**Embarrassed Naked Volleyball Girl**

by henry\_hoove\_12

Jo stroked her hands down the back of her thighs to release some of the sand that had stuck to her moist skin. The perspiration of the morning's play glued her loose t-shirt to her back, and it hung low over her bikini briefs. Yvette had already moved off down the beach and, after shifting her feet into her sandals, and retrieving their bags, Jo followed.

Yvette was a little shorter and curvier than most of the volleyball players in the tournament, and not as good, she would not have been playing in the tournament at all had Jo's regular partner not twisted her ankle the previous day.

Jo had imagined herself in the papers the next day, it was not often that she got the opportunity to play in a high profile tournament in her sport, but when Abbie went down injured, the possibility of winning seemed to disappear. Yvette was adequate, but that was it, and without the agility to make up for her lack of height they had been up against it all morning.

Yvette walked on past the practise net and on to the sea, where she knelt, wet her hands and ran them through her blond hair.

"My towel is in the bag."

Jo dropped the two bags and started to hunt for her new partner's towel. She found her own first and laid it out on the sand, which was baking under the midday sun. This gave her something cool to sit on, so she could finish unpacking, a couple of hats, her sunglasses and Yvette's precious towel.

Yvette returned.

"Do we have any water?"

Jo furnished her with a bottle.

"We're doing really well, don't you think?"

They held a record of one win, one defeat, but Jo knew that the pairing they had beaten was particularly weak, and she had been playing out of her skin to keep Yvette from being exposed.

Yvette was full of good advice, "Make sure you have plenty of water, we want to be fresh for the afternoon games."

And with that she poured most of it over her head.

Yvette was still wearing her volleyball uniform, and it was tight, revealing, just the way the sponsors liked it. The water slid down the vest top, darkening further the gap between her breasts. Jo caught it all through her dark lenses. Her new partner was not the best player but she was very good looking.

Jo checked out her firm ass, as she bent to return the bottle to the shade, no wonder the crowd behind them had swelled in their second game.

How obvious was she being? Probably too obvious, but she was too tired to care.

Yvette stretched out her bronzed figure, lying out on her flat stomach, her breasts bulging through the lycra top under her arms. Her shorts pulled tight, they left a tantalising gap between her cheeks.

"Hey Jo, shame about Abbie."

Jo twisted her head to see the new arrival but the brim of her hat obscured the approach.

"I thought it was yours to win this weekend." It was Michelle. The shuffle of further footsteps meant her partner Louise was with her.

"Mind if we stop in. We've got some drinks, straight out of the ice."

A couple of bottles landed between Yvette and Jo, as Michelle slumped to the sand.

"Whoa, it's burning up out here." Michelle slid her bag under her ass.

"If there was no midday break, we'd all be in hospital with sun stroke." Louise was eyeing up the sea. "Who's coming in?"

Yvette lifted her head, and her gaze followed Louise as she ran down the sand and plunged in, and then she was off to join her.

"I thought you two were going to win it today. Is Abbie ok?" Michelle took a long swig.

"She'll be fine." Jo caught the label on Michelle's drink. "Hey! Are you on the beer?"

"We suck. We are down three nothing, we'll be playing for fun this afternoon, maybe wiggle my ass for the lifeguards."

Jo laughed. "You give us all a bad name."

As she talked to Michelle, Jo kept an eye on the two girls in the sea. Yvette was acting the primadonna, holding her hands in front of her face as Louise splashed her.

"We've got a ball." Michelle slapped it on the sand next to Jo.

"No thanks. Rest and recuperation and all that."

"Suit yourself." Michelle got up and called to the others. Michelle and Lousie were both tall, dark haired, Michelle's cropped short, Louise's long in a pony tail. Jo lay back, she never thought of herself as bi exactly but when you surround yourself with girls like these....

A volleyball landed next to her, breaking her train of thought.

"Let's have it back." Louise shouted to her from the practise court. Yvette bent over in front of Jo and flipped it back into play.

Michelle caught it. "Come on you guys, lets have a game. Keep yourself sharp for this afternoon."

"I'm in." Yvette jogged back over to the other two. "Come on Jo, we can't play with three."

Jo stood up and dropped her hat and shades. It couldn't hurt and Yvette could certainly do with a few pointers

Michelle and Louise teamed up, Jo and Yvette took to the court.

"Serve it in, Michelle." Jo called out. She was watching Yvette take her position. "You are standing too wide."

"Christ, Jo, it's only a practise game." Yvette shuffled a few feet inside, and Michelle fired the ball over everything.

