Naked Fighting

by not a politician

Helen Wagner sighed. Somehow, she had imagined the life of an heiress to be... different. To be honest, she never grew up like you'd think a "true" heiress would, but when she heard her great-aunt, who was considered wealthy by her family even if most, including Helen, had little contact with her, had left her everything, she had gotten her hopes up.   
  
But as it turned out, aunt Klara had spent most of her money by the time she died. Being old is, apparently, a costly thing nowadays. There was, however, some real estate left, it seemed. Aunt Klara had owned a vaudeville theatre near Berlin when she was younger, or at least she was the one it was given back to after the collapse of the GDR dictatorship.   
  
The building was located near Berlin, and had been used as a boxing gym while it was effectively state property. Aunt Klara had never bothered doing anything with or about it after she was identified as new/old owner, and there now was a court-issued hypothec on it due to unpaid real estate taxes.   
  
The sensible thing to do probably would have been to use what money there was in the inheritance to prevent foreclosure, and then try and sell it.   
  
However, Helen wanted to at least have a look at it, so there she was, together with her friend Alexandra "Alex" Meier, recent graduate of a business school and now a resident of Berlin, and already familiar with the party and event scene of said city.   
  
Using Karen's keys, they entered the building, and the long disuse showed even more on the inside than it did on the outside. However, a more thorough inspection revealed it to be basically sound, as far as laymen could tell.   
  
Eying the boxing ring and the still present balconies and stage of the long-past vaudeville theatre use, Alex began to explain a sudden idea to Karen. The first reaction was laughter, but surprisingly soon, Karen became convinced the idea was actually a good one.   
  
They began to organize the financing, renovated the interior, and began to acquire the necessary permissions. Surprisingly, the authorities did not balk at all. Well, not at the idea of nudity, anyway.   
  
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"Wanted: athletic females for naked fighting, wrestling and/or kickboxing style. Real fighting skills required", Jana Majewski read from a newspaper add. An address and phone number followed.   
  
"Why do they require them to be athletic?" her younger sister Lina, who indeed looked like a slightly younger version of Jana, asked, "If they want real fighting skill, isn't that what counts?"   
  
"That's code, meaning they'll also put emphasis on the looks", Jana replied.   
  
"But why don't they just say that? They had no problem speaking about the nudity."   
  
Jana paused for a moment, mouth open, before finally replying: "OK, it's not code then, they merely say \*what\* looks they want." After a pause of a couple of moments, she asked: "Will you teach me some of that kickboxing you're so good at?"   
  
Lina was surprised at this, but when Jana assured her of being serious, and convinced her that, since real skill was involved, it would be sexy but not sleazy, she agreed to the request.   
  
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The add gave no deadline, but a phone call revealed the opening date, so the sisters knew the latest completion date of their training. They also knew a demonstration might be required earlier, so they tried to set up the schedule accordingly.   
  
It had had also been confirmed to them that a full-body nude photo, enclosed with the job application, would be appreciated. Jana had one made, full frontal, with a pose that was non-erotic but did hide her flaws a little.   
  
The sisters had also decided that since Jana would fight in the nude, they would train in the nude, even if Lina had mixed feelings about being naked herself. Still, Jana's argument that she'd need to learn to fight naked opponents was convincing. It just didn't mean Lina had to like this particular aspect of their training.   
  
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Before long, Jana was asked to attend a casting-type event, which had been set up, she was informed, to "access the personality, fighting skills, and general appearance and impression" of those candidates whose applications hadn't yet ended in the wastebasket.   
  
Upon arrival at the casting, which was held on location, that is, at the vaudeville theatre/gym, Jana was asked to undress in the locker room before proceeding to the casting. Lina, who accompanied her for moral support, was directed to one of the balconies.   
  
Even if the speed at which this interview proceeded to naked was a bit unexpected for Jana, she had to admit to herself that it made sense. Leaving her clothes with those of several other interviewees in the locker room, she proceeded to the main area, where she discovered the locker room led directly to the stage, an arrangement dating back to the vaudeville theatre days.   
  
On the stage, several other women, all very much naked, were already waiting. Before long, at the beginning time of the actual casting, two dozen young, good-looking and, of course, naked females were lined up on stage, nervously comparing looks and estimated fighting prowess by giving each other side glances.   
  
After a short wait, Helen and Alex appeared, their formal business attire a sharp contrast to the bare skin of the applicants lined up for inspection and, hopefully, approval. It was the appearance of these clothed women that, for the first time since shedding her clothes for this audition, caused Jana to experience her nudity as something potentially shameful, but she soon got over it, telling herself that this was exactly what she signed up for.   
  
The pair of business-attired woman introduced themselves, gave a short review of the kind of show they were planning, and finally explained how the casting would be organized. The nude fighters would be paired up for bouts, and their performance rated for fighting skill and elegance. The applicants would, at the same time, also be rated for how attractive they looked while in a fight.   
  
"And remember, we'll be judging whether you're sufficient for the job, so it's not necessarily decisive whether you win or lose your fight. Winners may be out, and losers may still be in", Karen concluded.   
  
Alex then produced clipboards with the fighters' names on them, and announced the first pairing. The wrestlers were first, followed by the kick boxers. Jana happened to be in the last pairing, giving her a chance to access the other's skills. What she saw made her quite confident.   
  
Finally, Jana and her opponent entered the ring. Both went around each other in a circle, trying to access the other and spot a weakness. Then, in a move that completely surprised Jana, her opponent delivered a kick right to Jana's head.   
  
Jana backed away, trying to gain distance and get her defences back up, but the other stayed close and managed to deliver another kick, this time with the other leg, the left one.   
  
