**The Lost Uniform**

By Carrie

One girls bares all for the sake of her team

The girls had just arrived at the site of the bike race after a 4 hour drive and began unloading their bikes. Lisa, Karen, Sue and Carrie were representing their school at the Wheeler Championship Race which was the qualifiers for the national colligate mountain biking championships. They were the underdogs but still thought they had a chance.

The girls had practiced hard this season and were expecting to do well and hoped to move on to the championships. They were all in tip top shape and had formed a tight friendship throughout the season supporting each other through thick and thin. Each was dedicated to the team but had her own unique personality. Lisa was the team captain and had a bit of a domineering personality. She had dark brown hair and was about 5’ 5” tall. Sue was the shy one, a great rider with good endurance but never that outgoing and often kept to herself. She also had dark brown hair and was just a little taller than Lisa. Karen was a bundle of enthusiasm and the team cheerleader. She would never let anyone get down even when they were behind. She stood about 5’ 3 and with dirt blonde hair. Carrie was the newest member of the team, only joining the team a month prior after one of the other girls dropped out due to an injury. She was also on the schools track team and probably in the best shape of any of the girls. She was a tall blonde at 5’ 10” and had a killer figure from hours of distance running. She picked up the sport quickly and seemed to have that mental toughness that it took to be successful.

The race was run under the national biking association rules and the organizers had a reputation of running a tight event. The girls had checked in and were making their last minute checks of their bikes when Sue made an unfortunate discovery.

“How the hell could you forget it!?” Lisa screamed.

“I don’t know. I always keep all my gear together and it’s just not here.” Sue responded.

“What’s the matter?” Carrie asked, interested in what Lisa was yelling about.

“Sue here forgot her uniform.”

“Oh shit.”

“Don’t worry. One of us must have an extra uniform.” Karen answered being the eternal optimist.

So everyone searched their bags looking for a spare uniform but no one had one.

“Maybe they’ll let you wear your warm-ups.” Carrie answered looking for options.

“Lisa, why don’t you explain it to the officials and see if it’s ok with them?” Karen added.

“Oh man, we trained so hard for this and now we may not even be allowed to compete.” Lisa complained.

“We’ll think of something.” Carrie added.

So the girls walled up to the officals’ table and explained that one of their team members had forgotten her uniform and asked if she could wear her warm-ups. The head official was a big burly looking guy and he just looked at Lisa and laughed.

“If she’s so stupid to forget her uniform why don’t you just have her ride naked?” he barked.

“I’m sure that won’t give them any unfair advantage that’s for sure.” one of the other officials laughed.

“Oh come on you can’t be serious.” Lisa said.

Just then Deborah, captain of their arch rival school and one of their biggest competitors came by.

“What’ the matter, not going to be able to race today? Oh what a pity. We were looking forward beating yourasses today.” she said to Lisa and the girls in a sarcastic voice.

“Funny Deb. We’ll see.” Lisa yelled back.

Lisa went back to the big fat official and pleaded her case once again.

“Well, I’ll tell you what. I’ll make an exception for you but only if she rides naked. We need to get some interest back in this race somehow.” the big mean official laughed.

Lisa pleaded again, hoping they change their minds with no luck.

“Damn it. Now what do we do?” Lisa said as the girls pondered their options.

“Oh come on Sue, maybe it wouldn’t be that bad. Think of it as going to the beach.” Carrie said trying to be encouraging.

“No way!! Besides I don’t go nude at the beach like you.“ Sue shouted back referring to some past rumors that Carrie had done some nude sunbathing.

“I guess we can’t race then.” Lisa said in a disappointed voice.

“Sue, it won’t be that bad. We’ll all be there for you.” Carried added.

“Well if it won’t be that bad then why the hell don’t you give me your uniform and you do it then!?” Sue shouted back.

“What?” Carrie said in shock.

“Carrie, that’s a great idea. You have killer body. I’m sure no one would mind seeing it.” Karen jumped in enthusiastically.

Lisa being focused only on the race shouted, “That might just work.“ not even thinking that one of their team might be doing the race in the nude.

“Oh man, oh man. You got to be kidding.” Carrie answered a slight break in her voice.

“Come on. I thought you just said it wouldn’t be that bad.” Karen added.

Just realizing the consequences of her prior comments, Carrie became very quiet as a blush traversed her face.

“Let me make sure they’ll let us do this.” Lisa said with a new found smile on her face.

She explained her proposal to the head official and after seeing the tall blonde cowering in the group of girls he eagerly agreed.

“Ok, good news girls, they agreed. We can race!” Lisa yelled enthusiastically, “Thanks Carrie, you’re a doll. We owe you.”

