**Bikini Contest**

by**[kgardner](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1149085&page=submissions)**©

I was nervous as hell when I arrived at the tavern. I could hear the people cheering already as I entered the back of the building. I arrived with eleven other girls, all of whom answered the same advertisement I did.

"Girls wanted for Bikini Contest. Expenses paid for travel and accommodations! Cash prizes!" the ad said. The only stipulation, I was told, was that if I failed to show, I wouldn't be re-reimbursed and I'd have to pay for the trip myself. I figured a free trip to Florida was worth it! I had been in one other bikini contest before and it had been a lot of fun.

We all squeezed into the kitchen of the tavern. A woman with a clipboard called out each of our names.

"Karen?" She called.

"Here!" I replied.

I looked around the room as each girl said her name. At 22 years old I was probably the youngest girl there. The oldest woman looked about 35. All the women were beautiful. Everyone had long hair and long legs. We were all dressed in either shorts or jeans and short-sleeve shirts which was typical for a warm day in Florida.

"Ok, looks like everybody is here," said the woman in charge. "Thank-you for coming! As you know this is our annual summer bikini contest, and it's our most popular event. I recognize some of you from last year, so a big thanks to our returning contestants! I'm going to ask the ladies who were here last year to go on stage first to give everyone else an idea of what to do. Basically, if you just smile and wave, and keep a friendly attitude, you can't go wrong."

She then picked up a box from the floor and pulled out a small package wrapped in plastic and held it up.

"There was some confusion about what you will be wearing - sorry about that. These are in fact the bikinis you will be wearing. There's a mixture of styles in here. I'm just going to hand them out based on cup-size, so if you want to trade with someone else you may."

What did she say? I was shocked. I had already picked out what I thought was the perfect bikini before I left home. It was a tan color and showed off just enough to be sexy, but modest enough to feel comfortable on stage. I had stuffed it in my purse expecting to change into it when I got here.

The woman made her way through the small group. She stopped in front of each girl and looked at her chest. Most times she just handed them a package, but sometimes she reached out and put her hand on the girl's breast giving it a gentle squeeze. She would then reached back into the box, and pulled out a package, and hand it over. No one seemed to think this was at all strange or uncomfortable.

"You're Karen, right?" she asked stopping in front of me. As she spoke she placed her hand on my right breast and gently squeezed it. "We spoke on the phone. I'm Carol. I'm so glad you could make it!" she said.

"Thank-you," I said cautiously, "um, I thought we were going to wear our own suits..."

"I know, I'm sorry about that," said Carol as she continued handing them out.

I looked at the package. It was very small.

"Ok everyone, same as last year, we're running late so please get dressed as quickly as possible," Carol said. She then turned and left the room.

All around me I heard plastic tearing. My heart jumped. Was she seriously expecting us to strip here? In the kitchen? I looked around in a panic. There was at least three kitchen staff - all male - working in this small room. As well I noticed the wait staff walking in and out frequently. This must be a joke!

The other girls began opening their packages and stripping.

"Oh my God!" I thought to myself. I looked over at the cooks. They had huge grins on their faces and made no attempt to hide the fact that they were watching us and enjoying every minute of it. I did not want to be the last one changed if I did go through with this so I moved as much as I could into the small crowd of girls and tore open my package.

My eyes almost popped out of my head. I held in my hand the smallest bikini I had ever seen. It was a blue thong bikini with small blue and white triangles for the top. It was all held together with string that was so thin it was nearly invisible. I looked at the girls around me. None of them seemed to notice or care that they were undressing in front of three or four men!

"That's really small," said the woman beside me. She was tall and blonde. She had a "Barbie doll" type figure, with big tits and wide hips. She had a flat tummy and long legs. She was also completely naked. She stood there holding her bikini. "I had one like that last year. The guys loved it," she said. "Can ask how old you are?"

"I'm twenty-two," I replied. I was feeling overwhelmed. All around me girls were peeling off their clothes. I saw bare breasts and shaved pussies everywhere. I was still clutching the small bikini in my hand, looking at it and feeling like this was all a big mistake. I watched as the girl beside me put one foot and then the other into her bikini bottom and slide it up her legs. Her suit was red, and not a thong, but a small brief-style bottom. I watched as she pulled it up over her thighs and finally up over her shaved slit. She ran her fingers over the edges of it, adjusting it to fit. She looked at me, her big round tits still completely exposed.

"Are you nervous?" she asked.

"Very nervous," I answered, trying not to stare at the big set of tits in front of me.

"You'll be fine. You should really put that on quick though. We're on in a minute," she said.

I looked around. A few moments ago I was surrounded by eleven naked women and now all of them were almost finished putting on their bikinis. My heart began to pound in my chest. This was the moment of truth. I knew that if I didn't compete that I'd have to come up with over a thousand dollars for the trip. I felt sick. I also didn't want to be the last girl undressing in front of the kitchen staff. I hesitated for a second and then began to strip... fast!

