A Beautiful Wish Chp. 7: Losing a Little

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It's not always easy, but it is simple.

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Chapter 7: Losing a Little

“George,” whispered Dawn's soft feminine voice.

George Everhart was fully awake. He had been, ever since he heard Dawn open his bedroom door and crawl onto his bed. She was sitting on her knees beside him and brought her face very close to his as she whispered again, “George, it is time to wake.”

He had tossed and turned most of the night. This was partly because he already missed Dawn sleeping next to him, but also because he had been worried about Karen and her date with Rocko. After he had explained what he had heard of Rocko's plans for Karen, Dawn informed him that they had a date planned for that night. Using a wish, George was hoping to disrupt it enough that Rocko would leave Karen alone, at least temporarily. He had placed his trust in Dawn's abilities to keep Karen safe, but he was nervous.

But somehow, he felt completely rested and ready for the day. He had asked Dawn to wake him at six, so that he could get to work early enough to ask the camp director if he would hire Dawn. He hadn't expected to wake so refreshed. Despite his worries, he was very happy to finally see Dawn again, and decided a little fun was in order.

He could feel her hair fall to one side of his pillow as she leaned closer to kiss him on his cheek. He suppressed the urge to turn and kiss her back with great difficulty, but could do nothing against his need to squirm. To mask it, he rolled away from her and began mumbling, as if he was still dreaming.

He suspected that Dawn was not fooled when she giggled. But she didn't call him out just yet. As deftly as a cat, she slid underneath his sheet and straddled his waist. He could feel her breasts pressing against his chest and her warm breath just millimeters from his lips.

“Master,” she whispered. “Are you awake?”

George muttered something barely coherent about needing five more minutes.

“Hmm, my poor sleepy master. He needs to wake up so that he can have enough time to ravish me before work. Maybe if I do this...” Dawn kissed his lips softly. George suddenly realized that his plan of teasing Dawn had a fatal flaw. If he wanted to continue his game then he couldn't react to anything she did. He resisted temptation, but not without consciously forcing his lips to stay closed.

“No? Hmm. What if I go just a little lower...” She kissed his chin, then his neck, and around the contours of his collar bone.

“Strange, that did not work either. I suppose that I will have to be a bit more vigorous.” With that, Dawn reached under his shirt and began to massage his chest. She started with long gentle strokes which drove George mad from the ticklish feeling it gave him. He couldn't resist squirming. Then, she started digging into his muscles with the precision of a professional masseuse. She pressed her fingertips up and down his torso. Meanwhile, she had scooted down to straddle his pelvis and his morning wood. As she massaged him with her wonderful hands, she rode up and down the length of his shaft through their clothing.

George was in blissful agony. His breathing became slightly heavier, and he had to practically lay on his hands to keep from wrapping her up in his arms and taking her properly. But he knew that she was in the process of taking him somewhere he had never been. He wasn't sure where he was going to end up, but any ride with Dawn was guaranteed to be a journey worth taking.

Dawn pushed his shirt up and planted soft kisses around his belly-button. He could feel her hair trace up the lines of his muscles as she moved upwards, savoring the taste of his skin all the way.

Then, without warning, Dawn lightly bit his left nipple. "Oww! Fuck..." he yelped without thinking.

Dawn chuckled as she sat higher on his stomach to look at him properly. "Oh, I am so sorry. Did I wake you, Master?"

George couldn't help but laugh as she faked her innocence in the cutest way possible. "Okay, you got me. I'm up."

"Hmm," she mused, "You have to get up pretty early in the morning to trick me." She leaned in and kissed him passionately, their first of the day.

When both were satisfied, Dawn sat back up and gave George the first full view of her that morning. Though George thought she was as beautiful as ever, he couldn't help but notice that she must have wasted no time hurrying to his room upon waking herself. She was a child on Christmas morning, giddy with anticipation for what presents the new day would bring her. She wore a tight fitting solid yellow t-shirt, and a pair of very small panties to match. Her long golden brown hair hung free and a bit disheveled from the night. She never wore makeup, she didn't need any, and her eyes were as vibrant and full of life as they could be.

"Good morning, George," said Dawn through a sexy smile. She noticed how he looked at her, and was clearly pleased.

“Did you sleep well?” he replied,

She frowned, “No, not really.”

“Why not? You were really pooped last night,” he asked worried.

“Well, I am assuming this must be a product of my being a genie servant, but I am finding it difficult to be away from you for extended periods of time. Even though our doors are only ten feet from each other, it feels like it might as well be across the universe. I did not actually get any sleep until a few hours ago. Had it not been for your wish that I wake you up in time for work, then I would have been quite a wreck today.”

“Wait? I made that wish?”

“Of course you did. I quote, 'Dawn, please wake me up tomorrow morning so that I'll have enough time to get to work early. I need to talk to Chip about getting you a job,'” she said in her best impersonation of George. It sounded so strange coming from Dawn, who added many inflections that he was sure he never used. “So you see, you wished that I do this for you, and so it is done.”

George cocked his eyebrow at her, she cocked back. “But, I didn't wish for anything sexual.”

“Well, you did not specify exactly how you wanted me to wake you, but I assumed it must have had something to do with sex. Otherwise, I would not be able to wake you up right now, and both of us will go back to bed as if I had overslept.” She gave him a very naughty look and rolled next to him. She quickly slipped her panties off and flung them deftly over her shoulder, so that they landed around the bed post. “And besides...” she started as she climbed back on top of George so that she was facing away from him, her beautiful wet pussy aimed at his lips, “...we need time to eat breakfast.”

She reached into his pants, pulled out his hard cock, and began to suck him in long, deep strokes. George was speechless. He could hardly believe what was happening. But without even thinking he began to lick and suck on her clit. She moaned over his cock.

George dived deeper and deeper into her pussy even as he began to lose himself to the emotions between them. He pushed into her using his middle finger, and licked everywhere else.

“*That's it Master*! *You own me, you own that pussy*,” heard George. Or at least he thought he heard it. It almost sounded like it was coming from inside his head. She sucked faster, and twirled her tongue around his length. The warm-to-cold feeling on the entire length of his cock as she took him all the way in and all the way out again was causing him to buck his hips, as he tried to force more inside of her slurping mouth.

“Mmph, mmph, mmph,” she moaned quickly. *“Yes!”* heard George from somewhere. *“I love this cock! I love every inch of it! Fuck me Master!”*

George couldn't waste time trying to figure out how she was talking with his cock buried so far down her throat. He was too busy with her quivering loins. It was almost as if the the two of them were competing to see who could make the other come first.

But George had the upper hand, due to his wish that she feel the pleasure she give him. She came fast and hard around his finger, and she moaned loud and lustful around his cock. He didn't take

much longer, and shot his load with her lips touching the base of his shaft.

They laid there for a minute as their ecstasy abated. Dawn pulled herself up reluctantly, and only slightly, as if she was loathe be apart from his member. She was breathing heavily around him, but even so George heard her. *“Oh George, please forgive my impulsiveness, but could you stay home from work today? Please? I do not wish to leave your bed.”*

“I wish I cou...” he stopped.

“*Yes*, *Master*?” heard George as she began tonguing the head of his cock again.

“Oh no! You're trying to trick me into wishing it true, when you know full well it's sexual enough.”

She gave a muffled chuckle.

“Man. You're much more feisty in the morning.”

George heard her voice in his head again, *“But you are awake now, correct?”*

“Okay, that is starting to creep me out. How are you doing that?”

“*Doing what*?” she asked innocently.

“Don't get coy with me. How are you talking while your tongue is clearly occupied? And turn around so I don't have to speak into your asshole, would ya?”

Dawn had to take George's cock out of her mouth so that she could laugh without gagging. *“Aww. Are you sure you do not want to get more acquainted with it? You have not even touched it yet.”*

George had to spend a moment to think about that. He had never really given much thought to anal sex before, but the notion didn't disgust him. He smacked her left cheek playfully and said, “Maybe later.”

“*Suit yourself*,” she said, quite nonchalantly. She rolled off, righted herself, and dived back on top of him, making George grunt as his wind was almost knocked away.

“Holy hell! Did you eat bricks for breakfast too?” he joked as he collected himself.

She gave him a wry look and batted his nose with her finger. She then gazed at him with her eyes that always seemed unreal and familiar at the same time. *“Right now, I am speaking directly to your mind. I did not want to wake your mother, but I love making a little noise. So I thought I would...what is the expression...have my pie and eat it too?”*

“Wait, I thought you said you don't read my thoughts,” asked George.

“I *am not*,” she said reassuringly, *“I am only projecting my words into the part of your mind that deals with language. Think of it like a...”* George felt the tingle in his mind as Dawn searched for an analogy he would understand, *“...like a phone call. I speak to you, but I can only send you my words. I must then wait for you to send me yours. I can stop if you prefer.”*

“No, no,” he replied quickly, “I don't mind at all, it's just strange to hear your voice but... not actually hear it. I mean, it almost feels like I'm the one thinking your words. Can I talk to you like that?”

“*Of course! All you have to do is concentrate on what you want to say to me, and think it. I will do the rest.”*

“Okay. Let's see... crap, what do I say to you?

She giggled. *“Anything. We are just practicing.”*

“*Yeah but, it's the first thing I'm going to say to anyone telepathically. It should be something worth saying, I would think.”*

George thought hard, but was surprised by what came to him first. He had been so hesitant to even think it before, but the words 'I love you' where now at the top of his list. He didn't say it. He wanted

too, but something stopped him. There was something deep within him, something primal, almost instinctual, that wasn't ready to make that step. But George was so preoccupied by this thought that he couldn't think of anything else he wanted to say.

Dawn watched him curiously, but patiently.

Finally, he asked, “What do you want to hear me say?” It was a loaded question. He was hoping she would want to hear him say it, that might have taken some of the burden off of him.

Instead, she replied, *“How about, 'Good morning'? You haven't said that to me yet today.”*

George nodded. He was relieved and frustrated at the same time. He straightened himself as he said, “Good morning.”

Dawn held in her laugh with much effort. *“Um, that might have worked, but I could not tell over your own voice. Try again, but try not to speak the words out loud.”*

“Oh, right. Duh.”

He tried again. This time he thought as hard as he could in her direction, *“Good morning.”*

Dawn broke out into hysterical laughter that took at least a minute to subside. George didn't know what was so funny, but couldn't help but laugh anyway. Her laugh was that infections.

“*I am so sorry*,” she said, laughing. *“You...you...”* she continued, *“you sounded like 'ggaaad mmmoooning!”*

George started cracking up like she had. “Hey! Excuse me! I wasn't created knowing the secrets of the universe, alright!”

“*Sorry, sorry, but that was just too funny! Here, try again, but this time do not try so hard. Remember that you are not actually transmitting anything my way.”*

George tried again. This time he thought of it as if he were planning what to say to someone in his mind, he was used to doing that.

“*Good morning*,” he thought.

“*Much better*,” she bounced. *“That came in loud and clear. Now do it one more time.”*

“*Good morning, Dawn. Hey this isn't so hard. Are there any crazy genie rules about this?”*

“*Nope. If you like, I will always be a thought away. Now, for practice, tell me how awesome I am.”*

“Hah!” he laughed. *“Oops, I'll have to watch out for that. Don't tell me too many jokes like this or people will think I'm bonkers.”*

Dawn folded her arms and feigned impatience. *“I am waiting.”*

“*Man, feisty! But I'll admit, you're cute when you're teaching.”*

“*It is mostly the boobs*,” she thought as she held her breasts up.

“Not gonna argue with that,” he mused. “So, change of topic, how did things go with Karen and Rocko last night?”

“*Hey*, *we are practicing*, *keep thinking please*,” she said in her new teacher voice.

“*Oh, sorry.”*

She smiled. *“You will be pleased to know that Rocko was so preoccupied last night, that he was unable to continue his date. Apparently, wishing him to experience explosive diarrhea every time he thought about sex with Karen was enough to keep him busy most of the night.”*

“*Ugh, dealing with him is gonna be a treat today. I almost feel sorry for him.”*

“*Not me*,” she said defiantly, *“I have not even met him and I am hoping you would wish that his penis turn into a piece of wet cardboard. It is no more than he deserves.”*

“*Maybe*,” said George, *“but I don't think it's my place to meet out that kind of justice just yet. I still kinda feel bad for being so heavy handed in the first place.”*

“*You need not worry, I would let you know if there were to be anything you would want to be aware of.”*

“*I know, but I'm more worried about getting drunk with power. Would you prefer that I go around wishing that everyone I don't like have their sex organs run flaccid and dry? I wouldn't be a very nice master then, would I?”*

Dawn thought hard before answering. *“Genie Dawn wants you to wish anything you want as long as it fits inside the laws it has been bound to. Girlfriend Dawn wants you to stay as you are, and would be sad if you turned from benevolence.”*

“*And I don't want to make you sad*. *So, please, help me be careful with my wishes. My dad wouldn't have... ”* he sighed. *“Look, I've been given a great gift in you, I don't want to dishonor that by using you for selfish or... hell, evil deeds.”*

“*I understand. But please know, it is not inherently selfish to wish good things for yourself. I want to give you want you want. I want to make you happy. It is my purpose.”*

George remembered their previous conversation about Dawn's creation as a genie. Her mother had wished that she be happy and blessed and loved for as long as she lived. He couldn't help but wonder if Dawn's mother intended her to be used this way. *“Then my purpose as your master, is to give you the opportunity to be happy without having to please me.”*

She nodded, *“As you wish. That is why you are the master, and I am your servant.”*

“*Yeah*, *sometimes I wonder about that*,” he said with a grin.

