**Figure Skating – Bare Essentials**

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. She 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 off 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 September 19

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.

**Tough Girl Triathlon**

**Modern Sporting Nudes**

 September 29

Erotic Sports Programming Channel Sponsoring ToughGirl Challenge

ESPC’s latest entry into the blossoming adult sports market is similar to FX’s Toughman concept. Regional contestants compete for the local title before progressing on to a national competition. ESPC’s wrinkle is that women compete in a three-event race. The three events are a 10K-bicycle race, a 400M swim and a 5K foot race to the finish. Ten cities will host the competitions over the next three months before a national competition. Each event will be taped for delayed broadcast the next weekend. The organizers are very tight lipped over the adult nature of the competition, but the hype is that there will be ample opportunities for the appreciation of exposed feminine flesh.

Kimberly

Kimberly had always been a tomboy. As a child she played baseball as well as any of the boys. She had been treated as one of them, at least until she turned 14. As a freshman in high school her chest had started to transform from tiny mounds to magnificent firm breasts. She still liked to play the games, but the boys just seemed unable to treat her the same. She had taken to more solitary methods of keeping in shape. Jogging and bicycle countless miles on her own, her figure was firm and fit.

Now a sophomore in community college Kimberly had taken a dare from several of her friends to compete in the ToughGirl events. She had even taken to working out in all the events separately, but she had not done them back-to-back. She knew she did not have to worry about what to wear – the ToughGirl coordinators promised they would have uniforms for all the contestants.

ESPC’s Board Room

“Are you sure we can get away with this legally?” asked G. T. Honer.

“The contestants in the first four cities have all signed the contracts and release forms. We’ve had the best lawyers make sure there are no loopholes when all the fine print is examined. The women will have to compete or they can be sued for breach of contract. Besides the only evidence of our actions will have dissolved by the time the girls realize they have a problem.” Philip Wendell Worthington the Third sat back and smiled after delivering his assurances.

Kimberly arrived at the park where the competitors were to meet. A huge tent had been set up behind the coordinators’ table. Kimberly was one of the first to sign in. She was given a sealed brown paper bag that contained her uniform for the race. She entered the tent to find an area with metal lockers and wood benches. Kimberly moved to a bench, sat and tore open the paper bag to check her uniform. She was shocked to find only a pair of red spandex shorts and black tube top.

Kimberly thoughts swirled in her head. “I can’t run in these. I’ll bounce out of the top in no time. The shorts aren’t even lined.” A blush appeared on her face. The corners of her mouth turned up in spite of her shock as she realized how sexy she would look in the uniform. She heard gasps from other young women behind her. “Well, I should at least try on the uniform.”

Kimberly stripped off her clothes and placed them in her locker. She placed her own combination lock through the latch. I took her several minutes to pull the tight shorts up her lean legs and over her hips. She looked down to see that the spandex left little to imagination, as the outline of her lips was visible through the really skintight material. She ran a hand between her legs to check the seams and felt a tingle. In the privacy of her apartment she would have taken delight in turning that tingle into sometime much more.

“Not now, not here” she whispered to herself.

Kimberly held her arms above her head and pulled the tube town down them. She had some trouble getting it over her shoulders, but finally situated it over her breasts. Her firm breasts bulged above and below the thin strip of material and it took her several more minutes trying to get more coverage and support before finally giving up. Though not satisfied with the top she pulled on her shoes and socks and let the tent.

Kimberly selected one of the standard bicycles that had been provided for the race. She adjusted the height of the seat so the she could best reach the pedals. A few quick loops of the parking lot assured her she had everything adjusted properly on the bike. As she climbed off the bike she felt her right breast pushed upward by the tight top. She looked down to she her entire right nipple exposed. She quickly rearranged the top and herself. It was going to be a constant challenge to keep her nipples inside the top. She took her place at the starting line and waiting for the race to start.

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Kimberly got off to a good start and stayed near the start of the pack. She felt she would have been in the lead if she were not constantly adjusting her top. A skinny girl seemed to be slowly pulling ahead and it took little to see why – the girl’s top was around her waist. Kimberly also saw that the girl’s shorts had become a second skin over her sweaty posterior. Kimberly felt her own shorts grow tighter and tighter and was sure she too was showing her own rear contours as well.

Kimberly was satisfied with her biking as she reached the change over line near the lake. A race assistant took her bike as she dismount and ran the few steps toward the waist deep water and kicking off her shoes and sock. She drove forward and swam as hard as she could. The cool water felt refreshing as her sweat was rinsed from her body. She felt the damn top slip down to her waist but decided to ignore it. She was swimming breast down. She failed to notice as the seams of the tube top parted and the material drifted away.

Kimberly actually gained on the leader but the distance was wearing her out. Kimberly felt her heart pounding in her water-clogged ears. By the time she reached the water edge she was only a few feet behind the skinny race leader. Kimberly realized for the first time she would have to run barefooted, but running part of the race was on packed sand. She had hoped to occasionally run through along the water’s edge. The cool water would help refresh her and soothe her feet, but she frown as she saw the designated course ran though the crowd. The track was only about ten feet wide and the spectators made a solid wall on both sides.

If was only now that she noticed that the skinny girl was running topless – her top was gone. As Kimberly emerged from the water she reached down to pull her own top up to her chest that she noticed it to was absent. She looked back but saw nothing floating in the water. In a panic she tore out after the leader who was pulling away. Kimberly was trying to run with her arms across her chest, but that was only slowing her down. She finally started pumping her arms at her sides and was slowly gaining on the leader.

Kimberly was only about 1 kilometer into the 5 K running course when she noticed her shorts loosen. She pulled her hands to her sides to find that the seam down her outer right thigh was splitting apart. She grabbed the two sides of the split in her right hand and continued to run. The girl in front of her suddenly stopped when her shorts burst from her body. Even with her right hand holding the her own shorts together, Kimberly ran passed the naked former leader. She did not see the skinny nude try to dive into the crowds along the sides of the track. Cheers and applause erupted from crowd as hands pushed her back onto the track. No one moved aside and she was trapped and exposed on the track. In desperation she tore out in pursuit of Kimberly.

Kimberly, unaware of the naked running girl behind her, thought the audience reaction was for her. Running topless was not too bad if she could win the race, but she was used to running with a jogging bra. The bouncing of her breasts brought a mild throb between her legs that was not her normal reaction to jogging. If only her shorts had not split she would be able to really tear along the track. Things were about to get worse, much worse.

Kimberly’s shorts had remained tight at the crotch even with the right side splitting open. She immediately noticed that the tightness there faded. She was hoping that the shorts were stretching when suddenly the crotch seam burst open. Her tight shorts were now a skirt far too short to serve any purpose, but Kimberly stopped and tried pull the material back together. Under the wide-eyed stares of the spectator lining the course, Kimberly squatted as she tried to pull the multiple splitting seams together. The seam that ran up between her ass checks was unable to stand the strain of her efforts and burst apart like and exploding balloon. There was no way for Kimberly to turn without mooning a part of the crowd.

In desperation she tried to get into the crowd on the south side of the track, but found the people packed together as tight as an impenetrable wall. She stumbled to the opposite side of the track only to find no escape there either. She suddenly realized why the skinny girl had run by her. The only exit was at the end of the course almost four kilometers away.

Kimberly stood and with quivering legs, ran as quickly as possible down the track towards the finish line.

Behind Kimberly were a few other naked running girls who had come to the same conclusion as Kimberly. Almost half of the participants had had their specially designed uniforms burst from their body while still in the water. These women refused to emerge from the water and huddled together. It would be over four hours before competition coordinators would appear and small towels for their use.

Kimberly managed to cross the finish line in second place. The horror of running for almost twenty minutes in her publicly naked condition left her emotionally spent. When the media with the video cameras and microphones descended on Kimberly she was unable to speak except to pled for something to wear. The competition coordinated immediately surrounded Kimberly and informed her she would be returned to her clothes in her locked locker. With relief she allowed herself to be led to a car. She held her breath when se saw it was a convertible.

The victorious ride down the main drag back to her close was the final straw.

**Modern Sporting Nudes**

Sports Editorial October 17

Women’s Triathlon To Continue

Despite numerous dropouts from the future plan events the “ToughGirl” competition will continue. After the first race there was quite an uproar from many who had signed on for the later races. In a confusing turn of events, replacements have come forward with no addition enticements, to fill the ranks.

The ToughGirl coordinators say that all the events will continue as planned. The reasoning is obvious – financial. The ratings on the delayed broadcasts have gone through the roof.

Once again financially profitable adult oriented competitions are proving a financial windfall.

## Erotic Sports Programming Channel Sponsoring Survivalist Challenge

ESPC’s continues to expand on its adult oriented events with a game show like challenge with a survivalist’s twist.  They are looking for thirty willing participants to participate in a pair of 15-day contests to be run simultaneously.  In separate competitions, fifteen men and fifteen women will be flown to two remote Pacific tropical islands.  With just the clothes on their backs, they will compete for a $10,000 prize and the titles of “Outdoors’ Man” and “Outdoors’ Woman” of the year.  Numerous hidden cameras have been placed around the island and live camera crews will visit every day for the filming to be broadcast the following evening.  Of course, the event will coincide with “sweeps weeks”.