As happy as the girls were, three anyway, I don’t think any of them actually thought through what this meant. They were just caught up in the moment and happy to be able to compete. Carrie tried to put her best face forward but was not quite as enthusiastic.

The girls all headed over to get something to eat at the competitors table, getting some carbohydrates before the long race, except for Carrie who was too nervous to eat.

“Come on, you have to eat something, Carrie.” Karen said.

“I’m sorry, I’m just too nervous. How am I going to do this? How am I supposed to do this with all these people looking at me, all of me and how am I going to ride that far with my bare bottom sitting on that seat?”

“Carrie, you just have to put the people out of you mind. Just focus on the race and you’ll be fine.”

The girls then went back to preparing their bikes and getting ready for the race. Lisa gave them a bit of a pep talk as they double checked everything.

“Ok Ladies, time to suit up.” Lisa told the girls.

Carrie just looked up with a frown on her face as she handed Sue her uniform top and shorts. She grabbed the rest of her stuff and headed to the locker room with the rest.

“What are you going to do?” Sue asked.

“Well, get my shoes and change into my sweats I guess.”

“You’re so brave Carrie. I don’t know how you do it.” Sue told Carrie with the deepest of thanks.

“Well, I haven’t done it yet.” Carrie reminded her nervously.

Inside the locker room the girls all methodically changed into their uniforms except for Carrie who just sat on the bench trying to get up her nerves. Eventually she pulled off her top followed by her shorts. Standing in her bra and panties she pulled her socks, shoes and sweats out of her bag. With a deep breath she unclasped her bra and threw it back in her bag and quickly pulled her warm up top on zipping it quickly. Everyone was pretty intent in their preparations so she didn’t think anyone noticed. She then peeled her thong panties off and slipped her warm up pants on just as quickly. That done she breathed a sigh of relieve. No one but her team mates knew that she didn’t have anything on under her warm-ups. To everyone else she looked perfectly normal.

Relaxed a little bit she worked on her socks and special bike shoes. She then threw all her clothes in her bag and followed her teammates out of the locker room.

The girls did their warm up stretches and grabbed their riding gear and headed to the starting area. Carrie put on her bike gloves, watch, helmet and special riding wrap-around sun glasses. Her teammates finished their final preparations and removed their warm-ups leaving Carrie alone still wearing her warm-ups.

It was a cool overcast morning of about 50 degrees which was perfect riding conditions but would be a little chilly for someone whose uniform consisted solely of her bare skin.

“Come on Carrie, the race is about to start. It’s now or never girl.” Lisa said trying to encourage Carrie.

“I don’t think I can do this.”

“Carrie, come on. You have to. We can’t race otherwise!”

“Carrie, just focus on the race. Nothing else matters.“ Karen told her, wrapping her arm around Carrie for comfort.

“I’m sorry for making you do this but you just have to. Please! I’ll make it up to you in some way.” Sue said feeling sort of guilty for what her friend and teammate was going through.

“Carrie, remember, nothing else matters. It’s just you and the race.” Sue said.

Carrie looked around the crowded field of riders, each in their multi-colored uniforms before looking over at Karen as if looking for some sort of strength. She could feel her nipples harden at just the thought of having to strip her clothes off in front of all these people.

Karen moved close and held Carrie’s bike and pat her on the shoulder one more time for reassurance.

“I don’t think I can do this.” Carrie told Karen through a few sniffles.

“Sure you can. Just don’t think about it. Just do it.”

“Oh, god help me.” she said as she looked up as if praying for strength from god, “Here goes.”

Carrie was literally shaking as she slowly pulled the zipper down of the sweat suit top. No sooner did her breasts pop into view that a silence fell over everyone nearby. It was like every eye was riveted to her jutting breasts.

The first thing Carrie noticed was the freezing cold air on her bare skin. Immediately Carrie’s skin was covered with goose bumps as her nipples arched skyward at attention just begging everyone to be seen.

There she was standing in the middle of the street in a pair of sweat pants, bare naked from waist up.

’Oh my god, oh my god.’ was all that echoed through her mind. There was no stopping now she thought. Everyone was already thinking she was crazy for taking her top off so there was no turning back now. She quickly reached her thumbs into the waist band of her warm up pants and tugged them over her hip letting them drop to her ankles. She had her biking shoes on so she quickly bent over and worked them over her shoes.

There she was stark naked in the middle of the street amongst her team mates and a hundred other racers.

