

Swim Coach (Chap 2)

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I realize that I've really got it bad for my coach. No sex

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I told my mom about my presents and my thoughts about getting a more adult haircut. With a wistful look on her face (that I didn't understand then, but do now) she suggested that we make an appointment at her favorite day spa in downtown Chicago and spend Saturday there together - a girl's day out as it were. I think I paused for just a second too long when considering her offer; before I could answer she suggested that if I wanted that Beth could come along as well. And so our day was planned. We started at a trendy day-spa down town where husky Polish women gave Beth and I the first massages we ever had (but not the last by any means). Then Beth and I sat in the steam room and giggled while my mom had a mud bath, joking that if we stayed in there too long that our breasts would disappear. Mom thought Beth and I were old enough to get waxed and so we got our first taste of that painful experience. When the woman at the spa asked Beth and I if we wanted Brazilian waxing we both looked at her clueless. Mom stepped in and told us what that meant, and without missing a beat told the attendant that a simple bikini-line wax would be more than adequate. We ended our trip to the spa with facials, pedicures, manicures, and a trip to the hair stylists. On a day of so many firsts, it came as no surprise that it would also be the first time that a coiffure would come at the hands of a gay man. His name was Lance and he was such a parody of gay men that to this day Beth and I use the term Lance as code for a gay guy, 'the concierge is such a Lance'. Beth's hair ended up changing a lot - she loved to keep her long curly auburn locks and Lance had agreed that the locks should stay. He said that just before he cut off most of those locks and left Beth with a Betty Paige style that made her looks so much more sophisticated than her 16 years would suggest. Lance's contribution to my head felt radical. I ended up with an almost boyish cut, parted on the side, long on top and in front but very short on the sides and back ("buzzed" as my brother would tease me for weeks). Beth and I were in heaven for the rest of the weekend. We both felt like Princess Di after our pampering at the spa. My parents took me out to dinner that night and when we got home my present was sitting in the driveway! It was the cutest little blue Toyota - one that I'd mentioned on a number of occasions when we'd see one on the road. It was used but in great shape and they said that they'd gotten a deal on it because the inside had a strong odor of pipe-tobacco in it. At first the smell gave me a bit of a headache, but eventually it became more favorable. I didn't know how to drive yet, but would get my license soon. The next week I began swimming in the number one spot

for the 1500, which meant that during practice I had to lead half of the workouts, while the other top distance swimmer, Mary, lead the other half. It actually wasn't so bad, and even Mary who I'd expected to give me a lot of crap (she was older and I was taking her spot on the 1500) was at least not much of a bitch to me. The haircut actually ended up getting me a lot of attention - the boys, it would seem, liked the new do's that Beth and I were sporting. Richard, one of the captains on the guy's team, an 18-year-old senior dreamboat, stopped me after practice on Wednesday of that week after most of the others had already gone to the locker room. He was wearing his sweat-bottoms and had a towel around his neck and curved over his well-muscled shoulders. "Hey Amy, nice haircut," he said standing beside me. I returned my kick board and pull-buoys to their bins, still dripping in my one-piece after the workout. Unconsciously I ran my fingers under the leg opening of the suit, pulling it out of my butt, and while I did this I noticed Richard's eyes following my fingers quite closely. I paused awkwardly, half expected a pie in the face or some other juvenile prank but he actually seemed to be straight with me. I blushed - I was self-conscious and my slowly changing body and new haircut were getting me attention of a sort that I had no experience with. "Errrr... thanks," I said as he not-so-subtly looked me up and down. I was beginning to realize that men, unlike boys, spent a lot more time with their eyes on my body. My bust (such as it was) and hips appeared to draw their eyes as if I had breasts of that were made of spinning, color-changing lights that occasionally shot off a firework or announced the winner of a million dollar prize. "So I was wondering if you'd be interested in catching a movie this Friday?" His smiling face drawing me in. Almost without thinking I said, "Yeah, I think Beth and I would be up for that, who else is going?" Like I said, my naiveté was all too thick. I turned and started to walk over to the bleachers where our bags and noticed coach Matt sitting in his office looking out at Richard and me. I'd just gotten to my bag when Richard placed a hand on my shoulder. I turned and looked back to him. "Uhhh Amy, I ummm, meant just you and me. You know... a date sorta?" He said as he blushed a bit at having to step outside of his well-rehearsed pickup. The proposal truly caught me off-guard. Richard was a great looking guy, a successful swimmer, and not so much of a jock to be repulsive. The butterflies that had erupted into my stomach completely distracted me. "Ummm... I don't know Richard," I squeaked. My 'dates' - all two of them - to this point had been with guys in my class at school and had mostly evolved from a group of people hanging out together, and ending up with me and a guy at the movies or a burger joint alone. I'd never dealt with a straight on ask-me-out kinda date. "Come on Amy, you know I'm a cool guy and I won't do you wrong. I was thinking something fun like the A&W then a movie - you can even pick it." His blue eyes were intoxicating and I honestly felt a little dizzy looking into them. "I'd have to be home by 11. My parents are a pain in the ass about my curfew." My God, had I really said that? Was I going to go out with this guy? "Eleven is fine. You live on Elm right? Can I pick you up at 7 on Friday then?" his confidence growing even faster than his dick would on Friday. "Errr... yeah," I said wondering about all of this. I nearly fled into the locker room where Beth was getting dressed after her shower. I told her all about Richard's invite and she ate up every word. "Oh my God, I can't believe it. He's such a hound - you know that, don't you Amy?" She said. "Hound? You mean he dates a lot of girls?" I started to feel dejected. "I don't know about a lot, but I know that he's gone out with Deb and Sam on