"Fetch that!" She laughed. She had probably started drinking much earlier. Jo set off to retrieve it but when she returned to the court she could smell something was up. Michelle stopped her in mid serve.

"Why don't we play for something, to make it more exciting?"

"Yeah," Louise added, "I think you guys need to sharpen your competitive edge."

"Like what? I don't have any money."

Louise started laughing.

"If you win on serve, the other team has to take off an item of clothing."

"On a public beach?" Jo was not amused. She looked over at Yvette for support.

"Everyone is up by the grandstand. And I don't think anyone wants to see you naked anyway." Michelle goaded.

Jo looked around, the end of the beach they were on was empty, most people had congregated around refreshments tents the other side of the grandstand, but the promenade was about fifty yards away and there were certainly enough people on that to make the bet interesting.

Yvette was looking at her when she returned her eyes to the game. She had a grin on her face.

"Let's do it."

The three other girls were all pretty good looking, Jo was not going to object to seeing any of them naked, and with only two items of clothing on each it could all happen in a hurry. Was she prepared to get naked herself? The others had been drinking. Lots to think about.

"You can serve." Michelle invited. Louise did not seem happy about the offer, but Jo was not going to refuse and she took her position on behind the line.

The future prospects of the game were racing around inside her head and Jo tossed it too far ahead of herself and netted her serve. She couldn't believe it.

"Good start!" Michelle retrieved the ball.

Jo was worried she had said it too loud, and she looked along the beach. The last thing she wanted was to draw a crowd.

Louise took her position and served to Yvette, who popped the ball up. Jo moved in and feigned a set-up, at the last moment pushed the ball over the net.

It landed out. Jo wanted to contest the call, but it was clearly out.

"Why didn't you lay it on to me?" Yvette, hands on hips, was not amused.

"Who's going to go first?" Michelle asked.

"It wasn't me who pushed it out."

Jo took a long look up the beach, it was possible that a few people on the promenade were watching. But she had been topless on a beach before. She was sweating now, not just from the heat of the sun. Another scan of the beach to see who might be looking and she hooked her fingers under her damp tee shirt and slid it over her head.

Whistles erupted from the other side of the net.

"They're not big, but you know, kind of nice." Michelle taunted.

Jo knew that one false move now and she could be naked.

"Let's go."

Michelle served it straight to Jo at the re-start. Jo was still thinking about her bottoms and though she dipped to get herself in perfect position, she spilled a routine play onto the sand. It was so bad, she wondered if the other girls thought she did it deliberately. She knelt there looking down hoping that Yvette would step forward for the team.

"Interesting!" Michelle was grinning.

"No way. Your mistake." Yvette was standing there with her arms folded as Jo looked up.

Louise whistled. "Off, Off...."

Jo pushed her bottoms to her knees. She was still kneeling and she felt the sand cling to her ass. She wanted to stay down but she had to raise herself to get them completely off and Louise's chant was getting louder. Finally she sucked in a deep breath and lifted herself to her haunches pulling the thin fabric down and over her feet.

"Very nice." Louise complimented her. "Not shaved, but tidy".

"Have we stopped playing?" At least now Jo was in a position where she had literally nothing more to lose.

Louise served again. Jo punched it over to Yvette who set it up at the net, Jo leapt for the spike, but it was blocked by Michelle, Louise hooked the rebound into the empty court space behind Yvette.

"We're good," Michelle exchanged a high five with her partner, "How come we didn't win any games this morning?"

Jo was now waiting for Yvette. "Well."

Yvette was not looking happy. "It's a stupid game and we'll be back on court soon." With that she turned and marched over to her bag which she picked up, then she set off for the stand.

"NO WAY!" Jo was going to run after her, but she suddenly remembered she was naked. Her shout had turned a few heads up the beach. She dropped to the sand and scrambled back to her tee shirt which she quickly put back on.

"No fair." Michelle was displaying mock disappointment.

"You're right," Jo replied coolly, "no fair."

\* Few words were issued between Jo and Yvette during their preparations for the first afternoon game, the climate was as icy as it could be under the sun bleached sky. Yvette had spent her time chatting to some of the other players, steering clear of Jo's gaze. Finally they took to the sand.

As Jo stepped into the court she noticed how it was filling up, the stands were now nearly half full as they were drawing closer to the knockout stages.

The competitors had two chairs each to sit on, either side of the umpire's chair, the chairs surrounded on three sides with a 6 foot windbreak, and now after some comments on the heat, a further piece of canvas had been slung over the top of each one, so each team had their own shelter, open only to the court side.