Eventually, the two left the comfort's of George's bed and showered, separately. He dressed quickly in a pair of board shorts that could be tightened enough to hang on his waist, and a simple red lifeguard tank.

Though he thought it funny, George was excited to wear it. It had been given to him at the beginning of the summer as part of his uniform, but it was much too small for him, and he opted to wear baggy t-shirts instead. Now, rather than filling it out in a way that might make other's cringe, he filled it out in all the right places. For the first time since he took the job, he actually looked like a lifeguard. “David Hasselhoff, eat your heart out,” he joked to himself.

Dawn's ritual was much more entertaining. Since they were somewhat pressed for time, she didn't pose through dozens of outfits. Rather, she scanned George from head to toe in deep contemplation before coming to a decision. She snapped her fingers for effect (she admitted she didn't have to) and her clothing changed instantly. When completed, she had on a pair of jean shorts cut to the top of her thigh, white sneakers, a blue bikini with white horizontal stripes, a white tank-top tied tight just above her midriff, and her golden brown hair tied up in a simple pony-tail.

George was moments away from mentioning that she was probably dressed too scandalously for working with children, when he mentally kicked himself. He quickly realized that Dawn was much too gorgeous to ever really be appropriate for children, no matter what she wore. But, secretly, George wanted others to see her. He wanted all of his coworkers to see her, to be jealous of him.

George's mother was already up, though she wasn't moving at the breakneck pace normally associated with the early mornings thanks to the girls not being there. She sat at the kitchen table, sipping her coffee and reading the newspaper, quite serenely.

“Good morning, guys,” she greeted.

“Hey, Mom,” piped Dawn happily.

Jessica adopted a knowing look, “You're awfully chipper this morning.”

“I am, huh?” Dawn replied as she plopped down in a chair next to her.

Jessica looked at Dawn, then turned her scrutinizing gaze towards George, who wilted like a dying flower. “You didn't! Not this morning?” she asked in amazement.

“George says that I am 'feisty' in the morning,” said Dawn as she tore the funny pages from the paper and began reading in earnest.

George thought quickly, *“Are you crazy! What are you doing?”* Dawn only giggled, presumably at the funnies.

Jessica sighed heavily, “Oh, to be nineteen again.”

George looked at her in disbelief.

Jessica then turned to Dawn and said, “Henry once told me the same thing.”

“Mrs. Everhart!” gasped Dawn. “You slut!”

The women laughed like old friends. However, George was shocked at the idea of his mother as a sexual creature. She certainly wasn't unattractive, especially for her age, but she was his mother and thinking of her as a woman who liked sex was disconcerting for him.

George threw his hands up in defeat, “Let's eat and get out of here, before anymore of my childhood illusions are exploded in front of me.”

As they foraged for breakfast, Mrs. Everhart commented on the state of George's clothing. “I just bought those shorts last month, how are they so loose on you?”

“Well...I...uh...,” he stammered, “I've been eating better and I've been doing some laps in the pool on my lunch break.”

“Oh, good for you. Well, we'll have to get you some new duds then. You look like a hobo in those

things. Hell, they look like they are going to just slip right off you.”

Dawn turned to Jessica and said softly, “That is all part of his plan.”

Jessica stuck her fingers in her ears. “La la la, too much information!”

A few frozen waffles later and they were out the door. Jessica stopped George before he left the kitchen, “George, please don't forget that you're taking your sisters home after work. And I'm making dinner for everyone tonight, so don't make any plans.”

As they walked to the car, Dawn asked, “George, have you ever wondered what your parents were like when they were your age?”

“How do you mean?” He asked as they climbed into his car.

“Well, they were both young and vigorous. And they lived together for a number of years before they had you.”

George had never heard much about that time in their lives. To him, his mother was always just a mother. She was a very cool mother, but a mother nonetheless. He had heard much about his father's adventures in college. But beyond the fact that they had conceived George, not many other details had been given about their love life.

“I only know what I saw. They hung out together a lot. They didn't like to go out separately. They rarely fought, and when they did it was never about anything serious. They just seemed happy together.”

“Does that not remind you of anybody? I believe much of your expectations about relationships came from what you observed as a child. You watched them kiss and hug and show affection for each other. But, did you ever wonder what they did when you were not looking?”

“Isn't that like, against the law, or something?”

She gave him an amused smile, and said, “They did what we do, your mother loved your father like I love you.”

George sat in silence for a moment. It had been so long since he had seen his parents in love, he had almost forgotten. But they had been, desperately so, and it made him feel really good to remember that.

“Thanks, Dawn,” he said finally, “I needed that.”

“My pleasure, George,” she said quietly.

He started the car, but before he put it in gear, he paused. He was feeling something so powerful that he had to address it. Without thinking, he reached across the seat and hugged Dawn tightly. Her closeness let him remember a time when things might not have been perfect, but they were good. He hoped he could make the feeling last.

She whispered, “You will never have to wish it, but you will be loved like you remember. I promise.”

George didn't reply, but he knew.

“Fuck this place! And fuck you, Chip!”

A middle-aged woman that George recognized as the head counselor for his sister Corina's group stormed out of Chip's office and almost slammed into him as she huffed down the all. George and Dawn watched her leave, confused and stunned.

“Don't worry about it honey,” came a woman's voice from inside the office, “you made the right call.”

“I know,” said Chip in a tired voice. “Let's just try and figure out what we are going to do about group A.”

“I can fill in until you can hire someone else,” she added quickly.

“Absolutely not. You know what the doctors said. I can't have you walking around the campus all day long. And chasing around children no less.” Chip sounded much more stern than usual.

George turned to Dawn and whispered, “Wish me luck.”

She gave him a quick peck on his lips and straightened his hair. “Good luck, and thank you, George.”

George knocked on the open door frame and entered.

“Oh, hey there George,” said Chip. He was sitting down behind an old teacher's desk which was covered with paperwork. Several filing cabinets seemed to be exploding with documents. His office wasn't small, but next to Chip's girth, it felt like a closet.

Chip was a corpulent man, easily approaching four-hundred pounds, though he was known as being a thoughtful and dedicated, if a little quirky, college professor. He had rosy cheeks and a bouncy walk, though today he looked tired and somber, like he needed one more weekend.

“I'm surprised to see you here so early, especially considering how often you've been late, recently,” he said as if he was expecting George to apologize. He had a reputation for being fatherly to the staff, but this was the first time he had done so to George.

“Uh, yeah, sorry about that. But I got a new alarm clock that works like a charm, so I won't have any more problems”

Dawn's voice floated into his head, *“I know how I'm waking you up tomorrow.”*

“*Shh,”* he replied.

“Glad to hear it, glad to hear it. So, what do you need, son?”

“Well, actually, I need a favor...”

Chip forced a laugh, “Sorry George, but I think I might be short on favors today.”

“Honey, at least listen to him.” Chip's wife Anne sat on a stool in the corner with a pile of papers of her own. She may have once been pretty, but her cancer was common knowledge among the staff. It was in remission as far as George knew, but the ravages of chemotherapy had taken their toll. She looked thin, pale, and weak. She always wore a ripped camp tee shirt around her head as a bandanna to cover her patchy hair.

“Actually,” began George, “I think we can help each other.”

Chip's office chair creaked loudly as he leaned back. “I'm listening.”

“I saw Mrs. Jackson storm out of here. Did she quit?”

“Not quite,” said Anne somberly.

“We let Mrs. Jackson go, can't really say why. You understand.”

“Okay, well, you'll be needing a new counselor for group A right? I have an idea.”

“You have someone in mind, then. Let me guess. Friend of yours, right?” He sat forward and frowned. “Listen, I want to help you, but I can't just hire anyone. We screen our employees extensively. You can't be too careful when you are putting children in someone else's hands.”

“I know that, but if you'll just meet her...”

“I'll meet with her. But the process will take at least a week. You know how Gordon is, he reads the rule book more than a Catholic reads the Bible.”

“*Sorry Dawn, this isn't looking too good.”*

“*It is alright. He has a valid point after all. I am not a known quantity like Karen is. This is good for her though, it puts her line for a promotion, does it not?”*

“*Yeah, but... oh Dawn, your a genius! I'm buying you a pizza.”*

“*What is a pizza?”*

“George?” interrupted Chip.

“Yes? Sorry...” he stammered.

“You kinda spaced out there for a second.”

“Well, I was just thinking that if you promoted Karen to head counselor, you could hire my friend as a Jr. counselor without a problem right?”

Chip rubbed his large chin as he thought. “Hmm, they do leave the Jr. counselors up to me, and Karen is easily qualified.”

“I brought her with me, in case you wanted to interview her.”

Chip turned to his wife, “What do you know? George came prepared today.” He reached into a desk drawer and pulled out a bundle of papers. “Let's do this quick, campers will get here soon.”

George spun around excitedly and poked his head through the threshold so he could motion Dawn inside. As she entered, Chip took in a sharp breath. He stood up quickly, which made his chair slip out behind him and bang against the wall, and straightened his shirt that had bunched up around his mid-section.

He extended his hand quickly, “Hello, hello! Chip Reynolds. You are?”

“Dawn. Dawn Lovecraft.”

“Pleasure,” said chip as he took her hand. “Sit, sit, please.”

Dawn sat across from Chip on an old footstool. Even in the uncomfortable chair, Dawn sat up straight and dignified, her legs crossed. From George's position in the doorway, he had a wonderful view of her long legs folded over themselves.

“I'll get right down to the nitty-gritty. Why do you want to work here?”

Dawn tilted her head as he she wondered out loud, “What a great question.” After a moment to collect her answer, she said, “I believe this place would be a source of endless opportunity and experience for me. All the people and activities. The campus is so beautiful. George has told me so many wonderful stories about this place. And working here would allow me to be close to him!”

From the corner came Anne's voice, “Oh, I see!” She smiled at George.

George blushed. “She's really good at reading people. She'd make a great psychologist one day.”

“That's good, that's good. Have any experience with kids?”

“None so far, though I have read quite a bit.”

“Hmm,” he rubbed his chin and began marking something on his paper in front of him. “Have any references then?”

“Um...well, no.”

“Hmm, yeah, that's gonna be a problem. Usually, a teacher gives our applicants a recommendation. Gordon won't like it if I hire you without one.”

“I'd vouch for her,” said George quickly.

“I bet you would. And believe me bud, if that's all that was required I'd hire her in a second. Linda tells me you're one of the best swimming coaches she's ever seen.”

“Really?” asked George surprised.

“Mr. Reynolds, if I may?” began Dawn. “I understand that we have placed you in a difficult position. Please understand that if you cannot help us, there would be no hard feelings. I am confident that I could find a job elsewhere.”

Dawn gazed at him, her countenance filled with grace. “But if you would take the chance, I know that you would not be disappointed. There is nothing in this world that I cannot do, or do well. You would honor me by giving me the chance to prove it.”

Chip studied Dawn intently. Dawn didn't seem to mind the scrutiny. As Chip stared thoughtfully at her, Dawn stared thoughtfully back.

“Oh honey, just do it, you know you want to,” piped Anne from the corner.

“Dear, you are ruining the suspense!” Chip laughed, “Alright, I'll hire you. I just wanted to make sure that you could keep a cool head. You'll need that with these little monsters.”

“You mean it?” bounced Dawn.

“Yep. I'll vouch for you. That means my neck is on the line if you don't work out. Do we understand each other?”

“Yes sir!”

“Great! Ya know, it's really amazing how this worked out. One minute, I'm down a head counselor, the

next I'm hiring a very pretty and articulate replacement. That's... what is the word... serendipity!”

Anne went back to her papers and muttered, “Such a dork.”

“It's true,” he admitted. “Okay, Dawn, we'll fill out paperwork later. I need you and Karen to get acquainted before the campers get here. She should be able to fill you in on all the details. Bottom line, don't let them kill each other, and for heaven's sake, don't lose any of them.”

Anne stood up, “Come with me dear, we need to get you a camp shirt, and maybe go over the dress code.”

“Um, honey,” said Chip sheepishly, “I, uh, need that paperwork finished pretty quickly. Maybe we should let George get one for her.”

