

In the girls locker room, the group of cheerleaders were changing out of their attire and putting their regular clothes back on. They all looked happy with how things went, but one of them didn't seem like herself. It was Carissa the ceratosaurus. She looked cautious as she changed out of her cheerleader outfit into just her bra and panties before putting on an ordinary yellow SCU t-shirt and short jeans. She appeared to be keeping a close eye out.

During their past several performances, the girl could've sworn that some mysterious individual had been standing out of the corner of her eye and watching them. She wasn't sure if they were being stalked, but seeing him appear on more than one occasion in such a frequent succession over the last week and a half was becoming a cause for concern in her mind. However, she had yet to inform any of the others because he would seem to disappear before anyone could get a good look. Assuming it was a "he", this creeper would keep himself shrouded in darkened shadows beneath the bleachers and behind fences. Half the time, this disturbing figure seemed like a figment of one's own imagination. But whoever it was appeared to be encroaching further and further. Deep down, the young ceratosaur had the feeling in the pit of her stomach that this lurker was much closer than ever before...

Once the girls were done packing up their things, they all said their goodbyes for the day. Carissa was the last to leave. She decided to exit via another route carrying her red duffle bag. She had the feeling she was not alone. That somebody was waiting for her outside. She believed

she had caught a glimpse of some shadowy silhouette near the doors they had entered the locker room from.

Slowly, she pushed open the door to the other exit, but waited for several seconds before setting out. Her eyes narrowed. Something didn't feel or smell right with her. She thought of letting go of the door and just walking away if not running away letting it fall shut without any second thought, but decided to look behind it just for the heck of it for better or for worse. She almost screamed out loud. Hiding right behind the door was the very guy who had been spying on their cheerleading practices and routines; a dark red and light blue carnotaurus. What kept her from instantly fleeing was the massive blush and nervousness on the guy's face as he struggled to explain himself.

"Hey. Sorry! Didn't mean to frighten you."

"Who are you?! You've been lurking around us on multiple occasions."

"I know! I'm sorry. My name is Carter. I'm majoring in visual arts, specializing in photography and videotaping."

Carissa looked at him angrily, tilting her head to the side.

"Well, exactly why are you spying on us?" she demanded.

Carter sighed.

"I was hoping to ask a big favor of at least one of you. I need somebody to record for an assignment where we film our own commercial. The theme that I was assigned was vacation. And I was thinking of the idea of filming at the beach. And..." he paused. "...Since you cheerleaders prance around in your... gorgeous attire in front of the

crowd during intermissions, I figured maybe one of you would be a natural fit as a subject matter.”

Carissa quirked an eyelid at him. Under normal circumstances, she would've expected him to try to seize her from behind the door. Instead, this creeper turned out to be incredibly shy and socially awkward. At least, that's how he was coming across. His predicament and subject matter actually did capture her interest. Unbeknownst to him, she actually was also an experienced belly dancer in addition to being a cheerleader. She also had to admit, this carnotaurus guy was rather cute.

“Well, Carter, exactly how much filming are we talking about here? Because I do have classes of my own to attend on this campus as I'm sure you do, too. And do you have a shooting location and any attire you want me to wear for this shoot?”

“Um, well, what kind of attire would you prefer to wear?” he asked with flushing cheeks. “It wouldn't be a lot of shooting. After all, most commercials are less than a minute long. And do you want it to be in private or at a public beach?”

“I would prefer public because it would feel more like a commercial and less exploitative and personal. And to answer your other question, I'm cool with whatever attire you want me in, be it bikini or otherwise.”

That statement surprised Carter.

“Really? You would really wear a bikini even though we've just met?”

Carissa narrowed her eyes again.

“On the condition that you don't go off publishing it

elsewhere,” she replied sternly.

“Whatever you say,” Carter responded, holding his hands up. “When is the earliest and the latest you’ll be available?”

Carissa shrugged her shoulders and said, “I’m free this weekend if you can get things prepared by then.”

She then left for a moment to refill her water bottle. While she wasn’t looking, Carter sneakily unzipped her bag and took a peek at the tag of her cheerleader outfit to see what size she was. He quietly zipped it back shut before she came back. Upon returning, she gave him her number and he gave her his.

“So, I’ll see you around, Carter? I’m Carissa, by the way.”

“I’ll see you then, Carissa.”

As the two of them parted ways, several thoughts began to flow through their minds. Carter was amazed by how quickly she agreed to collaborate with him on such a project, and in a bikini, no less! And to think, this was all after he got busted by her for being a peeping tom. He would've expected to have had the book thrown at him for that. He could not help keep from blushing the more he thought about it. Though another thought came to his mind. Could she have found him attractive? The answer to that was yes. Carissa wasn’t happy at all with him at first especially since beforehand, he had been following her and her friends around. However, after exchanging in conversation with him and seeing his demeanor, she suddenly found him coming across as rather shy and not so unpleasant. If this production went off without a hitch,

she honestly wouldn't mind getting to know him more if he was up for that.

The following day, Carter went out bikini shopping for Carissa. He wanted to find a swimsuit that he thought might go nicely with her black scaly hide, white frontside and purplish plates along the top and back of her head, spine and tail. He loved how naturally colorful she looked. After stopping in store after store, both corporate and local, he came across a two-piece swimsuit in her size that caught his fancy. The top had one cup that contained different yellowish squares and the other cup had pinkish triangles ranging from flush to muted arranged in patterns. It's lacing was turquoise and tied behind the back and neck. The bottom had an array of various greenish hued and shaded hexagons. There was no fabric in the back where the orange trimmings forked. This was so a tail could slide through and the bottom could then slip on. Carter stared at the bikini and just smiled. He loved it!