Yvette had walked on ahead leaving Jo standing momentarily at the entrance to the court, she was carrying their bags and she dropped them there, at the entrance, taking only the water, she followed Yvette's curvy form packed into the tight uniform, to the chairs.

Yvette sat down turning to face Jo as she arrived under the canvas.

"Where are our bags?"

"You don't need makeup to play volleyball."

Jo sat and placed her feet in the bowl which had been left under her chair, then used a little of the water to wash the sand from her feet. Looking out straight ahead, she could see the stand opposite, the seats were elevated, they started above a sponsor's hoarding, some ten feet in height, so anyone sitting, even in the front row, would be looking down to where Jo sat.

The canvas sheet above her was loose, and flapped over the shelter entrance, obscuring the upper seats. A little tug forward and it would hang down, only their feet would be on view to the spectators.

It was not long before the umpire arrived, took to his chair and they were under way. Yvette took to the court, Jo followed, pulling the canvas gently forward as she stepped out.

In spite of the tension between them they got off to a good start and were up at the first switch of ends 5-2. As a concession to the heat the players were allowed a short break after every second switch and so Jo sat alongside Yvette under the shelter 9-5 ahead.

Jo ran her hands down her long legs, brushed the sand off as best she could, it clinging with the perspiration and she looked over at Yvette who was drinking from one of their bottles. Jo looked ahead, the opening through the gap was clear, there was no-one at court level directly ahead. Her heart was beating, solidly, quickly, due to the game, but now it beat just a bit faster, she grabbed her top and pulled it off.

"What are you doing?" Yvette spat out her water.

Jo gave an appearance of calm as she placed the top over the bowl and rinsed it with her own bottle.

"You haven't played in many of these tournaments, Yvette, but when the weather is this hot you have to do this or the sand will burn your skin."

Jo left her top in the bowl and leant back. She could feel a tingle of excitement along her spine.

Yvette was looking around.

After a few moments of silence the umpire's whistle blew from above and Jo picked up her top, put it back over her head, and stepped back out. Yvette had to shake herself out of her state of surprise in order to follow her.

They played well through the next two switches, Yvette had restarted poorly, but Jo was feeling good and had more than made up for it.

They took their chairs 17-11 ahead.

Yvette sat down expectantly.

Jo once again took a breath, slid her damp top over her head and placed it in the bowl. Yvette was watching her. Jo casually checked out ahead of her, the line judges sat at the ends, and no-one else was allowed at court level so it was unlikely anyone would be there. Then she slid her hands down her sides ran her thumbs into her bottoms and slid them to her feet before flipping them in the bowl.

Yvette sat to Jo's right, mouth open, running her eyes up and down over every inch of her naked partner, who was leaning back casually brushing sand from her forehead and out of her dark, tangled hair.

Jo could feel her eyes all over her and it thrilled her.

"You definitely do not want to get burnt down there, Yvette, you'll feel it for weeks, and some girls even get scars."

Jo shut her eyes and relaxed. She pictured all the people in the stands around her, only a few yards away, she ran a hand down over her breasts and her flat stomach, it may have looked like she was brushing away sand but she was dying to feel herself. She wanted to do it right here in front of Yvette, but she had to stop herself, that was not the point.

The whistle blew and made her jump, she just managed to stop herself sn\*tching for her costume, and made it look casual enough as she put her clothes back on and took to the court. Yvette trailed her into the sun, not sure if she should believe what she had just seen.

Jo was high now, adrenalin surging and she almost single-handedly put the first set away, they returned to the shelter 21-13 winners.

Yvette was first inside, Jo checked the position of the canvas cover before she too entered. With the set won, Jo knew the break would be longer.

As before, Jo removed her top, rinsed it with a little water and placed it in the bowl, she was shaking a little, but she held her nerve and again ran her bottoms down over her thighs and they joined her top, slowly soaking.

Jo smiled to herself, it actually was a good idea to cool her costume this way, she laughed, she should do this all the time.

Yvette sat, uncomfortably, next to her. Jo's athletic, nude body was off putting enough, but her partner's words were also nagging at her. Her costume felt itchy all over and she began to wonder.

A few moments passed. Jo could see Yvette looking at the bowl. She rubbed her arms, she shifted in her chair. Jo watched out of the corner of her eye. Yvette raised her hands to her top, she lifted it out, pulled it away from her breasts, so it lost their shape, then she held it there, looked over at Jo. Jo catching as much of her partner as she could without being too obvious. Was it possible Yvette was going to go for it? The thought of a naked Yvette was raising the temperature.

The umpire's whistle went.

Yvette released her top and sprang forward.

Jo exhaled. It was a good thing she was soaking her shorts in the bowl. They would be getting soaked anyway.

