**Match Point**  
The score was thirty forty. Tina Hathaway shivered despite the blazing July sunshine that uncharacteristically graced Wimbledon’s well-watered centre court. She had won the first set but lost the second, and was down five games to four in the third. Now she was on the brink of losing her service game against a woman she had soundly beaten every time they had faced each other in a Grand Slam tournament. Fighting down her nerves, she bounced her ball in front of her, trying to put out of her mind the little problem that had been dogging her throughout the match. Yet she could not help reflecting briefly on the rather unusual set of circumstances that had led to her playing so badly in this semi-final.  
  
She had had an easy ride so far. The first few rounds had been against unseeded players, and they had dropped like flies before her world-renowned, devastating forehand. The press, however, had barely mentioned her strength or the accuracy of her placement of long passes, concerning themselves more with her looks and figure. “Stunning Teen Tennis Sensation Hathaway Trounces Williams!” proclaimed one tabloid. “Tennis Star Hathaway Beach Pics - See Inside!” boasted another.  
  
And she loved it. She was now the darling of tennis society, even eclipsing Kournikova and Hingis. She had done photo shoots for several magazines, and a recent browse of the world wide web had unearthed no less than seventeen fan sites. The favourable attention flattered her, made her feel beautiful and sexy, and she played up to the cameras on account of it.  
  
Aware that much of the attention was focused on her legs, she wore the shortest tennis skirts she could buy, and gleefully noted the reaction in the press and on her fan sites, many of which included a separate section for ‘Upskirt Photos’, where she could see herself frozen in mid-stroke, her skirt flying up to reveal her sports knickers. She did not mind this in the slightest - in fact, she made a mental note of which skirts provided the best results for her voyeuristic fan community, and resolved to wear those more often in future.  
  
And then she had had what she considered to be a brainwave. She had been watching some old footage of Venus Williams playing at Wimbledon in the late 90’s, and had been fascinated by the woman’s hemline, which crept steadily upward during the course of each point. Her dress was obviously made of lycra or some such figure-hugging material, and although Williams’ knickers were never quite revealed, the latent promise of such an event was, Tina thought to herself, rather erotic.  
  
Straightaway she ordered a lycra tennis skirt, and, upon being told that no such garment existed, sought elsewhere for the item. She eventually found one in a mail-order catalogue for Secret Fantasies, a company that sold sexy clothes, lingerie, sex toys and bondage equipment. They advertised a white, stretchy microskirt, and Tina’s loins tingled as she imagined wearing it in front of the crowds at Wimbledon.  
  
And so, this morning, she had put it on for the first time, spending several minutes admiring herself in front of the mirror while her manager and coach were voicing their concerns over whether the umpire would allow her to play in a skirt so obviously designed for clubbing and not for tennis. But Tina was not to be swayed. An hour or so later, as she prepared to leave the hotel, she opened her bag to check her equipment and saw that another, more conservative skirt had been placed in there alongside the stretchy microskirt. Annoyed, she threw it into the bin before zipping up the bag and walking out of the room. Nothing was going to deprive her of the media attention she so craved - with any luck she would make headline news with this skirt.  
  
Later, in the centre court changing rooms, she had a nasty shock.  
  
Rummaging frantically through her bag, she was unable to find her sports knickers. Where were they? With a sinking feeling she realised she had been so distracted by the discovery of her other skirt in her bag that she had failed to do a proper inventory check. A nervous sweat broke out on her brow. She summoned her manager.  
  
”Martin,” she whispered, “I’ve left my sports knickers at the hotel. Can you go back and get them for me?”  
  
He looked at his watch and frowned. “Your match starts in half an hour,” he said. “There’s no way I’ll be back in time.”  
  
”You can bring them to me on the court,” she replied. “I’ll ask to be excused for a minute, or at the worst I’ll put them on over the top of what I’m wearing now.”  
  
”Well at least if the umpire allows you to wear that awful microskirt, it won’t fly up like a normal tennis skirt. You might just get away with it.”  
  
”Um.” Tina decided not mention the fact that she had planned for the skirt to ride up until it showed her knickers. Maybe it would not ride up too much. “Good point,” she said.  
  
”But if you have to change skirts, then you’ll be in trouble. You may have to ask for a postponement until I get back. You’ll notice that I put a regular skirt in your bag, just in case.”  
  
Tina flushed slightly. “Yes, I noticed,” she said.  
  
”Still, you might get away with it even so,” he added. “What colour are the knickers you’re wearing at the moment?”  
  
”Um, white,” she said, “but...”  
  
”Splendid. Perhaps nobody will notice they’re not regulation. Well, I’d better run. I’ll be back as soon as I can.” He dashed out of the room.  
  