The competition is spiced up in that each day the participants will must choose one player from each island who must strip for the rest of the of the competition.  Violence and sexual favors are forbidden and the camera crew can not help the players except in cases of severe injury.  The best male and the best female player who display the best survivalist’s skills each twenty-four hour period will win equipment that will help them.

If the show is a success ESPC says they will seriously consider a monthly contest starting in the spring.  Based on the other adult-oriented success, this report predicts this competition will draw the public’s interest like flies to sugar.

Susan was a survivalist who had taken off on more than one occasion for a week into a remote area.  She was used to getting by on her own resources and at thirty-two was in the best shape of her life.  Regular workouts at the gym helped with her physical conditioning, but the hike and mountain climbing were what made life worth living.  On more than one occasion she had spent some time in only the skin she had been born with, but she had usually been alone.  As she read the entry form on the Web for the “Survivalists’ Challenge” she just knew she could win.

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The letter had come last week that asked her to attend an interview for the “Challenge”.  She had immediately called the number and set up the interview.  She now sat in the outer office of an office rented by ESPC for interviews in the Seattle area.  The wait was not long and she was escorted into the office.

“Hello, Miss Clark.  How are you doing today?”  asked a middle-aged man in an expensive three-piece suit.

Susan shook his hand and took a sear.  “Just fine.”

“My name is Robert Mulligan.  I am one of the organizers of the Challenge.  What makes you think you can compete successfully?”

“I’ve spent a lot of time in the wilds of Washington, Oregon and British Columbia.  I’ve done white-water rafting and have guided others through the mountains.  I have solo climbed several mountains.”

“Will you have any problems getting off from work?”

Susan saw that while she answered Mr. Mulligan’s eyes often wandered.  First he looked down to her knees and calves that were revealed by her above the dark knee length skirt.  She crossed her legs and hoped her shapely athletic legs would help her get into the competition.  When she saw his eyes wander up to her chest she straightened her back.  The opaque blouse covered her to the neck but did not hide her large firm breasts.  She knew she looked both fit and attractive, two attributes she felt were desirable to ESPC’s competition.

“No.  I’m a contract programmer.  I can arrange for the time off without a problem.”

“Do you have the record of a recent physical examination by your doctor?”

“Right here” asked Susan as she handed over the medical forms.”

Mr. Mulligan took several minutes to review the forms and her application.  At the end of that time he stated “Everything seems to be in order.  You will be put into the drawing for the final selection.  If you are not in the first drawing, can we use you for some of the other anticipated later in the year?”

“If the conditions and rewards are the same, of course.”

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Day 1

“Well, here I am.”

Susan watched as the boat pulled away from the beach.  She stood with the other fourteen young women.  The island was very remote with deep blue ocean on all sides.  According to the map they had been shown the only other land around was the island being used for the men’s competition, and that was ten miles away.

The other women were a mixed bag of women in their twenties and thirties.  They were tall and short, fair and dark, slim and full-bodied.  The only thing in common they had was that they were all in good shape with attractive figures.  They were all clothed in the standard ‘uniform’ provided by the coordinators; a loose long sleeved shirt and a pair of Bermuda length shorts.  No other clothing had been allowed to prevent anyone from sneaking tools and food onto the island.  Susan realized she was the shortest of the competitors, but she felt her five foot two tight body was as fit as the best of the others.

With few words the women split up to explore the island.  Within a couple of hours they had covered most of the small island and had found the fresh water spring.  Some wild banana, pineapple and coconut had been gathered.  Even if they did not share the fruit, no one would starve.  Susan asked a few of the others if they wanted to share a shelter.

Courtney, the tallest of the group, responded in a superior manner and dismissed her suggestion with disdain.  Bobbie Jo, a fair skinned southern belle, reacted favorably and the two set out building a lean-to.  Using shredded leaves as pieces of string they constructed a frame and covered it with palm fronds.  They proceeded to line the ground under the lean-to with soft leaves for bedding.

Bobbie Jo suggested that they take a dip at the lagoon to wash off the sweat they had worked up.  Susan felt that they should work on getting a fire going, but agreed that a quick dip would be refreshing.  At the beach Susan was surprised as Bobbie Jo quickly removed her shirt and shorts and waded into the gentle wave.  Susan, remembering the camera crews that would be around, waded in with her clothes on.  The warm tropic water was refreshing and rinsed the sweat from their bodies.

Bobbie Jo was the first to step from the water and moment later she screamed.  Susan ran from the gentle surf to find Bobbie with her shirt in hand.

“Are you okay?  What’s the problem?” asked Susan.

Bobbie was quieter, but still worked up.  “My shorts are missing.  Someone must have taken them.”

“Poor girl”, thought Susan.  “The contest hasn’t even started and she’s already losing her clothes.”

Susan helped Bobbie Jo look around but the shorts were nowhere in sight.  Bobbie Jo had to settle for putting on her shirt.  The long loose tails hung down over her ass and pussy, but each step she took flashed a bit of her womanly charms.  Bobbie Jo was very subdued as they walked back to their lean-to.  Susan left her at the lean-to and started gathering dry wood and kindling for the fire.  She had returning with the third load when she found a small fire burning in a cleared area in front of the lean-to.  Bobbie Jo was still embarrassed by her lack of shorts, but she had cleared a small fire pit and started the fire.  Small stones and shells surround the shallow pit and the fire was already burning down to coals.

The two women talked as the late afternoon turned into evening.  Bobbie Jo was just out of college and had been taking her time looking for a job as she lived off her family’s wealth.  Susan thought she was a sweet girl, but did not see where she had the experience to succeed in the competition.  “Although she did get the fire going with the use of matches.”  Susan shook her head and put the thought out of her head.

As the night fell most of the women around the spring turned in early.  Susan thought it had been an active day and, with many more to follow, she curled up on her bed of leaves.  Bobbie Jo stretched out on her own bed and was soon snoring loudly.  Twice during the night Susan had to nudge Bobbie Jo to get her to roll onto her side and stop the thunderous snores.

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Day 2

The day started with ‘housekeeping’.  Firewood was gathered, the lean-to strengthened and more fruits were gathered.  Bobbie Jo showed some surprising abilities and made two small spears that she hoped to use to catch fish.  She sharpened the tips on a rock and fire hardened them.  Susan’s view of Bobbie Jo took rose.

At noon each day an air horn was blown and the women gathered at the beach where they had arrived.  Bobbie Jo had arranged the tails of her shirt in a hopeless effort to cover her ass and crotch.  If anything, the constantly flashing shirttails drew attention to the exact parts Bobbie Jo wanted to hide.

The ladies contest coordinator was a six foot two hunk in a pair of long shorts.  From the glances he got from most of the ladies, he would have had no trouble getting a partner it he chose to stay the night.  “Okay, ladies, its time for a vote.”  He asked each of the players to vote for the worst and the best survivalist among them.

“The votes are final.  The best survivalist her is Ellen.  As a reward she gets this fine knife.”  I looked like one of those K-bar style knives and Susan knew it would be helpful.  She had a similar Navy Seals style knife that she used when she was when she backpacked.  “The worst survivalist is….Tania.”  Tania was a dark-haired slim-waisted twenty-three year old of about five foot five.  Her most prominent features were a pair of 34C breast that were magnificent above a small waist.  Her breasts were soon even more prominent as she unbuttoned her shirt and handed it to the coordinator.  She paused with a fleeting look of embarrassment and fear before dropping her shorts down her legs.  She knelt with her legs together to retrieve the shorts before handing them over.

Thinking the day’s announcements were completed the women started to wander off and talk, but the coordinator called them back.

“There is one more thing that we must do.  As you know there are camera hidden all over the island.  Yesterday, the editors spotted an act of theft against Bobbie Jo Manning.  We know who the theft is and will not stand for it.  Courtney Billings, front and center.”

The last was shouted in a tone that would do any Marine drill instructor justice.  Courtney, the tall blond, walked forward.  Her bouncy full head of hair hung passed her shoulders.  She tried to maintain the smug manner she had had the prior day, but her lower lip was trembled.

“Courtney, the rules of the contest were quite clear.  We have no choice but to punish you.  Give me your shirt.”

Courtney was slack jawed and she started to protest.

“Not one word from you if you want to keep those shorts.”

Courtney unbuttoned the shirt.  With the shirt fully unbuttoned, but still hanging over her breasts, she stopped as if her hands refused to move.  Her look was one of mortification and she was chewing on her lower lip.  She saw the stern look on the coordinator’s face and saw no compassion or even pleasure at her pending toplessness.  She took a deep breath and let the shirt drop down her arms.  As her breasts came into view it was obvious from her lack of tan lines that she seldom, if ever, wore a top when she was tanning.  Courtney’s hair was too short to cover her breasts and only tended to draw attention down to her full breasts.  These tanned tawny mounds quivered in full view of everyone for five seconds before she covered her nipples with her hands and ran into the foliage.