I started with my jeans. I unbuttoned them and pushed my jeans and my panties down to my ankles. I stood up and stepped out of them. I hoped the cooks could not see me tucked in among the other girls, but I was pretty sure they could. For a few agonizing seconds I stood there half-naked. I was sure my face was turning red. I tried desperately to figure out which was the front of the thong. I could hardly tell which small triangle was supposed to cover my pussy. When I did, I quickly stepped into the bikini and pulled it up. I was glad that I had shaved off all my pubic hair that morning. I was sure the small patch of fabric in front would not have covered even the little strip of blond hair I usually leave on. I pulled the strings up over my hips. I could feel the string in the back disappear between my little round ass-cheeks.

Next I took a deep breath and pulled my tight, white shirt up over my head. The girls began to move all around me as a door opened. "Oh my God," I thought to myself, "I'm going to be the last girl standing here, with my bare boobs in plain view of the kitchen workers!" As quickly as I could I pulled off my bra and threw it on the floor. I fumbled with the bikini top and managed to tie it around my chest as the last of the girls filed out of the room. I could hear snickering and whispering from the men. I quickly pulled the two small triangles up and over each breast and tied the string behind my neck. I was still adjusting the top as I joined the line of girls. My bare ass was the last thing the men saw as I walked away.

I was barely out of the kitchen when I heard the announcer's booming voice over the P.A. system. He was working the crown into frenzy. I could hear the cheers and calls of what sounded like a hundred guys. I tapped the shoulder of the woman in front of me. She turned around. Her bikini was stunning. The top was a full bikini top which completely covered her enormous D-cup breasts, however the material was completely sheer. It was so transparent you could see almost every detail of her large breasts and nipples. The bottom was made of the same material. I could easily make out a small triangle of dark pubic hair through her bikini.

"What are we supposed to do?" I asked her. She explained that this was her first time too, and that she was just going to follow the girl in front of her. "You might want to fix that," she said pointing to my left breast. I looked down and saw the small triangle of fabric had slid away to expose part of my nipple. I thanked her and quickly adjusted the tiny top. This was going to be interesting.

I was so nervous I just wanted to turn and run back to the kitchen, gather my clothes and take off.

The line continued to move forward. As I looked down the line I noticed each girl wore a different bikini. Mine was the only thong however. I was the only girl whose ass was completely bare. I could hear the music blaring louder as the line grew shorter. One by one the girls would walk out on stage to a wall of cheering.

Finally I watched as the girl in front of me walked out on stage. For the first time I got a glimpse of the full crowd. There were hundreds of people packed into the tavern. I watched the girl walk to the edge of the stage, place her hands on her hips, turn her back to the crown and look back at them over her shoulder, then strut back to join the other girls in line.

"And our final contestant... KAREN!" boomed the announcer. I felt sick. I was so humiliated in this tiny bikini that barely covered my tits and did not cover my ass! I turned around to leave and came nose-to-nose with Carol.

"You're on!" she said. She turned me around and gave me a little push on stage. I pasted a smile on my face and tried to appear relaxed as I strutted out to the middle of the stage. The bright stage lights lit up my near-naked body.

"Wow!" boomed the announcer, "What a body! Check her out guys! Twenty-two year old Karen is a first-time contestant so let's give her a big hand!" The crowd roared as I stopped at the edge of the stage. I was surprised and flattered at the response from the men in the crowd. I began to relax a little and as I turned my back to the crowd and looked back over my shoulder, I flashed a big happy grin. I felt like it was ok that my bare ass was on display. In fact as I heard the whistles and screams I really began to enjoy this!

I returned to the line of girls and as I walked, I made sure to wiggle my bare ass all the more. The announcer walked over to the first girl in line and began to chat with her. She told him where he was from, and what her interests were. I didn't pay much attention. I was still very distracted that my little top was constantly slipping and my pink nipples were almost showing. I turned back to watch the girl just in time to see something that made me gasp. Without any prompting or warning she took her bikini top, grabbed the top of each cup and stretched it out and slipped the cups up under her breasts. My jaw dropped.

"Holy shit!" I said to myself. I stared at the woman - her bikini top folded up under her tits, her hands resting comfortably on her hips and her big smile.

The crowd roared in approval as the announcer moved to the second girl in line. He raised the microphone to her mouth as she spoke about where she was from and what her interests were.

"That's great. Guys give it up for Candy!" the announcer yelled into the microphone. Again, as if it were scripted, the girl reached up to her bikini top, stretched it down, letting her round tits fall out of it, and slipped the material under her breasts. She put her hands back on her hips and smiled.

"Oh God no," I thought to myself. I could hardly believe my eyes as the next three women in line smiled, delivered a 20-second dialogue, and finally pulled their tits out. Each woman stood there afterwards completely relaxed as they smiled at the crowd.