“Mr. Reynolds, I am perfectly capable of making the journey to the equipment room without collapsing.”

Chip glanced at George and Dawn nervously. He said quietly, “Dear, please, it's three sets of stairs, and you promised...”

Anne huffed in frustration as she sat back down and continued working. Chip pulled a set of keys out of his desk and tossed them to George. “You know where? Leave them close by, I'll tell the P.E. guys where to find them.”

Dawn stood and shook Chips hand once more, “Thank you so much, Mr. Reynolds. You will not regret this.”

The couple moved briskly to the stairwell. Dawn was overjoyed, skipping and bouncing as they walked, whispering excitedly, “I have a job! I cannot believe it, I have a job!”

George led her down the stairs to the gymnasium. The equipment room was in a nook on the far side of the massive room. There were many keys, and it took a moment to find the right one. Finally, the padlock on the large wooden doors gave way, and George and Dawn entered.

George took a quick look to find the box that contained the extra camp shirts. This was no easy task, as the college had collected a wide range of sporting gear over the years. George always liked going in there for its dark and mysterious atmosphere. The exposed brick walls, heavy wood beams, copious amounts of dust, and poor lighting, gave it an old attic-like mystique. There were as many as eight rows of shelving, all overflowing with old soccer cleats, football helmets, hockey sticks, and even cricket bats. There were large crates filled with all different sorts of balls, stashes of orange cones and field markers. The whole room smelled of old sweat and dust.

But George didn't have time to look for very long. As he spotted the large cardboard box labeled CAMP SHIRTS stacked precariously on top of some blue gym mats, he heard the door to the room shut tight. He turned just in time to catch Dawn, as she jumped up to wrap her arms around him and kiss him lustfully. She pushed him hard into the mats, which knocked the box over so that a cascade of blue camp shirts washed over them.

George was surprised by the suddenness of it, but couldn't bring himself to stop her. “Whoa! Is it still morning?” he thought.

Dawn smiled widely even as she continued to kiss him. An extra large shirt had landed right on top of her head, obscuring half of her face. “What can I say? I can be feisty, and find shirts at the same time.”

She pulled away, and began to peel off her tank-top. “Babe! What are you doing?” he said out loud.

She ignored him, and threw her shorts down. She was determined and giddy. “George, I am so happy right now I could scream. So unless you tell me stop, you are going to get some.”

Without another word, George threw off his clothing in a frenzy. She was finished first, and helped pull his shorts down. Once all the pesky clothing was out of the way, George lifted her up so that she could wrap her legs around his waist, and flung himself around so that her back was against the mats. They kissed as George slid into her dripping pussy.

Her cries of passion were loud enough to get them into trouble if someone were to enter that side of the gym, but neither of them could think to worry about it.

“Oh, George! You are amazing! Fuck me baby!” she cried. For the first time since he met her, George

felt like he really was just fucking her. There was no foreplay, no build up, no pretense. It was hot, sweaty, and primal.

Running on pure adrenaline, George couldn't think beyond what was happening below his waist. The sounds of skin on skin, along with their salacious moans, blocked out all reason. He held on to her as tightly as he could, and wanted to be even closer. Her feet locked at his back, and her fingers grasped his head and neck. They came quickly and powerfully.

A complete mess from head to toe, they couldn't help but laugh at the absurdity of the situation. They took a moment to catch their breath, giggling like children. A quick wish got them presentable, but neither spoke about the encounter. George had always needed some sort of debriefing from Dawn whenever they tried something new. Not this time. He was happy it happened, happy that she wanted it... just plain happy.

Before leaving, they collected a few shirts for Dawn that fit her reasonably well. She wore a small, but her large breasts made fitting into a small somewhat of a challenge. She opted for the tightest fit possible, but George insisted she take a few that would be larger, just in case. They left the equipment room behind, it's walls having a new story to tell, and emerged with an obvious glow.

It was a little too obvious. As George snapped the padlock back into place, he heard whispers and giggles moving away from them. George and Dawn exchanged looks, he was worried, but Dawn seemed unaffected. He peered out into the gym, hoping to see whoever it was, and determine if they had an idea of what he'd been doing. All he caught were the doors to the gym creaking shut.

“Oh crap,” said George. “Do you think they saw us?”

Dawn took on her faraway look as she scried for information, “No, but they did hear me scream your name. They having a feeling it was you, but they do not recognize my voice.”

“Shit! Do you know who it was?”

She scried again, “Two young women. Twins, it looks like. And copper hair.”

“Michelle and Danielle. Fuck, this isn't good.”

“Pardon me, George, but I do not see the problem. They did not see us, and thus have no proof. And even if they did, would others not be impressed?”

Like always, Dawn's simple logic left him feeling like a jittery old woman. “Uh, well, I guess. But those bitches don't need proof. Gossip is their weapon.”

“Alright then, would you like me to erase their knowledge of our encounter?”

George was tempted, but this was exactly the kind of power he was afraid of. “No,” he said as he sighed in frustration. “It's the same as with Rocko. I'll just have to deal with it.”

Dawn laughed, “Aww, poor George. He got laid in the equipment room. Oh the humanity!”

“Hey, shut up,” he whined even as he laughed with her.

She sauntered up to him, and pulled him close using the loose waistband of his shorts. “Our audience aside, thank you for indulging my impulses.”

George rested his hands on her curvy hips, “I think you like an audience.”

“If I do, it is because you want me too. I am only what you need after all.” She pushed her hands inside his shorts and let her fingertips slide over his thighs. “And I do so love being what you need.”

He blushed. “I guess that was pretty cool, huh?”

She looked up at him like she wanted to pounce on him again, and said softly, “That... was... hot.”

George showed Dawn to the concrete amphitheater that served as the main meeting area for the

campers and counselors. It was still quite early, and only a few campers were scattered about, playing card games, chatting, or just spinning in circles. The counselors had broken off into their respective groups. Karen was in her usual place at the far end of the bottom row. She was busy marking off something on a clipboard, and didn't notice them approach. She looked much better than she had on Friday, though she appeared a bit overwhelmed.

“She is lovely,” whispered Dawn. “Beautiful legs, gorgeous hair, pretty face, I am starting to see why I look the way I do. You have good taste.”

George replied, “There are lots of pretty girls here. But she's one of the few that isn't stuck up about it.”

“Beauty on the outside, and on the inside? Phew, you are a hard man to please.”

“Sup Karen!” greeted George as they got closer.

“Hmm? Oh! Hey George.” She managed a smile even though something was weighing on her.

“You okay,” he asked.

“Yeah. I mean, I guess. Did you hear that they fired Mrs. Jackson?”

“I, uh, may have heard something.”

“Yeah, well, they promoted me to head counselor. Which is great and all, but it's a lot more work than I thought. I'm still waiting for my replacement.”

Dawn stepped forward with her hand outstretched. “Hello!”

Karen was a bit startled. “Oh, hi. Are you...”

“Your servant. My name is Dawn.”

“Great! I, um, I guess we should go over a few things... before the rest of the kids get here. Sorry, I'm not really used to being in charge.”

Dawn laughed and gave a knowing look towards George, “Me neither. But I will help you. No need to worry.”

Karen looked relieved, “Good, I need all the help I can get right now.”

At the top of the stone bleachers sat a younger Asian boy in his teens. He had spiky black hair and wore a blue bandanna emblazoned with the Superman logo on his forehead. A large pair of earphones, like those used by a DJ, hung around his neck and connected to his backpack. He was staring at Dawn as if blinking might make her disappear.

“Who is this young hunk?” asked Dawn as she gestured towards him.

Karen looked at the teenager, then looked past him. “Who? You mean Jimmy? He's the Jr. counselor for the boys. You'll be the counselor for the girls.”

Dawn bounded up the bleachers and plopped down next to him. “Hi James. Would you mind if I called you James, Jimmy is a little boy's name.”

His mouth was hanging wide open, and it took him a lot of energy to speak, “Uh, I, that is... sure!”

“Thanks! My name is Dawn. It looks we will be working together.”

Karen watched them in awe. She turned to George and said, “Well, at least we won't have a problem getting along with her.”

He chuckled nervously, “Dawn's alright. Well... I should get going.”

“Wait!” she said as she grabbed his arm. She let go almost immediately. “Uh, sorry.”

“It's okay. What's up?”

Karen got a little closer to him and lowered her voice. “I wanted to apologize for the way I acted last week. You were trying to be nice and... well, I wasn't very gracious about it.”

George waved her off, “It's all good. Did you get a chance to work it out at least?”

“No, but I feel a little better knowing that someone cared. I... um, I heard about what happened between you and Rocko. I can talk to him for you if you want.”

“Nah, that's alright,” he said as he waved her off again.

“Are you sure? I feel a little responsible for... ah,” she looked away, her shame still with her.

“Honestly, it's all good. I'm just glad you're okay.”

She nodded, and appeared a bit relieved.

“And, I'm sorry too, about telling you that I didn't care. I shouldn't have said that. My offer still stands. If you need someone to talk to about... anything, you know where you can find me.”

She smiled, for the first since all of her drama started. “That's really cool of you, George. You know, you seem... different somehow.”

“Oh?” he did his best to act surprised. He had already admitted to himself that he liked the positive attention he got from his new body.

“Yeah, you seem confident. You've always been so quiet and distant. It's nice to see you break out of your shell a little bit.”

He hadn't expected that. It dawned on him that Karen hadn't really been paying attention to his appearance at all. Like Lindsey, perhaps that wasn't what was really important to her. He felt a bit shallow for placing so much importance on his looks. He resolved to stop worrying about what other people thought so much.

He blushed once more, “I'm a work in progress.”

“I hear that,” she added with a chuckle. George thought she looked so much prettier when she was smiling.

He looked up to see Dawn holding Jimmy's headphones to her ear, bobbing her head to some tune. Jimmy eyes kept diving to the swell of her breasts. “Alright, you guys got work to do. I'll see you later.”

“Okay, see you later, George.”

“*Master, wait!”*

George had turned to leave, but stopped when he heard Dawn's voice in his mind. *“Yeah, Dawn?”*

“*I want to do something. Do you trust me?*

He was wary, but how could he refuse? *“I trust you.”*

Dawn called out to him, “George, are you leaving?”

He answered back, “Yep, time to make the donuts.”

She handed Jimmy his headphones and jumped down the bleachers towards George. Without a moments pause, she brought her hands up to his face and pulled him down gently. She gave him a quick soft kiss. “Have a good day at work, Hotstuff.”

Now he understood why she warned him. “You too, Babe. I'll see you at your swim lesson.”

They parted. It took all of George's energy not to check if Karen was looking at him. But he managed to walk away without looking back.

"*Did I overstep my boundaries?"* asked Dawn.

"*No. That seems pretty par for the course if we are a couple. Though I have to admit, I kinda feel like I was just peed on."*

"*I am sorry, it just did not feel right to leave you without at least giving you something to remember me by. But I admit, the woman you wish me to be might have been marking her territory a little bit."*

"*Babe, I'll be your territory any time."*

"*Oh! I am missing you already." If one could think a pout, she was doing it.*

"*Hey, um... I don't mind if you want to pop into my head every now and then. I mean, if you want to see what I'm doing. As long as you don't read my thoughts..."*

"*Really? That would be so much fun!"*

"*Yeah, you can have a George cam! Ya know, if that makes you feel better."*

"*It does. You tend to have a lot of crazy things swirling around you, and this saves me the trouble of having to go back and watch it later."*

"*Okay, well, send me a message when you get bored."*

"*Then I will never send you a message, because I do not get bored."*

"*Ugh! Feisty genies, I tell yeah."*

“*You like feisty,” she purred.*

George entered the empty pool area and paused. It was odd to be back here, the place where he had found Dawn's vessel. As he began to set the chairs out at their stations, he wondered why there? Who had left it? How did they know he was Dawn's intended master? How did they even know it was a vessel to begin with?

Wild theories floated through his mind. Was it another genie, perhaps the major genie who created her? Maybe it was a sorcerer like the one that had offered to help Dawn's mother. Was it God? Aliens? The government? The Make a Wish Foundation?

He passed the place where he had watched the sun set and prayed for help. It was one of the lowest points in his recent memory. The only other time he had felt that worthless was the day his father died.

“Why do I have to go and do that?” he thought. His day was going perfectly, and now he couldn't get the memory of his father out his mind.

From the locker room, George began to hear the voices of the other guards. Out of the desire to fix his mind on something else, he positioned himself near the locker room entrance so that he could listen.

“Yeah, yeah, I get that he's a good teacher, but there are plenty of good teachers who are cute too.” It was either Michelle or Danielle's voice, he couldn't tell which. “Why can't we get a Mr. Wilson? He's cute, he's everyone's favorite teacher, and he's fun to hang out with.”

“Girls, just get over it.” It was Linda, his boss. “I'm not firing him for being a few minutes late. And if he's having sex in the equipment room, maybe he isn't as much of a loser as you think.”

