**Carrie’s Triathlon** Part 1

By Joe (with Carrie)

[Many thanks to Carrie for her help and encouragement for this story, for suggesting the plot and allowing me to use her characters]  
  
Carrie sat in the front of the SUV looking straight out of the window in front of her. I could tell she was concentrating. Winning the triathlon was important to her.  
  
It was of course important to all of us. We had pledges of close on five hundred dollars sponsorship if Carrie won, and the race organizers matched the pledges for the winner. So victory meant a cool one thousand dollars to the hospital and Carrie meant to win.  
  
And of course she would win. Carrie, the beautiful sexy Carrie, had the most perfect athletic body I had ever seen. And believe me I had seen all of that beautiful sexy body!  
  
I closed my eyes and imagined Carrie naked. She was about five ten and weighed in at perhaps one thirty pounds. Her legs were long and slender leading up to tight buttocks, firmed by the hours of training she put in. Her slim figure contained not an ounce of excess fat, her breasts were small to medium, but beautifully shaped, the strength of her pectoral muscles holding them firm so they jutted out in front of her without need of support.  
  
That day however Carrie was not naked. She wore a skin tight lycra costume. She had chosen it as being ideal for the mini triathlon she was to run. The mini triathlon she was bound to win.  
  
It was the last fund raising event of the year. It wasn't a serious event so much as a 'fun run', but that didn't stop the girls at college taking it very seriously indeed. And nobody took it more seriously than Carrie. If she won she earned a thousand dollars for the hospital, and she was going to win whatever it took. Under her warmups she had the uniform she was to wear for all three legs of the run: swimming, cycling and running. It was like a swimsuit and a pair of running shorts to pull on for the cycling and running and emblazoned across the front of each was the word 'Jouissance'.  
  
The SUV pulled into the parking lot and we tumbled out.  
  
"Hey Carrie, you gorgeous beauty" called Lisa, Carrie's friend, who I think had even more of a passion for Carrie's body than I did, "you gonna take your energy drink?"  
  
Carrie scowled. She wasn't keen on Lisa's insistence on this new 'energy drink' Lisa had found. Carrie liked to know exactly what was in anything she took.  
  
"I don't know Lisa. What's in it? Where you get it from?"  
  
"It's just glucose, and herbs and stuff. Do as you're told Carrie, drink it up."  
  
I never knew why Carrie always did what Lisa told her. It was almost like she liked to be ordered to do things. Lisa sometimes had her do real wild things. It was like Carrie wanted to be wild, but needed the excuse of being told by Lisa to do it before she could indulge herself.  
  
She must have known Lisa wouldn't give her just any old energy drink.   
  
"What is this drink anyway," she asked.  
  
"It's called Jouissance. It's like the best!"  
  
"That means 'Joy', doesn't it," said Carrie, who had done some French at school, "Is that some sort of French thing then?"  
  
"Na! I got it from this guy from Haiti. It's real big out there. All the girls use it."  
  
"I dunno," said Carrie, "it's not like I want to use any drugs or anything."  
  
"Ask that official guy there then," said Lisa, "hey Mister!"  
  
She called over one of the race officials, a pompous looking guy in his mid-forties, wearing a blue track suit and sporting a bright orange bib with the word 'Official' emblazoned on it.  
  
Lisa looked him up and down appreciatively.  
  
"Hey Mister, is it okay if my friend uses this energy drink stuff."  
  
"What's in it?"  
  
"Just glucose, and herbs and stuff."  
  
The guy looked at the bottle.  
  
"No problem with herbal infusions," he said, handing it back.  
  
"Go on then," Lisa handed the bottle to Carrie with a suspiciously triumphant look in her eye. Carrie put the bottle to her lips and downed it in one go.  
  
"Oh," said Lisa, clapping her hand over her mouth, "you were only supposed to take one mouthful."  
  
"Herbal energy drink," said Carrie, starting now on her warm up routine, "I don't suppose it matters."  
  
I could see from the wild look it Lisa's eyes, though the otherwise oblivious Carrie could not, that perhaps it did matter!  
  
"Let me see that!" I took the bottle from Lisa and read what it said on the label. The information was, to say the least, sparse.  
  
'Extract of mamajuana. Get your lady goin'.  
  
I thought I had better find out more, took out my phone and Googled 'Mamajuana'.  
  
As I read my mouth dropped open. 'Powerful female aphrodisiac from the island of Hispaniola'.  
  