I turned to the woman next to me. "Are we all supposed to do that?!" I asked her.

"I guess so," she replied.

"I guess so?" I thought to myself. Was I really expected to pull my tits out in front of hundreds of guys?

"Hi honey. What's your name?" the announcer asked as he got to the blonde woman beside me.

"Sylvia," she replied, beaming at the audience. I could tell she looked nervous.

"And where are you from, Sylvia?" asked the announcer.

"I'm from Michigan," she replied.

I felt like throwing up. I looked into the sea of guys, all laughing and cheering. Many of them had cameras and were taking picture after picture. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," I said to myself, "please don't do it Sylvia, please don't do it."

"Why don't you tell us your measurements, Sylvia," said the announcer.

Sylvia leaned into the microphone and smiled as she spoke. "I'm a 36-D cup, I'm 5'10, 36-32-34," she said.

"Quite impressive," said the announcer, looking over his shoulder at the crowd. "Well Sylvia why don't you let us have a look at those 36D's?"

"No, God, please," I whispered. I watched in horror as Sylvia slipped her right hand into the left cup of her white bikini and slipped her big heavy tit over top of the white material. Her big white orb looked even more pale in the bright stage light. She then slipped her left hand into her bikini top and pulled out her right tit and let it flop and giggle as she pulled her hand away. The crowd went crazy. Sylvia smiled and shook her chest gently back and forth letting her enormous tits shake for the amusement of the audience.

I looked away. I thought I was going to be sick. I felt a pain in my stomach. It was at that exact moment I noticed something I hadn't seen yet. On my left, just offstage was the biggest screen I'd ever seen. It was enormous, and projected onto it was a live image of Sylvia. "Oh my God," I said to myself, "We're on TV!" Suddenly the image shifted and was replaced with a two-storey high image of me in a tiny blue bikini. I looked ahead and spotted the video camera that had been recording the entire contest.

"And what's your name, Honey," asked the announcer, lifting the mike to my mouth. My head was spinning. I swallowed hard and forced myself to answer.

"K-Karen..." I stammered. I kept my hands firmly on my hips and flashed a big smile. My knees were shaking I was so terrified.

"Karen, you're a new contestant this year. Welcome!" said the announcer. "You sound a little nervous, Karen, but everything's going to be ok. Where are you from?"

"Ontario, Canada," I answered. I tried to remember to breath. I felt light-headed. I felt like running from the stage.

"Canadian, eh? That's great. Come with me," he said. He took me hand and led me to the edge of the stage. "Guys why don't we make Karen here feel welcome!" The crowd roared with whistles and applause. "Spin around, honey" he said. I nervously turned my back to the audience. I could feel the heat from the stage lights on my bare ass. As embarrassing as this contest was, I began to find enjoyment in letting the audience see my bare ass in this thong. I turned around again and faced the audience.

The announcer leaned over to me and whispered the words I was dreading. "Show us your tits, honey," he said. I stood there, frozen to the spot. I looked out over the audience. I saw hundreds of cameras and hundreds of hungry drooling men. I looked over my shoulder at the line of girls. Each of them standing there, tits-out, smiling. I looked over my other shoulder and saw myself plastered all over the screen. My heart was pounding in my chest.

"Let's give her some encouragement, guys!" boomed the announcer. The noise was almost deafening. This was it. The moment of truth. I slowly lifted my hands to my chest. I clutched the top of my bikini in both hands.

"Fuck," I said to myself, "I can't do this. I looked down at my chest. "I can't do this," I whispered. I watched as my hands slowly peeled the top of my bikini down over my tits as if in slow motion. I watched as my hard pink nipples slowly came into view. I watched as my fingers pulled the top of the bikini down as far as it could go. I only stopped pulling it down when the strings had nothing more to give. I let the material shrink back and bunch up under my tits. I stood there, my big round tits completely exposed in front of hundreds of guys. I watched the man with the video camera scurry up to me and focus on my bare chest. If there was anyone in the room who couldn't make out every detail of my nipples from where he stood, the camera man corrected that. I returned my hands to my hips and turned my head to see the screen. My big bare tits took up almost the entire wall.

The next few minutes were a blur. I remember being led back to the line with the other girls. I remember a lot of cheering and pounding music. I remember standing with two other girls at the front of the stage, my tits still exposed and pushed up slightly from the bunched up fabric of my bikini top. I remember being handed a check and a bouquet of flowers.

The next thing I knew I was in the kitchen again. I was standing there naked among eleven other girls who were putting on their clothes. Carol was standing in front of me.

"Congratulations!" she said. "So, can we look forward to seeing you next year?"

I smiled and looked down at the check in my hand. I looked over at the smiling kitchen staff. I made no move to cover myself, and any feelings of discomfort of embarrassment were gone.

"Absolutely!" I said.