

# Pool Party

By Jennifer Williams

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30 hours earlier

Making decisions is easy, it’s the time before you decide that’s the hardest part. My parents said naming me Jennifer was the easiest decision they ever made. I thought it was a copout. There are too many girls named Jennifer in my class. My friends and I were going to the pool. I had to decide between a one-piece and swimming or a bikini and just looking good. The school was starting back up in a few weeks, and I wanted to be noticed by the right guy, but it was over 90 degrees (32.22 Celsius). So, it came down to this, do I want to have sex this school year or cool off today.

We arrived at the pool. All my friends were in bikinis, so I didn’t feel like too much of a slut. Besides my suit was tasteful compared to the eye patch and band aide suits we saw at the pool. The pool itself was mostly a sausage fest with the girls watching from the sidelines. That is when he came out of the water. Zander Maddox was all wet in clinging board shorts that left little to the imagination. I would say that most of the women got wet at that moment without going into the water. If it was a sport, Zander played and mastered it. He even played chess like a boss. Zander came over to me. Oh, my god, he came over to me. I tried to play it nonchalantly. He said, “*Hey.*” I said hey back to him like some sort of jabbering parrot. Or at least that is what it sounded like in my head. He very casually looked me up and down then at my friends. He said, “*some of the guys on the swim team are having a party tomorrow at the pool inside the school.*” Oh, shit he rhymes I bet he raps like a god. He said, “*if you like, maybe you could come.*” He paused then said, “*with me.*” Was he nervous? No that can’t be. Before I could answer, he said, “*if you want you could bring your friends. Most of the swim team are guys.*” I wanted to say, “*guys most of us would drop our panties for.*” I said as calm as my thumping heart would allow,

*“I have to ask them, but I would say yes we will be there.”* Then I paused for a second and said, *“I will be there.”* Before he left, he said, *“no phones please some of the guys like to swim naked, and they don’t want pics on the internet.”*

As I told my friends, I nearly swallowed my tongue. We made a pact that if one of us swims sans suit, then we all will. It was clear we all wanted to go to the party. Naked swimmers, what more do I have to say. My bestie Tina and I went to the store to find waterproof makeup and condoms because you never know. Tina had a boyfriend, but he won’t hang with us. I was determined to find her a stud from the swim team. Having some of them butt ass naked would make it easier to choose. That night everyone was there. Jenny, Jenna, Jen (like I said too many girls named Jennifer), Tina, Tammy, Lynda, and Tiffany. We all wore suits that could be taken off in a minute’s notice. You could say we were minute women. It was an indoor pool. Inside we saw our first naked dude. He walked by the glass door and dove into the water. His thing all out and hairless. I heard they shave every part of their bodies when they swim. Well before they swim and not their heads. Thank god. Just apparently their other heads.

We came into the pool area. The guys looked shocked. I think they didn’t expect us to show. A couple of the other guys were also naked. They covered up just as soon as we came in but not soon enough and we saw it all. Zander came out of the locker room. He was in a very small speedo that left even less to the imagination than the wet board shorts. He looked nervous. How can that be? He said, *“you came.”* He looked at all of us and said, *“wow you all came.”* He introduced everyone on the team. I didn’t catch a single name I was lost in his perfect abs. He said, *“some of the guys are naked does that bother anyone?”* He paused then asked, *“because they could put some suits on if it does?”*

Tina spoke up. She said, *“don’t worry about that, in fact, we made a pledge that if you all were naked, then we would do the same.”* I wanted to throttle her. That is not what we said. She then said, *“or at least go topless.”* Tina then with one pull of a string took her top off. Who was that Tina and what did she do with my friend? One by one the other girls started to take their tops

off until I was the only one with a top on. I looked into Zander's eyes. He had a nervous look again. I pulled the string, and my top came off. He unabashedly stared at my chest. I felt like a piece of meat. From behind him, I could hear one of the guys say, "*come on they are all waiting.*" That is when the guys with suits on took them off. This left Zander standing in front of me staring at my chest in an ever increasingly smaller suit. He took the suit off and holy crap that is going to hurt. Somehow the suit masked the actual size of him. Everyone started to cheer. At first, I thought because a statue came to life and was standing in front of me then I realized they all were nervous and couldn't believe we were doing this. We convinced the guys we needed to keep our bottoms on because we were girls. Suckers. I did something there, and then I hadn't done in maybe two years. I went into the pool. The water was warm but not too warm. Soon most of us were in the water. After a little while, I understood that most of the team wasn't used to being around girls. They were mute and all eyes. Jena made the first move. She swam up to a guy. I think his name was Jon? I think? She pinned him against the side of the pool, and they started to talk. I don't know what was said. She then kissed him. The act caused them both to stop swimming and sink into the water.