Oh My God! What tricks was Lisa up to now.  
  
I googled 'Jouissance' and stared at what it gave for a translation ‘Extreme ecstatic pleasure. Orgasmic climax’.  
  
Oh My God! And Carrie had drunk the whole bottle. I looked over to where she was stripping off her warmups to start her warming up routine. She looked really sexy bending and stretching. And she was going to start feeling more than very sexy and very soon.  
  
At that moment we were interrupted by the guy with ‘Official’ blazoned all over his chest.  
  
“Hey lady, what you doin’,” he said, addressing Carrie.  
  
“Warming up,” said Carrie stopping her exercises for a while.  
  
“Yeah, I can see that, but what you wearin’?”  
  
“My uniform.”  
  
“Yeah, but what’s that on it?”  
  
“I dunno. Some slogan for Jouissance. Lisa got it put on.”  
  
“But that’s that energy drink aint it.”  
  
“Yeah, sure, what about it?”  
  
“You can’t wear that!”  
  
“What do you mean ‘You can’t wear that’?”  
  
“It’s an energy drink and this here run is sponsored by Sunny Fizz. You know ‘Sunny Fizz – it makes you Whizz!”  
  
Carrie looked at him with a rather puzzled expression on her face.  
  
“So?”  
  
“Well it’s all in the Fun Run rules lady. Don’t you read the rules?”  
  
Of course Carrie hadn’t read the rules. None of us had read the rules. Who reads rules? Nobody – except perhaps Lisa. Carrie shook her head.  
  
“The rules are – no advertising other energy drinks.”  
  
Poor Carrie looked desperate. After all she had been through. After all that training. With all that money at stake.  
  
“But it isn’t really an energy drink,” she flustered.  
  
“It had better be an energy drink lady, or it aint allowed under the rules.”  
  
“Well it is an energy drink, but it’s like, not on sale here, it’s not in competition with Sunny Fizz.”  
  
“That lady don’t matter for nothing. If that’s an energy drink. And you tell me it is. Then you can’t wear that uniform.”  
  
Poor Carrie started trying to rub the offending words off, but it was no good. They seemed etched into the fabric.  
  
Lisa appeared, “Carrie, Becca, what’s up?” she said.  
  
"Oh Lisa," Carrie was almost weeping, "what did you put this stupid slogan on the costume for. I'm not allowed to wear it!"  
  
"I thought it would be fun," said Lisa, "what do you mean 'not allowed to wear it'?"  
  
"No energy drink slogans allowed ma'am," said the official, "except Sunny Fizz. It's more than my job's worth to allow it."  
  
"But that's ridiculous," said Lisa, "she hasn't got another uniform and everyone is relying on her. Can't you make an exception?"  
  
"Nope. That ma'am, is the way it is. It's Sunny Fizz or nothing."  
  
Lisa's eyes lit up.  
  
"You mean she can wear nothing!"  
  
The man looked nonplussed.  
  
"Of course she can wear nothing," he said, "and now if you ladies will excuse me. I gotta go."  
  
Carrie was looking at Lisa with a horrified expression on her face.  
  
"No Lisa, no!" she said, "Please! Don't make me!"  
  
"I'm not making you," said Lisa, "but if you don't do it you let everybody down. All those people who have pledged their money. All those people who need the money for the hospital."  
  
I could see Carrie fighting in vain with herself. She knew she was going to have to do it, but didn't want to admit it.  
  
"But I can't Lisa, I can't, not in front of all those people. I can wear my warmups."  
  
"You can’t swim in warmups. Swim naked! It’s just the first stage. We'll fetch your warmups for the rest of the race. You can do it. Of course you can Carrie. Think of all those times you went training naked."  
  
"But that was different. That wasn't in front of a crowd of thousands. There wasn't television there then."  
  
"It's up to you Carrie, but if you want to let everyone down."  
  
Then a funny thing happened. A strange look came over Carrie's face and her hand seemed to go involuntarily between her legs and start rubbing.  
  
"What's up Carrie?" Lisa looked cincerned.  
  
"I din't know. I just feel I need to..."  
  
She started rubbing again.  
  
"Oh Lisa! What's happening?"  
  
"Come on Carrie! Get that uniform off. You need to get warmed up."  
  
I looked at the look of torment on Carrie's face. She knew she couldn't let people down, but even for Carrie the thought of like having to swim completely naked on TV and everything was just too awful.  
  
