

Swimming Without Floaties

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Just when you think you have it figured out...

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Mandy stood upon the pedestal, tucking the last strands of hair underneath her swimming cap. She looked to her left and to her right. Her competitors were readying themselves. But they couldn't compare to her. She had more confidence than any of these swimmers put together. "On your marks!" An announcer yelled. She bent down, crouching on the elevated platform, looking down into the deep blue water, her reflection looking back at her. She smiled. She already knew how this was going to go. "Get set!" She raised her ass into the air, leaning forward, ready to take the plunge. She felt confident. She knew she was going to win. No one else had the passion she did. A gunshot rang out, echoing off the walls of the enclosed pool area. She heard the cheers, but then, nothing at all, as she dived into the water. She kept a low profile as she cut through the water, then extended her arms, pushing the water past her, her legs propelling her faster through the water. Every third stroke, she went up to take a breath. She came to the wall at the other end of the pool, flipped forward, and kicked off the wall, slicing through the water, then coming to the surface, swimming faster and kicking harder, performing the swimming equivalent of sprinting to the finish line. When her hand hit the wall, her head came out of the water as she took a deep breath. She removed her goggles and waited for her time. Then something caught her eye. She looked to the crowd and there was a male, leaning forward onto his knees, and staring at her, a slight smile on his face. It kinda irked her that he was only staring at her. She looked back up and saw her coach. "One oh-four point 28!" She yelled for joy. That was one of her fastest times. Her coach pulled her out of the water and hugged her, even though she was dripping wet. She pulled away from the hug and grabbed her towel, taking off her cap and letting her hair fall. She had let her hair grow to her shoulder, even though she tried to keep it short as she could. She waved to the crowd, who cheered for her, and she made her way back to the locker room. When the door to the locker room opened up, she entered into the white tiled room, went past the showers to her locker, and opened it up to find her clothing and shoes. She pulled the straps off of her shoulders and pulled the swim suit off her breasts, down to her hips and let it fall to the floor. She looked into the mirror she kept in her locker. She absolutely loved her body. She let her hands trace down between her C cup breasts to her flat tummy. She had started training at a very young age, and she loved how it had paid off, in every way. She sat down on the bench again and propped up her foot against her locker, rubbing her legs, and feeling the muscle that was hiding underneath

her soft silky skin. She rubbed down both her legs and took quick look to her left and right to make sure no one was looking. She stood up and put her clothes on, balling up her swimsuit, and locking her locker. She stepped out of the locker room and took a quick look around, and noticed that guy was still sitting there. She tried to figure out what he was looking at so intently, when his eyes connected with hers. His eyes shone, even from such a distance. She quickly broke the trance she was in and quickly walked out of the swimming pool into the blazing sun. In the state of Texas, when it got hot, it got HOT. And that's precisely how she liked it. And on a college campus as beautiful as hers was, she always enjoyed the outdoors. But today, she just wanted to get back to her room. She made her way back to the dorms and unlocked her room, walking inside. She made her way to her bedroom and dropped her stuff onto the ground and fell back onto her bed. She sighed contently and let herself fall into a slumber. She walked into her boyfriend's room. She had just got done with training and had decided to surprise him at his dorm room. "Cody, I'm here." she called out. She didn't hear a response. She dropped her backpack onto the ground and did some exploring. She walked into his common area and noticed that one of his black shirts was sitting on the dining table. She picked it up and made her way back to her bedroom when she heard voices. "Come on, she won't be coming here. No one will know." "But she's my best friend." A female voice replied. It was Whitney, her friend that she confided everything to. She saw the door was cracked a bit and walked closer to see what was going on. She had no top on, and no bottom save for a pair of panties. He had his jeans on, but no shirt. They were close, his hands on her hips. "Come on, baby. Just this one time. It'll be fun." Whitney looked down, as if she was thinking. She looked back up and smiled. "Okay. Just let me get some protection for you." She leaned in and kissed him, and walked towards the door. Mandy was unable to move, unable to think, her mouth open in shock. She was barely aware that her friend stopped as she walked to the door and locked eyes with Mandy. "Oh, fuck." she said quietly. "What is it?" Cody asked. He stood up from the bed and walked towards Whitney and stopped when he saw Mandy through the doorway. "Mandy..." She quickly came back to reality and walked backwards slowly, wanting to look away, but unable to. "No, baby, wait, we can work through this." She shook her head and turned heel and ran towards the door, tears streaming down her face. She went into the hallway and ran as fast as she could. She closed her eyes and kept running. Before she knew it, she went flying through a window at the end of the hall, her body hanging in the air before she fell through the air and hitting the ground. Mandy sat straight up in her bed, a yell escaping her lips, her breath coming in heavy gasps. She curled up into a ball and rested her head on her knees. She wished that that dream wasn't real. But it was. And it hadn't been the first time. Most of her boyfriends either tried to control her or cheated on her. She didn't want to feel this; the sorrow, feeling like no one will treat you how you should be treated, and feeling worthless. She let the tears flow from her eyes as she let out everything she held inside. She almost wished she had someone to confide into, but after being betrayed by so many people, she preferred being alone. No one else to count on but herself. That's how it should be. She awoke in the middle of the night, the only light coming from the light poles reflecting in her window. She picked up her phone and looked at the time. 12:46 AM. She was never awake this late/early. She stretched out on the bed and stood up, putting

