**Ashley and Garnet**

by That Guy

I just put a great video up on youtube.   
  
Great revenge, that is. On my friend Garnet. And she soooo deserved it!  
  
I'm Ashley.  
  
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OK, I'm a cheerleader and so is Garnet. We're going to be seniors when school starts up again next week.  
  
I'm pretty tall and have shoulder-length blonde hair. I've been described as "willowy".  
  
Garnet's a redhead with longer hair and a perfect hourglass figure the rest of us would die for.  
  
Last September during cheerleadering practice, this embarrassing thing happened to me. I was stunting, did a flip and landed with my feet on the ground, and my cheerleader spankies fell down around my ankles. They're not really underwear, but it's still embarrassing to lose them around your ankles, especially when you try to take a step and fall flat on your face. Everybody got a good laugh out of it.  
  
However, this was at practice so only the other cheerleaders saw it. They teased me a little, but pretty soon I forgot about it and I guess I thought they had, too.  
  
Wrong.  
  
So in late May, we have this big All-Sports Banquet in the high school cafeteria. Hundreds of athletes in all the   
sports, parents, coaches, and of course, us cheerleaders. Everybody's in their best clothes, the guys with sportcoats and ties, us girls in mostly short dresses (why not? athletic girls all have great legs!).  
  
Coaches recount their seasons, pass out awards for best players, most improved, and so on and so on.  
  
So Ms. Garfield, the cheer coach, had us all up in front, giving us our awards.  
  
Then she announced that Garnet had put together a video highlighting our season. We all sat down around one of the cafeteria tables.  
  
Yeah, I know, you're way ahead of me.  
  
So we see a montage of pictures of us cheering and football games and basketball games and wrestling matches and getting some awards in cheerleading competitions, which we won a lot of.  
  
Suddenly there's a picture that looks like it was taken in cheerleadering practice. I see myself being lifted high up by the other cheerleaders ...  
  
And I hear a stifled snicker from Garnet and I know what's coming.   
  
Stunned for a few seconds, I see myself hit the ground, blush as I realize my spankies are down around my ankles, try to reach down and grab them, fall on my face, then cover my face in embarrassment, try to get up again, and fall down again.  
  
I hadn't been aware that anyone was recording that. Then I remembered that the coach recorded all the practices.  
  
Of course, everyone in the cafeteria is laughing and turning to look to see my reaction.  
  
My reaction, of course, is total embarrassment. In two seconds my face has gone about 20 shades of red. I cover my face with both hands, slink down in my chair, and wish desperately there was somewhere to hide. One minute I'm a happy girl feeling like a million dollars in the short sleeveless dress, heels, curled hair, cute makeup, and suddenly I'm completely embarrassed in front of 300 hysterically laughing people, including my own parents and my brother and sister, all of whom thought it was funny.  
  
Mr. Voss, the athletic director who was MCing the banquet, just had to rub it in.  
  
"You're blushing, Ashley," he teased. "Are you embarrassed about something?"  
  
That earned him a round of laughter from the audience, and added another five shades of red to my face.  
  
Finally the banquet continued, leaving me feeling like a complete fool.  
  
They were halfway through the track and field awards before I uncovered my face. A few people were still looking in my direction and smiling at me. I wanted to get out of there, but I knew I had to "be a good sport" and stick out the rest of the banquet no matter how I felt. Which was still embarrassed.  
  
Finally the banquet ended. I tried to act like it wasn't bothering me, but my face was still burning. I passed Garnet as I was walking to my parents for my ride home and quietly said, "how could you do that to me?"  
  
"Oh, can't you take a joke?" she snickered.  
  
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On the ride home my brother and sister kept teasing me about how red my face had gotten and how silly I looked in the video.  
  
When I told them to shut the hell up, my parents scolded me for overreacting.  
  
"C'mon, Ashley, it was just a little joke. Laugh it off," my mother said.  
  
"You face sure was red," chuckled my father.  
  
Grrrrr. I hate you, Garnet O'Neil. I hate you, hate you, hate you ....  
  
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That night I layed in bed, unable to get my banquet embarrassment out of my mind. I kept seeing everyone looking at me and laughing, and felt the heat of my blushing face.  
  
I decided I'd get Garnet back, somehow.  
  
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After school ended a few days later, I was at cheer camp and saw Garnet there. I acted like nothing had happened. If I wanted to get even with her, she'd have to believe all was forgotten so she'd fall into any sort of trap I came up with.  
  