"Okay - I'll warm up," she said, "then we'll see."  
  
Trying to look inconspicuous and hide behind the SUV, she peeled the uniform down. Slid it down her legs and stepped out iof it.  
  
There she was again standing in front of me like a naked goddess. A vision of nude perfection.  
  
My eyes wandered over the perfect outline of her breasts, then they were drawn inevitably down over her tummy to her pubic mound.  
  
Oh My God! You could see why she had been rubbing! You could actually see already the effect of the drink. Her labia were visibly swollen and her clit was engorged. It was clear - she was going to stay that way till the effect of the drink wore off.  
  
I could see why she couldn't keep her hands off it. And she couldn't. Her fingers had already separated her vaginal slit and she was fondling her clit in front of me almost compulsively.  
  
"Carrie!" shouted Lisa, "Warm up!"  
  
Carrie seemed to suddenly snap out of her little dream and started rather energetically warming up.  
  
You know I've never seen anything quite such a turn on as Carrie warming up naked. Stretching each limb in turn, her taut muscles clearly outlined, her buttocks firm and tight, her breasts almost sculptured with her two nipples now engorged pointing forwards like two firm walnuts topping a pink blancmange.   
  
As she stood legs apart, stretching from side to side, my eyes were drawn irresistibly to her swollen clitoris clearly visible as the stretch of her legs opened her vaginal slit.  
  
My eyes opened wide. That was one powerful drink she had taken.  
  
“Holy shit Lady, what’s going on?”  
  
We turned to look at the official who was staring goggle eyed at Carrie.  
  
“She’s going to run with nothing on like you suggested Mister,” said Lisa.  
  
“Look Lady, when I said nothing on, I meant nothing written on her costume not…. Holy shit!”  
  
Carrie stood up and stared at him. He looked away.  
  
“You do as you like Lady,” he said and ran.  
  
Carrie looked almost in a trance. Whether it was the effect of the drink or it was the only way she could go through with it I don’t know, but she stood there proud and naked.  
  
“Okay guys, where do we start,” she said.  
  
“Yeah Carrie, we’ll just go but…” Lisa hesitated for a second, “best cover your boobs and your pussy with your hands. They’re a bit well… Prominent.”  
  
Carrie looked at her, “Okay,” she said, “just give me a few seconds.”  
  
“Sure thing,” said Lisa.  
  
Carrie, releasing herself from her self imposed containment for a few seconds, did what she must have been dying to do. One hand parted her labia and the other went to her swollen clit and fondled it, rubbing gently up and down.  
  
“Oh, oh, ooooh!” she said, “that’s good, that’s really good!”  
  
She licked her fingers and rubbed some more. The look on her face was ecstatic.  
  
“Hey guys! Oh! Ooooh!” she was rubbing harder and harder, her fingers sending shockwaves of pleasure shuddering through her body. I couldn’t believe what I was seeing. She was standing naked in the open working herself energetically, enthusiastically, uncontrollably. My God! That was one hell of a drink and it had poor Carrie totally in its grip.   
  
Then she showed a degree of self-restraint greater than any I’ve witnessed before or since. She stopped before reaching a climax.  
  
She pulled herself together and looked at us both.  
  
“Okay guys,” she said, “let’s get going!”

**Carrie’s Triathlon Part 2**  
  
"Okay guys, let's get going," I looked at Lisa and Becca staring at me. I don't know what had been in that strange tasting drink that Lisa had given me but it had sure been something special.  
  
My whole body suddenly felt vibrant, tingling as if an electric current was passing through it. I couldn't bear the thought of wearing cloths. I had to be naked. Completely naked. And as for my pussy! The sensation was indescribable. My clit felt enormous. I looked down. It was enormous, poking out from between my vaginal lips and every nerve in it so sensitive that I felt it would explode at the merest touch.  
  
As you all know I was now peach smooth down there, and those lips were slightly swollen and glistening with moisture.  
  
My breasts seemed equally sensitized and my nipples stood out rock hard. I tried rubbing them to get them to go down, but they were so tender to touch it had no effect.  
  
But more than anything I was so turned on, so sexually excited it overcame all embarrassment at my nudity. I didn't care who was looking. I ached to satisfy myself. But I didn't dare. I had a race to win.  
  
"Hey Carrie," said Becca, "you'd best put your warm-ups on."  
  
I struggled desperately to get control of myself.  
  