the team, and a couple of girls in his own class. And you know that Deb is such a slut.” said Beth. Deb and Sam were Juniors and blondes (which seemed to attract all the boys). They were nice to me but we didn’t hang out with them a lot. “Well what else do you know about him?” I asked feeling those butterflies starting to flap again. “You know, I don’t know too much Amy. I haven’t heard anything bad if that helps. And I think he’s a total hottie. Do you like him?” Asked Beth. I thought about this for a second. I didn’t have a crush on any guys at the moment. The things that seemed to attract me were hard to find in the guys I knew: honesty, maturity, tenderness. I was around guys with incredible and mostly naked bodies every day so I never even thought in those terms about guys. I didn’t know Richard that well and was attracted enough by the idea of an actual *date* that I was beginning to think that going out with him would be great - in only for the sake of ‘going out’. “You know... I don’t know, but a date sounds fun so I think I’ll go for it.” “You know I expect a phone call at 11:05pm?” Beth’s mischievous eyes twinkling. “You kidding? I’ll call at 11:03!” On my way out of practice Coach Matt stopped me at his office. “Hey Amy, how’s swimming #1 working for you?” A look of genuine curiosity in his baby blue eyes as he leaned back in his office chair amongst cluttered piles of old catalogs, meet schedules, rule books, and broken buoys and lane markers. His golden retriever, Sadie, was curled into a sleeping ball in the corner on her bed. I don’t think Matt was ever without her. “You know, it’s harder than I thought it’d be, coach. Setting the pace isn’t something that comes naturally to me I guess.” “Well Amy, Sally told me that you’ve been doing a fine job of it, though she did mention that your turns are a bit rushed and your form is falling apart,” not a hint of upset or anger in his voice, all support and concern. Blushing “yeah, she’s been trying to work with me on them. The thing of it is that I’m getting so flustered pacing things that I forget to work my turns. They used to be a lot smoother,” I said. “Hmmm. That’s a pretty common problem when swimmers transition from pack dogs to alphas,” said Matt, who loved dog analogies and used them whenever possible. “Why don’t you hang out after practice tomorrow and I’ll go over them with you?” He said. “Sure thing, I’d like that. Our first meet isn’t too far off, is it? I want to do well Coach Matt.” I never felt self-conscious around Matt - he was so easy to talk to. “It sure is Amy, and don’t worry about doing anything but your best, OK?” I felt like his eyes could liquefy my innards sometimes. Smiling, I realized what I wanted to really ask him, “Coach, can I ask you a question that isn’t about swimming, at least not directly about swimming?” This might have caught him off guard because he went from leaning back in his chair to sitting upright in a quick and awkward movement that almost ejected him from the chair. I giggled. He said, “Sure Amy, anything you want. You OK?” “Richard just asked me out.” Was that a note of disappointment in Coach’s eyes? I couldn’t be sure and in hindsight wouldn’t have been looking for him to *BE* disappointed. “I think he’s nice but I don’t really know him, and he’s a senior, and I’m just a Sophomore, and its kinda weird for me to ask you I know and its just that you know him and you know me and you are a smart guy and probably know all sorts of things about dates and...” Matt cut me off with a laugh and a ‘slow-down’ wave of his hands, “Amy. Breathe.” I did so, taking in a long almost gasping breath and in my embarrassment blushing again. “Richard is a good guy, he likes girls a lot more than he likes swimming or the books though so he loses his focus. I think you’ll be OK with him. Just remember that you have all the right in the world to say ‘no’ if he asks you to do