“I heard it was with the new Jr. in group A. I bet she's a cow.”

“Oh, total cow. And Tara, in group C, told me she dresses like a tramp.”

“Ugh, why can't ugly bitches just stay at home.”

George had heard enough. With only a few minutes before the morning meeting would begin, he decided to relax, and savor the quiet of the pool before it erupted in children. He wasn't surprised by the twin's behavior, but Linda was keeping him on his toes. He had always assumed she only barely tolerated him. But hearing that she respected his abilities, and even stuck up for him in private, made him reevaluate his thoughts about the pool coordinator. She was probably just tough with him because she was trying to give him a kick in the right direction. He wished she would have tempered that with some extension of friendship.

One by one, the other guards filed into the pool area, and took their places on the bleachers. First was Linda, she always stood during the meetings, and before that, made sure the pool chemicals were ready. She always had on a sporty black two-piece with some old college shorts and t-shirt over top. Her long black hair was tied back in a long pony-tail.

“Oh, hey George. Here early I see.”

“Yes Ma'am. Turns out I had my clock set for Martian time. I was a whole 27 minutes off for everything and couldn't figure out why.

She laughed, “Well that's good. Ready for work then?”

“Ready and able, Ma'am.”

“Glad to hear it. I dig the attitude, you get lucky or something?”

He couldn't suppress a broad smile.

“Hey, alright! Go George! I knew you had it in ya.”

“As my Dad used to say, 'Even a blind squirrel finds a chestnut once in a while.'”

She laughed again, “Aww, don't sell yourself short. You're not blind, you're picky.”

Michelle and Danielle had entered while he and Linda talked. He remarked to himself that it was a shame he couldn't stand them. They were sexy, and they knew it. But even as they took their seats in the center row, they whispered and gossiped, shooting furtive glances at George, then giggling some more.

Following them was Christine. She always wore the same swimsuits on the same days. Being Monday, she had on her favorite cherry red one-piece, though one would only know that if they were paying attention. She was always covered up, usually in sweatpants and a long-sleeved t-shirt with her guard shirt over that. She only took that off when she was forced to actually swim, which wasn't that often. But George never missed the spectacle. As she caught sight of George relaxing near the top row with his hands behind his head, she stopped short, a look of confusion on her face. George thought this was funny, and flexed his biceps as subtly as he could.

Christine always sat somewhere near the bottom rows, next to Erica and Beth. They were sipping coffee from the cafeteria together. Torrie was widely considered to be the hottest of the guards, though Erica and Beth came close. Erica had on a white two-piece with her trademarked tube top. Beth wore a simple yellow one-piece, but still managed to keep up with her contemporary. Her hair was up in a bun, like usual.

George couldn't help but compare all of the female guards to Dawn. Parts of them had definitely found their way into her creation, from Linda's toned figure, to Erica's lovely hips, and even Beth's overall cuteness. Christine's ample breasts had inspired him as well. Though Dawn's looked just a bit smaller and more perky.

Last to enter was Russell, Eric, and Rocko. Eric and Rocko had been best friends since little league, but Russell had only started hanging out with them recently. He tended to walk behind his friends, and didn't seem to know how he should act. George attributed it to the fact that he was black, and probably wasn't used to being around only white people. Eric was shorter than his friends at around 5'10”, with a buzz-cut and red trunks. Russell was a bit taller at 6'1”, lean, defined, and wore bright green. Rocko was the tallest, standing almost even with George. Though, up until then he had been much more fit. He had sandy blond hair, blue trunks, and his shades. George couldn't help but smile when he saw Rocko walking a bit funny, holding his stomach. The trio always sat in the upper most rows of the bleachers, with Rocko at the top, and his cronies just below him.

George always sat off to the side, away from the group. He had made attempts to slip into the group in the first week of camp, but they had all shifted away from him.

“OK, everyone, good morning,” began Linda. “Let's get the important stuff out of the way first. So, girls, how was your weekend?”

“Amazing!” they yelled out in unison.

Michelle started, “We went to this bangin' club in the city on Saturday. A friend of ours got us in. We tore it up!”

Danielle picked up, “We hooked up with these guys, so cute! They bought us drinks and everything!”

“And later,” said Michelle, “we went back to their apartment...”

“And partied some more!” finished Danielle.

Erica piped up, “You guys are crazy! I could never just hook up with a guy I just met at a club.”

Linda asked, “So how did you get home?”

“Took a cab,” they said.

“But that's like a 200 dollar fare,” she said in amazement.

“Who cares, it's on Mom's credit card.”

Linda just shook her head. “Anybody else do anything fun this weekend?”

The floor was silent.

“Nobody? What about you, Rock? Didn't you have a date with Karen, or something?”

“Yeah, I was gonna...” he stopped suddenly. “Um, can I use the restroom... please?”

Linda looked puzzled, “Y-yeah, sure.”

Rocko sprung to his feet, and made a mad dash for the bathroom. The rest of the guards were a mixture of bewilderment and quiet giggles.

“Is that it then?” continued Linda. Nobody came forward. George watched them from his spot, far removed from all of them. He thought it odd for them to be so quiet. Normally, everyone had something to report, except for him.

“George?”

“Huh?”

“What about you? Scuttlebutt says you have a new girlfriend.”

All eyes turned towards him. The sudden spotlight turned him into the proverbial deer. “Well, I, uh...”

Eric called out, “Bullshit, he does!”

“No, no, it's true,” corrected Linda with a grin. “She's the new Jr. for group A.”

“Way to go, George!” squealed Beth excitedly.

Next came a barrage of questions from the other girls, “What's her name? Where did you meet her? Is she pretty? How much did you pay her?”

George put his hands up like they would be capable of stopping the onslaught. “Whoa, whoa, whoa. It's true, OK. I just met her a couple days ago.”

“Did you fuck her?” asked Michelle.

“I-I don't think...”

“Oh, George!” cried Danielle, in a mockery of Dawn's melodious tones. The rest of the girls giggled.

Christine asked in amazement, “Is it true that you and her... you know... in the equipment room?”

George grinned, and said, “You can ask her. If Dawn wants to tell you about our private lives, she may, but I won't kiss and tell.”

“Oh come on, George,” whined Erica. “You get to hear about our crap all the time.”

“Yeah, George,” joined Beth, “be a team player.”

The floor began chanting his name. All except Linda, which gave him an idea.

“Think about it this way. Let's say, hypothetically, that Linda and I had a night of wild passion.”

Linda laughed, “Oh really?”

George continued, “And, lets also say, hypothetically, that she really enjoyed it. From which, we could suppose that she would like to do it again. We could also assume at this point, that I enjoyed it just as much, perhaps more so.”

Danielle quipped, “Probably a lot faster than her too.”

“Rubbers help,” said Eric. Everyone shifted their eyes towards him. The girls just giggled as they shook their heads. “What? I'm just sayin.'”

Russel was cracking up, “Dude, you're such a tool.”

“Shut up.”

George smiled, but otherwise ignored them. “How would that make her feel then, if I disrespected such a capable, intelligent, and beautiful woman? Since Linda and I, hypothetically, would be lovers, I would be obliged to treat her with the tenderness and respect she deserves.”

There eyes locked. He could swear he saw a glimmer of something more than just amusement. Arousal, perhaps? “I would respect Linda's private life too much to betray that affection. So if someone wanted to know the details of the many pleasurable experiences we would have, they'd have to ask her.”

George might have imagined it, but he swore he saw Linda bite her lip the way Dawn did when she was thinking something naughty.

“Um... hypothetically speaking, Ma'am,” he added.

The looks on their faces said it all. The twins rolled their eyes. Erica and Beth looked impressed. Christine didn't look at him at all, but was rubbing her hands together between her thighs, though it wasn't chilly. Eric was clearly disappointed and still prying the foot out of his mouth. Russel nodded in agreement.

Just then, Rocko hobbled back into the room. “Alright I'm back! What I miss?”

The twins exclaimed, “George wants to fuck Linda.”

“Girls!” chided Linda. Everyone else lost it, filling the meeting with hysterical laughter.

George collapsed in his seat and groaned, the point flying right over their heads.

“Phff, Linda would never fuck a fat turd like you, Dumpy,” said Rocko. “She needs a real man, not a big blubbering vagina.”

Linda looked pissed. “OK, first of all, eww, secondly, George isn't fat, and third, who I'm fucking is nobody's business. Is that clear, Rock?”

Rocko waved her off and sat back down.

“Girls? Do we understand each other?”

“Yes,” said the twins somberly in unison.

“Good. Oh, and George?”

“Yeah, sorry. I shouldn't have...”

“See me in my office later, stud,” she interrupted, a saucy grin playing across her lips.

The room went silent once more.

George thought he was going crazy for a moment. “Really?” he asked, spellbound.

“No! Of course not! What's wrong with you people?” she yelled.

Laughter once again overtook the room. Rocko added, “Loser.” George laughed as well. He never minded getting zinged if it was in good fun.

“Let's just get this finished, alright?” she picked up her clipboard and proceeded through her checklist. “There aren't any camp events today that we need to worry about. But, this Friday is the first big swim meet. The parents are going to be there, so we need to make sure all the kids have their strokes

down by then. With that in mind, I'm assigning a helper for each class. So, who wants to help Christine with the beginners?”

Almost everyone raised their hands, all except the twins.

“Erica? Okay,” she checked off her clipboard. “Okay, who's helping Rocko with the intermediates?”

This time, the twins did raise their hands, and quite emphatically.

Linda looked relieved, “He's all yours, girls.” She made another check on her clipboard. “And that leaves the advanced class. Who wants to help George?”

No one raised their hand, though George thought Russel was about to. He scratched his ear instead.

“Anybody? Come on, help out.”

Everyone did their best to avoid Linda's stare. George thought that he should have expected this, and normally, he would have let it go. But, for reasons he didn't understand, this stung him more than usual. It wasn't like he was grotesque, or unpleasant in any way. There was no logical reason to shun him now. For George, it now felt like they didn't like him on principle.

“Look, if someone doesn't volunteer, I'll just assign somebody.”

Still nothing.

He couldn't take anymore. He stood up. “Don't worry about it, Ma'am. I'll manage on my own. I'm used to it.” He marched off towards the deep end, where his lessons took place. No one stopped him.

From the locker room, sounds of screaming children slamming lockers indicated it was time for the first lesson. First period was with the oldest kids in groups J and K, the thirteen and fourteen year olds. They were older and stronger than the rest, so he was able to push them further than the younger children. George had an elaborate lesson plan in his head, centered around an aquatic version of steal the bacon, but using specific strokes in the deep end. He didn't really need a second

person to help him monitor the game. He knew Linda was just covering their asses, trying to make the camp look good for the parents by ensuring that everyone was showing improvement.

However, he was having trouble focusing on his preparation. There was an uncomfortable, almost queasy feeling in the pit of his stomach. His insides churned, turning over and over again as his pride munched on his innards. Before Dawn, he had thought that he didn't care when someone slighted him. He had been down for so long, and there was never a shortage of people to kick him. He had learned to turn the other cheek. But now, he felt so angry at the injustice of it, he thought he could punch someone.

And then, he thought about how stupid he was. He didn't understand why such a small thing like being shunned, by those who had always shunned him, would affect him so. He was going around in circles, and he hated it. He found himself hating them. He needed Dawn. He needed her to talk him down, to soothe him. Her presence was like a drug. Without it, he felt awkward, irritable, and uncompromising.

The children marched in a long line to their respective spots on the bleachers. As they passed him, a few of them greeted him excitedly. He managed to wave. His responsibilities brought him around, but his feelings weren't going away.

He was so preoccupied that he didn't hear Linda approach. She put a hand on his shoulder, which startled him. “You OK, George?” she asked.

“No,” he said a little too forcefully.

“You wanna talk about it?”

“No. I'll deal with it. Sorry I stormed off.”

“No you're not,” she corrected, “and you shouldn't be. You know, we train others in how they should treat us. It's OK to let people know when they're hurting you.”

George took a heavy breath and looked out the window. “What am I doing wrong, Linda? Am I that repulsive?”

“You're definitely not repulsive. You're just...” she paused as she searched for the right word. But she gave up after a long few moments. “Look, if you really want to fit in, don't back down. Don't let it go anymore. It's like when a dog smells fear.”

George nodded. He knew she was right, but part of him didn't want to bother being friends with his coworkers. He wanted to like them, but he didn't, and that hurt more than anything. But he did want to be friends with Linda.

“I'm gonna call them over. You ready?” she asked as she grasped her whistle.

“Yeah,” he straightened up and stretched his arms over his head.

“Oh, and I'm going to be helping you today. Looks like Rocko is planning on testing his class to see if they are ready to move into yours. I have a feeling you're going get a helluva lot busier.”

“Whatever, if he doesn't want 'em, I'll gladly take 'em.”