”But I’m wearing a thong!” Tina said rather belatedly.  
  
She changed into her tennis skirt and the microskirt and, when the time came, walked out on to the court to rapturous applause. She waved at the crowd and gave them a big smile, though internally she was panicking.  
  
The warm-up went fine - the umpire did not call her on the skirt, though she could hear the crowd murmuring and wondered if they were talking about her attire. She smiled to herself as she noticed the press cameras trained almost exclusively on her.  
  
The match began, and right away the skirt began to betray her. With every lunge, every large step she took, the skirt skidded up her thighs and refused to slide back down. She was quite alarmed at the speed with which her hemline raced up to meet her crotch. She forced herself to take smaller steps, to allow balls to pass that she would otherwise have thrown herself at with some chance of returning them.  
  
After one particularly long rally, she looked down and her heart leapt into her mouth as she realised that about half an inch of her thong was exposed at the front. She did not dare think about what proportion of her buttocks had been revealed at the back.  
  
At the end of that game, as she sat in her chair drinking orange squash, the umpire leaned over for a private word.  
  
”Miss Hathaway,” he said, “your skirt is most unsuitable. Please change it.”  
  
”I don’t have another one with me!” she whispered back desperately. “I’m sorry - I had no idea it was going to climb up so much!” The umpire sighed. “Then please ensure that it does not again expose as much as we saw just now - this is a family event.”  
  
”I’ll try,” promised Tina. “My game will suffer, but I suppose it’s my own fault.”  
  
”Thank you,” said the umpire.  
  
Tina managed to win the first set by a hair’s breadth - her opponent, Sandra Whitman, was having a bad day and turned out unforced errors at most opportune moments. At the beginning of the second set, Tina had relaxed somewhat and was beginning to enjoy herself. The cameras were following her every movement, and she felt sure that her thong, or at least part of it, would be on the covers of nearly all the tabloids the following day.  
  
The second set, however, did not go nearly so well. In an effort to keep her skirt under control, Tina was obliged to let many of her opponent’s shots fly past her unchallenged. She managed to keep her thong hidden for the entire set, but she lost it 3-6. Still Martin had not arrived - what on Earth was keeping him? In the final set, she played harder, and was cautioned by the umpire twice for allowing her skirt to ride up too high. But it was difficult to maintain a happy medium between playing well and keeping her bottom covered.  
  
Still, she tried to obey the umpire, and consequently lost game after game.  
  
So now it was match point. If she lost this point, she would be out of the tournament, a tournament she had promised herself she would win this year at all costs. So far Wimbledon had eluded her, but she was better this year and had trained herself hard on grass. The championship was hers, if only she could stay in this match.  
  
This point was all-important. She absolutely had to win it. Hopefully she could pull off an ace, but it was unlikely. If she could place it well, a serve-and-volley tactic might prove successful, but she feared an attempted passing shot that would cause her to take large strides. Perhaps she should stay on the baseline - after all it was her baseline play that she was famous for. Then again, grass tended to favour the serve-and-volley method.  
  
She threw the ball high into the air, crouched, and sprang. The ball flew off her racquet and her heart leapt as she saw it was good. Sandra Whitman had difficulty returning it well and sent it high, but by sheer luck its trajectory took it to within a foot of the baseline. Tina hammered it back down the left-hand side of the court, and frowned with envy as Sandra ran full-stretched with giant steps to intercept it.  
  
The ball came back short and Tina raced to take advantage, feeling her skirt riding up as she ran. She forced herself to ignore it as she whipped it low over the net. Too low. It caught the net cord and bounced high, giving Sandra ample time to reach it. Tina’s heart jumped into her mouth, wondering on which side Sandra would attempt to pass it. She hovered at the middle of the net, prepared to jump either way, trying to read her opponent’s movements.  
  
But Sandra merely scooped it from beneath. She was going for a lob! Tina could see it was sailing over too high for her to smash it, so she leapt back from the net and sprinted for the back of the court, trying to ignore the little voice in the back of her head that told her the microskirt was now at crotch level.  
  
The ball reached the baseline before Tina did, but the young girl tore past it and took a swing at it before skidding to a halt just before she hit the back wall. She spun around and ran back to the baseline just in time to Sandra attempt a drop-volley.  
  
But it was not a good one. Sandra pitched it long, and Tina just had time to reach it before it touched ground again. Since Sandra was still close to the net, the only decent shot Tina could pull off was a lob. She scooped it up, then cursed inwardly as she realised it was lower than she had intended.  
  