Jana backed away again, but this time, she was prepared for the right kick her opponent followed up with, and caught her ankle. Having trained against another naked female, Jana was not distracted by the view of the other girl's pussy, gaping open now that Jana held the leg in a tight grip, and swiftly delivered a kick of her own to the side of the head of her now-immobile opponent, with a force she thought would be enough to finish her.   
  
However, she managed to use the impact of the blow and Jana's lessened grip to get free, and proved to be still fully capable of fighting. Jana tried another kick, which the other girl evaded, and they then attacked each other with their fists, without any of them being clearly superior, until Alex called an end to the fight.   
  
Both Jana and the girl she fought against were among those accepted.   
  
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Part of Helen's concept was to present the girls clothed before the got naked for the fight. The point was that they were not simply dressed any odd how, but according to different stereotypes. Jana was the embodiment of all the clichés existing about bavarian girls.   
  
For the information of all non-Germans, all Lederhosen-type stereotypes that are held about Germans, the Germans themselves hold about Bavarians. Of course, Jana would not be wearing Lederhosen, but a kind of dress called a "dirndl". She also had her hair in double pigtails, and would be introduced with a "typical" bavarian name.   
  
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It was the evening of the first fight, and Jana, already in costume, was driving to the old vaudeville theatre. Lina was accompanying her.   
  
Upon arrival, Jana went backstage, while Lina went to the seat reserved for her so she could watch the show.   
  
Jana's fight was the main event. The girls of all fights of that evening were presented to the audience, then went backstage to get changed, that is, undressed.   
  
In the locker room, Jana stripped off her costume and carelessly threw it on the bench. Then she walked out. Suddenly, she felt a jerk, and before she could react, or think about what had happened, she lay on the floor in an odd heap, her foot hurting.   
  
Then she saw the bottle of water that her carelessly thrown costume had knocked off the bench.   
  
She limped to Helen's office to report. She saw no reason to dress first.   
  
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Helen and Alex, who was also present, both checked out the injured foot on the naked girl before they finally conceded that Jana was indeed unable to fight.   
  
"Now what do we do?" Helen asked nobody in particular, "We already announced her as the main fight of tonight."   
  
"We have no choice", Alex replied, trying to be reasonable. "We can't send her out there like this, one of the other girls will have to take over her part."   
  
"But none of them is as good as her", Helen persisted, not yet admitting defeat despite not seeing any other possibility herself.   
  
"Umm, I might have a solution?" Jana suddenly said, quite reluctant to interrupt, which was evident by the questioning tone in her voice.   
  
The duo of smartly dressed women turned sharply to look at her.   
  
"You see, I have a younger sister, and with the same hairstyle, I'm sure nobody can tell the difference... and she's here in the audience. Oh, and I learned all my fighting skills from her."   
  
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Lina was sitting on one of the balconies, watching one of the preliminary fights while waiting for Jana's turn. She paid close attention to the girls' techniques, sometimes giving a sound of amusement at an amateurish move.   
  
She turned around when she suddenly heard Alex standing next to her, trying to get her attention. She was told that Helen and Jana wanted to meet her backstage.   
  
All along the short way, Lina wondered what that was all about, but no amount of wondering would have let her guess what she was then told... and asked to do.   
  
And so it happened that she was rather thrown off balance when two smartly dressed women and her naked sister filled her in on the accident and the emergency plan designed to cover it up.   
  
"You want me to...," she said, her voice expressionless, her mind clearly not yet having processed what exactly this meant to her.   
  
"Please, Lina, I really want this job, and I don't want to miss my first fight", Jana quickly pleaded, playing the "sisterly aid" card before Lina had a chance to settle her mind on a firm opposition of the idea.   
  
"It's not as if you were bad at fighting, and a good main fight on the first night would really get this thing going", Helen chimed in, adopting Jana's tactic of keeping the undecided Lina off balance with a shower of encouraging talk and arguments supporting her participation in her sister's place.   
  
Alex soon caught up with that and did the same, and Lina soon gave in to the barrage of encouragement. The three others voiced their approval of her decision.   
  
Feeling real or maybe only imagined expectant looks from the others on her, and not really knowing what else to do, Lina then began to unbutton her blouse, undressing right then and there. After all, she rationalised, the backstage area was a kind of huge changing room anyway, where only girls were present.   
  
When Lina stood there naked, she was told that her fight would start about five minutes from then.   
  
These were gone far to soon, at least if Lina was to judge, and she was ushered on stage. She walked out with what felt like a lot of butterflies in her stomach. Good thing she had already experienced the crowd's reaction to this coming on stage of the fighters during the preliminary fights, or she might have worried even more.   
  
Her opponent was the same girl Jana fought against in the audition, and Lina, having been present, knew she had to concentrate against this one. Fortunately, her profiency as a martial artist allowed her to do this, blocking out most thoughts about how her body must look to the spectators while she punched and kicked, trying to bring down the other girl.   
  
Only after she had won did she re-enact the fight in her mind, and blushed furiously, if retroactively, at the sight she must have been, her breasts jiggling, for they are a soft, muscle free area even on the most athletic of women, and worse, her kicks and certain evasive manoeuvres offering glimpses of her most private parts.   
  
And there were quite a number of those moves, for the other girl had improved, or maybe had just adjusted better to Lina's and Jana's fighting style. In fact, had Jana fought, it might have been a very close call, her victory not certain.   
  
But Lina also realized that naked fighting, infinitely more so than naked sparring against her sister, had felt good, the lack of clothing allowing for smother, more graceful movements, the nudity adding to the rush that came from using those primordial instincts that were tapped into by the really good fighters.   
  
All in all, Lina was still not quite sure what to think about this naked fighting thing, so when Helen told her she'd like to employ her and Jana as the "bavarian twins" from then on, her answer was...   
  
The End