

'Spawning in the water' from Adolescing. Copyright © Hilary Leland 2014.

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Spawning in the water

I was exhausting myself, swimming crawl as hard as I could for one length at a time, resting at the end of each length before I started the next. She was sometimes doing crawl, sometimes breast stroke and did not rest when she finished a length. She just did one of those slick turns and carried right on. Whether she was doing breast stroke or crawl she always overtook me. If she was doing breast stroke she glided smoothly past and I went all out, thrashing the water, driving myself so my chest hurt, trying to keep up with her. If she was doing crawl I didn't even try. My face was under the surface most of the time. Wearing goggles, I could see her body. She was like—a dolphin? Do me a favour, don't be such a drip! No she wasn't cuddly or warm blooded. She was like a shark! Strange though, I only saw her face for a few seconds but then I could see she was a shy young woman, vulnerable, unsure of herself, easy to put down.

I was hanging off the side in the deep end panting hard, my flabby shoulders and thighs sore from the bit of a swim I'd had, and I saw her approaching me, her arms and legs sweeping her along in that elegant breast stroke. I hadn't rested nearly long enough but I knew I'd have to start my next length now or else I could not look at her as she went

past. A few seconds later she had left me far behind again twisting through the water in a crawl, twisting her straight stretched out body from side to side. Her feet ahead of me flickered like disco lights they went so fast. Then she passed me again, going the other way. At the end of that length I had a long rest, feeling depressed and hopeless.

Do you know that you have thigh pits just like armpits? Well sucks to you! You don't and neither do I but you would if it wasn't for the flab. I saw a perfect little caved in hollow inside the top of each of her thighs. Oh fabulous, there were soft hairs in there like her armpits. I would not have seen them if I wasn't just behind and her legs didn't spread so wide wide open before kicking back at me. Yes, and you have a bum, I have a bum, but she didn't. Really she didn't! Trying to keep up behind her I saw nowhere that stopped being strong thighs and started being soft bum. Even when she was straight as a diver it never quite came softly together. Just strong thigh all the way up except for the tiny space covered by her bikini briefs. That wasn't thigh and that wasn't strong either. She must be so dainty there, much more than you and me, no flab and nothing to protect her right there in the middle. I bet she keeps her bikini on in the shower when I say sod it just let it hang out. She really does have something to hide, not like me or you either.

Twice a week I do this for an hour, trying to be less unfit. I was finishing a length and the hour was nearly up. She had

actually stopped. She was hanging off the side in the deep water as I came in. I decided not to turn up to breathe. She turned around and suddenly I could see where it all came together. A perfect white prick I mean clitoris, lips and tongues and trailing hairs, her long strong legs hanging down. I came gasping to the surface, leaving a slimy trail behind me, clutching for the side of the pool before I went under again. And then she had made herself modest again. I only saw her on the surface for a few seconds, long seconds, saw her young face as I said before. I was all washed up, spools of my come going cold, unwinding in the water. Somewhere in that pool we have made a spawn, thousands of tiny eggs.