Karen and her teammates had all seen Carrie naked in the shower at times before but couldn’t help but stare in disbelief at the sight of her there in the street. Seeing her naked in the shower was one thing but seeing her in her biking helmet, shoes, gloves and sleek racing glasses was something all together different. Carrie was the picture of the term hard body. She was tall and tight from years of hard work and with her slim muscular frame. Simply put, she looked awesome. She didn’t have an ounce of fat anywhere and her B cup breasts actually looked large on her slim athletic body. The only thing better than her breasts was her long muscular legs and tight little ass. All together she looked like a page out of a fitness magazine.

Even her skin was nicely tanned. Her entire upper body including her breasts where evenly tanned letting everyone know she was no stranger to topless sunbathing. Perhaps even sexier than a perfect tan was the tiny imperfection caused by the thong tan line she was sporting. Carrie couldn’t see it but she was sure everyone else could. Now everyone knew of the tiny G-string bikini bottom she wore when she bothered to wear a bikini.

None of the girls had considered themselves lesbians and only Karen had ever had been with another girl but all three instantly felt their nipples harden and a warm stir in their pussies at the sight in front of them.

A good number of the other girls in the crowd felt the same emotion as every eye was on Carrie as she looked to her teammates for strength, begging for strength to not run off and hide.

“Go girl. You’re awesome!” Karen said trying to comfort her friend.

“Thanks Carrie. I owe you big time for this.” Sue added.

Carrie once again looked skyward trying to muster courage as the comments began. She tried to shut them out and focus like Karen had said but it was impossible. Trying to mentally shut them out she mounted her bike. As she swung her leg up and over the seat a gasp was heard from her right. Feeling a rush of cold air entering her she was immediately reminded of how exposed she really was and immediately knew what the gasp was about. Karen and everyone to her right had just been treated to a lovely view of Carrie’s wide open pussy.

“Um, Carrie… you might want to be a little more careful with that from now on.“ Karen warned, feeling embarrassed for her.

She now stood over the bike with her pussy mere inches above the horizontal bar. With her back forced straight by the seat bumping her into her back, her breasts were trust forward making her slim tight body an awesome sight. It was like she as a person was removed from the scene and there stood the perfect female racing body in nothing more than was required to compete. There were no un-needed accessories like a shirt or shorts or anything. You would think it quite embarrassing for Carrie which it was but from the competitors’ perspective it was quite an intimidating sight. Despite their opinion they had to respect the conditioning that went into that body.

That body looked defiant, as if daring everyone to look. It looked like it was build to race and everyone else had better step aside. And it didn’t stop at that. That body spoke of sex as well, probably more so. It’s rare that an athlete has breasts and hip but Carrie had both. Her B cup breasts were topped by dark quarter size areolas and long hard nipples that just begged to be sucked. Below her breasts was a long tight tummy with just the hint of a six pack. Those long lean muscles circled the cute little belly button before coming back together and leading directly to her clean shaven pussy. There wasn’t the slightest bit of stubble to distract the onlookers from its features which looked ready for action, almost begging for action.

That body sent a message to everyone that looked that ‘I’m here to beat your ass in the race course and when I’m done beating you I’m going to fuck your brains out until you pass out from the pleasure.’

All the racers were waiting for the start but most were looking back at the naked contestant. It was then that Deb, from their rival team first caught a glimpse of Carrie.

“Holy shit. Look at that bod.“ she sighed looking back at Carrie.

All this time Carrie was in a fog. It was like her mind had left her body.

“Carrie, how you doing? Lisa asked.

“I think I’m going to be sick.” she whispered quietly.

“Aren’t you freezing?” Sue asked as she saw Carrie shudder, half from the cold and half from nerves.

“This is crazy.” was her only response.

The cold was in fact getting to Carrie as she stood waiting for the race to start. Small shivers passed across her naked body when a strong gust of cold wind hit.

Karen moved closer and started to rub Carrie’s arms and side until someone shouted,”Look the lesbian team with their naked mascot.”

“I’ll be ok.” Carrie sighed as she rocked back and forth nervously.

The girls all huddled around Carrie trying to lend support and trying to break the wind. They couldn’t help but admire Carrie’s control as she all but willed herself stop shivering. Everywhere you looked, her body was covered with goose bumps, her arms, her legs, her butt, her stomach, her breasts. Even her mound and lower lips had the cutest little goose bumps. The thing or things that really stood out were her nipples which were hard enough to cut glass and long enough to hang a coat from. A coat that I’m sure Carrie wished she had at the moment.