She had just set her opponent up for a smash. She hastily retreated to the back of the court.  
  
Smashing, however, was not Sandra’s strong point, and she hammered it down the right-hand side of the court too close to Tina, who easily managed to get her racquet in front of it. She battered it low over the net, forcing Sandra into a badly-controlled volley.  
  
Uncontrolled though it was, it nevertheless landed far away from Tina, well over on the left-hand side. Her heart and head pounding, she sprinted for the ball, noticing as she ran that Sandra was still hovering near the net at the centre of the court. If she could get to the ball in time, the shot was obvious.  
  
She made it. The ball was still a few inches above the grass when Tina reached it, and she sent it in a low arc over the net and right to the back of the court, easily passing Sandra. Tina planted her feet and came to a halt, anxiously watching the ball as it approached the ground. Then relief swept through her as she saw it was in.  
  
”Yes!” she screamed, throwing her racquet high above her head and punching the air with both fists. She was still in the match!  
  
But the expected applause did not come. Surprised and rather disappointed, Tina turned towards the crowd. Their open-mouthed, shocked expressions stared back at her. Press cameras clicked and whirred in a frenzy, and a couple of wolf-whistles sounded from behind her. But otherwise a stunned silence reigned over centre court, and she suddenly realised why.  
  
The stares were directed, she could not help noticing, at her crotch. And when she looked down, she was herself shocked at the sight that greeted her eyes. Her microskirt was now a thin strip of bunched-up material gathered around her upper hips. Her thong was on full display, and an inch of bare flesh was visible between its top and the belt that her skirt had become.  
  
At the back, she could tell from the breeze, her buttocks were completely uncovered, to the extent that there too the top of her thong was visible beneath a considerable expanse of bare skin. Tina felt faint. Paralysed for a moment, she stood rooted to the spot as tabloid photographers excitedly took the pictures that would grace the back pages *and* front pages of their papers the following morning.  
  
The silence was broken, several seconds later, by the umpire who, given the circumstances, spoke with a remarkably controlled voice.  
  
”Deuce,” he announced.  
  
  
**Match Point Two - Another Match Point**  
Another year, another Wimbledon, another semi-final ... another match point. Tina had heard it said that history repeats itself, but this was surely pushing it. How could she have been so stupid...? She knew exactly how, of course. Ever since that fateful day this time last year, women’s tennis had changed beyond recognition. The photos in the next day’s papers had won her immediate condemnation from a bunch of people she did not care about, while also earning immediate super-celebrity status as one of the world’s leading sex symbols. The fact that she had ended up losing the match made no difference at all. The job offers came rolling in, though she politely declined all requests that she pose nude for men’s magazines, and her bank balance grew and grew...  
  
This fact was not lost on her fellow tennis starlets. At last year’s US Open, a succession of tiny microskirts made their way out on to the courts, and soon Tina found herself facing stiff competition. One girl, in particular, seemed to have hardly any inhibitions at all - her name was Laura Lessing and she had won the hearts and loins of millions of male admirers across the globe. She had first made news by wearing bright red French-cut knickers under her short skirt, and though she received reprimands from numerous umpires she continued to wear similar underwear in tournament after tournament. Her skirts were generally not excessively minuscule, but they were made of such a light material that they flew up around her waist at the slightest breeze, and she was not quick to cover her modesty. She obviously adored the limelight.  
  
As did Tina, who found herself driven to further exhibitionistic acts on the court just so she could keep herself in the media spotlight. In the French Open, she had worn a skirt that only barely covered her buttocks, with lacy knickers beneath. The skirt was made of a stiff material that would neither fly up nor ride up, but whenever she bent over she knew she was showing her knickers to the crowds and the cameras.  
  
Her fan sites doubled in number, then trebled. Fan mail poured in, as did the contracts, and she carefully ignored the vicious backlash from conservative groups. The people she had intended to thrill were thrilled.  
  
For this year’s Wimbledon, she had prepared well. The stretchy skirt idea had been a good one, but it had been flawed. Now, however, she had ironed out the problems. A skirt had been designed and made for her specially - one that would ride up as she moved, but not too quickly. Unlike her night-club skirt of the previous year, this one would not end up around her waist. Indeed, even after the longest, most vigorous points, it would uncover no more than a centimetre of the lower curves of her buttocks. Thus she could be sexy, but safe in the knowledge that she was in control.  
  
The dress code for this Wimbledon had been re-written. With new money pouring into the game, big name sponsors had put pressure on the rules committee to allow the female players a little flexibility. In short, the players could wear skirts of any length as long as they covered the buttocks while the player was at rest and standing straight, and the underwear rules had been relaxed to permit any kind of underwear except thongs and g-strings. There had been fierce opposition to these changes, and a few resignations had occurred. But the changes had stuck.  
  
