**The Dunk Tank - A Mindy Story**

by IndianOutlaw

Water caressing over her perky C cup breasts. The nipples puffed with excitement over the cooling sensation of the water. The fresh liquid caressed down her body, then over her subtle hips and her firm, tight ass. Mindy opened the shower door and stepped hurriedly onto the already wet floor, out the bathroom door following the neatly laid Egyptian cotton towel across her large bedroom over to her full length mirror. A smile of nearly complete satisfaction came over her now giddy self. In the mirror, her long hair lay perfectly across her back. The white and thoroughly soaked shirt literally sheer as her perky breasts and excited nipple show almost as completely as if she were totally naked. By design the shirt ended just as the waist band of her matching white shorts was showing. Underneath, a red thong. The perfectly triangular patch covering only the most immediate of intimate areas was totally visible. Then from behind she it appeared she was totally naked as the g-string panty was invisible. “Good Job, Girl.” Mindy said openly to herself.

The shirt and shorts she had so carefully chosen looked very solid at first glance, but when wet became very, very, extremely sheer. She started the stopwatch. “15 minutes” Mindy uttered. “Almost exactly.” At fifteen minutes the outfit had nearly completely dried and she found herself once again in the modest column. This was going to be one of her most daring and seemingly completely innocent “accidental” nude experiences. As so many of her past attempts left her often completely naked, and exposed to more people than she had intended, also for a much more extended period of time; this one was fool proof. For on Saturday she volunteered to work the community Fun Fair and, among other things take a turn in the dunking booth. The next few days would prove very difficult as her anticipation continues to build as the day itself approaches.

Each day passed more slowly than the rest. Many times Mindy had to excuse herself from work, shopping, daily chores, and one dinner date with a girlfriend to manage her sexual urges.

The day of the Fair finally arrived. Mindy strolled confidently in her little white and tight outfit. She enjoyed the side looks all the men kept giving her as well as the snide looks from the women. Little did they know she was about to reveal even more than just a simple outline.

As she walked the fair, prior to opening she noticed the fun rides and the carnival like midway. From the ticket booth a long stretch of grass was split about 10 feet wide with games of chance on each side. The fair opened up to a larger circular area with rides and food attractions. At the end, up a small hill, the fair kept expanding each year but the grounds were not entirely flat, was the charity booths. A kissing booth, a pie tossing both the hot dog eating contest table and finally the dunking booth. Each booth had a unique charity sponsoring it. Kissing booth - Anti Smoking Pie Contest - Planned Parenting Hot Dog Table - Healthy Heart Dunking Booth - Breast Cancer Research

She was up for her turn about mid day. The busiest time and in her mind the best time. The most people would be there and the most exposure. Her plan was to get dunked, climb back up the tank side, bending and exposing her assets as much as possible. All the while acting as if she were completely unaware. This years stake was a $5,000 bonus for the booth making the most money some rich benefactor put up. Each year the kissing booth and the dunking booth competed for first. Could be the commitment to each cause, or it could be the hot ladies attending each. This year quite a bevy of bikini clad ladies would be offered up for the water to reveal. Last year on lady lost her bikini top, but sadly in the tight confines of the booth it was easy to recover. Calculating Mindy decided it would be too obvious if she were to “accidentally” climb out of the water only to then discover her “lost” top, this was better and the exposure would be more prolonged.

Across the games area she spotted Ashley, her friend Jenny’s best friend. “Mindy, I am so glad you made it!” The two hugged, breasts to breasts. “Ashley, thanks for inviting me, are we ready to beat the pants off the Kissing Booth gals this year.” She smiled, looking a bit disappointed at Ashley’s jeans and Navy shirt. Ashley just smiled and realized what she was being given a look of disapproval for. “You Bet.” Ashley lifted her shirt top to reveal a very small American Flag bikini barely holding in her D cup chest. The two ladies smiled and headed for the booth. “You will enjoy this, we added an extra feature this year.” The two “hot” ladies walked toward the dunking booth. “We made a few modifications this year to insure we will win.” “It looks exactly the same.” Mindy saw the same booth as used in years before, same large water tank, same carpeted platform, same bulls eye and same stupid clown painted on the side. Even the same stupid banner with the “$5 for 2 tosses, help support Breast Cancer Research” draped across the front. “Walla!” Ashley pulled the banner aside, dropping it to the ground. In front of the tank was now a sheer window of Plexiglas. “Wow!” Mindy thought this was a great idea. Too bad she abandoned her idea of clothing that disintegrated as she fell into the water. From the position slightly up the hill and the angle, everyone attending the charity wing would see everything inside the tank. Still her idea was much better. “How did you do it?” “Me and Jackie spent the better part of yesterday cutting and riveting this thing together. It will be an exciting day.”