"I can't swim in those," I said.  
  
"I know," said Becca, "but you have to wear them for now and just take them off when we get to the start."  
  
She was right of course. Somebody would stop me if I just walked to the start naked, but if I took my warm-ups off just before the start I stood a good chance of getting away with it.  
  
At the thought of stripping naked in front of all those people my knees went all wobbly again. I was in a total turmoil: desperate to keep my cloths off but at the same time both incredibly embarrassed and incredibly sexually aroused at the thought of being seen buck naked. I pulled the warm-ups on. My sensitive skin made the material feel like rough sack cloth, and I was so wet down below I was terrified in case a damp patch appeared between my legs.  
  
But then I thought of the hospital and the thousand bucks. I was going to have to do it. I had no choice. I had to do it.  
  
I strode purposefully up to the start. There were dozens of track suited competitors there. You must realize that this was not an Olympic triathlon; it was a fun run. The swim was a swim across the lake and we were to start with a run of a few hundred feet before splashing into the water at a lakeside beach.  
  
When I arrived at the starting point people were already beginning to strip down to their swimsuits. Although I wanted to be naked - and if you have never experienced the sensation I have to tell you that it was a most extraordinary feeling, my whole body tingled so much that I was desperate to strip, despite the excruciating embarrassment it would cause me the effect of the wretched drink I had been given was to make me desperate to be naked - I still had the willpower to keep my track suit on till the last minute. The starter called us to get ready.  
  
The moment had come. I was going to strip naked in front of all those people. In front of the television cameras. All my friends would be watching, would see my naked body. My nerves nearly failed me at the last minute. But a combination of my sexual arousal and the need to win the race overcame all that. Taking a deep breath I took my top slowly off. There was an almost audible gasp from the onlookers as my bare breasts with their rock hard nipples came into view. The place fell silent, almost expectant, and I knew why. They were waiting to see what I had under my track suit bottoms.  
  
I hooked my fingers in the elasticated waistband, tried not to think of what was about to come into view, and as slowly and as nonchalantly as I could - slipped them down, over my bare buttocks, down my thighs, past my knees, until they lay in a heap at my feet. I stepped out of them. I'd done it. I was completely nude. And everybody could see me.  
  
There was a cool breeze there down by the lakeshore, and the feel of the wind blowing over my sensitized bare breasts and butt accentuated my feeling of nakedness.  
  
I had never been so embarrassed and at the same time so aroused in my life. I felt my face burning with humiliation, the flush spreading down my neck and over my bare bosom. My skin covered with goose bumps. My legs trembling with nerves. I half crouched, keeping my legs together in a ridiculous knock-kneed stance as I tried to cover my most embarrassing bits with my hands. I just couldn't let people see those. I couldn't!  
  
Then the starter fired the starting gun - and the mass of competitors set off. I stood rooted to the spot paralyzed by embarrassment, by the thought of all those eyes looking at my naked body.  
  
It may seem strange. I had been left alone by the others who had dashed off towards the lakeshore. I should have dashed after them but I was motionless, overcome by the mixture of embarrassment and sexual excitement. Every nerve in my naked body seemed super-sensitized - but none more so than those in my poor swollen clitoris. I had to keep my legs clamped together in case it was obvious to the people watching, and I felt that just one touch would send me into paroxysms of orgasmic ecstasy.  
  
The urge to do it was overwhelming. Just one touch and I'd be on the ground shuddering and moaning. Two touches and the contractions would begin. I'd be climaxing naked in front of thousands, my back arched, my pelvis contracting, waves of the most intense pleasure imaginable gripping my whole body.  
  
"Just put your hand between your legs Carrie. Just put your hand between your legs and give a little rub!" the little voice was in my head, but it was strong for all that. My hand moved uncontrollably towards the spot.  
  
Then I heard Lisa shouting.  
  
"Run Carrie! Run! They're getting away. Get going! Get going!"  
  
I looked at my retreating fellow competitors. I was alone. Standing like a naked statue. The personification of naked embarrassment.  
  
Lisa came running over to me, picked up my cloths and did the one thing that would get me moving. She raised her hand and swatted my bare butt as hard as she could.  
  
"Ow! Lisa!"  
  
She swatted it again. The sound of the slap resounded across the silent crowd. It brought me to my senses, and suddenly I was galvanized into action.  
  
The others were already in the water, and naked as the day I was born I dashed after them watched by a stunned crowd of thousands.  
  