So, on the first day of the Wimbledon fortnight, Tina had strode on to the court wearing a semi-stretchy white miniskirt that covered her buttocks with almost an inch to spare, with a pair of pale blue French-cut knickers underneath. The outfit had gone down a storm. Every day for the last week and a half, she had graced several pages of each and every tabloid in the country. She practically received a standing ovation every time she walked out on to the court.  
  
And today she faced Laura Lessing. Laura had received a similarly rapturous welcome on her first day, as she appeared on court wearing not only her trademark ‘flying’ skirt, but also a tight tank top through which the outline of her bra was clearly visible. The tabloids contained nearly as many photos of Laura as they did of Tina. In fact, over the last couple of days Tina had been incensed to discover herself almost marginalised by full-page spreads of Laura’s latest gimmick - a pair of French-cut knickers that had been judiciously altered to turn them almost, but not quite, into a thong. And the committee did not object! This angered Tina. Laura was flouting the new rules and getting away with it!  
  
So last night, Tina had decided she was *not* going to be outdone in her own match. She had summoned her tailor (she never went anywhere without him these days), and given him the job of ‘editing’ her own knickers. She showed him the picture of Laura’s bottom adorning the front page of *The Quasar*. “I want you to make mine even skimpier than that,” she said, “while still not being a thong.”  
  
Gerard’s eyes nearly popped out of his head. “That ... will be tricky,” he remarked. “But I’ll give it a try.”  
  
And so he had. The following morning, Tina was impressed with the result.  
  
”That will *surely* slip between my buttocks,” she observed critically.  
  
”It will, after a short while,” agreed Gerard. “But it’s not a thong - not quite. And I’m sure you’ll get a kick out of pulling it out of your arse every few points in front of the cameras.”  
  
Tina considered this, and a smile came to her lips. “Yes...” she said.  
  
”That *will* be fun.”  
  
But Martin, her manager, was outraged when he saw the garment. “You *cannot* wear that!” he exclaimed. “It’s hardly any bigger than the thong you wore last year! And just remember - you almost got banned from Wimbledon on account of that little stunt.”  
  
”It wasn’t a stunt!” objected Tina. “But that’s academic anyway. They’ve relaxed the rules since then, as well you know.”  
  
”But there *are* still rules,” Martin insisted. “And one of them is that thongs aren’t allowed.”  
  
”This isn’t a thong,” said Tina.  
  
”It virtually is. And when it’s bunched up between your butt cheeks, who’s going to know the difference?”  
  
”Who indeed?” Tina smiled wryly. “But I can easily prove to them that it isn’t.”  
  
Martin frowned, then turned on his heel and walked away.  
  
”He’ll get over it,” Gerard told her. “Now, about this top...”  
  
”Oh yes! Do you have it?”  
  
”It’s in your bag,” said the tailor. “Check it out - I think you’ll like it.”  
  
Tina hurried through to her room and placed the almost-thong on her bed next to her equipment bag. Opening the bag, she smiled as she spotted a white cut-off t-shirt folded neatly on the top. She smiled to herself.  
  
This was her latest gambit - exposure of the midriff. She pulled it out and held it up, giggling naughtily. Then she pulled out the miniskirt and sighed happily as she imagined the whole combination. This was going to be a good day. Finally she went through the rest of the equipment in the bag, making sure it was all present. She was not going to make the same mistake she had made this time last year!  
  
Placing her racquets in the bag first, she re-packed everything, leaving her clothing until last. She hesitated for a moment, then resisted the temptation to try the clothes on before packing them, too. She laid the knickers and the skirt side by side on top of her track suit, then placed the t-shirt on top.  
  
”Tina?”  
  
She turned around at the sound of her manager’s voice. “Yes Martin?”  
  
”Waldo’s here - he wants to talk to you about tonight’s do.”  
  
Tina frowned. “Couldn’t he have phoned?”  
  
”He was in the hotel,” explained Martin. “Thought he’d ‘just drop by’ or something.”  
  
”Okay, I’m coming.” Tina stood up and went out to meet her agent.  
  
Waldo was a tall man with a thick crop of wild grey hair that always looked as if he’d been out in a strong wind. He had a habit of finishing every other sentence with “don’t you know” and his eyebrows bobbed up and down as he talked. Tina found him rather intimidating, but he was the best agent she’d had.  
  
”Ahem, well Tina, good morning and how do you do,” he pronounced sternly.  
  
