The Snow Ball Fight

By Carrie

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Well, I’m not one to let winter get me down…..well at least after complaining about it for 2 months anyway. I know I always complain in the fall when I can’t get out to the beach and all, but come Christmas time I usually begin to adapt. I’ve gotten back into snow boarding and have been out a couple of times and have been keeping pretty busy. A couple of weeks ago we had this snow storm that dumped 16 inches of snow on us and it was really cold after that and we almost froze but then last week it turned warm. I mean really warm for February. It got up to 50 F one afternoon and felt like a heat wave. I almost wanted to go out and start on my tan but what we did do was just about as much fun.

It was a week night so we didn’t get to enjoy it during the day, but at home Karen and I got talking about how nice it was and started getting silly like we often do. I remembered this story that I had read a year or so previously on the Internet about these girls who had this naked snowball fight. The girls were in college and the challenge was to see who could outlast whom before running for her clothes. We got talking about it and started to dare each other to give it a try. Well Karen wasn’t too cool on doing it naked so we decided to do it in our bikinis. After agreeing, we ran to our rooms to change before we could change our minds. We met by the back door looking for our boots and gloves. Karen had a cute pattern bikini that she often wears and I pulled out one of my favorite suits, which hadn’t been out since September. It was my tanning suit and wasn’t the best choice for this kind of activity because it was one of the tiniest ones I owned.

It was so funny pulling on my boots wearing nothing more than a minimal bikini. Karen was laughing her head off all the time repeating, “I can’t believe we are doing this.”

Just as we finished with our boots, Sue, our other roommate came home. She just looked at us with her mouth open before saying, “What the hell are you guys up to now?”

We told her what we were planning and tried to convince her to join us, but she is the sensible one (aka boring) and said she’d just watch or so she said. We told her to put some hot chocolate on for when we came in.

I ran back to my room to get my ski gloves and knit hat. When I came back I caught myself in the hall mirror and couldn’t help but laugh. I was standing there with my knit hat on and snow boots, gloves in hand in a tiny white string bikini that barely covered the essentials much less provided any warmth. It was a sight you don’t see too often that’s for sure. My hat alone covered more of me than my entire suit. My nipples, which were barley covered by my top, were already quite hard and noticeable and we hadn’t even gone outside yet.

I flicked on the outside spot light, pulled on my gloves and got ready to head out when Karen screams, “Your not tuning the lights on are you.

“How the hell are we suppose to see if we don’t turn the lights on. We’ll kill ourselves in the dark” I explained.

At that point she wanted to chicken out but I wouldn’t let her. I grabbed her around the waist and all but pushed her out the door. I couldn’t help but feel the cold air as it passed over all my bare skin. Our entire bodies were immediately covered completely by goose bumps.

I let Karen go once I wrestled her outside and went to adjust my top back in place after the struggled forced one of my boobs to pop out. It was then that I realized how hard this was since I was wearing thick ski gloves. I had just gotten my boobs tucked back in when Karen threw her first snowball in my direction. I ran out off our little deck to escape her attack. It was hard running in the snow but I got far enough away that I was out of her range and quickly make a snowball and attacked her. I was laughing so hard tears were running down my cheeks.

We went back and forth for a few minutes with neither of us really landing a hit. Then Karen came at me, more throwing handfuls of snow at me than making snowballs out of it. It proved rather effective, as I had to retreat under a shower of flying snow, a fair amount of which landed on me. I backed up towards the walk where I could stand easier, only to fall backwards over a large pot that had been buried under the snow. Oh man talk about cold. Worse yet as I tried to get up Karen dumped more snow on me from the front.

Karen was laughing her head off at me as I struggled to get up. I was busy with my immediate problems and didn’t notice Sue sneak up from behind. Just as I was getting up I felt a tug at my neck and before I knew what was happening I felt my breast pop free from my top. I instinctively went to cover up and run away as Karen renewed her attack from the front. I escaped thanks only to Karen doubling over laughing.