Bobbie Jo did not look like she had enjoyed Courtney’s unveiling, but she stepped toward the coordinating and raised her right arm.  Her shirttail rose in front and left her pussy completely uncovered.  For the first time the coordinator reacted to a feminine charm.  When he smiled at Bobbie Jo, he eyes dropped and suddenly Bobbie Jo realized what she was exposing.  She dropped her arm and blushed, but spoke up anyway.

“Since you know she took my shorts, can I have them back now.”

Bobbie Jo’s blush deepened at the answer.

“We have punished the theft.  If you want your shorts back, you will have to find them yourself.”  He continued in a louder voice to make sure everyone could hear him.  “Bobbie Jo’s shorts are now fair game to everyone except Courtney.”

Without another word the coordinator dismissed the women, climbed back into his small motorboat and motored away.

The rest of the day Bobbie Jo was depressed, but she did her share of work.  She feared she would be unable to find her missing shorts.  Susan tried to talk her out of it.

“Look, you knew that was a good chance you would end up naked.  You seem to be bright if somewhat naïve.  If seen you working on your spear and realize you must have some experience, so break out of it.”

Bobbie Jo perked up some after that and even agreed to try to spear some fish for dinner.  Susan watched her firm ass as Bobbie Jo trotted off toward the tidal pools near the beach.  Susan decided to try her hand at making a crab cage.  She worked for a couple of hours until Bobbie Jo returned smiling.  She had four small fish that would be just perfect for dinner.  Bobbie Jo did a good job of cleaning and filleting the fish using a seashell she sharpened on some rocks.

While the fire was started and burning down to cooking coals, they worked together on the crab cage.  When it was time Bobbie Jo did a knockout job cooking up the fish.  On a full stomach the two decided to turn in early and fell asleep just the sun was setting.

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Day 3

Susan woke to find Bobbie Jo already up and preparing fruit for breakfast.  Susan saw that Bobbie Jo had fashioned grass skirt that almost reached her knees.  This simple, but not completely effective garment raised Bobbie Jo’s spirits.  She looked comfortable walking around even though the swinging grasses gave frequent glimpses of her most private parts.

The two women were eating breakfast near the spring when Courtney approached.  Courtney looked nervous and covered her breasts with her hands.  With a look like that of a frightened doe she knelt down to drink the cool clear water from the small pond fed by the spring.  She moved her hands as she leaned forward on some rocks leaving her tanned breasts to hang uncovered.  She dipped her face into the water and jumped as her nipples touched the cool surface.  Giggling was heard from a clump of nearby foliage.  Courtney tried to cover her naked breasts but lost her balance.

SPLASH!

Courtney fell face first into the pond.  The water was shallow and Courtney was coughing as she found herself sitting in about a foot of water.  Her water soaked hair clung tightly to her head and neck.  Each cough caused her breasts to bounce in a most delightful manner.  Courtney slowly rose and, with her arms at her sides, walked off with her head held hanging low.

“She’s not taking it too well, is she?” Bobbie Jo commented.  A slight smirk appeared on her face.

“You’re doing much better.”

“I usually don’t stay down for long.”

“In that case, let’s finish the crab cage and get it into the tidal pool”

The morning passed quickly as Bobbie Jo and Susan put the finishing touches on the crab cage.  They had carried it to the tidal pool and anchored it when the noon air horn when off.  Together they jogged to the drop off point.  The coordinator waited until the last of the women appeared.  Tania was already there when Bobbie Jo and Susan arrived.  Tania had fashioned a grass skirt like Bobbie Jo’s, but had done a better job.  The skirt was much fuller and more thoroughly hid her ass and pussy.  Tania had left her breasts uncovered.  Susan found herself mesmerized as her eyes were drawn to Tania’s erect nipples.

Susan thought as the other girls arrived.   “I’ve never reacted this way to a woman’s breasts before this.”  Susan was confused.  She had always found the tight buns of a man or a nice bulge below a firm flat male stomach to be well worth watching.  Her current reaction to exposed female flesh was not normal for her.

Courtney was the last to appear and hung to the back of the group.  She had used some large leaves and some vine to fashion a top. With a much flatter chest the effort might have been successful, but Courtney’s prominent breasts seemed to have a mind of their own.  With almost every movement she made, one or both breasts slide over or to the side and a nipple would flash into the sunlight.  Most of the women had to work hard to stifle giggles.

The contest coordinator got everyone’s attention.  He talked to all the women one at a time and kept the tally on a clipboard.  Susan voted for Kathryn for best and Jill for worst.  Susan had seen Jill’s attempt at a lean-to.  After two days it still was a shambles that fell apart at the slightest touch.

“Well, ladies, you all seem to be doing very well, even the lovely Tania.”  Everyone turned to Tania and a wonderful blush filled her checks.  “There was a tie for the best survivalist so we have to give two of you prizes.  Would Susan and Kathryn step forward?”

Susan smiled and stepped forward and a short brunette joined her.  The coordinator gave each of the women a roll of nylon fishing line and a packet of fishhooks.  Susan realized how handy these would be not only for fishing, but also for making other tools.  The look on Kathryn’s face showed that she too understood how valuable the prizes were.

“And now for the losers.   Again we have a tie.  Would Jill and Ginny step up?”

Jill was a five foot nine body builder who was undoubtedly the strongest of the women players.  She had a basically good figure, but the muscle definition was too pronounced to be thought of as traditionally “feminine curves”.   Her red hair was cut to shoulder length and framed an attractive face with high cheekbones and large eyes.

Ginny was an opposite in many ways.  She could not have bee quite five feet even on her tiptoe.  Her close cut dark blond hair only made her look shorter.  She had a petite build with a very slim waist the might have been only twenty inches.  Her breasts might have been viewed as small on a woman of average height, but in contrast to her tiny waist her thirty-inch chest looked magnificent.  She removed her shorts and shirt quickly as if she wanted to get her strip over with as soon as possible.  She walked back and stood next to Tania.

Jill had wordlessly followed Ginny’s strip with an interested look on her face.  It was not until the coordinator tapped Jill on the shoulder than Jill seemed to wake.  She removed her shorts in a very casual manner.  A blush formed on her face as she unbuttoned her shirt slowly from the top to bottom.  Her blush deepened as she slid it down her arms and handed it to the coordinator.

Susan found her breathing had quickened.  She realized her left hand was rubbing her left thigh and inches closer to her pussy.  She jerked her hand back to her side and looked around.  She blushed and hoped that no one else had noticed her reactions.  When the coordinator turned to leave, Susan wasted no time walking off alone.

After walking for fifteen minutes to a secluded are, Susan sat at the base of a palm and thought to herself.  “I’ve never gotten this worked up over naked women before.  Not even in college or at the gym have I ever felt such … passion at the sight of an attractive woman.”  She sat for a while and was almost ready to satisfy herself when she remembered the hidden cameras.  Since she did not want to give an X-rated solo performance, she stood and slowly walked back to her lean-to.

The afternoon dragged for Susan and she spoke few words.  Bobbie Jo was quick to realize something was up and gave Susan her space.  They ate the first two crabs from the crab cage.  The silence continued into the evening as Susan found she was watching the brief flashes of feminine flesh through Bobbie Jo’s imperfect grass skirt.  Susan felt her lust build as a still naked Ginny waltzed right up to Bobbie Jo.  Ginny offered to trade some excess berries she had collected for a grass skirt like Bobbie Jo’s. Bobbie Jo said she would start on it this evening and have it ready in the morning.

Bobbie Jo got right to work and had it half done as the sunset.  When she lay done next to Susan, Susan had to fight to keep her hands to herself.  Bobbie Jo was asleep on minutes, but it too Susan over an hour as she fought her rouge feelings.

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Day 4

Susan awoke from a restless night.  The arousal that had plagued her mind had by no means diminished and she groaned quickly at the sight of Bobbie Jo.  Working on the skirt for Ginny, Bobbie Jo sat crossed legged facing the lean-to.  Susan found herself staring at the parted grass between Bobbie Jo spread thighs.  Several seconds passed before Susan forced her eyes upward.  Susan stretched and crawled from her bed of leaves.

“Good morning, sleepy head.  Sleep well?”

“Not really.”

Susan forced her eyes to stay on Bobbie Jo’s face.  Quiet fell between them as Susan’s lusty thoughts refused to be banished from mind.  These thoughts became stronger as Ginny walked up, her arm laden with berries and other fruit for breakfast.  Ginny’s bare breasts drew Susan’s eyes like iron to a magnet.  Susan forced her hands into her back pockets to trap them.  She trotted away from the spring and campsite saying she had to relieve her bladder.