”I’ve been chewing the old fat with the blokes at the press office and they happened to bring up the subject of interviews, don’t you know. So I thought to myself, as I am wont to do, ‘now here if I am not greatly mistaken is an opportunity old boy’ and ...”  
  
Tina only half-listened, fascinated by his eyebrows, as Waldo trundled on through a terribly one-sided conversation at the end of which he paused, awaiting her response. She shook herself. “Ah, whatever you think is best, Waldo,” she said. “I trust your judgment.”  
  
”Most gratifying I am sure, well I’ll be tootling off now if you’ll pardon my flying visit - oh and I have another advertising contract I need to discuss with you, but it can wait until tonight, what? Or even tomorrow don’t you know. Toodle-pip.” And with that he swept out of the room.  
  
”We should be leaving,” said Martin, coming back into the room. “Are you ready?”  
  
”Sure,” said Tina. “Let me grab my bag.”  
  
She walked back into her bedroom and reached down to zip up her bag. Then she stopped. Something was not quite right. Her eyes narrowing, she slid her hand down the side of the bag and pulled out a white object that she had just glimpsed the corner of. It was a pair of conservative white knickers.  
  
Annoyed, she flung them on to the floor. “Thought you’d try to convince me of the error of my ways, did you Martin?” she muttered.  
  
She said nothing to Martin as they left the hotel, and only in the car did she finally break her silence. “Honestly Martin,” she reprimanded him.  
  
”Sometimes you act just like my mother.”  
  
”Huh?” Martin looked puzzled.  
  
”The knickers?”  
  
”Oh.” Martin flushed and responded defensively, “Well I’m sorry, but there are limits, you know.”  
  
”Just forget it,” said Tina.  
  
In the Centre Court changing rooms she met up with her arch-rival, and today’s opponent, Laura Lessing. “Hi,” said Tina rather coldly.  
  
”Hi Tina!” Laura gushed. “Wow, I’m so happy to be playing against you at last! You are my absolute hero, you know.”  
  
Tina was utterly disarmed, and found herself rather flustered. “Well, I...” she began. “Thank you! That’s nice of you to say so.”  
  
”I think it’s great what you’ve done for women’s tennis,” continued Laura.  
  
”You’ve possibly seen my, um ... tributes ... to your groundbreaking stunt last year...”  
  
”It wasn’t...” Tina began, before changing her mind. “Well, I guess I always figured you were trying to outdo me,” she said. “You must admit you’ve become rather popular yourself...”  
  
”I know!” Laura’s eyes were like saucers, as if she could barely comprehend the idea. “Isn’t it amazing? I mean, I’m nowhere near as pretty as you - I’m just overwhelmed at the attention I’ve got.”  
  
Tina chuckled. “Have you ever thought of, you know, toning it down a little?”  
  
Laura looked surprised. “Why, no,” she said. “Have you?” But she did not wait for a response before continuing in a conspiratorial whisper, “I just love to go a little further each time, you see. I know sooner or later I’ll get into trouble, but isn’t it amazing what they’ll let you get away with this year?”  
  
”Yes, it is,” agreed Tina. She sighed and began to undress. “Guess we’d better get into our skimpy outfits then.”  
  
Laura giggled. “Ooh yes,” she said.  
  
Tina pulled her t-shirt and skirt out of her bag, then stared into her bag in horror. Her heart plummeted into her shoes. “Oh my God!” she exclaimed.  
  
”What is it?” asked Laura in alarm.  
  
”My knickers! They’re not here!”  
  
”What? Are you sure?”  
  
Tina suddenly realised with a shock that Martin had not only placed a conservative pair of knickers in her bag, *he had removed the other pair at the same time!* “I don’t believe it!” she said. “My manager’s taken them out!”  
  
”Can’t you wear what you’re wearing now?” inquired Laura. “As I understand it, that’s what you did last year.”  
  
”I’m not wearing underwear,” hissed Tina sharply.  
  
”Ah,” said Laura. “Oops.”  
  
”Hey, are you wearing knickers?” asked Tina on a sudden thought.  
  
”Yes but...”  
  
”Great! Can I wear them?”  
  
”No! I’m wearing the ones I’ll be wearing on the court!”  
  
”Oh.” Tina was crestfallen. “Good grief, what a fix.”  
  
”What skirt have you got?” inquired Laura.  
  
Tina showed her.  
  
Laura nodded. “Ah yes, I know that one. It doesn’t ride up much, does it?”  
  
”Not much,” conceded Tina. “But enough, probably.”  
  
”Maybe not, if you’re careful. And won’t it be awesome? Think of it - the first woman to play tennis at a Grand Slam tournament without knickers!” Tina groaned. “I suppose it’s possible I might get away with it,” she said. “But I’ll be giving you the advantage.”  
  