I splashed into the lake a good thirty yards behind the others, but I was a good swimmer, and the freedom that my nudity gave me was extraordinary. I fairly flew through the water. The lake was fed by mountain streams, and although the sun was hot, the water was icy. The effect of the icy water on my super-sensitive skin was electrifying. I tingled all over, but nowhere did I tingle more than between my legs, whether it was the icy water on my sensitive and swollen clit, or whether it was that kicking my legs stimulated it even more, but I continually felt on the verge of an incredible climax. The energy it gave me was stupendous. In no time I had caught up with the mass of competitors. Soon I would reach the other side and Becca would be there with my warm-ups and my sneakers for the bike ride.   
  
But then an uncontrollable urge came over me. I suddenly felt that I couldn't survive without some relief. My sexual arousal was so strong I couldn't resist any longer - and there'd be no chance once I was out the lake. Of an instant I made up my mind. Taking a deep breath I dove beneath the surface. My hand was between my legs as soon as I was out of view and I gave my clit the seeing to it had been crying out for. And My God! Had it been crying out for it! As soon as I touched the sensitive spot I started to come.  
  
Oh My God! It was good. If you've never come naked under water you've never lived, and thankfully it came quickly. I bucked and spasmed and contracted until I couldn't hold my breath any longer. The trouble was, when I broke surface again, I was back thirty yards behind the others. And no sooner had I set off again after them than my clit was poking out and demanding attention again. Well it would just have to wait. There was a race to be won.   
  
I swam as hard as I could, but I was still last as I neared land and waded ashore and there was Lisa waiting. But where on earth were my warm-ups!

**Carrie’s Triathlon Part 3**  
  
"Hey Becca," I said as we drove the SUV round the lake to meet Carrie as she came out.  
  
"Yeah, Lisa," she replied, "you'd better step on it a bit if we're to get round in time."  
  
"Don't worry, Becs," I said, "it's all in hand, just slip your tee-shirt and pants off."  
  
"What!"  
  
"Slip them off. Carrie will need them for the next leg."  
  
"But we're taking her the warm-ups."  
  
"They're no good Becca. Too hot. Too restricting. I left them behind."  
  
"You did what!"  
  
"I left them behind."  
  
"Well we'll have to go back."  
  
"Can't do that. We haven't got time. And if Carrie's going to win the race and get the money she needs your tee-shirt and pants."  
  
I could see the panic in her face.  
  
"Can't you lend her yours."  
  
"No way stupid. I've got to drive the SUV and be the support. Come on Becca. We have to win this - you know we do."  
  
"But they'll be too small."  
  
"Get them off Becca. We're nearly there."  
  
"But I'm not wearing bra or panties."  
  
"Well that's not my fault," though of course it was. It was me that had persuaded Becca that it would be much more fun to go commando. Good old Becca. I could get her to anything.  
  
"Come on Becca, we're nearly there," and of course she took them off. She was bound to. I had put her in a position where it was impossible not to. I can always get those girls to do what I want. And I thought it would be fun to have them both naked.  
  
Keeping one hand on the wheel I picked up Becca's discarded outfit and threw it out the window.  
  
"Lisa!"  
  
"Okay! You'll get them back later."  
  
"What are you doing? Those were for Carrie."  
  
"You didn't think I was going to let Carrie off the hook did you! Carrie's going to do the race naked. All the way."  
  
"But what about my cloths?"  
  
"I couldn't have you going all soft and giving them to her could I. Or going and borrowing some of something. Relax - you'll be okay as long as you stay in the vehicle."  
  
Becca slumped back in her seat crestfallen and I felt my nipples harden a little. It was really amusing getting those girls to do what I wanted, stripping them naked, making them suffer paroxysms of embarrassment. It was so funny. And Becca looked really sexy squirming down in her seat there with her hands across her boobs - really sexy!  
  
And of course she loved it really. And Carrie loved it really. The loved being stripped and embarrassed. Quite possibly.  
  
I pulled up the SUV in the parking lot and went over to where the competitors were by now emerging from the water. Carrie was last. What had she been doing?   
  
She splashed out the water tentatively, looking around her anxiously to see how many people were watching. Her face was bright red and I could see the flush of embarrassment spreading over her chest. She was mortified!   
  