After seeing Carrie shiver once again Karen began rubbing Carrie down in an attempt to keep her warm. The person making the earlier comment had moved on and besides Karen really didn’t care what she thought. Karen ran her hands up and down Carrie’s sides and arms and over her bare hips. The warm hand on her body was helping. They warmed her skin but they also had a different effect on Carrie, too. She had always been sensitive to the touch and loved it when boyfriends would caress her skin but this was her teammate and a girl. Carrie felt confused but then there was nothing normal about today’s events. The combined effect of Karen’s hands on her skin and the intent stares of all the people had an effect and Carrie’s reaction was different than she would have imagined. Here standing in the middle of the crowd she was getting seriously turned on.

For her part Karen was also getting turned on by the action. Never had she felt such a tight body. She was probably being a little more enthusiastic with the rub down that was warranted and certainly more than one would expect when surrounded by people but she couldn’t stop.

Just then however the score keeper called them to attention announcing that they’d be starting momentarily. Carrie shook her head clear and mounted up, placing her now wet pussy on the narrow bike seat for the first time. She probably should have been a little more careful as the long narrow end of the seat bisected her pussy.

‘OMG!!!’ This is going to be harder than I thought.’ was all she could think of as she let out a noticeable sigh.

“You had better be careful with those parts. You’ll be needing them later.” Karen whispered to Carrie with a hint of lust in her voice.

The innuendos were missed by Carrie though who’s mind was elsewhere.

Finally the gun went off and the race was underway. Carrie and her teammates took off and followed the riders ahead as the group got up to speed. Carrie clamped into her pedals and was standing up on them to get up to speed quickly. As she did one of the other riders behind her stumbled and crashed as she got distracted by the sight in front of her. As Carrie stood and leaned forward all her personal areas were visible from behind. Karen for one did not miss the show as she struggled to keep up.

Once up to speed the racers fell into formation with Carrie taking the lead for her team. Carrie settled down on the seat, a little more carefully this time, and pumped away as they came to the first hill. With her shoes clamped into the pedals as she was, she was one with the bike. Every pump of her legs, either up or down, had a direct effect on the bike as well as her tight butt. It was like a marriage of flesh and machine. With no clothing covering anything her bare body was like a living extension of the bike. Every muscle flexing and stretching in perfect harmony resulting in the forward motion of the bike. There was nothing that was not essential to the process, no extra gadgets on the bike, or extra clothing on the rider, just the bare essentials to put a bike in motion.

It was like a working model of a car engine with the body cut away exposing the mechanics inside. With Carrie it was the clothing removed to see how every muscle in her body worked in unison to generate the force to move the bike. And her body was not a Chevy or Ford. It was a Porsche or Ferrari body, tight and fit but without any extra bulk. It wasn’t just meant for power either. It was designed to please in other ways, too. Again the sight was impressive, almost intimidating.

Carrie was trying to focus on the race but the comments from the spectators and other riders could not be ignored. That and the sensations that were being passed from the bike to her sex were getting stronger. It wasn’t like her sex was impaled on the seat but there was a small feeling of pain as the narrow seat pressed against her bottom and her now open pussy. And there was a more noticeable feeling of arousal as her clitoris teased the seat on occasion.

The feeling of arousal was quite distracting while at the same time quite pleasurable as Carrie fought to concentrate. ‘Focus, focus, focus!’ she kept repeating to herself as she fought the feelings that were slowly consuming her body.

A typical team strategy is for the leader to break the wind for the rest of the team and for the others to draft behind her. They typical switch off leader quite often so the leader does not tire too quickly but Carrie had lead for much longer than normal. Karen, following immediately behind Carrie, had such a perfect view on Carrie from behind, that it was just too attractive for her to give it up.

The clouds were still preventing the sun from shinning through and warming things up and were in fact darkening and threatening rain. The riders were now also facing a pretty good head wind which was further cooling things off. The wind was making it even harder for Carrie since she didn’t even have her thin uniform to keep the wind off her bare skin. The cool wind which would feel refreshing on a warmer day was blowing over every square inch of Carrie’s skin making it even harder for her body to prevent heat loss. Her entire body continued to be covered in goose bumps.

It wasn’t long before the clouds darkened even more and a light mist started forming. The racer trudged on being a little more careful on the turns not wanting to fall. It didn’t take long for tiny droplets of water to collect on Carrie’s body making it even more erotic. Soon it became shiny wet as the moisture continued to collect making her body look like a women emerging from a pool. The water seemed to highlight every muscle and contour as she continued to pump away. Her nipples which had been hard since being exposed to the cool air seemed to extend even further as if telescoping out from her breasts. The areolas contracted around the base and formed a secondary extension to the already half inch long nubs. You’d think it impossible but they were more even erotic than earlier. Only Carrie could tell you exactly how hard they were but to the observer they appeared as hard little nails and almost as long.