Laura waved her hand dismissively. “Nonsense,” she said airily. “You’re the better player - you’ll have no problems.”  
  
Tina stared at Laura, perplexed. “What kind of pep-talk do *you* give yourself?” she inquired. “Are you expecting to lose?”  
  
”I don’t mind.” Laura shrugged. “I’m just out to play my best and have a good time. I don’t have any illusions.”  
  
Tina shook her head in great puzzlement, then sighed as she considered her position. Eventually she decided to bite the bullet, and changed into her miniskirt, sports bra and cut-off t-shirt. The latter item caught her by surprise - it was far tighter than she had imagined.  
  
Laura whistled. “Wow, sexy!” Tina chuckled. The top really was tight - it clung to every curve of her breasts and the bra beneath made highly visible ridges in its fabric. She decided she rather liked the effect.  
  
But then she noticed what Laura was wearing. She gasped. “Oh my goodness!” Laura had really pulled out all the stops, knowing she was up against the woman who had started the whole revolution in women’s tennis wear. Her light skirt had been drastically reduced in length - it barely covered her buttocks - and she was wearing a tight lycra crop-top that made Tina’s t-shirt seem almost conservative. “How do I look?” she asked.  
  
”You look ... naked!” exclaimed Tina.  
  
Laura giggled. “Why thank you!” she said.  
  
The two girls donned their track suits and walked out to meet the crowd, to whistles and cheers and great applause. They lapped it up. Then Martin arrived.  
  
”Where have you been?” Tina hissed.  
  
”Getting a drink,” he said. “What’s up?”  
  
”What’s up??” Tina fought to control her anger. “Martin you idiot, I didn’t realise you’d taken my knickers out of my bag!”  
  
”Huh?”  
  
”Those ones you put in there - I threw them away! Now I have nothing!” Martin gasped in shock. “Oh ... my ... God,” he managed at last.  
  
”Tell me about it. Now do you think you can go and get me some?”  
  
”Well, I’ll try,” he said, “but you know what the traffic’s like. Remember the last time?”  
  
”You don’t need to go all the way back to the hotel,” she told him. “Just find a clothes shop.”  
  
Martin nodded. “Okay,” he said, and hurried off.  
  
The sky was overcast as the two girls took off their track suits to rapturous applause. Cameras snapped in their hundreds. Tina had stomach butterflies as she began her warm up with a few serves from the right-hand side of the court. But her skirt stayed put (pretty much), and she made sure its hem stayed well below her buttocks. The breeze on her naked pussy made her feel terribly uneasy, but she forced herself not to think about it, and tried to concentrate on serving well.  
  
Meanwhile, Laura was getting all the attention. She was leaping high in every serve, her skirt flying up to reveal a pair of white silk knickers that were almost as small as the ones Tina had been planning to wear. And they looked as if they were several sizes too small. Already the material at the back was creeping between her buttocks, and she made no attempt to rectify the situation. And she took her time about bending over (with straight legs) to pick up balls from the grass.  
  
Tina was a little relieved not to have all the cameras scrutinising her, but also rather annoyed that the crowd was watching Laura and not her.  
  
Nevertheless, she did not dare to let her skirt ride any higher than it was doing already, so she forced herself to ignore her opponent’s exhibitionistic antics and the crowd’s response.  
  
The match began. As expected, Tina’s skirt did not ride up much, and she began to relax a little. She was careful not to allow any point to go on for too long (sometimes this meant giving Laura the occasional point, but she could afford them), and gradually she began to feel that she was, after all, in control. After four games, the score was 3:1, and Tina was about to serve in the fifth when it began to rain.  
  
It was just a light drizzle, but after only a couple of points the grass was beginning to get slippery, and after a meaningful glance from Tina, the umpire ordered the covers to be brought out. Tina was relieved - it would buy her some time before Martin got back.  
  
But the covers were not on for long. Five minutes later the rain had ceased, and the players were cleared to resume the game. This they did, but this time Laura had the advantage. The damp grass caused them both to slip on several occasions, but whereas Laura took this in her stride, relishing the opportunity to flash her knickers yet again, Tina could not afford to let her skirt ride up at all. So she played it safe, taking only small steps, while Laura capitalised on the opportunity to break serve for the first time.  
  
The drizzle began again in the next game, but stopped after only a couple of minutes. Tina was by now getting rather frustrated. She lost to Laura’s serve, then lost her own serve after that. Things were not going well. On the positive side, the rain was causing her t-shirt to cling even tighter to her chest, and the material was even easier to see through now that it was damp.  
  