Susan indeed needed relief, but her bladder was not the source of her need.  She searched desperately for any place she might hide for at least a few minutes.  Every few minutes Susan encountered on of the other women.  She saw Courtney climbing a tree.  Courtney had left her leafy top behind and her breasts bounced sensuously as she stretched her arm high above her head.  Susan turned and jogged away.  Next she passed Ellen hard at work carving something with her fine knife.  Susan found herself fixated on Ellen’s strong hands as they worked almost lovingly on her carving.  Susan emerged on the far side of the island only to encounter Kathryn.  Kathryn stood knee deep in the surface with a branch as a fishing poll.  Some fishing line was attached to the far end of the branch.  She flipped the hook through the air with the skill of an expert fly fisherman.  Her shorts were soaked and cling tightly to lower body.  Susan found herself once again staring.  Fortunately, no one spied her before Susan forced her eyes away.  She trotted back toward her campsite determined to just get through the day.

Susan got back to her lean-to and forced herself to eat some fruit.  She piddled around the campsite as new thoughts invaded her mind.  “If I’m this turned on now, what’s going to happen if I loose my clothes.”  She tried to put these thoughts out of her mind with little success.  Ginny remained with them for the morning.  She wore the skirt Bobbie Jo had fashioned for her.  It reached passed her knees and was a superior attempt, but it still allowed much her of firm thighs to be visible as she moved.

The blast of the air horn at noon made Susan jump.  She followed Ginny and Bobbie Jo to the meeting place.  She stood quietly and waited for the day’s announcements.  Her eyes wandered between the three grass skirted women.  Jill, with her Amazonian build, now sported two large green leaves hanging from a belt mad of vine.  The leaves did a good job of coverage when Jill stood still.  When Jill walked the leaves danced to provide glimpses between her legs.  Susan fought to maintain a casual appearance.

The coordinator arrived wearing a pair of Speedo style trunks that pulled Susan’s eyes forward.  The bulge of his package brought a delightful, yet frustrated tingle between her legs.  She stood in a daze until she noticed she that several of the other women were almost very flushed.  An almost empathic link formed as she realized that she was not the only woman aroused.  Susan felt her own cheeks warm as she saw Tania staring at her.  Small drops of sweat appeared on Tania’s forehead and upper lip.  Only when the coordinator asked for Susan’s votes did she return to reality.

Susan paid little attention to the coordinator until she heard her name called.  She walked up to the coordinator and passed Sara who held a cast iron skillet and an aluminum pot.  She did not realize the significance of this until she heard the coordinator ask for her clothes.  She was the worst survivalist for the day and had to turn over her clothes.

Susan froze as she felt her already erect nipple harden and brush the inside of her shirt.  She bit her lip as she realized that in a few moments those nipples would be on view for everyone around as well as the cameras.  She felt more moisture form between her legs and realized that too would be exposed to all.  With shaking hands she fumbled with the buttons of her shirt.  Only the impatient look of the coordinator kept her going.  She had her shirt unbuttoned, but decided to delay its removal.  She shifted her hands to her short and released the to button.  She slid the shorts down her legs and handed them over before slowly sliding the shirt down her arms.  It took all her nerve to stand there for a few moments before walking slowly away.

Bobbie Jo and Ginny found Susan curled up on her bed of leaves.  The two tried to cheer her up.  When their initial attempts failed they gave her some peace.  Bobbie Jo started making a grass skirt for Susan and Ginny went out to check the crab cage.  Bobbie saw Susan get up and leave.  She wanted to follow but thought Susan needed to be alone.

Susan examined her thoughts.  “I’m naked.  I could take that but with over a week left in the contest how will I last.  I guess it would not be so bad, but my constant arousal has got to be apparent to everyone.  I hadn’t counted on that.  Why am I reacting so carnally so the sight of all these women?”

With nothing better to do and feeling the need to move around, Susan circled the island and looked for things she could use.  She found evidence of some small herbivores on the island and decided she should place a snare along a narrow path.  A few minutes later she spotted several turtles.  She made note of the spot and was about to continue when she saw some cloth under a pair of fist sized rocks.  In moments Susan thought she held the pair of shorts Courtney had stolen from Bobbie Jo.  A closer inspection revealed some differences.  The color was off and they appeared too large around the waist.  When she pulled the on she realized that these shorts were cut for a man.  They were snug at the hips and loose at the crotch, but a few inches too large in the waist.  Susan made a belt from some vine and was satisfied with the results.

Susan’s spirits were greatly improved.  While she as still topless, the shorts made all difference in the world.  A bounce was in her step as she set of to return to the lean-to and get back to work.

Not twenty feet away David hid behind the foliage.  He still held his camera but was not operating it.  Instead, his eyes followed Susan’s departure as his shorts graced her body.  He had thought this was a safe spot for relaxing since the only hidden camera was the one in his hands.  Instead he found himself in just his sneakers.  What was he going to do?

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Day 5

The dawn broke to find Bobbie Jo and Susan refreshed.  The prior evening had been pleasant.  Susan’s spirits had risen and the two had talked pleasantly with Ginny until just before dusk.  Although Susan’s lustful feelings had not diminished, she felt more able to hold them at bay.  Her mind drifted back to her private adventure in the middle of the night.  It has been a dark nearly moonless night and Susan had crept away for about an hour to relieve some of her tension.  In the middle of dense foliage she had pleasured herself to a very satisfying conclusion.  She had wanted to stay longer but was afraid she would lose herself entirely to her animal passion.  Once back on her leafy bed she had turned her back to the sleeping Bobbie Jo.

Susan had breakfast with Bobbie Jo and the two set off to check the crab cage.  They found three small crabs but left them in the cage.  Bobbie Jo made some minor repairs to the cage while Susan prepared a branch for use as a fishing pole.  Bobbie Jo having finished her repair work started looking for bait.  She found some slugs that she hoped fish would find interesting.  Before they could try the bait it was time for the noon gathering.

The air horn sounded and the women gathered to find a surprise.  A still naked Jill marched into camp with David on a leash.  His hands were tied behind his back.  Jill had fashioned a harness of vine that circled both his neck and his shoulders.  His elbows were secured to the harness.  When Jill pulled on the leash David had no alternative but to follow.

David had spent the night scouting around without obtaining any clothing he could use.  He had ventured too close to the feeble lean-to of Jill only to find it unoccupied.  Before he could leave he had been struck in the stomach with a mighty kick that forced all the air from his lungs.  He collapsed gasping for air and Jill forced a knee into his spine.  She wasted no time securing his wrists and by the time the stars had cleared from his eyes his ankles had been wrapped in vine.  The rest of his night had passed restlessly.  He woke to see Jill preparing breakfast and she feed him one bite at a time.  He was unable to keep his eyes from Jill’s impressive build.  When he suggested that she could use him as she wished, Jill answered that she liked him as he was. His bindings had remained in place as she added the harness and leash.  With a look of satisfaction she had released his ankles and led him to the noon gathering.

David was the obvious center of attention.  It took the coordinator another blast of the air horn to get everyone’s attention.  Once all faced him the coordinator worked through the group and gathered the votes.  When he finally came to David, David pleaded to be let go.  The coordinator barely listened to he before announcing the result.

“Before I announce the results of the voting, we must deal with the matter of David.  David, you went AWOL yesterday.  The terms of your contract were quite complete.  You have clearly violated those terms.  You have a choice.  We will honor your contract if you stay here for the duration of the contest and serve the whims of these women or your contract will be terminated immediately.”  He turned to the women and spoke.  “If he stays you must all insure his safety.  What do you say?”

Devilish smiles appear on all the women’s faces and the vote was unanimous.  They would insure his safety.  The coordinator turned back to face David and asked for his decision.  It took a few moments before David softly answered “I’ll stay”.

“Now that that is settled, we have the day’s winners and the losers.  We have our first repeat winner.  Would Sara please step up?”  Sara squealed in delight like a child and practically danced up to the coordinator.  “You have been using your cooking skills to trade for other things you want and need.  Your ingenuity has impressed many of your competitors and you have won today’s award.”  He handed Sara a small backpack that she immediately emptied.  Nylon rope, a small folding utility knife and a four by eight foot sleet of clear plastic were held up for all to see.  From the smile on Sara’s face it was apparent she knew she could make use of these items.

The coordinator waved for everyone’s attention and continued.  “Would Courtney please step up.”  Courtney’s formerly superior attitude was absent as she reluctantly stepped forward.  Her leafy top was still having trouble doing its job and by the time she turned to face the group both nipples were peaking into the sunlight.  “Your competitors have chosen you as the worst survivalist of the day.  Remove you shorts and that ridiculous top."

“B..b..but I made the top myself.”

“Nowhere in the rules does it state that the stripping is confined to garments we provided you.  I’m still waiting.”

Courtney’s head hung as she reached down and dropped her shorts.  The top took care of itself as she stood back up.  Unable to contain Courtney’s breasts any longer the leaves split and the top flutters down her body.  Surprised at the unexpected turn of events the slight blush on her face extended down to her chest and enveloped her breasts.  Her already erect nipples actually darkened and hardened before everyone’s eyes.  Tears formed in her eyes and she ran from the group.

Susan was shocked by her own thoughts.  “If she would stop being such a bitch, she would be quite attractive.”  Moisture started to flow between Susan’s legs and she was more than just relieved that own grass skirt hid this fact.  The group broke up and Susan watched Jill lead David away.  David’s reaction to the situation was not clear, but his raising erection and the smile on his face indicated that on some level he was finding the situation enjoyable.  Susan’s mind betrayed her as she idly thought of the possibilities.  These thoughts only brought a sensation to her loins and she bit her lower lip in an effort to quench those thoughts.