on her sandals and went out for a walk. Since it was the weekend, as she walked past the room of the other people living there, she heard all sorts of music blasting from the other side of the door. She walked through the door at the end of the hall and sighed as the warm air welcomed her outside. The coffee shop wasn't too far away, but she took her time during the walk, enjoying the silence of the night, the only sounds heard were the crickets. She could see people sitting near their respective buildings smoking and chatting. They waved as she walked by, and she waved back. Before long, she walked into the Coffee Bean, the closest coffee place on campus. She ordered a mocha frapp and paid the cashier. When she received her drink, she found a table in the corner and pulled out her phone, using the wireless internet there. She looked around and noticed another figure had entered the store. She took a minute to examine who this was. He had short brown hair, a little taller than she was, and he looked skinny, but his arms had a little muscle to them. When he turned around, she quickly dropped her head back to looking at her phone, her eyes peeking to see his face. She recognized him. The person who stared at her at the event earlier. She didn't want to see him again. He seemed like a very non-proficient stalker. She absentmindedly drank her coffee when she looked up and nearly jumped a foot out of her seat when he saw her sitting across from her. "You're Amanda, aren't you?" He asked. For some reason, she wanted to be stubborn at this particular moment. "What gave it away? The fact that you heard my name while you stared at me like I was some piece of meat?" She sneered at him. He laughed, which only made her more mad. "I didn't mean to stare at you like a creeper." She looked up at him and made the best angry face she could. "You were only staring at me! Even when I came out of the locker room!" He laughed again, and she felt her heart race, partly because his laugh was making her want to smile, but mostly because she wasn't getting the response she wanted. "And what is just so damn funny?!" She practically yelled, making the cashier jump from afar. "You're just so very cute when you're trying to be angry." He smiled, and butterflies danced in her stomach. "I... you... ge-... GRR!" She stood up and walked out of the coffee shop. She opened the door and felt the warm air surround her. She walked quickly when she pulled out her phone to check the time. But her phone wasn't in her pocket. She quickly patted down her body. "Oh shit..." "Looking for this?" She heard him say. She wheeled around and saw him holding her illuminated phone in his hands as he leaned against the walls of the building. She huffed as she walked back towards him. When she reached him, she stopped and held out her hand. He hid the phone behind his back. "Give it to me." "You know, I'm only trying to be nice." He still had that smile adorning his face. "Give me my phone." "You don't have to act like this." "Just give me my fucking phone." His smile dropped a bit. "You know, what is your issue with me? I'm just a guy trying to get to know you better." She took a deep breath. "You're a fucking guy! All guys care about is getting their cocks wet and trying to control one girl that they 'love' while they're fucking 3 other girls on the side. I don't give a fuck if your intentions are good or not, all you guys have one thing in common. You all care about fucking girls, as many as you can, as much as you can. So stay the fuck away from me." She stared at him, which wasn't very menacing considering she had to look up at him, but she watched the playfulness drain from his eyes, and his smile left his face completely. He stood up straight and held out her phone. She took it from him forcibly. She watched as he walked

past her and walked away, his head hung and eyes drifted to the ground. She looked at her phone and tried to look at the time, but something else caught her eye. A new text message. A number she didn't know. And the preview said "I found your number in your settings and texted from my phone..." She unlocked her phone and the rest of the message loaded. "I have held a fond fascination for you since I saw you in your prime at the swimming event. And your passion that you hold is astonishing. You fascinate me, and before you left, even if you were angry, I couldn't help but stare at you. Your eyes, hair, skin... I know I may be a stalker, but I only want to get to know you better. So I'll be happy to take you out to the place of your choosing. Just let me know where and when. ~Tyler" Her mouth dropped open as she reread what was written. It wasn't much, but it was a sweet message, and she could tell he meant what he said. She looked up and he was nowhere to be seen. He had just written out this message for her to read, and she just acted like a total bitch to him. She leaned against the building of the coffee shop and slid down until she hit the ground, tears filling her eyes. Part 2 to come soon.