The problem was, I couldn't think of anything. I kept trying to think of elaborate embarrassments I could prank her with but they were just all impractical.  
  
Time went on and the summer was ending and I was thinking I'd just have to accept that she got the better of me. It had been months ago, anyway.  
  
Hey, she got me pretty good. But I'm a big girl. I can handle it. It's over.  
  
But then came Mike's pool party.  
  
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Mike was a big tall basketball player. His parents owned a pool, of course, and often went away on weekends so we could have unsupervised pool parties. I was never sure whether his parents knew about them, but that was Mike's problem.  
  
So there are about a dozen of us at the pool party, including me and Garnet.  
  
Some of us had gone off the diving board when I noticed Garnet was laying on the grass next to the pool, sound asleep.  
  
Someone had suggested a pool volleyball game but suddenly a thought came to me. I motioned everyone to keep quiet so they didn't waken Garnet.  
  
"Hey, you want to see Garnet get naked?" I said. Everyone grinned and nodded.  
  
She was wearing one of those bikinis that ties up both the top and bottom with strings. She was laying on her side, which was perfect.  
  
I untied the string behind her back and one around her neck and her top came right off. Bare boobs for all to see.  
  
Then I untied one side of her bottom. She was laying on the other side, but carefully I pulled the ends out and she didn't seem to feel it. At least she was still sleeping.  
  
Then I pulled the whole thing away and Garnet was naked in front of everyone. And still asleep.  
  
"Now what?" asked Mike.  
  
"Enjoy the view, guys," I said. "And let's just see what happens when she wakes up."  
  
Oh, yeah. I hid her bikini on the ...  
  
Well, you'll find out.  
  
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"Volleyball game!" someone yelled, and I saw Garnet stir and wake up. Everyone watched as she stood up and stretched and yawned.  
  
"What?" she said, "why is everyone looking at me?"  
  
Then she looked down, screamed, covered herself as best she could with two hands and sat down.  
  
"Where the ... is my bikini!!??" she screamed. Her face was as red as her hair.  
  
"Did you lose one?" I asked.  
  
"I'm ...ing naked!! What did you guys do??!!"  
  
"Where did you see it last?" asked Mike.  
  
"Hah hah hah," said Garnet, sarcastically, "big joke!! Now tell me where it is."  
  
"After the volleyball game, Garnet, then we can look for it," I said.  
  
"I'm not playing volleyball naked, you ...s," screamed Garnet. "Now where the ... is my bikini??!!"  
  
"How about we tell you after the game?" said one of the other girls.  
  
"I'm not ...ing playing ..." began Garnet.  
  
"Garnet, what difference does it make?" I said. "These guys saw your ... well, everything while you were still sleeping."  
  
Garnet glared at us for a few seconds.  
  
"OK, deal. I play your ...ing volleyball game and then you tell me where my ...ing bikini is, right?"  
  
"Deal, Garnet," said Mike.  
  
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So Garnet played pool volleyball stark naked. Us girls were smirking at her red face. The guys were looking at other things, of course.  
  
Finally, the game was over. Garnet covered up with her hands again.  
  
"OK, I played your ...ing game. I was even on the winning team. Now give me back my ...ing bikini."  
  
"Why don't you try the diving board, Garnet?" I suggested.  
  
"I am not jumping off the ...ing diving board naked!!!" she screamed.  
  
"But, Garnet ..." I began.  
  
"Look, you ...ing bitch, you promised me ..."  
  
"Garnet," I said sweetly, "your bikini is on the diving board. You can get it any time."  
  
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So Garnet climbed the ladder to the top of the diving board, found her bikini, put it on, and did a credible dive into the pool.  
  
She even calmed down and managed to avoid further f-bombs for the most part.  
  
She glared at all of us a lot though.  
  
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As party was breaking up, Mike pulled me aside.  
  
"Hey, Ashley, in case you're interested, I had a video camera running the whole time."  
  
"What whole time?" I asked, very interested.  
  
"Well, you taking Garnet's bikini off, her waking up, the volleyball game ..."  
  
"How about her climbing up the diving board?" I asked.  
  
"Sorry, the view doesn't go that high," he said.  
  
"Good enough. Can I have a copy?" I asked.  
  
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So now it's up on youtube. There's a video of last May's sports banquet too. I actually managed to watch myself being embarrassed. They were right about how red my face got. I pretended it was someone else and it was pretty funny to watch.  
  
Maybe I should send Garnet a link to certain ...ing ... er, a certain youtube video. She might enjoy it.