**Figure Skating – Bare Essentials**

by TrackJim

The sectional competition for the 2000 World Finals was fiercer than ever this year.  It was rumored one of Tami’s competitors had spent $15,000 to have a song written just for use with her figure skating routine.  Another was said to have spent $1,200 on her costume.  Tami had no such resources available to her and it was driving her mother-manager crazy.

Tami was a late bloomer in more ways than one.  Still very flat-chested and suffering from at 14 she had initially used her skating as an emotional release. She had always liked figure skating but probably lack the drive to have gotten to the sectional on her own.  Her mother had driven her to do better than her best.  Now, at almost 19, a clear complexion and 36C breasts garnered the attention of most males she encountered.  She was one of the older female skaters in the field of mostly 16 and 17 year olds.

Although the abilities of the skaters was as important as ever, the recent competitions had shown that the presentation was now equally important and could effect the results in close competitions.  Tami fretted as she finished her final practice period, but her mother had promised she had something special that would help.

Tami’s mother had told her to be at her small dressing room two hours early.  She was to already showered and in just her robe. Tami arrived at her dressing room in plenty of time.  She stripped down and slipped into her robe and shower sandals.  With a towel in hand she locked her dressing room drawer and walked to the shower room.  Even in her long terrycloth robe she felt self-conscious as she stepped into an empty stall and hung her robe over the door.

Tami had never been that self-conscious of her body until her breasts had bloomed.  The attention that they received had caused her to be confused.  She was proud that she finally had a nice chest, but was embarrassed that they seemed to get more attention that the rest of her especially with the boys.  She had had little time in her busy training schedule.  The only sexual release she had ever had was in those few things she had brought herself to orgasm in a shower or bath.   She looked forward to a break in her training regimen to find and enjoy the right boy.

Tami shampooed her short hair and was finishing her shower when she noticed that her robe was no longer hanging on the door. Fortunately, she had hung her towel on the hook inside the door.  She dried off and wrapped the large towel around her body. The towel more than adequately covered her from armpits to knees, but she still felt almost naked.  She padded back to her dressing room and was happy that she had kept the key on a chain around her neck.  She had just gotten seated inside when her mother burst in with another woman.

Her mother ordered Tami to stand and drop her towel. With no introduction or explanation the other woman started applying paint to Tami’s body.  Tami shut her mouth waited for her mother to explain as the other woman’s brush works on Tami’s shoulders and back.  Finally her mother explained that most of Tami’s special costume would be painted directly to her skin. Her mother held up two small pieces of material that left Tami blushing.  The first strip was little more than a sweatband that would pinch her breasts and barely cover her nipples.  The second piece was a tiny g-string that would barely cover anything. Both pieces of material had a psychedelic pattern.  Tami looked in the mirror to see that the pattern was matched by the paint being applied to her body.  The painter had just reached her breasts and the brushes tinkled her pert nipples.

Tami was shocked by her mother’s plan.  While her mother had been quite demanding she had shown Tami care and affection. She had never do anything to deliberately embarrassed Tami….until now.  The thought of performing her free style figure skating routine in front of thousands (and the camera) wearing the only tiny top and bottom sent a chill straight to the pit of her stomach.  This feeling grew as she felt the painter’s brush drop to work between her legs.  She found herself squirm as the brush did more than just tickle her.  Warmth grew between her legs and grew upward through her stomach and on to her breasts.  Her mother told Tami to hold still so that the painter could continue working.  Tami closed her eyes and bit her lip.

After two hours the painter circled Tami and declared her work done.  Tami opened her eyes and stared at herself in the mirror. The painting was beautiful and effective.  She appeared to be wearing a snug strapless one-piece swimsuit.  The pattern was a bright psychedelic pattern much like the two small pieces of material her mother had said was her costume.

Her mother snapped her fingers to get Tami’s attention.  Tami turned to see the two small pieces of her costume dangling from her mother’s outstretched hand.  Tami grabbed the g-string first and carefully pulled it up her legs and into place.  The material’s pattern seemed to disappear into the pattern of the body paint.  Tami more slowly pulled the sweatband-like top over her head and down her body and arranged it so that the pattern on the material aligned with the one on her body.  Her firm breasts slightly bulged above and below the top band of the cloth.  She did not need it for support.  It was centered over her now prominent firm nipples.  Those two small bits of cloth calmed Tami, but she still felt the inner warmth between her legs and across her breasts. She took several deep breaths to settle herself.

It was time for her to report to the arena for her performance.  Tami’s mother handed her the sweatpants and jacket which she donned immediately.  Tami grabbed her skate bag and slipped on sneakers.  She followed her mother from the dressing room and they walked through the seemingly endless corridors.  Suddenly they stepped into the brightly-lit arena.  Her mother led Tami to a seat and they waited for Tami to be called.  She removed her sneakers and, with a deep breath, pulled the sweatpants off.  She worked her skates onto her feet and tightened the laces.  The chair was cold on her nearly naked bottom.  Tami pretended to watch a skater perform, but she really was trying to work up the confidence she needed for her own routine.  Much too soon it was her time and her name was called.  She stood and removed her jacket before stepping to the gate to the ice.

Tami stepped on the ice and glided to her starting point.  The music started and she pumped with her legs to build speed.  She zoomed down the ring and circled back toward her start position.  Half down she jumped and performed a perfect double.  The immediately built more speed and perform a ballet like jump to the music.  Her bare legs flashed as she performed a camel and drove back down the ice.  Everything seemed perfect.