Within an hour the whole room was almost back to normal. Well, as normal as a nearly naked pool party could get. Some were talking others were swimming and playing a sort of game with an inflatable ball. Two couples were actively making out in the bleachers. Tina was with one of the guys, and she had her hand on his penis. So, I guess the no-show boyfriend was out of the picture. Zander swam to the side of the pool and sat halfway out with his very large dick showing. I came to his side and sat next to him all the while eyeing the miracle between his legs. He asked me, "*why don't girls like me. The pretty girls like you don't talk to me? I try and talk to them, and all they do is stare at me like I was a moron.*" I actually stopped staring at his dick and looked into his eyes. He was serious. I thought back to all the times I saw him at the pool. He was always alone even though every girl and woman stared at his body. He was lonely. I said, "*fear of looking uncool in front of a hot guy.*" He looked confused then asked, "*you think I'm hot?*" I asked, "*don't you?*"

He went on to say he thought he was kind of a nerd. He did all the sports for the GPA credit, and he worked on his body to make the sports easier. He had a 4.75 GPA and seven college credits. Holy shit, there is a mind attached to that body. I wanted to stare back at his dick hey, he was staring at my chest. At least I thought he was. Actually, he was staring down at the edge of the pool. I realized I needed to take my preconceived notions and toss them in the trash file. Maybe get to know him and not just his body. Not that I wasn't up for getting to know parts of his body right then and there. Then the lights went off in the pool room. Up in the bleachers, I could see Tina and the boy. They were doing it right there in front of everybody. But it was like no one noticed. Six men came into the pool room with baseball bats and axes. One of the men with an ax handle told everyone to, "*get down here now.*" These men were dressed in noncoordinating clothing that looked like they all dressed in the dark or were colorblind. Everyone tried to cover themselves up. I was able to grab my top, and I put it on as fast as possible. Tina and the guy she was doing came out of the bleachers. She lost her bottoms and was completely naked.

One of them looked Tina up and down. He turned to the others and said, "*what do we have here brothers. A pool party and we weren't invited.*" One of the men with a baseball bat walked up and said, "*why you know brother, we would be right at home here with these people.*" He then walked up to Jenna. He grabbed her and brought her close then kissed her as she struggled. The guy that was with her started to make a move when one of the others struck him with an ax handle in the back. The strike took the wind right out of him. He asked Jenna, "*are you going to put out?*" Jenna shook her head and started to cry. He just smiled and said, "*wrong answer. I guess you will serve as an example.*" He pulled a long knife from his side then thrust it into her. The blade came out the other side of her upper back. He pulled it out then tossed her aside. Zander struck like lightning. He kicked the knife into the pool when he hit the guy with enough force to spin him around. The other men descended on Zander. The swim team joined in, but the fight ended before it could really begin. The guy with the ax handle grabbed Tina. He pulled a knife and put it to her neck as he put his free arm around her with his hand on her chest. He yelled, "*stop, or I gut the girl.*" Two of the men with bats came over to Zander. One hit him

in the back then the other hit him in the shoulder. The crack echoed across the pool. He went down. The one holding Tina pointed at me and said, “*her first and make it messy.*”

The closest guy swung his ax. I ducked back to the right as the ax went sailing past me and into the wall. As he fought to free it, I went back the way I came. As I did, I slipped going down a very wet ramp, and my forward momentum carried me past one of them as he tried to grab me. The momentum carried me through the open door and down the steps to the first landing. I never thought a sore ass would be better than any alternative. In the fall, I lost my top. I looked back to see it slip over a banister and down to the basement, but I had no time to worry about that. I ran as fast as I could down the steps. I made it to the service corridor that runs from the pool room and gym to the actual school. Every door was locked. I could hear one of them behind me. I grabbed a loose pipe and bashed any light I passed blackening the tunnel. I heard him stumble in the dark then slam into a pipe protruding from the ceiling. I tried to stop thinking about my friends and what they were most likely doing to them or naked Tina and Zander who could be dead on the pool deck right now.

I made it to the end of the corridor. At first, the door didn't open. I thought what if I had to go back. Then the door gave way. I was in the lower level by the shop classes. A persistent and idiotic thought came to me. Why do they call it shop if you don't do any shopping? I went into one of the shops. I tried to open any locker I could find. After three or four lockers one of them opened. I found a shirt. Thank god. It was almost too small for me, but I made it fit. That is when I realized I was in the metal shop. I remembered a story about how the shop teacher would take his best students and teach them how to make knives. Yes, I found some knife blanks as well as a couple of finished blades. Four of them were sharp. As I put them into a leather bag I found in the drawer I heard a door open. I got up and turned around. The guy chasing me had me cornered. He said, “*you fucking bitch I.*” Out of desperation, I threw one of the sharpened blades at him. The blade struck him in the face beside one of his eyes. The blade went deep. He reached for the blade touching it. Then he dropped forward onto the blade. The fall forced it all the way through to the back of his head.