Susan and Bobbie Jo spent the rest of the day gathering fruit, fishing and improving their lean-to.  They spent the evening working on grass halter-tops, but were unfinished as the sun set.  However, at no time during the day was Susan’s mind not flooded with lustful thoughts.  It was with great effort that she curled up on her leafy bed and closed her eyes.  Bobbie Jo’s delicious body rested beside her and tempted her.  Susan fell into another night of restless sleep.

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Day  6 - The Women’s Island

### Modern Sporting Nudes

###             November 15, 1999

## ESPC’s Survivalist Challenge Scores Big

ESPC’s Survivalist Challenge has scored high in the viewers’ rating systems.  So far the first three days of the women’s competition were shown on last Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights at 11:00 PM (Eastern).   In the past ESPC’s events have drawn many critical complaints, but this latest series has been surprising.  The most outspoken of ESPC’s critics has Dr. Vivian Sue of the World Organization of Women.  In the past WOW has denounced ESPC’s entire adult schedule as sexist and vulgar.   This past Saturday’s announcement surprised the public when Dr. Sue stated women deserved and demanded equal treatment.  She demanded that the men’s competition be given equal scheduling and airtime.  ESPC’s board promised to quickly address WOW’s demands.

Originally, the scheduling was to show all the tapes of the women’s competition before showing the men’s.   ESPC announced today that the men’s contest would be shown on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights at 11:00 PM starting this Tuesday night.

The sun rose over the sixth day of the competition to find the women up and about.  Susan and Bobbie Jo both wore their woven grass halter tops and skirts.  Susan moved about as if she was at ease, but she was actually having trouble hiding her aroused condition.  During the night she had heard what had to be David’s and Jill’s lovemaking.  Their sounds served only to increase Susan’s already aroused state.  Susan remembered the hidden cameras around the island and considered the sights they may have captured of David and Jill.  “I wonder if Jill would accept my grass top in payment for a few hours with David.”  Susan thought she had not voiced her thoughts, but a look from Bobbie Jo indicated that she had heard Susan.

Bobbie Jo had been trying to concentrate on the unfinished grass skirt in front of her.  She too had been bothered by David’s sounds in the night.  Bobbie Jo had been able to maintain her normal urges the last few day in the manner of a proper Southern Bell, but David’s moans and shouts left her highly excited sexually.  Her sensitive nipples were hard under the scratchy grass top.  Each little movement caused the grass to tickle her thighs in a most disturbing manner.  She shared Susan’s unintentional voiced thought.  She would risk being captured on video just to work off some of her mounting desire.

Susan watched the emotions run across Bobbie Jo’s face. Bobbie Jo had previously looked calm, but Susan saw her own aching desires reflected in Bobbie Jo’s face.  The two women forced the minds back to the work at hand.

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At Jill’s campsite the Amazonian-like woman stretched under her lopsided lean-to.  She slowly rose and nibbled the fruit she had saved for this morning’s breakfast.  She looked at the snoring David and smiled.  He had performed for her wonderfully last night.  She had even permitted him to orgasm twice to their mutually enjoyment.  As a further reward she had released all his bonds except for those which now held his wrists in front of him.  After she had eaten enough fruit she moved back to David and retied his wrists behind his back and the harness around his neck and shoulders.  David stirred in his sleep, but did not awaken.

Jill walked to the fresh water pond and took a quick dip to rinse off the dried secretions left from the nights’ activities.  By the time she returned she felt fresh and very satisfied for the first time in days.

“Okay, sleepyhead, wake up.”

Jill shook David and his eyes opened in a squint under the bright tropical light.  Jill saw the sated smile form on David’s face and decided to maintain her stern exterior.

“None of that.  You are my slave and do not deserve enjoyment.  As your master that is only my right.  Now get up and eat.  We have a long day ahead of us.”

Looking up at this woman of Amazonian strength and stamina he had little choice.  He had to admit her sexual appetite the past night had left him both exhausted and satisfied.  David thought of himself as a bit of a stud.  His open smile and friendly manner had gotten him into many a young woman’s pants.  He was surprised that, embarrassed as he was, on some level he was aroused by her forced exposure.  As she helped him to his feet David fell forward against her.  He nose was buried into Jill’s magnificent cleavage.  With his arms bound behind him there was no way for him to do much to steady himself, not that he wanted to move from the confines of her firm breasts.

Jill used her hands to squeeze her breasts to the either side of David’s head.  She had been into body building for five years since that near fatal car accident.  She had been returning from a college football game.  She had not even been drinking, but the long day had left her sleepy.  She had doze off and driven into the concrete pillar that supported and overpass.  Her backbone had been several hairline fractures and her spinal cord, though not severe had been seriously bruised.

When Jill woke two weeks later from a coma, she was told she might not walk ago.  A week later when she moved her legs, more tests were run.  The doctors had said that intense physical therapy might enable her to walk again.  Jill had been determined to do better than that.  She had been a rather gawky tall shy girl, uncomfortable with her sexuality, but she was convinced that she could lead an active life once again.  She had throw herself into the physical therapy.  She became obsessed with getting her strength back.

Within six months she was running six miles and working out at the gym every day.  All her strength and more had returned.  When it was suggested that she compete in the body building competitions she had been delighted.

There was one drawback to Jill muscular shape.  Her rippling muscles seemed to intimidate many of the men she found attractive.  They found her less feminine.  There had been several offered from some of the other women at the gym where she had taken a job.  There had been some attraction but Jill preferred men.  She had turned herself inward and worked out even harder.  Only when she was alone late at night would her lonely feelings emerge.

As Jill continued to hold David’s head between her breasts she felt his tongue caress her skin.  David was a good four inches shorter that Jill, but she liked the feeling of controlling him.  She had always been to shy and was more prone to being submissive, but her experience with David had been enjoyable.  David actually seemed to like the situation and she felt his manhood rising even now.  She lowered herself and David back under the lean-to.  Without an intelligible word passing between them they were soon emitting moans and groans even louder than the prior night.

All over the island the other women could not avoid hearing the sounds of vigorous lovemaking.  Every woman, clothed and unclothed, found herself stimulated and hanging on every sound.

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Day 6 - The Men’s Contest

The Screening Room – ABN Productions

The Survivalist’s Show’s editor and a few network executives sat in a screening room.  The show’s assistant producer was talking.  “As you can see we have plenty of tape of activities on both islands.  We want to concentrate on the men’s contest since we’ve moved up the airing of the men’s segments.  We have our psychiatric advisor, Gloria Hyde, here and she has some observations she wants to share with us.”

The assistant producer sat and Gloria stood.  Gloria was a ‘corporate psychiatrist’ who usual helped with some of the more troubled TV personalities who appeared on the ABN.  Mostly she did analysis of actors and actresses so that they could be kept out of trouble and unwanted negative press.  She had jumped at the chance to work on this project.  Her cover story was that the contestants must be watched closely to avoid violence and lawsuits.  Her actual interests were a bit more lecherous – she was a closet voyeur.  She had been able to watch many hours of the contestants and had copied the more interesting parts to your own tapes.  The last week she had spent many every private evening playing the tapes on her entertainment center.  Gloria cleared her throat and spoke.

“As you will see the women are generally fairing well.  They do show signs of an increased libido, but there’s nothing unexpected or dangerous about that.  It’s the men’s activities that I will concentrate on today.  First, let us concentrate on these excerpts of Andrew and Reggie.”

The room darkened and the screen light up.

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Andrew had thought the contest would be a lark.  He was fairly experienced in backwoods hiking and camping.  He thought there was a chance that he would win, but the chance to have a naked vacation on this beautiful tropical island was really what he wanted.  He had discovered back in college that he like the freedom of being without clothes.  He was a just a nudist who usually restricted his ‘public’ activities to the occasional nude beach, a small nudists’ camp and his remote deep woods camping.  He had lost his clothes on the third day and was very surprised by his reactions as the days progressed.  He was very attracted to the female of the species, but found his eyes often checking out the packages on his fellow competitors.  He found himself hardening at the most embarrassing moments.

Reggie was a fine physical specimen of African descent.  The ladies had described him as mocha toned Schwarzenneger.  He had competed and done well in some local body building competitions and had recognized Jill when they had all gathered for the flight to the nearest island with an airport.  Reggie had thought he would do well and had been shocked to be the first man to lose his clothes.  He was surprised with the hesitancy with which he had surrendered his garments.  With two weeks of nakedness to look forward to he felt his confidence cracking.

The men gathered for the early afternoon announcements and the daily awards and penalties.  The petite young contest coordinator stood in her T-shirt and tight little shorts.  The reaction from the men was predictable as her usual naughty smile appeared.  She checked with each of the competitors and tallied the results.  Andrew and Reggie stood near the back of the crowd as the results were announced.  Allan, shorter guy with the physique of a marathon runner, was awarded a K-bar knife.  Kyle was called forth to surrender his clothes.