My nipples went rock hard. I had the power to get her to do this. Planning the whole thing from the beginning had been fun, and now Carrie would have to do the whole race naked or forfeit the money for the hospital. She would be in torments of embarrassment but would have to go through with it and I had orchestrated the whole thing. It really was so funny!  
  
And of course it was so sexy! I watched Carrie as she emerged from the lake, her tanned skin glistening with drops of water, her nipples hard, her breasts covered with goosebumps, her little bare slit just visible between her legs. She was absolutely stunning naked. I was so glad I had given all these spectators the chance to see such a stunning view.  
  
She scampered up the beach vainly trying to cover her slit with her hand.  
  
"Where are my things Lisa?" she yelled.  
  
"Becca forgot them," I said.  
  
"Becca did what!"  
  
"She forgot them and there wasn't time to go back."  
  
"Where is she?"  
  
"She's hiding in the SUV. She was too embarrassed to come out," which was not exactly a lie.  
  
I saw the look come over Carrie's face as the horrible truth dawned that she was going to have to continue the race naked. Still no chance for her to hide. Embarrassment heaped on embarrassment!  
  
"On the bike, Carrie, the others are getting away" I said, giving her perfect little bottom a pat of encouragement, and of course she got on. She had to.  
  
"Tell Becca I'll get her for this. I'll get her!"  
  
I watched her cycle away. There is no sight quite so nice as a naked girl cycling away from you. And when that girl is Carrie. Wow! Carrie is particularly sexy when she's angry. And embarrassed and angry together. Wow!  
  
I watched the muscles of her bare bottom as they rhythmically and alternately powered the pedals, tightening and relaxing in turn. It was a perfect view.  
  
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Becca! How could you! That's what I was thinking as I pedaled frantically after the others.  
  
Oh My God! I couldn't believe it. I was pedaling a bike naked with hundreds of people watching. At least in the water I'd been hidden, but now I was right out in the open, and what a view of my bottom I was giving from the rear.  
  
I was so embarrassed I felt I would faint, but what could I do! I just had to win the race whatever it took.  
  
I settled back on the saddle for a downhill stretch.  
  
"Oh, oh, oh!"  
  
I'd forgotten about the effect of the drink, about my sensitivity between the legs, that my still swollen clit was still sticking out unprotected. As soon as it touched the saddle a shock wave of pleasure shot through me. The effect was electrifying. I felt possessed by boundless waves of energy. Pedaling like a demon I was already making my way through the field towards the front, and every time I felt myself flagging, I just sat back a bit on the saddle again for a new burst of energy. The trouble was that by the time I reached the long downward run to the finish line my clit was throbbing so much I felt I would climax again if it got just one more touch.  
  
And of course when it did touch I couldn't control myself. The bike went flying. I went flying, and the next thing I knew I was lying on the ground desperately trying to control myself  
  
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I watched helplessly from the SUV as Carrie appeared at the top of the hill pedaling furiously down. She was in the lead now and I was trapped naked unable to help.  
  
Lisa had duped me into giving her all my cloths and had then thrown them away. How could I have been so stupid? Now Lisa had gone off and buck naked as I was I couldn't help Carrie.  
  
Then Carrie sat down to coast the last few yards in to the finish line, but something dreadful happened. Suddenly she lost control of the bike. The bike continued going and Carrie landed on the ground on her bare bottom.   
  
I leapt out the SUV and ran as fast as I could over to her.  
  
"Carrie! Carrie!" I yelled, "Are you all right?"  
  
She looked up at me, her face flushed and contorted.  
  
"Oh Carrie," I sobbed, "What’s the matter?"  
  
"Becca!" she gasped, "Keep those ambulance people away. I'm about to.... Oh, oh, oooooh!"  
  
Oh My God! I could see her start to spasm. The wretched drink! She was going to orgasm with everybody watching.  
  
I looked up at the ambulance men, hanging back in a slightly diffident way.  
  
"It's all right," I shouted, "she's just winded. She's er... She's erm.... Taking a few deep breaths."  
  
I hoped that what Carrie was doing looked like taking a few deep breaths from a distance. The other cyclists had pounded past and Carrie was last again. I pulled her to her feet.  
  
"Come on Carrie!" I shouted to her, "No time for that, the others have passed you," I dragged her to her feet.  
  
"Becca!" She stared at me before chasing after the others, "what are you doing! You've got nothing on!”  
  
It was only then as I looked round at all the staring faces and at the nervous looking ambulance man that I realized that I was standing there in the nude. Completely in the nude.  
  