She smiled. “That's why I like you George.” She patted his bicep, but George thought her hand lingered a bit too long for a mere consolation. She left to greet the children, and direct them to their classes.

“*Master*?” came Dawn's voice into his mind.

Startled, George looked up, as if she would be hiding just above and behind him. *“Oh, hi Dawn? Everything alright?”*

“*Well, sort of.”*

“*What do you mean?”*

“*Well, I do not want to alarm you, but your sisters have not arrived yet. Is that a cause for concern?”*

This did trouble George. While his step-father had never been the most dependable man with George, he was pretty good about getting his sisters back to their mother on time.

"*It's not good, that's for sure. Would you do me a favor and call mom, let her know what's up?*"

"*Yes, Master. It will be done.*"

"*Master again, huh?*"

"*Oh, sorry George, I must have reverted to Genie mode.*"

"*It's fine Babe, you can call me whatever you like. Are you enjoying the work so far at least?*"

"*Oh! It is wonderful! They are all so cute!*"

George had to stop himself from laughing out loud. *"You say that now. Wait till they all need to go to the bathroom, at once."*

"*Hey! I do not require your negativity, Mr. George.*"

George noticed that the children were starting to form around him to receive his instructions. He had to focus, and get rid of his spacey smile, a byproduct of talking with Dawn. *"I have to go, Babe. We can talk more later."*

"*Me too, we are about to do some finger painting. But before I do, remember that, no matter what others think, you still have me.*"

That hit the spot. He felt his aggravation draining out of him, and a sudden warmheartedness in its place.

George's classes were filled to the breaking point. Rocko hadn't sent up half his class. He sent all but three, which left Rocko and the twins with a student each. George was suddenly in charge of half the entire pool. It startled him during the first period when it was only three groups in the pool, but he was managing. But Rocko did it again during second period, when there were four groups. Without Linda backing him up, there would have been no way he could have maintained order with so many students. George would periodically glance over at Rocko lounging in the water with his handful of students and his two lovely assistants, and wonder why Linda didn't call him on it.

Meanwhile, he was forced to scrap his game of steal the bacon and reverted to doing lengths. Lengths were boring, and made it impossible to give real instruction to anyone in particular. But it was the only way to get the new students up to speed. They were woefully unprepared for swimming in the deep end, and George had to run a separate line next to the ledge of the pool so they could grab hold if they tired.

In between the second and third period, George took Linda aside and asked, “Ma'am, is this one of those times when I'm supposed to assert myself?”

“To who? Rocko? It wouldn't do any good. He'd just use this as fodder to call you pussy,” she said as she made some notes on her clipboard.

“But I'm a pussy if I don't stand up for myself. Right?”

She groaned in exasperation. “Look, there is something you need to learn, George. Sometimes, you need to choose between losing a little, and losing a lot. Rocko has us beat, for now. He knows that if we can't handle this many kids, he wins. He also knows that if we don't handle them by ourselves, he also wins. So, either we lose a little by suffering through it, or we let him win big by making him into the hero that bails us out.”

Losing a little, or losing a lot. George didn't like it. “At least we're troopers then. Is that what you're saying?”

“That's right. I'm not giving him the satisfaction of helping us. He doesn't deserve the honor. He'll get his, we just have to bide our time, and wait for a battle we can win.”

“Great, so what am I supposed to do now? I thought we were supposed to give more detailed instruction? How can I do that if he doesn't do his part?”

She looked over at Rocko, who was gossiping with the ladies, with a look of defeat. “I wouldn't worry about him, George. These things have a way of working themselves out,” she said somberly.

George was confused. “What does that mean?”

“It means, don't worry about it. Okay? I got Rocko covered.” She walked away from George, in much the same way Karen had walked away from him before. The shame on her face was impossible to conceal. George was starting to realize just how far out of the loop he really was.

Third period came and went in much the same way. Rocko passed along more than half his students, and George and Linda suffered through it. All the while, George couldn't shake the nagging worry for his sisters. There was still no sign of them. He wanted to leave so he could call his mother, but that would have left Linda all by herself.

As the period was drawing to a close, George began to realize that in just a few minutes, Dawn would be coming in with Group A. But of course, those last few minutes of the period dragged on as if they were hours. He couldn't help himself. Despite the overcrowding, he was giddy with anticipation.

Linda finally blew the whistle to end third period. George took a moment to grab some water from his bag. Rocko and his posse were laughing just as he passed by.

“So, Dumpy,” that must have been Rocko's label of the day, “Are we gonna meet this girlfriend of yours today. Or do you need to go home and blow her up?” Eric high-fived him.

Blow-up dolls. That gave George one of the best ideas he ever had in his entire life.

“*Dawn?”*

“*Hi, George!”*

“*Hi! I have a quick question. Could I wish for a sex toy for someone else?”*

Tingle. *“I suppose...”*

“*Good. I wish that Rocko always have a blow-up doll handy. There should be one in his gym bag, his locker, his glove compartment, and let's put one in his wallet too. Naturally, they should inflate automatically whenever he opens those containers, for ease of use, you know.”*

Tingle. *“It is done. Should I be worried here?”*

“*Nah, I'm just asserting myself, that's all.”*

George rummaged through his bag nonchalantly, “She's on her way up. But hey, can I ask you a favor?”

Rocko's smirk disappeared, “Me? A favor?”

“Yeah. I was wondering, since you aren't using them and I need to get in the water for the little kids, if I could use your goggles? I forgot mine.” George did his best to sound sincere, and secretly prayed that Rocko would take the bait.

Rocko thought for a second. “Why the fuck not?” he said finally. “You look like you need all the help you can get.”

Rocko reached for his bag. No sooner had he torn open the zipper than a life size blow up doll, complete with the O-face, inflated almost like a car's airbag.

Rocko jumped back. “What the fuck!” he screamed.

Michelle pointed and laughed, “Why do you have a fucking blow-up doll in your bag, Rock?”

“It ain't mine, slut!”

“Hey, don't call her that!” yelled Danielle.

Eric picked it up. “Dude, this is pretty nice,” he whispered.

The rest of the crew stared at him in disbelief.

“What? It is! Oh, don't look at me like that, you know what I meant.”

George did his best not to laugh. “So... no goggles?”

Rocko glared at him.

“George!” cried Dawn. She rushed from the long line of campers emerging from the locker room and almost tackled George. He embraced her without hesitation, forgetting all about the collection of on-lookers behind him. He was about to ask her how her day was going, but Dawn pulled him down for a smooch before he could get the words out.

“Hello Hotstuff,” she sang. She was dressed for the pool, with her hair down and nothing but her bikini. A white towel was draped over her arm.

“Hello back. How's your day going?”

“Excellent. I cannot believe I am getting paid for this. I just wish I could meet your sisters already. The anticipation is killing me.”

George suddenly remembered, and felt guilty for forgetting. “Oh, have you heard anything then?”

“Mom is on it. She did not sound pleased on the phone.” Dawn became aware of the crowd watching them and gave a tentative wave.

“Oh, yeah! Let me introduce to the guards.” He led her over to the group and began introductions. “This is Christine, Beth, Russell, Erica, Rocko, Michelle and Danielle...”

“I'm Michelle. She's Danielle,” she interrupted with a scowl. Both the twins had their arms crossed, and eyed up Dawn like she had worn the same outfit.

“Right, sorry. And that's Eric.”

Eric was still holding on to the blow-up doll, a fact that hadn't dawned on him until he was being introduced. He hastily hid it behind his back.

“Everybody, this is Dawn.”

Dawn waved happily, “Hi guys.”

They all waved back, some more enthusiastically than others. After that there was a long awkward silence. It seemed nobody knew what to think. Rocko clearly didn't believe what he was seeing. He was almost dismissive of her. The rest of the guards seemed more receptive. But nobody was happy or impressed, or even envious.

The scene wasn't at all like he had imagined it. They were supposed to drop down and worship him like a god for acquiring such a lovely specimen. He wanted them to at least envy him. There was a certain amount pride at stake that he desperately wanted to collect. But standing there in front of his peers, some of whom he detested, gave him pause. This was only supposed to be an introduction, not a showcase. He adored Dawn, more than any other, but he felt like he was using her as a trophy. This wasn't like him, and he hated it.

Dawn was the first to speak, “Well, It has been nice meeting you all, but I need to get back to work. I am sure it will be fun working together.” She turned to George and added, “Would you mind if I participated in your lesson George? I am, um... a bit hazy on my strokes.”

“Hmm? Oh, yeah, sure that's fine. I'll be right over.”

George watched her prance back to her group. “So, that's her.” he said simply.

“Dude, hirin' a whore is pretty low, even for you,” sneered Rocko.

If there was one thing George could count on, it was Rocko's lack of an inner voice. “What the fuck, man,” he yelled. “Why would you even say that?”

“Cuz she's way too hot to be hangin' around you, unless you're payin' her.”

Attacking him was one thing, but attacking Dawn was another. George became so furious that he forgot where he was. He couldn't even yell, just seethe. “So I'm a loser, which means she must be a whore? You're a real piece of work, Rock.”

They looked away from him uncomfortably, all except Rocko. “Hey, don't get angry at me. I didn't make you that way.”

One of the twins piped up, “You have to admit, George, it's a bit suspicious.” The other one picked up, “You never had a girl before in your life, and then all of a sudden you're dating... that?”

That was it then, it didn't matter what he did, what he looked like, or who else liked him, they'd always find a reason to keep him down. George had never wanted to fight someone in all his life, but he knew that there was a time and place for everything.

“Fine,” he said quietly, “fuck you guys then.” He was resigned to his role as omega. It was clear to him that without some invasive wishes, they would never accept him. He picked up his things and placed them on the window sill, as far away from them as possible.

Beth stepped forward, “George, wait... “

“Oh, let the whale go,” yelled Rocko. Beth stopped and hung her head low.

“*I am sorry, Master.”*

“*You saw that huh?”*

“*Yes. I was trying to impress them for you, but I must have over done it. I beg your forgiveness.”*

“*Stop that, Dawn. You know that I don't blame you.”*

“*Yes, but... George, do I really look like whore?”*

“*You look beautiful. Don't listen to them.”*

“*Alright, just remember to do the same.”*

The lesson was crowded, but much easier and more enjoyable thanks to Linda and Dawn. While George ran through a quick lesson, the women kept order on the deck. Dawn's handling of the children was masterful, especially considering it was her first day. Whenever one of them would lose interest or get rowdy, she'd redirect their energy towards George. She never had to threaten them, or bargain with them. They adored her, and therefore adored whatever she thought was interesting.

Dawn confided in him that it was the first time she had ever gone swimming, and was worried that she would make him look bad. But she picked up on everything in record time. She also asked great questions. Her hand went up, and she would shout, “Mister George!” She asked about anything that one of her campers was having trouble with, taking the problem on as her own. Helping her was also a great opportunity to touch her under a professional guise. George didn't begrudge her when she needed him to show her one more time.

There was one thing nagging him though. Karen was usually the one to help him with his lessons. It had always been the highlight of his day. While Dawn was an ample substitute, he was worried that he had pushed Karen away. Twice during the lesson, Dawn whispered to him that Karen was watching him. But when he threw a casual glance in her direction, she was either playing cards with one of the children who wasn't swimming that day, or reading a book. He resolved to talk more about it with Dawn. He just didn't know what to do.

It was the quickest lesson of George's short career, with Linda blowing the whistle after what felt like only five minutes, when forty had actually passed. He escorted group A to the locker room entrance. When no one was looking, Dawn pinched George's behind.

“I think it may be my turn to teach you a few things, what do you think?”

He laughed, “I think it's going to be a slow day.”

“Aww George, who says we have to wait until after work?”

“Says our boss. I kinda have to be here in order to get paid.”

“Hmm,” she pouted. “It is a shame that my Master is not more creative. Just thinking about all the fun he is missing makes me sad.”

“Wait, you're saying there is a way to work, and... “ he stopped as a stray camper rushed by them.

Dawn dashed off to the women's locker room. “Sorry George, you will just have to figure that out on your own. See you at lunch.” She disappeared behind the wall.

George had never eaten lunch with the campers before. He was always unsure if it was appropriate, or if he would be in the way, or if they would even let him. Beth, Erica, Linda and Christine always did it, but they were everyone's darlings. Beth had a younger brother in group D, so she usually ate with him. Erica liked to sit with the older kids, and Christine usually sat with her. George had the feeling that Christine would have preferred to stay in the pool area to eat, but Erica insisted that she sit with her and enjoy being ogled. Being on the cusp, or sometimes the apex, of puberty, the boys and girls of group K revered the young women as both examples and sex objects. It made Christine uncomfortable, she didn't seem like the type who could take objectification as well as her friend. Being the homecoming queen, it was second nature to Erica.