Exciting day it was. Men lined up for miles (a slight exaggeration) to toss the balls at the target and see all these well endowed women fall into the cold water. Bikini clad breasts defying gravity as bodies swam, legs scissor kicking and soaked rears climbing back onto the platform. Ashley had her turn and wouldn’t you know it, her bikini top fell off. It was nearly 2 minutes of treading water before she was able to recover her “accident”. HBO and Showtime have nothing on this. Then it was finally Mindy’s turn. As Ashley dismounted the booth she winked at her. Mindy smiled as she was probably the only one to see Ashley deliberately untie the back to her own bikini.

Climbing in she felt the cold, much colder than anticipated water caress her bare toes. Her feet dangled as her ass centered itself on the now wet seat. She momentarily searched for ways to turn around to show everyone what the moisture had done to her shorts, but then she felt they would soon discover as her first splash would reveal not just her intentions but, you know.

Now seated, the men lined up carefully to observe her very tight outfit. Some suspected some just enjoyed the current view. They did not have to wait very long. First throw, first pitch send the softball hurting to the center point on the target. A loud “ding” was heard and the platform opened up on her. It was instant as gravity pulled her feet, toes painted in “Sunset Pink” nail polish. Then her legs, then she felt her shorts enter the water. Finally her entire chest, now her shoulders and then the head. Mindy made sure the tank, about 4 ½ feet deep, allowed her to sink completely under the water. Since this was actually her first time in the booth and her first dunk, Mindy now discovered just how slippery the bottom was. Her feet slid continuously as for several seconds she tried to gain her footing. Every male enjoyed the sight as it was a common repeat of each lady before her. The she found the balance point and stood up. Tongues dropped, eyes bulged as the waterline, below her neck gave a very wet view of her body. She smiled briefly, it was about to get even better.

The ladder was short but easy to manage. Mindy stepped up an re-fixed the platform. Bending well over as now she was out of the water, everyone saw her nearly naked ass exposed. Turning she found the seat and centered herself. There were nearly two heard attacks, at least everyone’s heart skipped a beat, including Ashley’s, and including Mindy’s. This was perfect. She pretended not to notice what happen and called out to the next pitcher. There was a brief fight as the next three in line fought for first position. Mindy could feel her own excitement growing. This was perfect. At lest now she had the safety of her towel and the confidence in knowing the outfit would easily dry quickly.

There she sat, looking almost completely naked to the entire world. There was one brief moment as she looked down to see the red triangle of her under garment almost as visible as if she were wearing no shorts at all. Mindy was dunked a total of 24 more times. She was enjoying the show, possibly more than everyone else. Then it was time for her to step down. She had been up for nearly 1 hour and her hands were becoming like prunes. Also the fire building between her legs needed more than water to put it out. Three time she stopped herself as her fingers felt like wandering in that direction. One time she pretended to pull her shorts in a certain area just to enjoy the touch. A tad too far. “One last person, then I need a break.” Mindy called. Several moaned in disappointment, but then they would all be treated to her complete exit and a possible up close exposure. Mindy smiled one last time. Her very erect, very puffy nipples looked as if they were going to explode off her chest, that was very pleasing to everyone.

Then as if by fate, not really by intention, Mindy had an itch, she did not realize the overall impact, but she did have a brief itch. Her left breast. With one hand, more finger than hand, reached up and scratched her nipple, fully erect nipple. One quick back an forth. Innocent really, not planned, not even an idea that had crossed her mind but the effect was devastating on the current thrower. Already missing his first toss wide to the right his attention went directly at her breast. His pants bulged his eyes rolled back into his head, mind you he was not the only one but unfortunately the only one with a ball, softball that is, in hand. His release, ball release, SOFTBALL release went directly into her direction. The ball flew straight at her. It was flung so hard it hit the front of the booth, the front of the newly added Plexiglas front with a tremendous thump. Mindy panicked. For a moment she felt the whole booth shake. The entire metallic structure shook with the force of a small earthquake. Then it stopped. The noise scared everyone, embarrassed the thrower and made Ashley’s heart skip. As quickly as it shook it stopped. Mindy smiled, not sure why she was worried, this booth has been used for almost 20 years without an accident, the metal cage in front of her had never allowed a ball to pass through and this one struck the glass front. But the effect was delayed. The booth shook briefly one more time and “SPLASH!” Mindy fell into the water as the platform opened up. The force was enough to open the hinge and send her to the water. She laughed as she stood up. Everyone still enjoyed her near nakedness. “I guess you don’t have to hit the target to win.” She called out to the man who was also laughing. The laughter stopped. Jaws dropped and eyes grew wide. People just stared on in amazement as the entire booth began to shake once again. Mindy looked around as she felt the waves in the water begin to build. “What the …”