I was now on the other side of the yard and realized that Sue has not only untied the strap around my neck but the one on my back as well. With that I yelled, “Ok so that’s how you want to play.” And ran after her leaving my bikini top lying in the snow.

Shoveling the snow proved more effective than taking the time to make snow balls out of it so I just shoveled up a couple of scoops of snow and let Sue have it. She let out a scream and ran off behind her car, which was parked in the driveway. While I went after Sue, Karen hit me right in the side with a good one that hurt pretty good so I retreated off behind a bush and we had a break as we all recovered. I took the time to brush some of the snow off and check out the scrape I was now sporting from Karen’s hit. That snow is not only cold, but also hard.

We were all yelling back and forth which I was certain must have alarmed the neighbors to what we were doing but we were too caught up to notice. There I am standing behind a bush in snow boots, hat, gloves and just a tiny little white bikini bottom that by now was showing almost all of my butt. I tried to tug it back in place but found that the only place I could get my gloved fingers under it was in the very front and in the center of my butt crack in the back. Not exactly the most glamorous thing to do but it got my suit back in place fairly effectively. As I did, I looked down and saw my nipples puckered up and sticking out like I had never seen before. My nipple rings were now hanging suspended a little away from the rest of my breast because my nipples were so long and hard. My areolas were also all puckered up as well.

I was kind of stuck where I was and I felt a little shiver roll up my back since we had been out there for maybe 15 minutes by now. If I went after Karen, Sue would have a clean shot at me from the side.I thought about running around the front of the house but wasn’t to keen on running out in the open half naked. I decided to go after Sue since she was closer and apparently had joined the game. I made up a couple of snowballs and went on the offensive.

I hit Sue from behind and she screamed and ran. Unfortunately Karen used the opportunity to through a few my way. I ducked and quickly made a couple of more snowballs as I chased Sue out into the yard and away from the house. As I did Karen attacked me from behind hitting me in the back and I screamed. Again it hurt like hell. Snow isn’t exactly that soft when it hits bare skin.

I ran after her and dumped more snow on her. As I did Sue dumped it on me. I had to retreat and ran out into the yard boobs jiggling wildly as I did. Now I was getting cold. I couldn’t believe Karen was still out. Just then I saw the lights come on in our neighbor’s back yard. I’m standing in the middle of our yard and feeling a little exposed since a lot of the bushes were bent down and crushed by the snow. With all the lights on it wouldn’t be hard to spot me so I snuck behind some bushes and made my way back though the edge furthest away from our neighbor’s yard.

I was nearly to our driveway when both Karen and Sue let loose on me. Again I complained that it wasn’t fair two against one but that didn’t seem to stop them. I dodged a couple of snowballs and got hit by a couple of others. As they moved in on me, Karen slipped and I grabbed her. She tried to get way but I pulled on the tie to her bikini top. She let out a scream. I had my hand on the one around her neck when I felt a tug at me right hip. She had grabbed the tie to my bikini bottom. I looked down and it hung loosely from my right hip and as I reached for it, Karen slipped away and ran towards the house. I had had enough by then as well and ran towards the house holding my bikini bottom up as I ran.

Once inside the warmth of the house we both fell to the floor laughing hysterically. Karen holding her bikini top to her chest and me completely naked as I had let the string to my bottom slip out of my hand. Sue followed us in and joined in the laughter. I complained that they had ganged up on me but they just continued laughing.

After we calmed down enough to take off our boots and gloves Karen and I ran to the bathroom to get our robes. We were still laughing and giggling as Sue handed us each a cup of hot chocolate. We had a second cup and after a couple of minutes the chill was gone.

Eventually we sat down on the couch and I showed them the scrapes they had given me where they had hit me. All in all I got hit by four snowballs and my skin was red and scraped were they had hit me.

We all laughed and joked about it for the rest of the evening and all agreed at how much fun it was and how we barely felt the cold. I guess all the running around and trill of the moment had kept us from thinking about the cold.