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The clip stopped and the lights of the screening light came on.  Gloria rose and spoke.  “My analysis shows that the ladies aggressiveness has increased with the loose of clothing, but in the men have become more passive.  In both cases, the level of sexual tension has been elevated.  Interesting from a psychological viewpoint, but also useful to the network.”

Mr. Clemens, the VP of program development, asked the obvious question.  “Useful in what way?”

Gloria smiled took on a wicked look.  “With proper promotion we can use the experiences of the males to attract two otherwise divergent and often neglected audiences.  First, the gay men will obviously be attracted to the male nudity.  Secondly, the women of WOW will have what they publicly want – equal treatment.  There is also the strong chance that the WOW members will tune in to satisfy their own often denied, but ever present lustful desires.  We are in a position to attract these niche viewers.”

Mr. Clemens smiled.  That will shut up those WOW comments and help with the ratings – a win-win situation for him and the network.  “Work up the proposal with my staff and I push it at the next network production meeting.  Good job, Ms. Hyde.”

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Day  7 - The Women’s Island

Susan had not gotten used to the constant arousal that flooded her being.  She thought she had an active sexual female imagination, but there was no comparison to the waves of desire that engulfed her on the island.  Her grass skirt and leafy halter top maintained her illusion of modesty, but each scratchy brush of the skirt and top only served to increase her arousal.  She fought to keep her eyes off the other women.  Each sight of their naked flesh left Susan even more wanton.

Bobbie Jo noticed Susan averting her eyes from the other women.  Although Bobbie Jo was similarly affected by the strong passions that flooded her body, she had felt exhilaration at the lustful feelings.  As a proper Southern Bell she had been trained and skilled at flirtation with the boys, leaving them aching for relief.  She had felt a thrill from her cock-teasing actions.  With no men on the island she had been at a loss as to what to do until she saw Susan trying to hide her own feelings.  On the previous day Bobbie Jo had seen three other women also reacting to her flirtatious words and motions.

After Ginny had lost her clothing the prior day Bobbie Jo had observed the way Ginny tried to hide her nakedness.  Bobbie Jo had stayed with Ginny and it had been easy for Bobbie Jo to increase Ginny’s embarrassment with a few smiling stares and chosen phrases.

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Ginny knew that as the competition continued she was doomed to lose her clothes.  She just did not have the skills of a couple of the other women.  She had steeled herself at each beach gathering, but had still felt anxiety when her name was called.  She forced herself to walk proudly up and surrender her clothes.  Her emotions were barely contained as she walked away from the gathering.  He just wanted to skulk off someplace, but Bobbie Jo had trailed behind her like a long lost friend.  Every word Bobbie Jo spoke seemed to have a double meaning and somehow left Ginny feeling even more naked.

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Today Bobbie Jo aimed her sights at that snooty Courtney.  If she could make Courtney squirm a bit, it would be a lark.  Susan stayed behind and worked to make a spare improved grass skirt.  It took almost an hour to find Courtney trying to catch her lunch in a small tidal pool.  Bobbie Jo watched Courtney’s near naked form for several minutes before Courtney noticed her.  Courtney’s reaction was to try to cover up, but there was nowhere to hide as she stood in knee deep water.

“How’s the fishing, darlin’”, asked Bobbie Jo.

Courtney felt very vulnerable even though Bobbie only smiled innocently at her.  Courtney’s arrogant tone faded as her humiliation increased each day.  Her voice was almost timid when she answered, “Not much luck”.

“Do you want some help?  It’s such a beautiful day, isn’t it?”  Bobbie’s tone dripped with sweetness as she turned on the charm.

“No, I’ll do okay”, answered Courtney as she hoped Bobbie would just go away.  She groaned as Bobbie Jo sat on a rock and settled in.  Bobbie Jo remained quiet and looked off into the distance.  Just enough of the grass skirt fell between Bobbie Jo’s legs to barely cover her there.

Bobbie Jo’s display only served to increase Courtney unease, but she forced herself to continue working the tidal pool.  With each passing second Courtney grew more uncomfortable under Bobbie Jo attention.

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Day  7 - The Men’s Island

Andrew had decided not to bother with clothing.  Other than a few embarrassments during unwanted hardons he thought he was adjusting quite well.  He had moved his campsite off by himself.  His new lean-to had come along just fine.  It’s roof and three walls gave him an increased sense of privacy when he wanted it.  With his place of privacy all set up, he wandered out in search of something to vary his diet.  The fruit and occasional fish were filling but boring.

Two hours of searching had yielded a spicy tuber that was too hot to eat.  Andrew planned to chop it up and use it to add spice to fish.  As he was digging up some more of the tuber he saw Reggie gathering tropical fruit.  He noticed that Reggie had fashioned a loincloth of leaves and some vines.  The small green loincloth only serve to emphasize Reggie’s rippling muscles.

Andrew found he was uncomfortable as he watched Reggie.  On a philosophical level Andrew realized he was just reacting to one of nature’s work of art that was Reggie’s athletic body.  He also had no doubt that he was interested only in women as sexual partners.  However, he felt embarrassed as he felt himself harden to the sight of Reggie.  Andrew hid in the foliage and watched.

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Day  8 – On the Mainland

Gloria sat back in the privacy of her home with the VCR.  She was ‘reviewing’ that highlights of the previous days raw tapings.  Her nightgown had been tossed aside as she watched the excerpts from the island adventure.  Andrew had such a cute butt.  He had been unaware that he had set up his new lean-to directly in sight of one of the remote-controlled cameras.  He lean toned body moved with animal grace.  She rewound the tape and replayed the scenes of Andrew.

Gloria was not sure the ratings would actually improve, but she knew what she liked.

Gloria made up her mind.  She just had to be on the islands to supervise the last two days of the contest.  When she had made her request she had not noticed the stares from the male network executives.  Little did she know just how her suggestions caused fantasies in their minds as they quickly agreed the she should be there too.

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Days 9 and 10 – The Women’s Island

As the second week continued the pattern of life changed for the women.  Although there was still a strong sense of competition among the clothed ladies, those who had been naked or in makeshift clothing started to form their own close-knit group.  Each morning the bare maidens met in the pond.  After a refreshing swim there was a swoop of information and supplies.

Instead participating in the pond side activities, the still clothed competitors ventured out to check their various nets, traps and other devices.  They tended to interact with the less clothed only on a one-on-one basis to barter in the afternoon.

Jill had started appearing at the pond with David in tow on the eight day.  She had joined in the swim and seemed very relaxed as she sunned on the rocks to dry.  She had brought David along.  The ladies had outwardly been a bit shy as David’s eyes roamed over all the exposed feminine flesh.  The women grew relaxed as they became used to his helpless presence.  Jill had modified David’s harness to allow him some freedom of movement, but it quickly became obvious that he was neither able nor wanted to act in an aggressive manner.  The women took delight in parading in front of David’s eyes and keeping him aroused with no chance of relief except when each night with Jill.  Jill encouraged the other women’s actions.  She said it made him more pliable.

David stayed silent as he had no choice but to watch the firm exposed bodies pass before his eyes.  He found he was constantly embarrassed and aroused as his body reacted to the sights.  During all the hours at the pond each day he found himself at least semi-erect as the women teased him.  They collectively would tease him to the edge of orgasm only to leave him throbbing for relief.  Bobbie Jo seemed particularly able to get him standing tall with just the tiniest suggestive comments.  The only sound made by David through each morning was the occasional groan.

Jill had taken Bobbie Jo aside and asked her to share some of her secrets.  Bobbie Jo was more than willing to coach Jill in the ways of the Southern Belle.  With Jill’s encouragement Bobbie Jo demonstrated each technique using David as the victim.  Within a couple of days Jill had acquired a bit of the Southern charm and flirtatious manners.  Bobbie Jo continued to coach Jill as the days progressed.

The one topic that was not discussed among the women was their own constant arousal.  Susan wondered if all the women felt as horny as she did.  “At least Jill has David”, she thought.  Somehow the teasing of David helped curb Susan’s sexual thirst as she paraded around him.  She grew more daring as time passed and took to sunning on her back directly in front of him.  She took a devilish thrill in seeing the effect on David as he rose to attention; his eyes riveted on her.

Bobbie Jo was enjoying herself deeply.  For the first time in her somewhat sheltered Southern life she was able to observe directly the effect of each flirting gambit on the male of the species.  She found Jill a quick study watch her gain confidence in her feminine power.  Bobbie Jo noticed that Susan was also being very observant of the techniques being passed on to Jill.  Bobbie Jo found she was enjoying the life on the island, but looked forward to then end.  She could put some of her observations into use with the boys at college.  Unless David was very atypical, she felt she could make any heterosexual boy squirm.

Courtney was the one woman who maintained a solitary existence.  She had moved her lean-to to the far side of the island.  She collected her fruits and vegetables and checked her traps.  Other than the mandatory noon meeting, she was just too embarrassed to interact with anyone.