On her third pass down the ice Tami felt the g-string panty shift as she performed another jump.  Only her intense concentration made her keep her arms straight out from her shoulders.  If she dropped her arms to grab her loose panty it would cause her to lose points.  As she continued only her quickly pumping legs kept the g-string from falling down her legs.  She could not afford to let them drop to her ankles – that would trip her up and ensure that she would fall greatly in the standings.  During her next spin she locked her arms tightly against her body.  With no alternative in mind she hooked her thumbs under the strings and popped them apart.  In the blur of the fast spin no one noticed her stuff the panty into her left hand.  Fear and embarrassment caused her already flushed cheeks to become even redder.  With the TV audience she was figure skating bottomless before potentially millions.  She hoped the paint would hide her naked shame.

With a lot more than normal on her mind Tami continued to the last run of her routine.  She charged down the ice and curved into her final spin.  The speed of her spin was faster than any she had done before -- she was just a blur to the live audience.  As the music stopped she used her toe pick to stop suddenly.

There was a moment of dead silence as Tami froze with a smile on her face.  She had done everything perfectly.

The crowd exploded with applause and cheering.  She breathed heavily and felt healthy sweat cover her body as she took a deep bow.  Bent forward so that her back was almost parallel to the ice, she felt the band around her chest part over her backbone.  In an amazing reflex action she caught the sweatband in midair as it dropped from her body.  The audience saw her hand flash, but did not realize what had happened.  Gritting her teeth to keep the smile on her face, she straightened.  She kept her legs together and her arms clasped in front of her as she skated slowly to the gate.  Her mother smiled as she met her at the gate.  As Tami slid to a stop her mother’s smile took on a strained looked as she realized her daughter’s naked condition.  No one else seemed to notice.  Unfortunately, they had to walk back to Tami’s chair where she had left her sweatsuit.

Tami reached her seat when the scores for her routine were flashed on the scoreboard.  Her score placed her in first place with a good margin.  She could not resist raising her arms over her head and doing a quick jump for joy.   She felt her breasts bounce and quickly pulled on her jacket and zipped it shut.  She looked down for her sweatpants but they were not in sight.  Her metal seat was positively freezing against her naked butt.

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Several chairs to the right of Tami sat Jessica.  With Tami score Jessica had dropped to third place.  If one of the remaining contestants did well Jessica could drop to fifth and be eliminated from the team to the World Finals.  Jessica had already performed her free style routine and could do nothing to change the scores.  However, Jessica had a quick eye.  She had watched Tami performance and thought she had seen Tami palm something.  On Tami’s next turn at the near end of the arena, Jessica had watched Tami’s waist and ass very carefully.

“My God, she’s bottomless.”  An evil smile crept onto Jessica’s face.  With all eyes on Tami, Jessica had scooted over a few empty seats and hooked a toe on the waistband of Tami’s sweatpants.  She pulled the pants toward her and rolled them into a ball, hiding it under her own seat.  “At least I’ll have some revenge.”

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Tami’s fear of discovery increased with each passing moment.  She pulled on the sweat jacket, but it was tailored to barely reach the top of her hips.  She could not leave until all the contestants had skated and the final scored announced.  With each passing moment her fear of discovery increased.  She squirmed in her chair and failed to notice the paint that rubbed of her bottom.  Her sweat had loosened the paint and each move left more paint on the chair and less on her shapely ass.

The last skater finished her routine with a near perfect performance.  Tami watched as the score as flashed.  It came close, but failed to top Tami’s score.  Jessica’s groan was audible to all those around her as she fell to fifth and failed to make the cut to the next step to the World Finals.

Despite her fear of discovery Tami was delighted to come out on top of the competition.  The top three scorers were to step before the judges for the presentation of their awards.  Distracted by the excitement, Tami rose and shrugged out of her jacket. She stepped to the ice and pushed off toward the judges’ area.  A silence fell across the crowd for several seconds as Tami glided over the ice and did a leisurely spin before stopping before the judges.  She saw shock in the eyes of the judges just as cheers and applause burst from the audience.

Tami looked down and saw that the paint on her body was smeared.  The area of her breasts looked as if the paint had melted off to leave her most of the pale mammary flesh quite visible.  She clasped her hands over her breasts and turned to charge toward her mother.  The muscles of her firm ass cheeks were quite noticeable as she worked her legs to move as fast as her embarrassment drove her.  Her mother was waiting with Tami’s jacket and wrapped it around her immediately.  Tami pulled off her skates before her mother hustled her out of the arena and to her dressing room.

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Tami face was still bright red as she watched the slow motion replay of her performance.  Under this electronic replay it was oh so obvious that she had performed that last of her performance bottomless.  Tami held her hands over her face and only peeked between her fingers to see her even more revealing approach and flight from the judges’ area.

How could she ever live this down?

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**Modern Sporting Nudes**

Sports Editorial

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Competitive Pressure Force Rules Change

The performance of Tami Moyers at the sectional for the World Figure Skating competition has sent shock waves through the amateur community.  Several of Miss Moyers competitors have announced that they will follow her daring break through example.  The rules committee for the World competition, seeing no specific violations, has given Tami Moyers her position on the national team.

Once again, I suspect the decisions of the owners and rule-makers have been influenced by the dollars.  The ratings for the replay of Miss Moyers performance set new records for viewership – as well as complaints from conservative groups.  But for every sponsor who threatened to cancel there were three bidders to take their place.

This trend to more adult oriented sports has not run its course, but seems more determined than ever to permanently change the landscape of sports.