something that you don't want to do." "Oh yeah, sure, that's good advice Coach. I'll see you tomorrow then." I smiled at Matt and he returned a goofy, genuine, heart-melting smile in return. As I walked away I felt as though I could feel the gaze of his eyes on me, on my neck, my back, my legs and ass. Though I felt his gaze I didn't realize how it made me feel then. The next day at practice Richard made a point of talking to me before and after our workouts. He was, in hindsight, very slick and polished. As long as I didn't derail him from his little scripts he would exude a self-confidence that was so appealing to me - a self-conscious, insecure-in-her-new-body, woman/girl that wanted to be older than she was. After Richard's flirtations Coach Matt came up and asked if I was ready to work on my turns. We started by sitting on the bleachers and just talking about what was going through my head when I was swimming and how I approached my turns. He gave me some pointers about that, telling me to stop over-thinking them - he actually suggested I focus on a something almost irrelevant, and with a sarcastic little smirk suggested Richard. I must have turned beet red, the blood rushing to my freckled cheeks so quickly that it felt like they were burning. He quickly backed out of it though by adding something about my math or history homework. He then asked me to stand up which I did. "I've noticed that you also don't tuck your head very well at the beginning of the turn and don't really roll your back as much as you could either. Are you stiff or sore?" He asked. "No, I don't think so... you know I've always just kinda turned. Haven't given it much though coach." "Ok... hmmm... is it OK if I touch your back and neck, Amy?" I almost laughed at this, why would he ask? "Uhh, sure coach, why wouldn't I let you?" "Well you can't be too careful these days. I wouldn't want you to get the wrong idea or anything. So when you come into the turn I need you roll your head into your chest like this." I felt his strong hands guide my head down. "Then when you are ready to flip I want you to bend your back so that you feel each vertebrae in your back flex over - like you are the peel on a banana." I felt his hands trace lines down either side of my spine, starting at the base of my neck all the way down to the small of my back. My reaction to his firm touch completely took me by surprise, so much so that I actually felt betrayed by my body. I felt my chest flush and my nipples harden as his hands had traced down my back. A warm slippery glow tingled in my vagina that I'd never ever experienced before. I was overwhelmed by Matt's touch and my reaction to it. He was continuing to explain things but I honestly didn't hear a word he said. After what seemed like an hour, but was probably only a few seconds, the first thing that I thought about was the embarrassment of my nipples poking through my suit. Had I thought about it, I would have realized that he would simply attribute that to being cold, but because I knew why they were behaving like that I was completely flummoxed. I quickly and rather awkwardly crossed my arms over my chest and returned my attention to Matt. "You OK champ - you look all flushed?" he asked. "You need to puke or something?" Oh god! Puke? I look like I want to puke? Hardly. "Uhhh, no. Sorry, coach. Just a bit tired after practice, you know?" "Yeah, sure, I know." he said. He went over to my bag and grabbed my towel, brought it back to me and wrapped it around my shoulders, giving them a squeeze as he stood there in front of me. I looked up and our eyes met for just a moment... and that same feeling flooded into my chest, my mouth, and my vagina. My knees and legs turned to rubber. What in the hell was wrong with me? "I was going to work out now," said Matt. "Why don't you just watch me do a few turns and then you can take off. I nodded, not

trusting my voice. Not wanting to say 'can you touch me again.' Matt stripped off his sweats after kicking off his flip-flops. It is odd to see a teacher in a Speedo, and even more odd to find yourself wondering what was going on under the Speedo. I'd never seen Matt swim before, thus had never seen him like this before. His body was so appealing to me. He was in great shape - the muscles in his belly and chest nicely defined although he wasn't as lean as the high school boys, but that softness actually made him more appealing, more huggable. His chest was covered in a not-too-thick patch of blonde hair - it was a man's chest nothing like the boys on our team. His shoulders and arms looked strong. His legs were long and tanned, rising up into a butt that looked perfectly rounded, as if he had posed for Michelangelo's David. And despite myself I looked at the front of his Speedos and found myself amazed. Unlike the boys who sported rounded pouches about the size of a racquetball, the bulge in his suit was tennis-ball sized at least and I could see the contour of his dick (as I thought of it then) shifted off and lying to the left of his balls. I had no frame of reference but it looked so big, almost scary. I don't think he noticed me checking him out as he stretched, but in any case he dove in quickly and started to demonstrate his turn technique. And despite the damp patch in my suit, and my almost painfully hard nipples I actually did pick up some good ideas about how to turn faster by watching him. I thanked him and quickly left for the locker room.