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Day 9 and 10 – The Men’s Island

Life also changed for the men.  Both clothed and unclothed men took to spending most of their time alone except for the noon gatherings.  As with the clothed women, the still clothed men took the competition very seriously.  The stripped men just wanted to survive and be left alone.  From a psychological point of view several of the men could not deal with the fear of being accused of a homosexual reaction.  Other men would not even admit to themselves that it was not insecurity but embarrassment alone that left them hard at inopportune times.

Andrew found he was enjoying the freedom of being with nature when he was left alone.  He was even becoming less uncomfortable when others were in sight.  He and Reggie had campsites only a few hundred feet apart.  On the evening of the ninth day Andrew smelled the aroma of cooking fish drift over from Reggie’s camp.  Having spent the last the last two days as an involuntary vegetarian, Andrew found his mouth watering.  Just that day he had found a root that made an acceptable tea.  Using two hollowed out coconut shells as pitchers he set off for Reggie’s camp with the freshly brewed tea.

Reggie was cooking the fresh fish on the rocks he had heated.  His back was toward Andrew when he heard the rustle in the tropical plants.  “Who is that?” he challenged.

“Just me Andrew.  Do you want to share some fish for some tea?”

Reggie thought to himself.  He had not talked to anyone the whole day and was going stir crazy.  He did not know if he intimidated the other men with his muscular build or if they were as embarrassed as he was.  “Come on in.”

Andrew walked from the leafy foliage holding the coconuts in her hand in front of this crotch.  He did not want to appear embarrassed but he was unable to relax.   “Here, take a swig of this.”  He handed a coconut to Reggie and turned to face away from Reggie as he took a swig.

“Not bad”, answered Reggie.  He knelt down near the hot rocks with his back to Andrew.  “The fish will be finished cooking in a couple of minutes.  Your timing is perfect.”

“Thank you.”  Andrew sat on a log that had been laid on its side as a bench.  His back was turned a bit towards Reggie.  As the fish sizzled on the hot rocks Andrew took a deep breath and asked, “Are you as horny as I am?”

Several seconds of silence passed.  Reggie’s voice was little more than a whisper.  “Yes.”

Andrew stared at the ground as he dared to ask, “Are you doing anything about?”

“Not with the cameras around.”

“Have you found the cave/”

“Cave?”

“No wires or cameras that I can find.”

“Where?”

“I found it this afternoon over by the cliffs on the leeward side.”

There was a pause as Reggie poked the fish off the hot rocks onto leaves he held in his hands.  The leaves served as plates to keep from burning his hands.  He moved to stand behind Andrew and with fish on leaves in each hand.  He held his left hand out to his side and Andrew took the fish.  Reggie sat next to the fire and the two ate.  When the fish and tea were consumed Reggie’s words were just a whisper.

“Show me”.

Andrew led Reggie off into the dark foliage.

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Day 10 – On The Mainland – The Board Room

The board looked over the ratings from the last two nights of the Survivalists’ Game.  The ratings were going through the roof and all were pleased.  They had already given approval for the show to become an ongoing series.  With smiling faces they considered Dr. Gloria Hyde’s request to be present for the final two days of the competition.  More than one of the male board members smiled at the thought of their corporate psychiatrist without her normal conservative business suit.  It was quickly decided to send her to the island for the last two days of competition.  They wondered what she would think of the terms of her on-island participation.

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Day 13 – Near the Men’s Island

Gloria was smiling broadly as she stood at the rail of the yacht being used as the on-site command and communications center.  She wore a white string bikini that contrasted nicely with the dark tan acquired from hours on her tanning bed.  More hours on her StairMaster left her thirty-something body firm and trim.  She was ready for her visit to the Men’s Island where she would act as the competition coordinator.  The empty inflatable motorized boat waited beside the yacht.

Mr. Benson had accompanied Gloria on the flight from LA.  He was dressed in a polo shirt and tailored shorts that revealed an athletic build.  She did not understand his role, but she was about to find out as he moved to stand beside her.

“Ms. Hyde, you look almost ready for you visit.”

Gloria beamed back.  “Ready as soon as the camera crew gets in the boat.”

Mr. Benson had a look that would do a shark justice.  “No, quite.”  Gloria gave him a questioning look and her continued.  “In the performance contract you signed before you left LA, there were a few stipulations you seemed to be ignoring.”

Gloria did not know what Benson was up to, but she was sure she would not like it.  Her voice took on defensive tone.  “Just exactly what do you mean?”

“It clearly states in the contract that you must dress appropriately.  Since most of those still on the islands are without clothing, you must appear the same way.”

Gloria’s eyes grew big as the words sank in.  “What!?!”  She crossed her arms in front of her as if her top were already gone.   “You can not be serious.”  Disbelief was in her voice, but fear was in her eyes.

“Quite serious.  In fact, I have been instructed by the board to say that any breach of contract on your part will be followed by a lawsuit with punitive damages.  It will cost you a great deal of money to fight us.  Even if you were to win, no one in the industry will hire you.”

Gloria realized she had no viable alternatives.  “Do I have to hand over my clothes right now?”

“No.  Actually I have been given the discretion to wait until we are on the island.”

Gloria’s bikini felt suddenly very small and revealing.  Mr. Benson gave her a lecherous smile that sent a chill down her back.  She resigned herself to her destiny and climbed into the inflatable boat.  Mr. Benson climbed in beside her and the camera crew followed in moments.

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Day 13 – The Men’s Island

As the boat was beached at the Men’s Island butterflies fluttered in Gloria’s stomach.  The men were already assembling on the beach.  At the sight of her, several of the men started talking amongst themselves.  In their naked state it was easy to see their physical reaction to the sight of her attractive body.  She followed Benson from the boat and stood next to him as he made the daily announcements.  Other than Benson only two men still wore shorts.

“…And there is one final announcement.  For the remaining two days of the competition Ms. Hyde is to observe and report on the competition. So as to insure equal treatment, she will do her work dressed or rather undress as most of you are.  Ms. Hyde, front and center.”  Gloria hesitantly stepped forward.  Surrounded by eleven naked men she felt humiliated.

“Ms. Hyde, we are waiting.”  The delight in Benson’s voice was as thick as cold butter.

Gloria reached behind her back and pulled on the knot that kept her top in place.  The strings fell to her sides and a moment later the top slid from her beautiful tanned breasts.  She heard the intake of breaths from the men around her.  Although no one took a step the beach suddenly felt very crowded.  Mr. Benson cleared his throat impatiently.  Gloria grabbed the ties on each side of her string bottoms.  The small piece of clothes slid down her legs.  Soft moans escaped the throats of the men.  The only person that moved was Mr. Benson as he knelt to pick up the two small pieces of Gloria’s former attire.  He stepped into the boat and fired up the engine.

Gloria suddenly realized the camera crew had remained on the island as Mr. Benson roared away from the island.  A quick look at the camera revealed that she was the current focus of its electronic eye.

Most of the people on the island were naked, but being the only female, she felt very exposed.  Before she even knew what she was doing, she ran from the beach, her butt and breasts bouncing with each step.   As she disappeared from sight the men finally moved from their trance-like state.  While they tried to appear casual each wanted to follow the naked Ms. Hyde.

The men of the camera crew smiled as they realized they could get some revenge on the Gloria.  She had been a bit surly back on the boat.  They guessed she would be a bit more malleable to their suggestions now.

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Day 13 – The Women’s Island

David sat at the edge of the pond his arms bound and asleep behind his back.  The bright morning sun brought a sheen of sweat to his body.  However, his accelerated breathing and the tightness in his groin were due to other influences.  Tanned female bodies cavorted in the water almost like innocent young children at play.  Of course their luscious bodies were anything but those of children.

The women took delight in revealing themselves to David.  Even the four women who still possessed their original ‘uniforms’ shed them for the morning swim.  He had been kept in a constant state of arousal each day.  When Jill took him back to her lean-to each night the whole island heard his and her moans of release.

When it was time the women with David in tow walked to the beach gathering place.  The man who usually did the announcements had been replaced.  Mr. Benson carried the clipboard and did the announcements.  Trudy was the unfortunate loser for the day.  She had a very tight fit body.   The only fat visible was that of her large breasts.  When she surrendered her top even the other women gasped at the firmness of those breasts.  A blush quickly formed on her facial cheeks and rushed down her breasts and firm flat stomach to disappear under the shorts she would soon have to surrender.

Trudy had hoped she would win the contest.  She had not really been prepared to lose her clothing.  She had realized the pond was probably under the watchful eyes of at least one camera, but she had still had the choice to be naked or not.  With the loss of her clothes she no longer had that choice.

Mr. Benson cleared his throat and gave Trudy an impatient stare.  His smile made it obvious to all that he took pleasure in her loss.  She hooked her thumbs in her waistband, but had a hard time pulling her shorts down.  She could feel the material against her buttocks and thighs.  As she pulled the shorts down she realized how much she had taken that feeling for granted.  The sun felt hot on her exposed bottom and her nipple hardened.  It took all her will power not to run into the tropical foliage and hide.

