificant, and glancing down, saw her bathing suit was once again transparent because of its wetness, the outlines of her breasts fully visible to those in front of her.

And then Penny noticed something else. To her utter dismay her nipples were still hard as rocks, her breasts tight as if the skin was stretched across her body. To her complete dismay Penny realized she was actually aroused!

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How the hell could she be aroused after having been completely humiliated by the team of guys!

She was in complete denial even though she could feel the heat between her legs—not attributed to the urine covering her body.

Her attention was drawn to Mr. Jackson as he said, “Great job, that is the ‘all-in’ attitude I want to see from this team,” he told them, completely ignoring the fact Penny had been urinated upon by seven guys.

But Mr. Jackson continued on without pause.

“Now earlier I stated over ninety-percent of all treatments you think of on the spot are correct, unfortunately this one is one of those ten percent,” he said.

Penny’s mind went completely blank as she barely heard Mr. Jackson explain urine did nothing for bee stings—or jellyfish stings for that matter—and was an urban legend based upon a Friends television episode.

She could not believe it—Mr. Jackson had actually encouraged the team to piss on her, treating her as less than a human being, and for nothing! She had been completely disgraced for no reason.

Immediately she realized there WAS a reason, Mr. Jackson obviously wanting her off the team.

And what better way to show her how little he cared for her than by treating her like he had, allowing the team to piss on her for absolutely no reason.

“Mr. Jackson,” she said suddenly, interrupting the instructor’s overview of how to properly treat bee stings by first removing the source, stating the quick thinking of the lifeguards in the episode in the past had been to rush the woman into the water so the bees could not get to them.

NOTE:

Sadly this is all DocCIS completed of Lifeguard gets wet.

If you have any more of this or any other works from DocCIS please email us.

Also, feel free to use his outline in the Appendix to complete or write into this story univers.

“Lifeguard Gets Wet”

Appendix

Titles

H2o: Ho 2 Others

Just add water

Slippery When Wet – used too many times

Lifeguard Gets Wet

Slang

Swimmerseye – cum in eye

Characters

Family

Penny (Penelope) Maria Isabella Wenscott – main character (“Wantscock”)

Charles Walker Wenscott and Jeanne Maria Wenscott – parents

Charlotte and Natalie, older sisters

Employees

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Aunt Reggie (Regina Pemberly) – previous nanny

Dominick Harris – house manager/butler

Lifeguard Training

Wayne Jackson – Instructor (black)

Male Lifeguards

Darnell Ward – black boy, replaced by Penny on guard team

Rodell Jenkins – black boy, son of Lawrence Jameson Jenkins

Janile Elliott – black boy

Cody Schreier – black boy

Jimmy Baker – white boy

Javier Riojas Nieves (“Rio”) – Hispanic boy

Qian Kao (“Cosco”) – Asian boy

Clinton Pinales – Hispanic boy

Lawrence Jameson Jenkins

Others

Melanie Marvin – Penny’s friend

Carmella Hilker – Penny’s friend (Jennie’s daughter)

Shawn Buchanon – mechanic and part-time waiter Penny sucked

Mr. Wasem – Algebra teacher Penny gave head to pass junior year

Scenes

Penny caught sucking waiter at her Cotillion

Previous history of rebellious nature

Cannot go to Hamptons for summer as punishment

Must go “wallow with the commoners”

Sent to previous nanny’s home (College Park, GA)

Must find a job

Previously on swim team at Prep School – so Lifeguard!

Swim club huge man-made lake

Lifeguard training at Lions Club pool (previously all-male, renovating female lockers)

No female locker room, must use boys

Pranks

Locker-room

All toilets full of piss and shit

Toilet seats covered in piss

Cum on her locker

Cold Showers

Food coloring in soap?

Lifesaver shower

Cream cheese in deodorant

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Web cam in locker room

Lifeguard pranks

Benign

Move water from main pool to kiddie pool

Spine Board

Cup of steam

Sexual

Peed on for first aid

Drinking urine

Cum in Sunblock

Dildo in manikin's head

Mouth to Mouth

Initiation have to pick a guy and have sex with them

Final exam

Holding breath (deep throat)

Pool pranks

Dissolving Bikini

Too small bikini (removed padding)

Sexy bikini (removed padding)

Steal clothes and have to ride bus home in suit

General

Bombay Roll food order

Private Nudist Party

KY, condoms, Vagisil on shopping list

Fake medical exam with uncle

Spanking as punishment

Have to stand in for manikin for geriatric first aid course

Swim pool nude late at night

Getting spanked (paddle) for being late

Days

Monday – Pre-training, Penny wears dissolvable suit

Tuesday – First Aid training.

Mr. Jackson talks to Penny telling her she should quit now

First half of day learning basics of getting out of the pool...aka Rescuing procedures

Penny felt up all day

Second half paired off and have to "treat" their partner...Rodell

Penny gets bee stings...

Rodell mentions he read peeing on jellyfish stings works

Penny hesitant, but eventually agrees that Rodell can pee on her foot

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They get in front of class and Mr. Jackson flabbergasted

States that Penny's card said MULTIPLE bee stings, and suggests the rest of the class helps

Everybody pisses on her and she is completely humiliated...and turned on

As people go through their scenarios Penny states she has to pee. Mr. Jackson asks if anybody else has to go and tells her since everybody went in front of her, she can go in front of them.

Holds out as long as possible, but finally relents, pissing her suit...the gentle cascade of water off the chair drawing everybody's attention as she is once again humiliated

Goes into Locker Room to change...

Mr. Jackson surprises her (naked) and asks if she's ready to quit.

She states she is willing to do anything to stay, even if it is complete humiliation.

Mr. Jackson doubts her resolve...so Penny decides to prove it and blows him

Mr. Jackson leaves afterwards and Penny takes shower...other guys come in on her in shower naked.

Wednesday –

Penny 15 minutes late!

Gets 3 spankings from the paddle...since she has a one-piece suit, has to take it complete off!

Mr. Jackson "eases" her pain by caressing her ass...Penny gets extremely turned on...

Rescuing procedures in a.m...Bucky Board training.

Penny felt up during whole day.

Made to lay in Bucky board over lunch...once again has to go to the bathroom, guys make her pee on herself.

Second half of day CPR...

Vibrator in the manikin trick.

To show the guys she is not bothered, she deep throats the dildo.

Once again guys "surprise" Penny in the shower.

Ask her out, saying they are going to hit some clubs

Penny reluctant...decides to use the excuse it would take too much time to go home and change

Guys tell her Rio has a bunch of clothes at his place from old girlfriend

Night out

Have pizza and beer...Penny gets a bit tipsy

Go to bar, have more drinks...Penny drinks more knowing she'll be dancing to work off alcohol

Play Truth or Dare

Last dare is Penny has to dance

Thursday – OTJ. Work at Lake with real team.

Friday – repeat of CPR training. Since Penny was the last to ‘use’ the manikin and it was broken due to the dildo, she has to ‘stand in’ as the CPR dummy, getting French Kissed and felt up the entire time.