Join the Club!

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One for the holiday weekend! Welcome to the Club. I had changed schools near the end of my time before - hopefully – going to college. It was here that I met Linda who was a tennis nut like myself. We used to play some very vigorous games the outcome of which was in doubt until the last set. We really needed to make certain who was the best player but half term was coming up and the school courts were not available to us during the break. We had just finished showering and I was wrapped in my large towel. Linda, as usual, was wandering about stark naked. I had always admired Linda’s tan. It was almost even with just a touch of pale skin where the bikini pants would go and - here I could be mistaken - not a sign of a bra mark to harm its even colour. I popped on my clean knickers and dropped my boobs into my bra before finishing dressing. ‘Pity we shall miss our games during the break,’ I said as we left the changing room, ‘I just hope I do not get out of practice. I’m sure I shall beat you next time. In your dreams,’ replied Linda as we walked out of the school, ‘but tell you what, come to the club my parents belong to. They have a nice hard court, almost unused during the week, and what is more we could have a swim in the pool afterwards. And a spot of sunbathing. I’ll get Dad to OK you coming as a guest tomorrow. How does that sound? Great. Where’s the club? Just up the hill. I’ll call round for you about ten and we can cycle up there together. ’We parted company and when I got home I washed out my tennis gear, tumble dried it and ironed it for the next day. Had to look smart. Linda called prompt at ten and we set off for the couple of miles ride up the hill to the club on our bikes. I noticed Linda was wearing just a long T-shirt and some very small knickers underneath. The wind of our ride kept blowing the edge of her shirt up and giving a very good view of them! A few bumps in the road later I was convinced she had left her bra off as well as her boobs bounced with the bumps. Like me she had her tennis shoes and socks on ready for the match. The club was set back in the woods and Linda dismounted and set to entering the numbers into the padlock on the gate. I was ushered in and Linda shut the gate and clicked the lock. The club grounds were deserted just as Linda had suggested they might be. We parked our bikes together and locked them. I took my neatly ironed tennis gear from the saddle bag ready to change. Linda hadn’t got hers in her bag. I presumed she had some clothes her at the club if she visited it often. We walked down to the tennis courts together. They were Nice! Very Nice! Almost new surface and the sun was shining just enough without being too hot. We stopped at a bench near the court we were going to use. ‘Where do we change?’ I asked. ‘Here,’ replied Linda dragging her T-shirt over her head and confirming my suspicions as to her lack of clothing. A quick easing of the waistband of her knickers and they were of too. She has naked from the ankles up! Just her tennis shoes and socks remained on. ‘Where’s your gear?’ I asked somewhat shocked at her display, ‘And where do I change? You can slip your clothes off here and join me or, if you are Miss Modesty, you can put your gear on here. ’I sat on the bench and swopped my cycling shorts for a brief skirt and then removed my blouse, after a check to see nobody was watching, and replaced it by an Aertex one. I already had my sports bra on and a spare one in my bag for after showering - and a swimming costume if the promise of a swim materialised. I looked at Linda again as she practised her swings with the racket. ‘Aren’t you going to put some clothes on? Somebody might see us. It’s a naturist club, silly, nobody wears clothes here. It’s only by a special dispensation that Dad got that you can wear all that lot on the court. Why don’t you join me and take it off? You are so restricted I’m sure to win! No way! You’re not going to get me to play tennis in the nude. My tits might not like it swinging about bare. I’ll try not to look at yours. As a special dispensation. ’We knocked up and the game started. Linda certainly had the edge and more score got worse. ‘Take your blouse off,’ suggested Linda, ‘at least you’ll keep cool. ’I took my blouse off and my game definitely improved. ‘And that silly skirt,’ Linda added after a close fought rally. My skirt came off and here I was playing tennis in just my briefs, voluminous and all covering as they might be, and my restrictive sports bra. At least my game was getting better. And I was getting hotter. ‘How about shedding that bra?’ suggested Linda, ‘It must stop your arms moving freely. You’re not going to beat me with it on. ’Wweeeelllllll. . . . . . . There was nobody else here but Linda and I and I needed to avenge the drubbing I was getting so far. I tugged at the tough elastic at the bottom of the bra and eased it over my tits. Much the same size as Linda’s I noticed as I dropped it with my other clothes. My game definitely improved again and Linda was having to work harder to return my serves now I did not have to contend with the elastic and Lycra which were definitely on her side. We sat on the bench by the court for a breather and a drink. The crotch of my knickers was moist from the perspiration - polite word for sweat - that I had been working up. It would be much more comfortable if I took them off. Unlike my bra they offered no support other than to my modesty. So I did. ‘That’s better,’ called Linda from the far end of the court as she prepared to serve. ‘You’ll get a tan like mine in no time. ’So now I knew why she was so evenly brown. We came to just about even in our games even though I was conscious that my sole clothing was a pair of socks and tennis shoes. I wondered if they had a grass court where I could take them off too? We finished pretty well even, as usual, and exhausted we flopped down on the bench and mopped ourselves with our towels. We discarded our shoes and socks which was quite a relief and then gathered up our belongings, I had more than Linda, and headed for the showers and the swimming pool. I dumped my gear, except for my towel, along the way. What an admission I liked being naked. Into the showers, all open air and without any screens between them. I borrowed, if you can borrow, Linda’s shower gel and emerged smelling much sweeter. I wrapped the towel round myself, saw Linda’s broad grin, and took it off again. The pool was great after we had rolled back the cover and checked its temperature. Lots of splashing, ducking and generally mucking about later I decided wearing a costume, I did have one in my saddle bag, was silly. Swimming nude was far more pleasant and sensible somehow. I came to the surface and heard a voice which definitely wasn’t Linda’s. ‘Good Morning, girls. Mind if we join you?’ Oh Goodness! Or words to that effect. There were two guys standing beside the pool. Naked. I averted my eyes. It was all right Linda seeing me naked, she’d done that in the showers at school enough times, but how was I supposed to get out of the pool with two guys watching? I needn’t have worried. They dived in and covered their critical bits with the water and I kept my boobs just below water level. ‘Aren’t you going to introduce us to your friend, Linda? ’I was duly introduced and given a wet hand shake. We ended up with another competition. I was on Jake’s shoulders and Linda on Pete’s trying to knock one another off. Nude? So What? Eventually we all got out of the pool and vaguely towelled ourselves dryish before Linda and I made tea and broke open the biscuits. ‘Jake seems a nice guy,’ I mentioned to Linda. ‘He is, he’s my brother. Just keep your hands off Pete, he’s mine. ’We drank our tea and ate our biscuits and got to know one another quite well before Linda’s parents arrived. Was I really allowed to see them nude? Or them me for that matter? Linda’s Mum made more tea and we sat around talking. ‘Linda’s dad looked at me with a broad grin. ‘Linda’s good at getting people naked. ’ He observed. ‘Going to join the Club? ’I looked at Jake’s muscular frame and ------ well I’ll leave that bit out ------and thought it was quite a good idea. I had become used to my boobs swinging about as I’d played tennis. I wondered how his ------. I really must clear my mind of impure but interesting thoughts! And dry myself more thoroughly between my legs after swimming or something like that.

Jane.