I shrieked, put one hand to cover my modest little titties, one hand to cover my equally modest little pussy and allowed myself to be led away by one of the race stewards.  
  
Oh no! There was no-one to help poor Carrie now!

**Carrie’s Triathlon Part 4**  
  
I looked back over my shoulder as I ran after the others. Poor Becca! She was standing stark naked in the middle of the track rooted to the spot slightly crouching, knees together with one arm across her chest and the other trying to hide her predicament. Poor Becca indeed! She looked mortified.  
  
It was only then that I realized my own predicament. Swimming - well nobody had really seen me then - and even on the bike there hadn't been that many spectators, but now, thanks to Becca, I had to do the last leg still completely nude.  
  
The last leg! That's where all the spectators were - gathered round the finish line, waiting to cheer the runners home. If I was going to win the money I was going to have to run the gauntlet of thousands of spectators stark naked. They'd all be there - all my friends, my neighbors, the guys from college, Mr. Kopolski from the store. They'd all sponsored me. They’d all come to see me in the race and now they were all going to see me in the nude! Completely in the nude! Not even a pair of shoes. Never mind Becca's predicament - I had nothing to hide my... well let's say my embarrassment. I couldn't do it. I just couldn't! And then I remembered that all these people were relying on me. Perhaps if I could keep my hands between my legs while running?  
  
I put my hand down to it. Oh... Oh... Oh... That wretched drink Lisa had given me! My clit was still engorged, still sticking out there at maximum sensitivity. As my hand touched it my whole body suddenly felt on fire again, my skin tingled as if gently whipped by a thousand birch twigs, and my legs felt as if they were possessed of incredible power. Yes! I was going to get there first! I pounded after the others. Becca could be dealt with later; I had a race to win!  
  
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I was still chatting up the guy from the local television company when we noticed the commotion coming from the end of the cycling stage.  
  
Oh no! I should have been there to make sure Carrie set off on the last stage naked. What if Becca had got some cloths and gone to help her!  
  
I rushed out to be greeted by an extraordinary sight. Becca had gone to help her, but she certainly hadn't managed to get any cloths. She was standing there immobile and completely starkers in the middle of the track, and to judge from the laughter the crowd hadn't seen anything so funny for years. It was the look on her face that did it - eyes wide open, mouth wide open, cheeks as red and shiny as a ripe tomato - a very ripe tomato!  
  
I couldn't help laughing myself, it was so funny, and the funniest thing was she just stood there totally humiliated and too embarrassed to move. It was a shame really when they led her away, otherwise she'd have still been there to this day.  
  
Still, it had been an unexpected bonus among my plans for the day. I did so love stripping Becca. She was so shy it must have been a torment for her - and that was really, really funny.  
  
Still, I now had a decision to make: go and rescue Becca or watch Carrie's final humiliation as she ran through the crowds to the finish line. No brainer really. The lovely Carrie - made to run naked past all those people. It was too funny to miss.  
  
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I sat there with two security guards looking at me shaking their heads. They might at least have given me a blanket to wear. I looked down at my naked body. Even with my legs clamped together and my hands over my naughty bits I understood why they hadn't. They were enjoying the view.  
  
The big guy in the big hat was the first to speak, "College gals," he said, in that sort of slow Texas drawl, "I ain't knowin' nothin' now. Didn't act like this in my young day. Streakin' d'they call it. Still I s'pose it's more interestin' than watchin folks runnin' round for nothin'. What's yer name young Missy?"  
  
"Becca," I replied. He looked me up and down again.  
  
"Well, you look here young Becca," he said, "you go get yourself away, and don't go troublin' decent folks with that there streakin' no more."  
  
I looked at them in amazement. They were going to let me go!  
  
"Thank you. Thank you," I said.  
  
"Well get goin' then."  
  
"But...," I hesitated.  
  
"What?"  
  
"I've got nothing on."  
  
"That, young Missy is your doin' not ours."  
  
"But couldn't you lend me a blanket or something."  
  
"Look here Missy. You think we're made of dough. You come here buck naked. You leave buck naked. Now get goin' before I march you down the sheriff's office. They got some nice cells there."  
  
I fled. Buck naked in the cells! I was glad to get away. I ran back to the SUV as fast as I could.  
  