I ran from the room with the bag. I found my way into the wood shop. In there I found a one-inch wood dowel rod and a plan was formed. I was on the flag team as well as gymnastics. Using a saw, I quickly cut one side of the dowel flattening it. Then I attached one of the sharp blades to it with screws through the holes in the blade tang and some zip ties. I cut the dowel to the length of my flag handle and just like that, I had a weapon I could use. A voice came from behind, "*well what you got there little missy.*" Using the momentum of the heavy blade, I swung my new weapon around me once then with a swift slice I cut the guy across his gut. He grabbed for his stomach, but it was too late his guts came pouring out. He fell over screaming. I gagged then threw up. The smell was horrible.

I left the shop and went up the stairs. I almost ran into another of the men. He had a bat and swung at me and missed. Strike one. Then he brought the bat down striking the floor. Strike two. Then he tried with a sideways motion. As he did, I waited for the bat to pass me then brought my weapon up into the under part of his chin. The blade went all the way in through his mouth and into one of his eyes. The eye seemed to pop. Strike three, he was out. I pulled the blade out twisting it as I pulled. He fell to the floor grabbing his face and curling into a ball. I made it to the lobby of the school. As I went, I pulled every fire alarm I found but nothing happened. That was when I remembered the display case in the lobby. I opened it and started to mess with the contents. That is when I heard a voice. It was Tina. I spun around. She somehow escaped from the pool. She was wearing daisy duke shorts and a tank top. When I saw her, she was naked, and I didn't remember her having those clothes with her. She said, "*what have you done you fucking cunt.*" Tina looked down the hall and saw the man on the floor curled into a ball. She said, "*what have you done to my husband?*" I thought about it. The last guy I stabbed was the same guy who held the knife to Tina's neck. At the time, he didn't press it to her throat. I stepped away from the case and asked, "*Why?*"

She said, "*when I was thirteen my daddy brought a man into my room and said this was my husband and he expected grandchildren from me soon. I had to listen as you stuck up bitches*

*talked about boys and school while I was fucked every night by him.”* She pointed at the man in the hall. As she spoke, her accent went from southern to something different. It was hard to tell. She said, *“my family knew I was unhappy with the arrangement, so they said if the time was right I could hook up with another boy as long as my real husband could take care of him afterward. I figured why not take care of all of you and end my time in school with a bang.”* I asked, *“you wanted to kill us so you could feel better about yourself?”* She yelled, ***“I AM BETTER THAN YOU.”*** Just outside we could hear the oncoming sirens. I pointed to the case. Cell phones with cameras and text functions are banned from school. Any phone like this was confiscated and put into the case as a trophy reminding everyone not to have their nice phones out or on. I turned on all the phones that would turn on and dialed 911. Multiple operators heard Tina’s confession. I can’t believe a harsh school rule save my life. She looked at me then the door, then back to me. At first, it looked like she may still take a stab at me, but she dropped the knife and ran down the hall. Her husband had stopped twitching.

I ran to the second floor and across the bridge to the pool. Inside my friends were all huddled together. The boy that was having sex with Tina was dead on the floor with his throat cut. Another boy was lying curled in a ball. Zander was still spread out on his back out cold and maybe dead. They told me how the guy that had Tina cut Adin’s throat. I figured I would tell them later about Tina. Then the men started to rape the boys. They started with Jon. The one now in a ball on the floor. One of them took Tina into the lockers. Before they could move to the next guy one of them got a call, and they all just ran. I went to the locker room and grabbed three towels. I covered Zander’s lower half with one and put the other two rolled up towels on either side of his head. Then using a roll of gaffer’s tape, I secured his head down to the pool deck. My mom is a paramedic, and I remember watching her do this for a guy who fell out of a moving truck just outside our house. Zander woke up. I said, *“don’t move you may have injured your neck. Help is on the way.”*

Tina and her family somehow got away. I am sure they won’t get very far. Every police department in the county was looking for them. Adin, Jenna, and Jon were all dead. They had kicked Jon to death after they finished with him. Zander had a concussion and a broken clavicle

which I think is a shoulder bone. I should pay better attention in class. He would make a full recovery. The swim team was disbanded, and the coach fired. Allowing her team to have a naked swim party in the closed school was not a part of her job. She was also the one who suggested they swim naked. So, there's that. The scandal was the talk of the school year. I was treated like a celebrity and a bad ass and as soon as he was well and healed, I so totally fucked Zander's brains out. But that's another story.