Jo dressed and followed her partner out.

The second set started pretty even. Yvette was clearly not concentrating, although Jo felt fantastic and was playing better than ever, she nearly made up for it. They returned to their shelter 6-8 down.

Jo removed her clothes. It was getting easier now.

And then she waited.

Yvette looked outside, there was no-one in front of the shelter, then she bent right down, she was looking out from under the canvas, seeing how far down she had to go before she could see the first row of spectators.

As she leant, Jo opened her legs so Yvette's hair brushed the outside of her thigh when she lifted her head back up. Jo's body pulsed with excitement.

Yvette took a last look at Jo and then lifted her own top over her head and proceeded to carefully rinse it, nervously looking at the canvas opening. The whistle went and Yvette whipped her top back on.

Play resumed.

The tide turned, Yvette seemed more relaxed and they sat back down 16-12 ahead.

Once again Jo stripped. Jo was enjoying it now. Hundreds of people surrounded her, and here she was naked, dripping with sweat and virtually fingering herself. Her nipples were hard if Yvette had not noticed.

Yvette took her top off and it hit the bowl.

They reconvened and won the set convincingly. 1-0 winners, with one game to go.

Jo left the court to collect their bags, Yvette followed.

"It feels good, doesn't it?"

Jo could have been referring to the coolness of the uniforms.

But she wasn't.

Yvette nodded in agreement. Wetting the costumes did after all seem a practical thing to do.

As the other games progressed Jo sat in the stands. As the other players returned to the little canvas huts she pictured them stripping naked. She wondered if she could make it to the next game without finding a quiet spot to bring herself off. The crowd was packing out now, maybe a third of the stands remained to be filled.

Jo took a long cool drink. She would be back in action soon enough.

\* They had one more game to go in the group stage. They had won two, lost one. Not bad. The team they had just beaten were among the favourites, probably having a bad day. Jo had expected to lose, which was another reason why she had been so relaxed.

Jo left their bags at the court edge as before, away from the players' seats. The game started as before, and soon Jo was sitting 9-7 ahead, and naked.

Yvette had taken her top off too. She sponged herself with it, all the time casting glances at her partner, her long legs, her firm tight breasts, the smooth skin of her body, prickled with beads of perspiration. The wetness of Yvette's top across her own skin was doing little to cool her down.

The game moved on. At the second interval they were 15-13 up. Jo had made a few mistakes on the last points, she was looking forward to the break too much.

Once under canvas she stripped again and shut her eyes. She ran her hands slowly over her body and down her legs, the crowd noise all around her. She loved the hot lubrication the sweat provided as her palms rode over her thighs.

Yvette had started to play well, and it was her that made the decisive plays to win the first set. After a particularly deft finishing play she was feeling confident. Her top joined Jo's in the bowl and after a couple of glances she hooked her thumbs into her tight shorts and slid them to the sand.

Jo took it all in. Yvette looked superb, curvy but still athletic, her breasts full, her legs tan, all covered with a hot shimmer. Jo was breathing quick, shallow breaths, her heart was pounding. This was what it was all about. Jo picked up her shorts and slid them back on as Yvette dripped water from her bottle over her breasts, rivulets rolling down her stomach into her lap, clinging to the delicately cropped blond curls there.

The umpire's whistle blew. Jo snapped out of it.

The second set started well. Yvette was playing better then Jo ever thought she could. They were racing into a second set lead. Jo looked around, it seemed the stands were a little quieter, emptier. It was possible that people were taking a break in the refreshment tents before the semi finals.

When they returned to their seats they were 10-4 clear.

Jo sat down. Yvette was beaming. She removed her top and then her shorts. She ran a little water through them, then left them soaking in the bowl. She ran her hands over her breasts and leant back in her chair and closed her eyes.

Jo had not stripped this time.

Jo looked at the bowl, it lay at her feet. Their bags were tucked safely away, off court. She slowly reached up and took hold of the canvas cover with her left hand. Her right hand lowered towards the bowl.

She hesitated. They were winning. One set up, cruising in the second. The crowds had seemingly dispersed. She looked at Yvette, her perfect naked body. Missing out on getting some action with her was also a consideration. She laughed, but not a big one, nor likely anyway.

If they won this game they would be in the semis. The crowds would be back. The local press might even turn up for the semis. The humiliation would be total. She released her grip on the cover and dropped her arm. The umpire's whistle blew once again.

Although Jo was distracted somewhat, the set was easily won. Yvette was playing well and they left the court, the knockout stages beckoning. Getting naked. Jo thought she should coach it.