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Fired up by pressing on my personal energy button - and my did that fire me up - I was catching up on the others. My worst fears were being realized. A few people had noticed me start the race naked. A few more had seen me naked on the bike - but traveling fast they perhaps had thought I was wearing a pink outfit. But now! It was so different. Crowds lined the running route and from the whoops and the hollers they had noticed. Oh yes! They had noticed all right. The whooping and hollering grew, and as they grew my legs started to tremble. I was naked and everybody could see me!  
  
Lisa! Where were you? If I had seen her then I would have quit on the spot. Why had I done this? Why? Why? Why? I had thought I would only have to do the swim naked but Becca hadn't brought my cloths. I was sure she had forgotten them on purpose. Wait till I catch you Miss Becca, I thought, just you wait!  
  
I was nearly caught up with the others now. Only a quarter of a mile to go and one spurt and I'd be past. I needed to press the spot. That special spot between my legs that was giving me energy. What were all those people watching going to think! Oh what the heck - what were they thinking anyway! I pressed the spot. It was as big and as sensitive as ever so I gave it a really good tweak! Yes! The tingling power shot through me and I surged forwards.   
  
One by one the runners in front of me looked round to see what the whooping and hollering was about, and their mouths dropped open. Of course! I'd been last almost all the race. The other competitors hadn't seen me till then.  
  
"Oh My God! She's naked!" I could hear the words pass among them as first a few, then a lot and finally all looked round to stare at me.  
  
I had to blot it all out. Just concentrate on running. On passing them. I ran as I'd never run before. I streaked through the field. I could see the finishing tape ahead. I could hear the yells of the crowd.  
  
The tape was just ahead. I was going to breast the tape. Oh my God! I was going to breast the tape in more ways than one.  
  
I was going to win! I was going to win! Then it happened...  
  
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I still had nothing on, but I couldn't just wait in the SUV. I sneaked round the back of some tents where I could peer out at Carrie's finish.  
  
And there she came pounding through the field, helped probably by the total astonishment of the other competitors as they saw that one of the runners was stark naked.  
  
Then she was in the lead, when her leg seemed to collapse under her. She went rolling over and over on the grass. Perhaps she'd pulled a hamstring. And that's where I did a silly thing. I went running over to help her.  
  
She was holding her leg and rubbing it furiously.  
  
"Carrie! Carrie!" I shrieked, "What's the matter."  
  
"It's my leg. I've got cramp in my leg!"  
  
I grabbed hold of the leg and started massaging. Then something very strange happened. I was rolling over and over in the mud, and Carrie was on top of me!  
  
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Perhaps I'd been pressing the button too much, perhaps it was the exhaustion, perhaps it was the wretched energy drink, perhaps it was the crowds whooping and hollering. Whatever it was, as soon as I saw Becca there the red mist descended.  
  
It had been Becca who had made me drink the energy drink, Becca who had left my cloths behind and now Becca had come prancing around in the nude pretending to help me. I jumped on top of her. Not very successfully. It had been my intention to push her face in the muddy ground (it had rained heavily overnight) but my leg gave way and we went rolling over and over in the mud!  
  
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I had been so busy speaking to the race officials and the television people making sure that they didn't pull Carrie out the race and gave it full coverage that I nearly missed the end. It was the noise of the crowd that told me that Carrie must have appeared. There's nothing like the roar of a crowd when they spot a naked girl.  
  
I ran towards the final straight. The buzz was already going round the crowd. Two girls were wrestling naked in the mud. Oh My God! What was going on? I ran faster. A crowd had gathered at the finish. And there they were, naked as the day they were born, covered in mud, arms wrapped round each other and rolling over and over - Carrie and Becca wrestling!  
  
I looked round. The television cameras just had to be. Getting this! Once I'd made sure they were, and they'd had a few minutes to get good pictures I thought I'd better separate them.  
  
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"Carrie! Carrie!" I gasped, "What are you doing."  
  
"You stole my clothes!" She gasped, "It was all your doing."  
  
"It wasn't. It wasn't!" I gasped back, "It was Lisa. It was all her doing."  
  
Perhaps that wasn't the best time for Lisa to come and try and help us.  
  
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At least I'd won the race. Even if I hadn't breasted the tape I still rolled over the line first.  
  
And I could mount the podium smartly dressed. Lisa had good taste in cloths even if she hadn't lent them to me voluntarily.  
  
Becca and I had enjoyed pulling them off her and rolling her naked in the mud.  
  
It had been so funny.  
  
And I bet she enjoyed it. Probably.