Meanwhile, Carissa sat around waiting for a call or a text from Carter. In the early afternoon, her iPhone vibrated. It was him.

"Hey, Carissa! What's your schedule like these next few days?"

"Hey, Carter. I'm completely free this Saturday if you want to get rolling."

"That works for me. I found a bikini I'd like you to wear." Carissa's face contorted to a confused expression.

"Hm? You... got a bikini for me?"

"Yeah! I think you'd look great in it for the filming!"

"Uh... Wait. Do you even know my size?"

Carter's heart missed a beat. He knew, but he was now nervous she would get angry.

"I... took a peek inside your bag while you were filling your water bottle."

A long pause followed.

"...I'll let this one go... for now at least."

Carter nodded nervously.

"Understood," he murmured.

Carissa hung up after that. She was incredibly irritated with him for sneaking a look at her clothes. But she was willing to give him a second chance. After all, he had yet to do anything seriously harmful to her.

As the week rolled on, Carter was afraid of contacting Carissa. But as the weekend drew near, he knew he would have to know if she would still be his subject in his assignment for class. He eventually summoned the courage to text if the shoot was still on. Thankfully, she confirmed it was, bring much relief to the carnotaurus.

Eventually, Saturday came to be; the day of their shoot. Carter got to the beach ahead of time so he could set things up. He was already in just his charcoal gray and beige swimming suit with a pair of sunglasses over his eyes. He waited patiently for Carissa once he was done. He had also brought the bikini he had purchased for her to wear for the shoot. After another half-hour or so, she finally showed up.

"Hey, Carissa! I'm right here!"

Carissa returned his call with a wave as she walked toward him. She was kind of interested in seeing exactly what the bikini he got for her looked like. She looked at

Carter's shirtless body up and down. While he wasn't exactly muscular, he was definitely toned at least. He also looked quite cool with those sunglasses on.

"Alright, I'm here. So where's this bikini you got for me?" Trying to hide his blushing, Carter reached into his carrying bag pulled out the two pieces of the swimming suit. Upon seeing them, the colors, shades and patterns, she tilted her head some.

"Well, at least it's better than what I was expecting," she thought to herself.

She took the bikini from him and walked over to a restroom with her sports bag thrown over her shoulder. At some point, Carter got the idea to start recording. He figured a shot of her walking toward him in the bikini would look good. After a couple minutes, she reemerged wearing the swimming suit and showing off her sexy body. Carter had to do his ever most not to blush harder than he already had. She looked absolutely adorable! He was especially entranced by Carissa's bellybutton in the middle of her tummy. He kept the camera focused on her as she came closer. Carissa found this to be a bit much considering that she had only just stepped outside with the swimsuit on for the first time, but decided against calling him out considering that he was the director and some improv can be a necessity.

"So... do you like what you see?" she asked when she was right in front of him.

"Quite," he replied sheepishly.

"Well... you do look rather cute yourself," she said with a smirk.

“I’m... really?” Carter quirked an eyelid.

Carissa just giggled and then turned to the camera.

“So, how will this work? What do you want me to do?”

Carter straightened himself up and began to explain the ad to her and the activity she would be doing, such as walking around like she’s arriving to the beach, basking under the sun, swimming and exploring the boardwalk. As he described each shot, Carissa listened while responding to a text, which then gave Carter another idea.

“How about we also record yourself taking a selfie?”

“Okay. Sounds good,” she responded.

“You feel comfortable with everything I’ve described to you?”

“Mm-hmm. I think I’m ready.”

“Okay then. Head over to the entrance and we’ll start.”

Carissa obliged to Carter’s command and the two went over to where he pointed. He focused the camera on her and she waited for him to call “action.” Once he did, Carissa began walking in the direction of the waves, carrying her duffle bag over her left shoulder and her iPhone in her right hand. Carter moved with her, keeping her in the frame as she moved. They would do more than one take with him in a different spot and filming her from various angles and distances. He also got a nice shot circling around her standing in place while she checked her phone.

“You getting my good side?” she asked after he called cut.

“I certainly think I am,” Carter assured.

As the day wore on, Carter continued to videotape



Carissa. He hoped that she was genuinely okay with having so much of her body on display for the camera. He had no idea how objectified she felt or not. They took a break every now and then to get a bite to eat or drink before they resumed recording. They decided to keep shooting until the color of the sky began to change. As the late afternoon wore on, the two started to pack things up.

“Thanks, Carissa. I couldn’t have done this without you. You really helped me out.”

“Well, I was happy to offer my services. Say, you wouldn’t happen to need me again would you?”

Carter looked at her.

“Come again?”

“I mean... if you need my assistance with anything else, I’d be willing to help... or if you’re free, maybe we could still see each other again...”

She put her hands behind her back as she said that last part.

“Oh. Uh... sure. I’d like that. Maybe we could see each other next Saturday? Maybe even Sunday as well? Once I’m done editing the footage.”

Carter was blushing harder than he had before.

“Great. That should work perfectly for me,” Carissa answered.

“Cool.”

The two smiled warmly at each other before parting ways for the day. Carter felt very pleased as he headed home. Carissa was quite the cute and fun subject to work with. Little did he know she was thinking the same thing, too.