As he approached the picnic area just out the back door of the pool's atrium, George scanned the tables for Dawn's group. He spotted them at the far end, at the edge of a grove of pine trees. He began to make his way through the cluster of children, tables, and trees when he heard his name being called from several points all around him.

“Mr. George! Come sit with us! No, come sit next to me Mr. George!”

George couldn't believe it. He had never seen most of the children outside the pool before, and had thought they would ignore him if they did. But to his surprise, the campers seemed to be having a competition for his attention. He thought to himself, “This is why I like kids.”

After he pried a particularly stubborn eight year-old off his leg, he arrived at group A's tables. They cheered as though they had won the contest. Dawn jumped up and gave him a peck on the cheek. A cacophony of ewws and grosses rang out around them. She then raised her hand and waved wildly. “Oh, oh! Sit with me Mr. George!”

“Oh, ok, I suppose,” he grumbled in jest.

Karen smiled up at him. “Hey George! So, all I had to do to get you to sit at my table was be your girlfriend?”

“What can I say, I'm easy,” he laughed. He took a seat at the head of the table, with Dawn on one side and Karen on the other.

“Miss Dawn?” came a little girl's cute voice, “Can I be your girlfriend?”

“Of course you can sweety! We'll be girlfriends from now on, ok?”

“Me too! Me too!” chimed another girl.

George whispered to her, “Dang, I've got competition.”

“Silly,” she whispered back, “you know that my girlfriends are also your girlfriends.”

“Nice. Let's just let them grow up a little bit first, alright.”

“Oh yeah, I suppose that would be best.”

“What are you two whispering about,” asked Karen as she leaned in.

“I just want to know how she's doing. This is her first job.”

“Nuh uh,” said Karen, her look of disbelief made him want to laugh.

“It is true,” said Dawn. “I never worked in high school.”

“No, I mean, what were you really whispering about?”

“Hey! That's mine!” cried a child from the other table. Two boys were tugging back and forth on a bag of cookies. Jimmy was there, but he had his headphones on, and ignored them.

Karen sighed, “I'll get it.”

“No, no,” said Dawn as she jumped to her feet. “Let me take care of it. You relax for moment.”

Karen gestured toward the children gladly. “Okay, sure. Thanks Dawn.”

As Dawn left to resolve the dispute, Karen whispered to George, “She's been like that all day. She never misses a chance to prove herself.”

“She's not annoying you, is she?”

“Hell no. I love her. She's nice, and she works hard, and the kids love her...”

From Karen's faraway look, George could tell there was more she wasn't telling him. But he didn't press her. If it was important, Dawn would let him know later.

George watched Dawn as she talked to the troublemakers. She was radiant even as she was in the midst of discipline.

“So...,” began Karen, “how long have you two been dating?”

“Let's see, I met her on Friday, during my last shift. So that would make about three days, including today.”

“Wow. That's... that's not that long. By the way she talks about you I would have thought you guys would have been dating forever.”

He laughed nervously. “What about you and Rocko? How's that going.”

She shifted uncomfortably in her seat. “We've only been on a few dates. They always start off nice, but he can get... pushy.”

George remembered, and had to stop himself from raising his voice. “I heard about what he did,” he said as quietly as he could.

“I know,” she said softly. “I heard about what you did too. That's why you had that black eye, wasn't it?”

The humiliation of being beaten up and spit on flowed back to him, and it made his blood boil. But the powerlessness he felt from not being able to help her against Rocko was what really got to him. “Yeah... I hope I didn't cause you any trouble...”

She took hold of his hand underneath the table. She whispered, her voice cracking, “You're a really great guy, George.” She looked over at Dawn, who was busy chatting with the campers who craved her attention. George detected a melancholy in her eyes. “I just wish I realized that sooner.”

George was conflicted. He thought about telling her that he wished she had too, but he wouldn't have meant it. Everything had happened in order to bring Dawn into his life, even the bad things. He couldn't imagine his life without her anymore, even if it meant going through everything all over again.

He had to be honest. He felt like both Dawn and Karen deserved at least that.

“Ya know, my life has never made any sense to me, at all. But lately, it feels like things have a way of working out. You just have to be open to the possibilities.”

She gazed at him, her pretty brown eyes searching for something. Finally, she smiled and said, “Is it too much to ask for you to give me a simple answer?”

He shrugged, “Hey, I'm a complicated guy. Chicks dig complicated.”

She laughed. “They must.”

From a few seats over, a little boy knocked over his chocolate milk and began to cry. Karen got up quickly to clean up the mess and console him.

George was left suddenly alone at one end of the table. He let his mind wander as he looked around the large collection of picnic tables. He caught Erica and Christine spying him. They shifted their eyes quickly to avoid his.

“*You know*,” Dawn's voice floated into his mind, *“you are in control of a sexual genie servant. You could fix many of your problems with just a few words.”*

“*It's tempting, believe me.”*

“*Still trying to take the high road?”*

He nodded, even though she probably wasn't look at him.

“*George, you should know, sex doesn't always have to be complicated. Sometimes, girls just want to have fun. There is nothing inherently wrong with enjoying sex, is there?”*

George suddenly had Cyndy Lauper's voice cooing her song in his head. But he answered. *“No,*

you're right, there isn't. But I don't want to cheapen my experiences with you just to get off with girls that don't even like me.

Are you referring to your coworkers?"

"*Yeah, mostly."*

"*You know that Karen likes you."*

"*Yeah..."*

"*This saddens you?"*

"*A little. I mean, don't you think it's a little unfair? She's moments away from confessing her feelings, and I find a magical artifact containing my perfect woman. How could anyone compete with that?"*

She became silent. George was worried.

Finally, she said, *"We have not talked about this. But if you would prefer, I could leave you alone for a while."*

"*What do you mean?"*

"*I am bound to you, no matter what. But I do not have to be physically present. If you would rather pursue a monogamous relationship with Karen, then I could wait until it has run its course, no matter how long that might be."*

"*But Dawn, I..."*

"*I would still be a mere thought away. And I could still grant you wishes. I can be whatever..."*

“*Dawn, stop.”* Their eyes met across the sea of children. *“Listen, please. Karen is great, she's everything I ever wanted. But I choose you. I'll always choose you.”*

“*Are you sure? I only ask because she will not be around forever. You and I will be. I do not wish for you to miss out on love because of me. That runs contrary to my purpose.”*

“*Dawn, don't do this to yourself. You're not a tool. You're not a toy. You're a person, with a soul and all that. It's you and me, always. And that's that. Okay?”*

“Miss Dawn. Are you okay? You're crying,” came a little girls voice from Dawn's table.

She blushed even as a few tears ran down her cheeks. “Oh, no, it is alright. I just have something stuck in my eye.”

“Don't rub it!” said one of the boys who she was sitting beside. “My mommy says you shouldn't rub it!”

“Oh, t-thank you Thomas, I will try not to.” Despite his warnings, she still had to wipe her eyes. She would have looked a mess if she hadn't.

“*I don't mean to make you cry, Dawn.”*

“*I love you,”* she said suddenly. *“I love you so much, George.”* Though she looked relatively composed on the outside, the voice in his head suggested otherwise.

“George? You look like you're a thousand miles away right now,” said Karen as she sat back down.

“What? Oh, I'm cool. Just thinking,” he said as he went back to his lunch.

“Hey, your mom called, by the way. She told me your sisters aren't coming today. Something about your father having a wild party last night or something. She said that he's dropping them off at your house later today, so you don't have worry about them.”

“Oh, good... good.”

“You know, Corina would be so happy to see you here. She talks about you constantly.”

“Really? She's so quiet at home. Hayley does all the talking.”

“Oh she's a chatterbox. She's quiet popular too. She's gonna be a heart-breaker when she gets older.”

“Y-Yeah, I bet.”

“You sure you're okay, George? You look a little shaken up.”

He was grateful for Karen's change of conversation. Dawn's confession was playing havoc with his emotions, and he wanted to talk about something less provocative.

“Yeah, yeah,” he said as he shook himself. Dawn gazed at him from afar, her passion crashing over him like waves in the surf. “I just have a lot on my mind is all.”

Karen watched him, a simple amused smile playing across her face.

“What about you?” asked George. “Any brothers or sisters? What's your family like?”

She sighed, “Not me. I haven't been home in years. Too many bad memories.”

“You don't get along with your folks?”

“There's a... a lot of things wrong with them. It was my father mostly, he was something else.”

“Sorry, I didn't mean to upset you. We don't have to talk about it if you don't want to.”

“Don't worry. It's nothing I haven't already walked off. He was just mean, ya know.” She took a big swig of her water. The children were loud, and paid the two no mind. George could tell that Dawn was listening intently through her connection to him. But she didn't interrupt.

“Corina told me something interesting about you last week.”

“Oh no. Listen, I was alone, in the shower. Every man does it.”

“What? Oh!” she laughed as she braced herself on his shoulder. “I didn't mean that!”

George heard Dawn giggle in his head.

He asked Karen, “Is this the part where I go flush myself down the toilet?”

“Anyway,” she continued, “Corina told me that you aren't really her brother. Is that true?”

“She's little so, she probably doesn't understand. She's my half-sister. We have the same mother, different fathers.”

“Oh I see. So, you live with your mom. What happened to your dad?”

George stopped eating suddenly. “He died.”

“Oh. I'm so sorry, George.” She looked around to make sure none of the children needed her, then came back to him. “Were you young?”

“Eight.”

“Not that young,” she said more to herself than George. “What was he like?”

“He was... he was a better man.”

“Do you miss him?”

“...I try not to think about him.”

“That isn't what I asked.”

He tried to look at her, but it was his turn to feel shame. “Sometimes,” he said quietly.

“Corina told me something else about you. She said that you're sad all the time. Is that why, because of your dad?”

George threw his walls back up. He had been through enough soul-searching for one day. “No offense Karen, but could we change the subject? This is ancient history anyway.”

“Not to you it isn't.”

“Yeah? Well, why do you want to know anyway?”

“You offered to be there in case I needed to talk to you. I just wanted you to know that I'm here for you, too. I mean, I know that you have Dawn now, so you don't really need me but... I like talking to you.”

He blushed. “Thanks,” he said, embarrassed. “So, in the spirit of sharing, answer me this?”

She smiled tentatively, “Okay.”

“Why do you hang out with Rock, knowing what he's like?”

She sighed, and folded her arms in frustration. “I don't know. He's attractive in that... manly-man sort of way. He's got the looks, he's popular, and he's tough. I guess I've always liked that feeling of being protected by a strong man.”

“But he hurts you. Doesn't he?”

She looked away. “It's complicated,” she mumbled.

“So, I have my secrets, and you have yours.”

“We really are that screwed up, aren't we?”

“Meh,” he shrugged. “I prefer to think of us as works in progress.”

She laughed, “Hah! I like that. Progress is good.”

As the lunch period came to a close, George excused himself, and tossed away the remains of his lunch. He said goodbye to Karen and the campers, many of which pleaded that he get in the pool during their next free swim period. As he was leaving, he approached Dawn from behind and wrapped her up, nuzzling her neck. She melted back into him, and purred contently.

“They are watching us,” she whispered.

“Who?”

“Everyone. Some are envious of me, some are envious of you, and one, still thinks that I am putting on a show.”

“Rocko is out here? He never eats with the campers.”

“He is watching from that window,” she gestured with her eyes. “I fear that he wishes you harm.”

“Why? What did I ever do to him?”

“He never hated you before, he did not think much of you at all really. But now, he thinks you are a threat to his alpha male status. Karen clearly prefers your company to his. And not to brag, but I am the most beautiful woman he has ever seen, and I am only interested in you.”

“He can't hurt us though, can he?”

“No.”

“Then he can stew in his juices. I'm tired of worrying about what Rocko thinks.”

“Very well. Just be careful, please. He may not be able to hurt us, but that doesn't mean he won't try something.”

He kissed her cheek. “I have to go. I'll see you at your free swim period.”

“Goodbye, George.”

The second half of the day was always free swim. The first two periods left George feeling bored, especially in comparison to his hectic morning. He passed the time by chatting with whatever child was near him and communicating with Dawn. She was having a much more exciting day than he was. He enjoyed listening to her describe the nature walk through the surrounding forest, and music class, where the teacher used her as an assistant.

Torrie arrived just after lunch, with her bag full of medical school text books and her untouchable attitude. She was 25, and had been gearing up to take the MCAT the following year. She was a genius as far as any of the others could tell, and not at all shy about it. She had taken longer to get through college than most because she was supporting herself, working as many jobs as she had time for. She preferred jobs like lifeguarding, because she could study at the same time. But it was well known that she did some modeling, and danced a couple of nights a week at a bar in the city.

Rumors suggested that she moonlighted in other less scrupulous occupations.

She was a beauty. There was no denying that. She was athletic and voluptuous, with long toned legs, ample curves, and beautiful shiny blond hair. She tried to downplay this aspect of herself as much as she could at work, and kept her body covered, and her hair up. She always wore her black squared-framed glasses over her hazel eyes.