Mr. Benson watched as Trudy’s blush flowed down her legs until all her deeply tanned skin had a delicious rosy tint to it.  He took his time admiring this freshly peeled beauty.  The sandy blond hair and between her legs drew the eyes of all present.

Mr. Benson pulled his eyes back to his clipboard and announced that the live camera crew would remain on the island for the remainder of the contest.  Suddenly all the blushes of all the women deepened.  The camera crew was all men.  They could lie to themselves about the hidden cameras.

The women disperse quickly with the cameras following their bare brown bottoms out of sight.  The men of the camera crew smiled at each other.  They had a free run of the island for the next two days and intended to keep the cameras running at all times.  The special infrared options insured that even in the dark night, the pictures would be clear and revealing.

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Day 14 – The Women’s Island

Susan had a sleepless night.  The camera crews had hovered around the lean-tos all night.  At any moment no woman knew if her image was being captured or not.

Even Bobby Jo’s usual bubbly manner was suppressed.  Each time she saw a camera anywhere in front of her she had turned away.  Her actions made the camera crews even more determined to get her shapely image on tape.  The next time she saw a camera man creeping in front of her she turned away only to find two other cameras aimed in her direction.  She was caught in a camera crossfire that she did not escape for over two hours.  Her smile became forced as she realized that every curve of her body was captured for delayed broadcast.

David understood how the women felt.  Unable to cover himself in any way he had no difficulty empathizing with their feelings of embarrassment.  His own difficulties only grew as he too saw the camera focus on this humiliating situation.  He did not want to think of the crap he would get upon his return to the mainland.  The guys would accuse him of being a sex slave.  The bad part for him was that he actually WAS enjoying the situation on a subconscious level.  He refused to admit his feelings to himself.

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Day 14 – The Men’s Island

Gloria did not have a moment to herself.  Every time she turned there was at least one male in sight.  Often a cameraman was also around.  Gloria should have an advantage since she had seen the raw tapes from the first week of the competition.  She should not have had much difficulty finding one of the uncovered locations.  Unfortunately for her the roving live camera crew also knew the gaps in the hidden camera coverage and anticipated her efforts to hide.

With no place to hide Gloria tried to make the best of it.  She had to admit the male contestants represented a cross-section of the attractive male public.  She stopped running and took to admiring her view.  She was pleased that her psychological insights matched reality.  Every male contestant in the group, deprived of female companionship for two weeks, was exhibiting some degree of macho behavior.  With this in mind she decided the cameras were her best protection.  No one would attack her knowing the tapes would capture any violent act.  This in no way reduced Gloria’s mortification as being the solitary naked female on the island.

Andrew knelt in a group of trees near Gloria’s current location.  His mind was flooded with fantasies as he peeked at her tight body.  “I think I could go for an older woman”, he thought as a broad smile filled his face.  He watched as Ron, naked and fully aroused, approached her.  Andrew was close enough to make out their words.  He listened intently as Ron tried to seduce her.  Andrew laughed quietly as, after Ron made his ‘presentation’, Gloria put his down with a few precise words.  She did not call him names, but politely and carefully put him in his place.  Ron wandered off after his rejection.

Andrew turned away from the sight of Gloria.  He guessed he had not chance with the beautiful ‘older woman’.  He was prepared to leave when from around the tree Gloria strode into sight.  Gloria did not acted surprise and walked right up to the kneeling Andrew.  He found himself looking up passed her perky nipples and into her smiling eyes

Gloria had always been a realistic.  Faced with her current situation, she admitted to herself the she needed a man.  She realized she could be in control as she reviewed the psychological profiles in her head.  It was that as much as the washboard stomached physical profile before her that prompted her to act.

“Hello, Andrew, I am Gloria.  I have enjoyed viewing you during the contest.”

It was Andrew’s turn to blush.  After a few seconds he stopped holding his breath.

“Thank you, ma’am.”

“Ma’am?  That makes me sound like an old lady.  You don’t think I am old woman, do you?”

“No, ma’am, uh, Gloria.  You look very…. fit and young.”

“What are you doing tonight?”

Andrew swallowed hard.  He could not believe his luck.  Was she really seducing him?  In his current condition she did not need to make the effort.  “But what if I am wrong”, he thought.

Gloria took his hand and led him off into the thickest foliage of the island.  He soon found out he was not wrong.

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The Final Day – The Men’s Island

When the men and Gloria gathered on the beach for the last day’s announcements they found Benson with several of the large inflatable boat.  They were all ears as Benson made the announcements.

“First, we have an usual situation.  The voting has yielded a three-way tie for the best Survivalist.  We have never had that happen before.  Since there is no clear winner, no award will be made.

“As to the daily losers we have another unprecedented situation.  Would both Kevin and Jeff step forward?”  The last two clothed male contestants stepped before Benson.  “You have tied for the day’s poorest survivalist.  You must both surrender your clothes.”  The two grimaced, but complied with no arguments.  Benson continued.

“Everyone is to get into the boats.  The competition will continue on the women’s island.  At sunset tonight the final winners will be announced.”

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The Final Day – The Women’s Island

The contestants and cameramen climbed into the boats.  Ninety minutes the boats’ occupants stepped onto the beach of another island.  The women, upon seeing the male invasion of their island, had stayed hidden in the foliage.  They whispered and giggle among themselves as they took in the sight of the very naked men standing on the beach.

When the women did not readily appeared, Benson sounded the air horn to call them.  One by one the women stepped from their hiding places and walk to stand near the bare men.  None of these women had worn their makeshift grass skirts and halters.  They had not expected all these men.  Strangely enough the last two women to appear were the only two still clothed, Jessica and Sara.

Jessica and Sara were two California girls.  Each had long blond hair and a cute face.  Their endowed bodies undoubtedly had been the source of many a boys’ fantasies.  Although they had not known each other before the contest, the two young women looked enough alike to be sisters.  Benson questioned each of the women and tallied the daily winners.  Bobbie Jo was surprised when it was announced that she was the daily winner.  She swayed her way to Benson to receive her award.

When Jessica and Sara were called up they almost ran from the group.  The only thing they could think of was that they had been the daily losers.  They stood before Benson as she announced that they had indeed lost.  As one they froze in place.

“If you are unable to surrender your clothing, I am sure one or more of the male contestants would be glad to assist you.”

The men firmed a circle around Jessica and Sara.  There was no escape now.  Jessica was the first to move.  She reached under her shirttails and slid her shorts over her hips.  The shorts fell down her thighs and pooled around her feet.  Only the long shirt was left to preserve her modesty.  She turned to Sara as if to say ‘Your turn” and waited.

Sara was in total disbelief.  To go this far and be forced to strip on the last day was just not fair.  When she made no move to disrobe, Benson step before her.  In one swift move he grabbed the front of her shirt.  The two remaining buttons shot off as pulled the two sides apart.  Sara whimpered but made not move to stop Benson and he pulled the shirt back passed her shoulders.  Benson released the shirt and it fell to the sandy beach.  Sara knew her dark nipple and aureoles were already hard.  She shuttered, as she knew that soon her wet pouting pussy would soon be equally exposed.  She felt Benson hand at her sides and the shorts felt, joining her shirt in the sandy.  The men murmured, acknowledging that “She is a natural blond”.  Sara ran at full tilt down the beach away from the gathering.

All eyes trailed Sara until she passed out of sight.  Jessica felt all eyes turn to her as she stood in just her shirt.  Not wanting Benson to undress her, Sara unbuttoned the shirt and reluctantly let it slide to her feet.

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The Final Evening – The Only Island

Mr. Benson stood on the beach with the cameramen behind him.  Just before 9 PM with the sunset fading into twilight, the torches were lit.  Benson blew the air horn.  Within minutes the contestants plus Gloria and David gathered.  From the visible disarray of their bodies, Benson was sure it had been an interesting afternoon and evening, but he had one final surprise for them.

“Your attention please.  We have to make the final announcement before you can leave.  First, given that no one survived with his or her clothes intact, we had to use the cumulative daily scores to arrive at the winners.  For the men the best all-found survivalist is …  David.  If he could come forward, please.”

David was surprised.  He had survived well, but he did not feel he had distinguished himself.  The torches did a good job of illuminating the area.  He felt very exposed as he faced the other contestants and the cameras.  Benson handed him a certificate and an envelope.  He took a short bow before the audience and unconsciously held the certificate in front of his genitals.

“Now for the woman who did the best … Bobbie Jo, please step forward.”

Bobbie Jo giggled and bounced forward.  She looked a bit nervous as she stood nude before the others, but a smile crept on her face as she received another certificate and envelope.  She took a place beside David, her certificate also before her crotch.

“And now for the final announcement before our departure.  This contest was received so well that we have decided to exercise and option on your contracts.  In four weeks we will continue this contest into Round Two where you will have to compete on mixed teams in a number of event.  You must appear.  Failure to compete will result in a breach of contract that will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.”

Groans greeted Benson’s announcement.  He smiled at the assembled nudes and added one final insult.  “Smile everybody, you are all stars.  The viewing audience has and will continue to see hours of your struggles here on the islands.  Your faces and body are recognizable by million.  You are all famous.”