Laura could not help but notice this as she came all the way up to the net to slam home a winning cross-court volley. She realised that her own crop top was not the type of garment to turn transparent in the rain, and she wished she had thought to wear a thin t-shirt like Tina’s. But perhaps there was something else she could do...  
  
At the beginning of the ninth game, with the score at 5:3 (to Laura), Tina bounced a ball in front of her, glancing occasionally at her opponent. She watched as Laura hopped from one foot to the other, bouncing on the spot, and then frowned. Laura seemed a little more ... bouncy? than usual.  
  
And then she realised the startling truth: that her opponent had taken off her bra! Laura’s crop top was now bouncing under the influence of a pair of decidedly unfettered breasts (and Laura’s chest was fairly large for a tennis player).  
  
”Two can play at *that* game,” thought Tina to herself, and she clenched her teeth in a new resolve.  
  
Determined to pull herself back into the match, Tina began to take a few more risks. She managed to win her serve, but then had a nasty fright in Laura’s service game. While running at full-stretch to intercept an attempted pass, she slipped and abruptly did the splits (almost) on the damp grass. She squealed in horror and immediately closed her legs, pulling her skirt down to cover her neatly-trimmed pubic hair.  
  
There were one or two puzzled stares from the crowd, but the glimpse had been too brief for them to be sure about what they had seen. Tina could almost hear their comments: “Did you just see what I saw? Well, I’m not sure... it *looked* like she’s not wearing knickers... Of course, I could be wrong...”  
  
She got to her feet, somewhat rattled, and returned to the baseline. The next couple of points went badly, and soon she found herself facing the wrong end of a set point. Biting her lip in anxiety, she was almost wrong-footed as the ball came hurtling down the court to her right-hand side. She launched herself towards it.  
  
Her foot slipped, and shot backwards. She sank to the floor as the ball whipped past her unmet. Her skirt had ridden up again and she hastily pulled it down as she got to her feet. Again, the whispers...  
  
”Game and first set to Miss Lessing,” announced the umpire.  
  
Tina sighed unhappily and prepared to serve. The lack of a bra certainly had not severely handicapped her opponent’s game. In fact, she seemed to have acquired a new confidence and was making very few errors. Still, her serve was not strong and could be beaten.  
  
By serving well, and taking some judicious risks, Tina succeeded in winning her service game. Smiling to herself as she sat down, she decided to up the stakes in the battle for the press’s attention. As surreptitiously as she could, she unclasped her bra and slipped it off, pulling it out through the left arm-hole of her t-shirt and dropping it into her bag. Immediately the damp t-shirt clung to her bare breasts, and with an involuntary shiver she realised she could just make out her nipples through the thin material. She was sure that the press cameras would also be able to see them.  
  
Without bra or knickers, she walked out on to the court in just a cut-off t-shirt and a microskirt. Feeling naked and vulnerable but also rather aroused, she winked at Laura before her opponent served. The sensation of playing with no restraints on her breasts, however, was too unfamiliar and her return went wide. Laura’s next serve she pounded back into the net.  
  
Cursing to herself, she prepared to try again. She was annoyed with herself for having so much difficulty playing without a bra, when Laura seemed to be managing just fine.  
  
’She probably practices without a bra all the time,’ she thought to herself suddenly. ‘Oh heck, what have I let myself in for?’ She lost that game, and then her own service game. Now 2:1 down, she watched as Laura prepared to serve once again. Her seventeen-year-old opponent’s crop top seemed a little skimpier somehow, and Tina frowned.  
  
What had the dratted girl done now? A brief rendezvous at the net in the next point answered her question.  
  
Laura had folded over part of her top, so that not only was it now more revealing, but it was also serving to keep her breasts in place more effectively. This was a clever plan, but it was risky - too much bouncing and Laura’s breasts would pop out from underneath the crop top. No doubt that added to the girl’s thrill.  
  
The drizzle began again, but not before Tina had broken serve, and then held on to her own serve, to bring the score to 3:2. As the two girls sat down in their respective places, the umpire leaned over to speak to Tina.  
  
”Miss Hathaway?” he said.  
  
Tina looked up guiltily. She folded her arms across her chest, convinced he was going to reprimand her for removing her bra. But she was mistaken.  
  
”How’s the court?” he asked. “I’m considering abandoning play, but it’s up to you two. Miss Lessing is happy to continue, so it’s your decision.”  
  
Tina thought for a moment. Martin was not back yet, but he surely would be soon. And she was beginning to play better now. Finally she was back in the lead, and she was becoming confident she could stay ahead until the end of this set. Furthermore, she was enjoying the way the drizzle was making her t-shirt more see-through every minute. “I’m okay for the moment,” she said. “It’s not that bad out there.”  
  