The other guards gave her a wide berth. It wasn't that she was unpleasant in any way. She was courteous and helpful if she was shown respect. But she didn't care for the high-school antics that permeated the lives of her co-workers. Rocko, in particular, got on her nerves. He had tried many times to sweet-talk her, but he came away looking foolish on every occasion. George took a hidden pleasure in watching these exchanges, delighting in the notion that not everyone was so easily taken in by his bullshit.

George had never spoken to Torrie. He was attracted to her, but felt too intimidated by her confidence, and her ability. He was content to admire her from afar. He imagined she probably had enough horny dudes trying to hit on her. He definitely saw some of Dawn in Torrie, though. Her legs in particular, had always left him in awe. Upon thinking it over however, he decided he liked Dawn's much more. Dawn's legs were of a similar shape, but the way she moved them was enchanting. He allowed himself a quick daydream about the two vixens having a dance off, with him as the judge.

"*She is very good,"* quipped Dawn, *"but she does not have my training."*

"*What kind of training is that?"*

"*Only five-thousand years worth of instruction on how to best use my body for pleasure."*

He chuckled out loud. "Yeah, she probably doesn't have that."

As the third period dragged on, George decided that he had enough of Dawn teasing him with her adventures.

"*Dammit,"* he thought, *"I could really use one of those fantasies right about now."*

“*Wonderful! By the way, you have gained a greater mastery over my powers and can use your fantasy time more efficiently. You may now spend one and a half minutes in a fantasy for every minute of fantasy time you expend.”*

“*Cool! So I gained a level in Master?”*

Tingle. *“Hmm, I suppose you could look at it that way.”*

“*Do I get like a cool level-up song, or maybe have some sparks shoot out of my head?”*

Tingle. *“Umm, no. But I tell you what, every time you gain a level, I will suck your cock. Deal?”*

“*I don't know, some sparks would be really cool.”*

“*Oh, shut up!”* she laughed. *“What kind of fantasy would you like?*”

“*What, now? I can't get go unconscious right now. Plus, this is the only pair of trunks I brought with me, and I don't want to get them sticky.”*

“*Actually, last time, I let that happen so that you would believe the fantasy had taken place more readily. But I can make it so that no one will know what we are doing. To everyone, you will be sitting in your chair, watching the pool, chatting with whoever, you can even go swimming if you like.”*

“*And you?”*

“*I will be busy making an elephant out of macaroni. Though, I will be in a very happy mood.”*

“*I don't know, I wouldn't say that I'm exactly winking and dripping right now.”*

“*You mean, the idea of seeing me, alone, in a deserted classroom, looking so sexy in my short-short-shorts, does not turn you on?”*

Suddenly, he felt himself split into another him. He was in the classroom, and Dawn was there. But he was also at the pool. He couldn't explain it, but he had knowledge of both places simultaneously. *“Um... it helps.”*

“*What if the lights were low, and everyone had gone home for the night. And you had me all to yourself. What if I was there to tell you that I really appreciated the help with my swimming, and promised to do anything to repay your kindness.”*

George could feel the familiar rush of his hardening cock. *“You'd do anything?”*

“*Anything...”* she purred. *“Imagine my surprise when you call my bluff. You take my arm, and pull me close.”* She gasped*, “Oh George, what are you doing?”*

George couldn't respond. The sound of her throaty breathing was fogging up his head, which was already deprived of precious blood thanks to his fully erect shaft. He looked around to make sure that nobody was paying attention to him.

“*You do not respond with words,”* she continued, *“but you tease my trembling lips with tender kisses. Your grip on my arm shifts to my back, and you pull me in tighter.”* She took in a sharp breath, *“The other on my ass. Oh George, I know I said I would do anything, but this is just so sudden. I've never been touched like that.”*

“*I'll be gentle,” he assured, “I don't want to scare you away. I want to take my time. I want you to know that I'd rather be nowhere else then with you.”*

“*I want it so badly. I have never wanted anything so badly in my entire life. I can feel your tongue reaching out for mine, and I take it gladly. I'm losing control, I feel like my body is not my own. I feel like my body is making me do things. Oh George, what am I doing? My hand... my hand is sliding into your shorts. I am not supposed to go there.”*

George couldn't believe it, but he really did feel a hand sliding down his stomach and into his shorts. His eyes darted around. Christine was in the next chair over from him, but she was busy talking to Linda. The invisible hand drifted lower, to the base of his cock.

“*It is so hard. Am I doing that? Am I doing this to you? Is this wonderful warm shaft for me? It is so urgent, so big. My little hands can barely handle it. Oh! It is getting even harder, even bigger! Would... would this fit inside me?*

Your hands, they grip my ass tightly. Even if I wanted to get away, I could not. Oh, sweet surrender. I can feel you caress my back, my stomach, my neck. My neck... you are kissing my neck. The flesh radiates a pleasurable wave everywhere you touch me. I think to myself, will he not touch my breasts. He loves them, I see him looking at them all the time. I do not mind. My nipples are so hard right now. Why will he not touch them? Oh George, please touch me.”

George focused hard on the vivid imagery in his mind and moved a hand from her neck, down her collarbone, slowly. He could feel the top curve of her breast through her shirt. She arched her back, eager for him to touch more of her. He kissed her deeply again. She moaned as he felt the invisible hands slowly stroking his cock. Finally, he reached under her shirt with both hands, and tore the garment apart in one smooth motion.

She gasped as George kissed the swell of her breasts, her torn, useless shirt dangling at her elbows. Dawn dropped her arms and let it fall to the ground. A bead of sweat rolled from her neck, down into her cleavage. George didn't let it escape his lustful lips, the sweet and salty taste of her warm skin enticing him to taste more.

“*Oh my! I have never been so wet*.” The invisible hand continued to stroke him, while the fantasy Dawn reached into her shorts and rubbed her clit vigorously. She dipped one of her trembling fingers into to her, and her body tensed. She pulled out her glistening finger and offered it go George. He sucked the finger into his mouth, savoring the taste of her lust.

“*I want to taste you too,*” she whispered. She pulled his shirt up, kissing and licking his chest, her hands never leaving his throbbing cock. *“I wonder, could I fit you inside my mouth. I want to try. I need to try. I want to feel you in my mouth.”*

She dropped to her knees and fumbled with the laces of his shorts. George felt himself torn between reality and fantasy, yet both felt so real. They were separate, yet the senses blurred between them. He began to have trouble discerning which was really happening. Twice, he had to stop himself from using his hands at the pool to touch her in the fantasy. He sat on them to avoid anymore confusion.

His shorts fell to the floor. Awestruck, Dawn whispered, *“It's beautiful.”* She kissed the helmet, and swirled her tongue around the sensitive underside. *“The other girls, they brag about how much they*

can take. It is my turn." She pushed forward.

The head passed her lips. *"It is so big, so hard. It has a pulse. It is alive. Why must I do this? I am not a slut. But it feels so right. If only the other girls could see me, they would be so jealous, I know they would. I can take more. I want more."*

She pushed farther down. Then back up. Then down farther. *"My eyes and mouth are watering. My tongue, I must use my tongue. I want him to feel good. I want to be his slave, his pretty little pet. What is this taste? So salty, so warm. This must be his juices. They taste almost like mine. I wonder what they taste like together."*

She took more, the head pushing against the back of her mouth. "*Just a little more. I want all of it. W-what is he doing. He's pushing me with his hand. Oh yes! He owns me! I will do anything for him!"*

She looked up into his eyes with her lips wrapped around the base of his shaft. She groaned in total rapture. *"Oh George! This is where I belong, on my knees with your beautiful cock inside my mouth."*

George began to push her head back slowly until he was halfway out of her wet mouth, and then he pushed her back. She moaned, *"Mmph! That's it! Use my mouth! Use me for your pleasure! Go on, fuck my face!"*

Among Dawn's desperate cries to be ravaged, George noticed Linda approaching him. George thought that he would have to slow down in order to address his boss. But Dawn didn't stop. She was in control of the fantasy, and fantasy George was fucking her face.

"How's it going, George. You look antsy."

"*Mmph, mmph, mmph, fuck me! I want to taste your cum!"*

"H-hi, Ma'am. I'm uh, okay... I guess."

"You sure? You're sweating."

“Uh, it's just a little stomach ache,” he stammered.

“Ooh, I hope you don't have whatever Rocko's got. He's been shittn' his brains out.”

“Actually, I could use a quick bathroom break, if you don't mind, Ma'am?”

“Oh sure. Go ahead, I'll cover for you,” she offered happily.

“Thanks,” he said with great relief. He stood, doing his best to hide his over-stimulated cock, and moved briskly to the bathroom. He was so focused on making it before he came, he didn't even notice that Christine was watching him.

He barreled through the creaking bathroom door and headed for the largest stall. He locked it, pulled down his shorts, and leaned against the wall over the toilet. He was panting and wheezing. He felt like his cock could shoot down a B2 bomber.

In the fantasy, George pulled her mouth off his throbbing hard-on and picked her up. He ripped right through her jean shorts, which surprised him. But he surmised that if it was sexual enough, super-strength was not out of the question. With her fully nude and dripping with passion, he turned her around, bent her over a desk, and thrust into her. She was so wet that she could have been a virgin, and she would have felt no pain.

"*Oh yes! Yes, George! I can feel you, your heartbeat! So warm, so alive!”*

As much as he loved her mouth, her pussy was indescribably wonderful in comparison. He took her again and again, his hands holding on to her outstretched arms behind her, the two of them entwined in a single rapturous whole. It didn't take long for her to finally cum. There were no words this time, just a primal scream, followed by a wave of euphoria erupting from deep within both of them. He followed close behind. With one final thrust he blasted his creamy seed as deep into her as he could.

He collapsed on top of her, his cock still buried inside her dripping pussy. After spending a few moments to catch his breath, he stood up with Dawn clutched in his strong arms. He hugged her tightly, and caressed her stomach as he kissed anywhere within reach of his lips.

“*So,”* panted Dawn, *“did you enjoy the show, Christine?”*

George snapped to attention as he heard rapid footsteps, followed by the bathroom door creaking shut.

“*Do not worry, George. She has seen nothing. But she heard us quite clearly.*

“*But you're not in here. How did she hear both of us.”*

“*I am sorry, I should have asked you first, but I let her hear what was going on in the classroom, not in the bathroom. I did not want her to think you were masturbating. Though, that would have intrigued her almost as much.”*

“*Uh*... *Dawn*, *I*...” he scratched his head. *“I don't know about this. What if she tells somebody?”*

“*She will not. The only thing she will do is find a quiet corner somewhere, and get herself off. And I suggest we help.”*

“*You mean a wish?”*

“*That is acceptable, but the decision is yours.”*

He was worried, but he trusted Dawn enough to agree. *“I wish for Christine to have a perfectly vivid fantasy of her own, involving the man of her dreams, in any situation she desires. No one will disturb her, and it will be the most powerful orgasm of her life.”*

Tingle, flash. *“It is done. Would you like to know what it is?”*

“*No. That's her business. I won't invade her privacy like that.”*

She kissed him. *“You are such a gentleman.”*

The classroom fantasy ended, and it was suddenly just him in the bathroom. He sat on the toilet, rubbing his hands through his hair. *“That was some fantasy.”*

“*Actually, that was not a fantasy, you never wished for one. Had that been actual fantasy, you would not have perceived your current reality at all, not until the fantasy ended and your memories returned to you.”*

“*What was it then?”*

“*Well... actually, it was one of my fantasies. Just a little something that I have been thinking about.”*

“ *Really? You never told me you have fantasies.”*

She laughed, “Oh, if you only knew, Master.”

“*Well, I know how I'm going to pass the time during free swim tomorrow.”*

“ Uh-oh, what have you got planned for me?” she asked knowingly.

“*I'm not sure yet. But you'll like it, I promise.”*

“*I am glad you are alright,” she said. George could hear her relief. “I was worried that you would not approve of my initiative.”*

“*I'm fine. I'm more than fine actually. I'm just having trouble trying to find words to tell you how amazing all of this is.”*

“*There are no words necessary. As long as I have pleased you, my love, then I am happy.”*

“*You have. I'm... I'm glad you found me.”* He breathed deep and let it out slowly, *“Phew, I think I need a dip in the pool.”*

“*Well come on then! I am already here!”*

“*Oh crap! I'm coming!”* He put his shorts back on and ran back to the pool.

Swimming with one-hundred small children is difficult, for several reasons. One, they do not swim. Children that small are doing everything in their power to keep their heads above water. Beyond some frenzied splashing, there is little to keep them from sinking to the bottom. Two, children rarely care for their own safety, or the safety of others. They will grab and dunk and jump with little worry of injury. Three, they love anyone who is big enough to touch the bottom. The moment George hit the water, he was attack by a mob of small, wet, ecstatic people. Dawn tackled him from behind, while two children latched on to his arms. If his legs hadn't been underwater, he would have had children on them too.

