The Bikini Contest

By Bubblegom

My name is Sara and I live in a town on the west coast of Florida. I’m sixteen years old. I stand around five feet, three inches tall and have shoulder length blonde hair and blue eyes. I wear a 34C cup, have a twenty-four inch waist and a little bit of a bubble butt. All in all, I’m pretty hot and I have no difficulty at all attracting boys and, in some cases, grown men. This story is about what happened one time at spring break.

Spring break, of course, is when all the colleges and universities and now even public schools, at least in Florida, all the way down to elementary schools let out for a two week period in the spring. Obviously a great many college age people come to Florida during that period because the weather is usually so much warmer than where they are going to school.

Naturally enough, there is a lot of drinking, random stripping off by young women and even more random sex, so my mother never would give me permission to go. Consequently I went anyway – haha! My friend Candy, who was also forbidden by her mother to go said she was going to my house and I told my mother I was going to Candy’s house and we met at the bus stop and proceeded to take a bus to the beach for the day.

Let’s get one thing straight right now. I said I am hot and I am, but I was just a candle blowing in the wind compared to the twenty-four light incandesce of Candy’s chandelier. Standing at five feet, eight inches, she was a year older than me, although she looked to be at least nineteen. Candy had long blonde hair that hung halfway down her back, 36D breasts, a narrow waist and long beautiful legs. As far as her facial features and her overall appearance, she was drop-dead gorgeous.

We were both wearing these tiny little string bikinis and of course living in Florida year round, we had great tans and not wanting to appear immodest, but we were buff. We had no trouble attracting some college guys and we stood in the shade chatting with them, with no other intentions than to do that for the rest of the day, when suddenly they began buying us beers. Now I really should never drink, because a little bit affects me so badly, but it was so hot on the beach and that cold beer just looked so tempting. I have a very low tolerance towards alcohol, plus I usually never drink because of that, so I became blitzed rather quickly that day.

The reason we were able to acquire the beer so easily was during the daytime at spring break, the ABC laws were relaxed, if the owners of the various establishments were willing to pay the city for special dispensation to allow them to set up portable bars on the beach surrounded by chairs under huge beach umbrellas. The law in Florida insisted they only sell alcohol to persons twenty-one years of age or older, but of course the bartenders ignored that completely, because they wouldn’t have been able to make any profit otherwise.
Every year the various bars that are located on the beach join together and hold a best bikini contest to generate sales, because it naturally attracted young men from all over the beach. As you would expect, it really wasn’t a bikini contest per se, but a who looks best in their bikini contest. The bars made a substantial amount of money from the extra trade, so they were able to offer a cash prize of five hundred dollars to the winner! This made even more revenue for them, because it attracted a great many young women into the area to vie to be the winner, along with an equal amount of young men.

Since there were no age restrictions on entering the contest, the next thing I knew in my inebriated state was our two ‘dates’ had talked us into entering the contest. I never made it out of the first round; because even though I’m normally considered very hot, in this contest I didn’t stand a chance; particularly in comparison to Candy’s classic beauty. Plus I’m certain that appearing half in the bag didn’t help my cause any either.

When it came down to the final round, Candy was still hanging in there against two college girls. My beautiful blonde friend was very excited over the possibility of winning that much money, but didn’t feel as though she had a chance against the two older girls. I made Candy an offer she couldn’t refuse and she agreed to split the money with me, if I could do something that would help her win.

The judgment for the final round, as for the previous rounds, was to be decided by audience applause. It certainly wasn’t a very scientific method, but what did you expect? Pencils and written secret ballots? Haha! The more noise the crowd generated throughout the proceedings, the more people were attracted to the contest and when the final round began there looked to be around a thousand people looking on.

The first two college women came out separately on the makeshift stage, which was literally just several sheets of plywood laying on some old oil drums. Both of them were very good looking, but in my opinion they couldn’t hold a candle to Candy. It appeared to me that they had about evenly split the applause.

Candy’s big moment had finally arrived. As she stood nervously beside me, I whispered to her my last minute instructions, “Remember to give them a big smile, no matter what happens and good luck.”

Candy turned and offered me a very tentative smile as an answer and then stepped directly up onto the stage in front of a crowd of thousand people – without her bikini! As my beautiful friend stepped up on the stage, I reached out and whipped her bikini completely off and then pushed her out further in order to be better seen.

Candy was so surprised at my trickery that she stood for long seconds in complete shock offering the equally surprised crowd the full benefit of her physical charms, before she was finally able to move and cover herself as best she could with two hands. And that wasn’t very much help either, let me tell you. Naturally the crowd went apeshit at the sight of her complete nudity and their applause and yelling reached a fevered pitch.

Candy was completely panicked and hysterically looking all around for me, but I had since moved from around the back of the stage and melted into the huge crowd for the time being. I’m certain the MC was feeling panicked himself and had visions of police and arrests for public nudity, because he didn’t even call for a vote, but instead just handed Candy the envelope containing the prize money.

The college girls began to irately argue with the MC to no avail and finally decided to whip their own bikinis off too, but it was too late for such chicanery. As soon as I saw Candy receive the cash award, I dashed up on stage and helped Candy into her bikini. And then we got the hell out of Dodge. I laughed all the way home on the bus, while my friend angrily glared at me.

Candy had to split the money with me, and she was extremely angry for quite a while, but the two hundred and fifty dollars helped her to forgive me in the long run. Mwahaha!