Yvette offered to go and get them drinks and some food, the morning's episode forgotten, by her at least.

Jo waited. The next game would come soon enough.

\* Jo and Yvette entered the arena. The wait for the remaining group games to finish had been a long one and Jo had become a little edgy. The crowd had become quite big and what seemed an easy business had become more difficult in her mind. She was still set, though, and up against the tournament favourites she was sure they would lose, so the outside possibility of winning the whole thing and making the back pages had ceased to be a factor.

They started well, but Jo quickly lost concentration. A couple of photographers had come down onto the court and although this would make the whole thing that bit more delicious she worried that Yvette had seen them. They trailed into the first break 10-4.

Jo and Yvette were on the other side of the umpire this time so at the first break Jo pulled over the cover as she had before.

Jo got inside and sat and waited. But Yvette was just drinking. Jo quickly slipped out of her own kit, hoping that Yvette would follow. The photographers, the full crowd, the semi-final, Jo was sitting amongst it all, completely naked, trying to remain calm, but she was shaking, with fear and exhilaration.

The whistle went and Jo slipped her costume back on.

The first set was slipping away. It was becoming clear that Yvette was getting agitated at Jo's drop off in performance. It culminated in a "stupid b\*tch" when Jo uncharacteristically placed a serve into the net. They were behind 19-9 at the second break the first set all but lost.

Jo sat in her chair. She knew she was up against time now, if they lost the second set she might only have three more breaks to get Yvette naked. She must have seen the photographers. Trembling, Jo lifted her top clear and slid her shorts to the floor. She sat back and she shut her eyes hoping the photographers stayed at the end of the court, but all the time imagining them turning the corner of their canvas shelter and finding her there.

"You are playing like shit." Yvette eloquently broke the silence.

"I'll get it back, relax." Jo tried to sound convincing.

Yvette took a swig from her bottle and then she removed her top, which she held in her hands, brushing out the damp sand. Jo imagined those fabulous breasts on display across the morning's papers, there was still a chance.

They returned to the court, but the set was over pretty quickly. When they sat back down Yvette's mood had turned a little more sour.

"I'm supposed to be new, you look like you've never played before."

"We'll take the second set off them." Jo pushed her shorts down and held them in her hands. What little breeze there was she could feel between her legs, the only thing cooling her fire.

"We'll only do it if you start playing." Yvette's head was down. She was probably also tired, it was the fifth game of the day.

Jo sat patiently. But Yvette just sat there. The whistle went and Jo slipped her shorts back on. They might have to send it to a third set if this was ever going to happen. The image of her hand on the canvas in the last game was beginning to gnaw away in her mind.

Jo stole herself for a big effort. She started to take control.

"Move yourself", "You've got to get higher", "Send it deeper", "You're setting up too close."

Jo was getting vocal, pushing Yvette. Yvette was responding, but they were still hanging on. At the first break they were 8-6 down.

Jo reckoned they may have two more breaks. They were probably not going to win this set. Even if it went to a third set the game would become too important, focussing on it, Yvette would probably not strip. Jo changed her tactics.

"We've given it a great go anyway, Yvette, win or lose. And you've been much better than I thought you were."

Jo removed her vest, and then her shorts. She could feel the crowd closing in. The desperate situation was heightening the rush, she wanted to plunge her hand between her legs.

"Semi finals is a good achievement, let's enjoy it."

Jo wondered if Yvette had noticed how far her nipples were sticking out. But Yvette was quiet.

Jo dressed again at the whistle. Yvette was quiet through the play. The game was quickly getting away from them. They returned to their seats 17-11 behind. Another 4 points and it was over.

Jo stripped instantly and sat down, she put her vest and shorts on the edge of the bowl, she had to encourage Yvette to follow but she would need quick access to her own things.

She closed her eyes and hoped for the best, but she knew it was too late. No-one would be exposed out here today.

"Do you not think we've done well, Yvette? There's no shame in losing."

Yvette leant forward.

"You get me to play in this thing, I play out of my skin, and when we're in the semi-final you give up."

Yvette leant a little closer. "If you want to give up, I can give up too." With that Yvette stood the bowl in one hand, her other hand dragged the canvas cover out into the court.

The darkness was instantly lifted from Jo's eyelids, and she sat bolt upright, the crowd in complete silence. She sat there everyone looking at her and then the silence broke, pandemonium. Jo fell to her knees looking for something to cover herself, there was nothing but the sand that stuck to her shins as she scrambled naked in front of the onlookers. There was nothing to do so she ran, ran for the exit, grabbed her bag and stumbled her way out to the car park. The clinking of the courtside photographers accompanying her flight.