The period was a blast for George. He and Dawn traversed the entire pool while playing games, throwing kids around, and sneaking touches for the other. Christine came back to the pool mid-way through the period, though George seemed to be the only one who noticed. For her part, she did her best to avoid looking at George and Dawn. She kept her eyes on the children, in whatever direction the couple was not. George did his best not to worry about it. As long as Christine could not determine that what she heard was magical, then she could think whatever she liked.

The period ended much too quickly. He helped Dawn and Karen round up their children and escorted them to the locker room. Karen seemed unusually happy. He asked Dawn, *“Karen is taking to you pretty well. Is that genuine?”*

“*Yes. We are quickly becoming friends. I think she enjoys seeing you and I together. It makes her feel like the world makes a bit of sense.”*

“*Nice. I'm glad she's not jealous. We had a pretty good conversation at lunch. That's the most I've ever spoken to anyone here at work.”*

“*She is a teensey bit jealous. But I think she is much more inspired than anything. She asks me all kinds of questions about you, some are not so innocent.”*

“*I don't suppose...”*

“*No, sorry, she is not bisexual.”*

“*Damn!”*

“*It is a shame that the rest of your coworkers are not as welcoming.”*

“*Yeah. But I think that's more my fault than anything. They only see the old me, so... you're suffering from my reputation.”*

“*I hardly consider myself suffering. But know that not everyone believes as Rocko does. Erica, Beth, and Russell are secretly rooting for you. Christine cannot believe she never saw how much of a hunk you are, and wishes she was in my place.”*

“Hey George,” called Linda, “when you are finished, come up to the pool. Gordon wants us to do a fitness test before everyone leaves.”

“I'll be right there!” he answered back. “Got to go Babe. I'll join you when I'm done.”

“See you,” she smiled.

George climbed the stairs back up to the pool area. All the guards were congregating near the imposing figure of Gorden, the athletic director and Linda's boss. He was a large middle-aged ex-Marine, with a receding hairline and a well used track suit. He was in excellent shape for his age, and had a habit of challenging younger men to physical contests. He was also a royal pain for Linda and the guards, because he never left them be. He demanded high uniform standards, spontaneous fitness tests, and lots of ass-kissing.

“Good, we're all here,” began Gordon, “I want everyone to give me forty lengths. You can use any stroke you want. You can't finish, you're fired. Get on it.”

Everybody looked at each other in confusion.

“I don't see anyone swimming,” he added impatiently.

Erica raised her hand. “Um, sir, that's twenty laps. That's more than we had to do for the lifeguard exam.”

“Are you saying you can't do it?”

“No sir. I...” Erica stopped talking when George left the group. He lowered himself into the water and pushed off the wall to start his lengths.

Gordon had said to use any stroke. George knew he could float on his back for forty lengths if it didn't matter how long he took. But the challenge for his new body was invigorating. He started with freestyle, and resolved to use no other stroke.

He was only vaguely aware of his surroundings. The churning water around his ears and the cadence he kept track of in his head, gave him a focus and a calm that he had not experienced for years. Before his father had died, George was a champion swimmer for his age. It all came back to him as he counted out the lengths. He felt the pressure waves of the other guards passing by him, but they didn't matter. He raced himself, and for the first time in a long time, he was winning.

Forty lengths came and went. He saw that Beth was struggling to keep going. She was practically doggy paddling under the weight of exhaustion. As George passed length fifty, Rocko, Torrie, and Russell finished. Christine, Eric, and Erica were close behind, but Beth was still in the water. George didn't know how much farther she had to go, but if she touched the bottom, it would be over. Gordon was many things, but he wasn't a liar. If she touched the bottom, she'd be fired.

“Sidestroke. Do the sidestroke,” he thought. But she kept up her doggy paddle. George may have imagined it, but he thought he saw her crying among the splashes.

“Hey, George,” called Linda, “You know you're well pasty forty?”

He wasn't tired. But more importantly, he wasn't finished, not until Beth was. He moved to the lane next to her and floated on his back.

“Beth,” he called.

She looked over at him, reaching through the water for all she was worth. “I... can't do it George,” she said as she gulped down some pool water.

“Yes you can. Turn over, like this. Just float, and paddle your legs.”

“O-okay,” she managed. She turned over, but almost went under when she tried to sit.

He wanted to cross into her lane and push her up towards the ceiling, like he would for his students. But he knew that might get him fired too. “Lean back, as far as you can. Just relax. Catch your breath.”

She did. With breathing much easier, the violent thrashing stopped. She paddled gently with her feet.

“Oh wow,” she breathed. “That's way better.”

“How many do you have left?”

“Three.”

“Alright, we got it. Just keep going.”

Beth wiped the chlorine out of her eyes and kept moving. Three more lengths was no problem, though the two took much longer to finish on their backs. When it was over, Beth was too tired to climb out, and just hung on the side of the pool for a few minutes.

“What's your name, son?” asked Gordon.

“George Everhart.”

“Mr. Everhart, have you ever heard the expression, sink or swim?”

“Yes, but...”

“I believe Ms. Cooper was perfectly capable of handling the task on her own. I gave her the opportunity to prove that to me, to sink or swim. Instead, you gave her floaties, and an inner-tube that looked like a goddamn sea turtle. If I were her, I'd be offended.”

“Sir, with all due respect, she may have been able to handle it. But she didn't believe that. Now she knows what she needs to work on, and she isn't fired.”

“Hmm...” Gordon stared at him intently. “Quite right. Where'd you learn how to teach?”

“My father taught me.”

Gorden let a faint smile escape the edge of his mouth. “Well done, son.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Elizabeth Cooper!”

“Yes sir?”

“The next time I come back here, you're going to take this test again. Next time, George isn't going to help you. Understand?”

She nodded nervously.

Gordon looked around at the rest of the staff. “As for the rest of you. You could all stand to learn from Mr. Everhart's example.” The guards avoided his stare. With his point made, he left.

“You fuckin' suck-up,” spit Rocko.

Linda stepped forward before George could retort. “Don't be a sore loser, Rocko. You're just pissed because George is a better swimmer.”

George swung his head in her direction. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. He meant to protest, but Linda gave him a quick wink.

“George is better than me?” he yelled. “Alright Shamu, get up here! We'll settle this!”

George hesitated.

“What's a matter fat-boy! You're obviously a better swimmer than me, so why don't we have a little race so you can show off some more!”

George wasn't fond of confrontation. But he remembered what Linda had said to him about not backing down. He had to do it. It was the chance he was waiting for.

He climbed out of the pool and chose a lane. “What's the rules?” he asked.

Rocko threw on his goggles. “One lap. Whoever finishes first is the better swimmer.”

“That's it?”

“Hey fuck you alright! I just swam twenty laps and I haven't been training for Iron-man!”

“And you call me fat-boy,” said George under his breath.

Erica started running for the other side of the pool. “I'll make sure they touch the wall!”

The men took their positions. Linda quipped, “Dammit, I wish I had a starting gun!” She moved to the halfway mark and held her whistle to her lips. “Ready!” they crouched for their dives. “Set!” they raised their haunches. She blew the whistle sharply, and they dived in. The race was on.

George gave it everything he had. He dived shallow and long, and was up into his full stride long before Rocko. He couldn't remember ever flying through the water so quickly. But he couldn't let Rocko win, not anymore. Reach, reach, reach, breathe. Wall, flip, push, and the cycle continued. When his ear broke the water he could hear whooping and hollering. George didn't even know where Rocko was.

He hit the wall and looked up. George was a whole half a length in front of Rocko. He had won, he couldn't believe it.

Linda tapped him on the shoulder, “Nice job! But, um...” She pointed to Eric, who had fished his board shorts out of the water. They had come off during his dive.

“Looking for these tubbo?” he said as he held them delicately with two fingers.

Rocko finished and seemed to forget that he lost. Eric tossed the shorts to him, who then teased them in front of George. George was hoping it was a joke. But when he looked down, sure enough, he was as naked as could be. He reached for his shorts dangling out in front of him, but Rocko was quicker and tossed them back to Eric. He dangled them over the pool and pulled them away when George got close. Linda tried to stop them, but nobody was listening.

The realization set in that George would have to leave the pool to get his shorts back. But that meant exposing himself to everyone. Wardrobe malfunctions were common with all the diving and grabby children. It happened at least twice a week to Erica. But George was careful not to let himself be put in these situations.

“*Dawn, are you watching this?”*

“*Yes, Master. You are doing quiet well, but do you require any assistance?”*

“*Would you mind making my cock an inch bigger than Rocko's, just for a moment?”*

“*I would be happy to George, except that it is already bigger than that.”*

“*It is?”*

“*Mmm-hmm.”*

“*Oh, okay then. Never mind.”*

Eric tossed them to Danielle, who tossed them to her sister, who tossed them to Christine. Christine caught them and went white, whiter even, then she normally was. She couldn't move. She didn't throw them, but she didn't give them back either. She just stood there with George's shorts in her hands.

This was his chance. *“Okay Dawn, here I go,”* he said, trying to psych himself up.

“*George, I know it will be hard not to, but do not try to cover yourself.”*

“*Why not?”*

“*It will make you look like a victim. Be proud of your body, and others will be as well.”*

He was nervous, but he didn't have time hesitate. Taking a big swallow, he vaulted out and walked briskly towards Christine. Her eyes, and everyone else's eyes, immediately flew to his equipment. The laughter died away. Everyone, even Rocko, was silent as they watched him. Luckily, the water wasn't that cold.

Erica had been running back, but she stopped dead in her tracks when she saw him. “Oh my...” she began. She covered her mouth to hide the rest.

“Um, Christine?” asked George as calmly as he could.

“Wha... huh?” she said as she snapped back to reality.

“Would you mind...”

“Oh my God! Sorry!” She almost threw them at him and ran for the locker room.

As George put his shorts back on, Rocko and Eric finally stopped staring and walked awkwardly to the locker room. Before, they seemed to be content with making George look foolish. Now, they looked like wet dogs.

To his surprise, Beth spoke up. “I guess that's settled then. George is the best!” She clapped excitedly.

Rocko glared at her, then at George. “We'll see,” he said under his breath. His posse left for the locker room. After making sure that his friends weren't looking, Russell turned back and shrugged in resignation.

With the spectacle over, the other guards gathered their things and headed down for the locker room as well. Erica passed by George. She eyed him up and down before waving. He caught the twins eyes, and surprisingly, they blushed. “That's a new one,” he thought.

As George packed his bag, Beth sidled up next to him. “Thanks for your help George. You really saved me back there.”

“No I didn't. You would have been fine.”

“I don't think so.” She looked around to make sure that Linda and Torrie couldn't hear her. They were talking to each other in the corner next to the pump house. “To tell you the truth, I never took the final lifeguard exam.”

George raised an eyebrow.

“My uncle works for the Red Cross. He pulled some strings to get me my certs before the summer started. I took most of the classes. I just never took the tests. I'm actually a really bad swimmer.”

“Ah...”

“You won't tell anyone, will you? I really like this job.”

He thought hard for a moment. On one hand, he thought he should tell someone like Linda or Gordon. If something happened, Beth could be a liability. But on the other, she had confided in him when she didn't have to.

“On one condition. You have to help me with my classes from now on. Maybe I'll be able to get you ready for your next test with Gordon.”

“You'd do that?” she asked excitedly.

“Of course. Why wouldn't I?”

“Well, I haven't been all that nice to you these past few weeks.”

“Yeah, there is that. But... I guess I'd rather have you as a friend than an enemy.”

She gazed at him approvingly. “You're a lot cooler than I thought you were.”

He laughed heartily, “I've never been cool in my entire life. This is new.”

She giggled as she grabbed her backpack and headed out. “See ya tomorrow, George.”

“See ya, Coop.”

She looked confused.

“Your last name. Cooper, Coop, I don't know. I like it.”

She shrugged and smiled brightly, “You're the boss. Bye.”

“Later.”

Linda and Torrie finished their conversation just as George was leaving. Linda stopped him on his way out. “What did I tell you George. Pick your battles, and don't back down.”

“You were right. I just wish that choosing to lose a little was easier to cope with sometimes.”

“It works out in the long term.” She moved closer to his ear and whispered, “Ya know, you beat him twice today.”

“Twice?”

“Mmm-hmm.” She drop her eyes to his crotch and gave him a naughty smile.

George didn't know what to say, he just looked at her with his mouth hanging open.

“See you tomorrow, stud.” She said in a most unprofessional way. He watched her leave, her body swaying much more than before.

His mind was racing and his hands shook. He let his excitement escape with a heavy satisfied breath.

“*George*?” came Dawn's loving tones. *“You should know that the level of arousal among your coworkers has suddenly spiked.”*

“*Dawn... this is going to be an interesting summer.”*