#### Lacy Plays Tennis...But Forgot to Wear Something!!

Lacy likes to play tennis. She doesn’t like to wear tennis knickers, though, because they are not made out of silk or cotton, which are the two fabrics she likes next to her skin. So she wears regular knickers, which I find exciting and which, when they realize what she is wearing, is exciting to at least the men and perhaps some of the women on the surrounding courts. Cotton or silk knickers have a tendency to ride up during exercise, exposing more and more lovely flesh. The longer we play, the more interesting and exciting it becomes.

One day we were playing in particularly hot weather and sweat was streaming down. Lacy didn’t have a sweatband for her forehead and sweat kept getting into her eyes. Eventually she looked around, saw that nobody was glancing our way, and reached down and took her knickers off. She wiped her brow with her knickers. Then she hung them on the net post, which I found very arousing, and continued to play.

She was wearing a short, flippy skirt, the sort that showed most of her knickers when she served or ran after the ball; or would have if she had been wearing any. It was short enough that every time she leaned over to pick up a ball from the ground, all of her knickers, if she had been wearing them, would have been exposed. At first, both her tennis game and her ball retrieval was a little timid. I think she couldn’t quite believe that she had actually taken her knickers off at a tennis court. She was very excited, but also overwhelmed and a little scared. When she would pick up a ball, rather than bending from the waist as she would normally have done, she bent from the knees and stooped down; much to my displeasure. After a little while, though, she would stoop more rapidly, causing her skirt to flip up and expose her bare bottom, though only very briefly. Gradually, she became more self assured; no one had come over to arrest her; and she started playing with more exuberance, causing her skirt to flare up, exposing her lovely buttocks more and more. And, from time to time, her dark pubic hair was briefly exposed as well.

Needless to say, my tennis game became worse and worse as my excitement grew. It took a little while before people in the adjacent courts noticed what was going on. Eventually, a man in the next court glanced over just as Lacy was bending over to pick up a tennis ball. She managed to drop it and had to pick it up again, giving an extended view not only of her bottom but also of her pussy. His eyes became huge. I’m sure he couldn’t trust that what he thought he had just seen was really a naked bottom. I glanced over and saw that he missed both of his next two serves and spent most of his time looking over toward our court. The next time Lacy had to pick up a ball she dropped the ball again, this time twice, before getting if firmly in her grasp and standing up. This gave him a really extended view of her cheeks and pubic hair.

He had a very visible reaction. Then, perhaps not wanting to give his opponent too much of an advantage since he knew his own game was going to be shot to hell, he called his friend up to the net and told him what he was missing. Lacy and I hadn’t been bothering to change courts after service breaks and these guys hadn’t been, either. But now they started to with great regularity, which I think showed a real sense of fair play on their part. In the meantime, Lacy seemed to have lost what remained of her inhibitions. When she would hit a good shot (and I kept hoping she would hit a lot of them) she would twirl completely around, showing her lovely long legs all the way up to her waist. After a few minutes, people in some of the other courts also noticed and I think that the entire standard of play at the courts dropped dramatically. Lacy noticed this with enjoyment. But she realized that people were getting good views of her bottom but not enough of her pussy. So she started casually using the front of her tennis skirt to wipe off her racket handle. Sometimes she would be walking toward one of the adjacent courts while meandering back to the service line, sometimes toward the other.

As she grew increasingly bold, she would raise her skirt higher and higher, and for longer and longer interludes, making a real production of wiping the sweat (whether real or imaginary) off the handle of her tennis racket.

She enjoyed it greatly, while of course pretending to have no idea what was causing all the disturbance on the surrounding courts. After an hour or so, she beckoned me to the net. I walked up and she said “My thighs are all wet, and its not perspiration. Can we go somewhere quick?” I said, “Of course, let’s get out of here”. She said “My forehead’s all sweaty”; and she lifted her tennis skirt all the way up to mop her face. She managed to turn completely around while doing this, as if she were looking for our tennis balls so we could put them back in the can. There were almost audible gasps from the surrounding courts. It was fantastic for us. I am enclosing a picture of Lacy with her knickers still on, but with a lot of her bottom showing. We came back the next day and this time Lacy left her knickers at home. I took some more pictures, one of which is enclosed. We hope your readers enjoy them.

Cliff and Lacy