Before she could finish a popping sound was heard as metal objects began shooting off the front of the booth, water began spurting from the sided so the large window. There was a definite pause between this and the next action. Like in slow motion Mindy saw the Plexiglas fly, literally fly away from the booth. The rivets had given, the water was now released the front of the booth was gone and now the water was free to flow in the direction of least resistance. Mindy grabbed for the ladder, as her feet were pulled out from under her. Her body was now being sucked out like she was caught in a whirlpool. The ladder was all she could reach. Completely submerged she held on as the many gallons of water rushed outward. People began to run as this booth was on high ground, everyone else was below it. Mindy knew her grip was short lived as the unthinkable happened. Instantly her little white, sheer shorts were sucked away with the rushing water. She was bottomless! Her g string thong backside would be totally exposed, her nudity would be more open and unplanned. Mindy went sailing out. Grip gone and hands free, Mindy now found herself at the mercy of this tidal wave, naked from the waist down. That itself didn’t last long. As her body exited the water chamber on its way to the earth the shoddy cutting job by Ashley and Jackie left several jagged edges at the bottom. Her little shirt snagged somewhere along the side and the shirt stopped her motion for a moment as it was pulled up to her head. She felt the material finally give as it ripped into several pieces, sending her on her way outside the booth. Naked.

The water rushed passed the kissing booth to the bewildered patrons, then Mindy came flying passed, on her back she was desperately trying to grab onto something. Topless, nearly bottomless, it was humiliating to say the least. People running everywhere as the water flowed directly through the center of the Fun Fair. Mindy spun to grab at the ground but the tsunami took her out toward the center of the Fair. “Oh my God, I am naked!” She yelled to herself. The torrent of water flowed rapidly. Then Mindy met the Plexiglas. She landed directly on the glass and began riding it like a sled. People jumped to the side as the water made the perfect water slide. Mind rode the wetness from one end of the Fair all the way to the gate. Clad only in her little red g string thong Mindy found herself now speeding passed the rides, passed the midway games and then passed the front gates out to the parking lot. Yelling the whole way. As people dodged the water they were in complete amazement as this naked woman sledded past them at an impressive speed.

Now passed the gate, she quickly crossed the small dirt lot, to a down slope of grass. Down the grass she began following the water down a drainage ditch toward.. “Town!” She screamed. It only took a few moments. Mindy was sitting on a platform to a breakneck speed through the funfair down a dirt lot, down a grass embankement, to a drainage rut now headed for town on a sheet of Plexiglas. With her hands covering her face the pace increased. The angle to town was even steeper than then grade through the funfair. She passed a small intersection, the Plexiglas jumping a small bump, sending her breast floating, her hair flying. Finally the sidewalk. She Plexiglas sled immediately stopped on the concrete, anyone who know physics (even though we exaggerated a few here) know what happens next. Mindy, not being fixed to the glass was now airborne. She landed on a small bed of flowers, then bounced end over end up and through an open door. She stopped landing somewhat softly on a small circular rug.

“An object at rest stays at rest until a force acts upon it.”

Mindy shook the tweeting birds from her head as she looked up. Around her were several people sitting, sipping beverages of many sorts, looking upon her in amazement. She had landed in the middle of her favorite coffee shop. As a second or two ticked passed, it was now she remembered. Initially glad to be not longer speeding toward a possible doom, she was just sitting, Naked on the floor of a nearly full coffee shop. Crossing her arms across her chest she wanted to hide. Then the manager came over. “Excuse me miss.” He pointed to a small sign on the wall.

“No Shirt, No Shoes, No Service.”

Mindy stood and ran out of the shop.

Comment Welcome, IO