”Very well,” said the umpire, nodding.  
  
Tina took a swig from her water bottle, then got up and returned to the court.  
  
Two lost games later, she was regretting her decision. The drizzle had stopped, but the ground was still rather wet and slippery. She no longer felt she had an excuse for requesting that play be abandoned, and her t-shirt was not getting any more transparent. Facing what could possibly be her penultimate game of this tournament, she decided to go all out in her efforts to win the publicity battle. If she could not win the match, at least she could still steal the next day’s headlines from that upstart Laura.  
  
Carefully and deliberately, she poured the remaining contents of her water bottle over her chest, making sure she covered both breasts equally. The material quickly turned almost completely transparent, and despite herself she gasped at the sight of her breasts staring back at her. The wet t-shirt clung tightly to every contour and concealed nothing.  
  
Holding her head high (while trying not to meet anyone’s gaze), she marched out on to the court once again. Laura did the same, but then her jaw dropped as she saw Tina’s transformation. Tina saw her giggle and then hold up a thumb in admiring support.  
  
”Miss Hathaway...” came the umpire’s voice over the loudspeaker.  
  
Tina trotted over to speak to him.  
  
The umpire leaned over and said, “Enough is enough, Miss Hathaway. This is not a wet t-shirt contest, it is a tennis match. The new rules regarding the dress code are there to encourage freedom of expression, not indecent behaviour. Do you have another shirt?”  
  
”I’m afraid not,” confessed Tina.  
  
The umpire sighed. “And where is your bra?”  
  
”It broke,” Tina lied.  
  
”All right, but one more lewd act on your part and I will disqualify you and ban you from the tournament. The whole tone of this event has dropped through the floor, and I’m damned if I’m going to take it any more.”  
  
Tina nodded. “I understand.” Rather subdued, she returned to the court.  
  
The game went badly. Tina found her t-shirt highly distracting, and with every bounce it rode higher and higher and threatened to expose her breasts to the world. Soon it was revealing as much flesh as Laura’s crop top.  
  
Nevertheless, she liked the effect and did not attempt to replace it, until she heard a warning cough from the umpire. She hastily pulled it down.  
  
She lost that game, and prepared to serve to stay in the match. She served well, but a good return surprised her and she failed to clear the net with her follow-up shot. Then she noticed that her vigorous serve had resulted in her t-shirt being hoisted up high on her chest. Only a half-inch of material extended below the lower curve of her breasts. Rather reluctantly, she pulled the t-shirt down.  
  
The next few serves had similar effects, but a longer point almost resulted in her breasts popping free of the t-shirt entirely. She won two points, but also lost two.  
  
So now she was at match point, again, and this time her predicament was even worse. What could she do? If she preserved her modesty and lost, was that any better than going all out and perhaps being banned from the rest of the tournament? Probably not.  
  
She served, and at once felt her t-shirt climb up again. But she ignored it and concentrated on trying to predict where Laura’s return would end up.  
  
It was short - that was good. Tina raced forward and whipped the ball over to the far corner. But Laura, realising the danger, was already almost there. She hammered it back down the line, and Tina had to lunge to reach it. She made it, just, and the ball bounced high off her racquet - a mis-hit.  
  
Laura was quick to take advantage, her chest bouncing as she ran around the back of the ball. She attempted to fire it down the right-hand line, but Tina caught it at the net with a drop volley. However, it bounced harder off her racquet than she had intended, leaving Laura with an easy opportunity for a lob. Tina raced backwards, only to find to her horror that Laura was not going for the lob at all. She was responding with a drop shot of her own.  
  
Tina sprinted forwards, just reaching the ball in time. But as she dug her feet in to brake herself, they slid on the wet grass, shooting right under the net. Tina yelped as she fell to the ground and slid forwards on her back. Her skirt, caught by the net as she passed beneath it, was yanked up to her waist. Her t-shirt was pulled up by sheer friction, both on the ground and on the bottom of the net, until it was wrapped around her neck.  
  
At this point Tina came to an abrupt halt, with her head on one side of the net and her rather unclothed body on the other.  
  
The crowd fell into a stunned silence, then erupted in a cacophony of wolf-whistles, cheers and thunderous applause. The umpire’s announcement of “Game, set and match to Miss Lessing” went completely unheard. Laura, meanwhile, walked over to where Tina was lying with her pussy and breasts fully exposed to the crowd and to the world’s photographers. She looked down at Tina and smiled.  
  
”You win,” she said.  
  
THE END