“How you holding up?” Lisa asked Carrie.

“Carrie, Carrie, how you doing?” she asked again.

‘Oh, …um, I’m OK.” She responded momentarily snapping out of her trance.

“Drop back in and let me lead for a bit.”

Carrie just nodded letting Lisa pass.

“Carrie, you warm enough?’ Karen yelled up ahead to Carrie.

“I’m freezing but I think I’ll be OK.”

The team continued to press on and were steadily moving up through the pack as the mist continued. It wasn’t long before water started dripping down Carrie’s bare flesh in little streams. From the sides you could see the occasional drip from Carrie’s extended nipples.

They then reached a long downhill stretch where the girls got a chance to rest and relax a little while they cruised down. Carrie and most of the others took the opportunity to sit up and stretch their tired bodies.

Lisa looked back and shook her head at the sight behind her. Carrie was sitting back hands up, body stretched and dripping wet, every rib was visible and every tight muscle highlighted by the water on her bare body. The sight almost caused her to crash as they caught up to the pack in front.

Karen and the others were starting to get a little chill as they cruised down the hill and they could only imagine what their teammate must be feeling. Karen for her part just wanted to reach up and wrap her arms around Carrie’ body to keep it warm. She had always had an interest in Carrie and this ride was starting to make the feelings hard to control.

The race moved into the rougher off-road portion at the bottom of the hill which gave Carrie a little relief from the spectators that lined the road but did nothing to hide her from the elements.

The dirt surface they were on had not yet become muddy but Carrie could feel little pieces of dirt and debris bouncing off her back, being kicked up from the tires. They continued through some really rough terrain which forced them to slow down considerable especially through the narrower portions. The team rounded a bend in the trail and that’s when it happened. Lisa slowed while Karen continued her eye riveted to Carrie’s undulating butt. She didn’t realize they had slowed and ran right into Carrie who in turn bumped Lisa catching her own front tire on Lisa’s rear tire. The combination of that and the fact that they were on a turn caused Carrie to tumble followed by Karen. Carrie tried to brace herself by her left hand on the way down but it slid on some lose ground. Had it not been for the tight biking gloves she would have had quite a scrap on her hand.

Carrie slid forward and with her feet clamped into the pedals and her hand giving her very little support she pretty much did a swan dive into the ground with Karen landing pretty much on Carrie’s back.

“Oh my god.. What happened?” Sue yelled narrowly missing her fallen teammates.

Lisa quickly stopped and looked back just as Carrie came to a stop partially on the bike but mostly on her chest in the dirt. For an ordinary rider this would have been a painful fall but for someone in Carrie’s situation it was unimaginable.

“Ah Shit.” she yelled as she came to a stop.

“Are you alright?”

“Damn! That hurt.”

Under other circumstances Karen might have enjoyed her resting place with her head on Carrie’s back and hand on her bare butt, but as it was she got up quickly but not before coping a squeeze.

Carrie unclamped from the pedals and jumped up instinctively rubbing the pain in her chest not realizing the sight she was presenting to those around her. She rubbed the dirt off her breasts paying special attention to the left one which had a bit of a scrap on the outside and across the nipple. Nothing that would show even in the most revealing of tops but plainly visible in her current state.

The other girls winced at the thought of what it must feel like. Carrie seemed oblivious as she inspected the damage and cleaned up as best she could.

“Thanks god, no damage to the bike.” Lisa said as Carrie continued to inspect her bare body for other scrapes brushing some dirt of her left hip revealing another set of small scrapes.

“Are you OK, can you continue?” Lisa asked.

‘Yea, it hurts a bit but I’ll live.” Carrie answered back as she stood up and got back on the bike.

Again not thinking, she threw her leg over the seat giving Karen and Sue another shocking view of her lower anatomy. Between her focus on the race and her little sexual buzz, I don’t think she even realized anymore she was racing without any cloths.

They quickly got back in the race, pushing hard to make up for lost time. The off-road part made it hard for the girls to pass other riders, forcing them to take some extra risk on the narrow trail. They were however able to pass a couple of teams as they slowed in shock as the naked rider passed them.

They reentered the road potion of the race and were immediately faced with a long steep climb. Several of the other teams were close ahead which motivated the girls to push extra hard. They had caught up considerable and were just passing the first of three teams when the rain started for real.

It started as a light mist but soon turned into a more steady cold rain. The wind picked up once again making it feel even worse. For Carrie the rain felt like standing in a cold shower but it did help clean off the dirt and grime that she had accumulated after the fall and on the off road portion. The exertion of climbing the long hill and desire to catch the teams ahead drove her to take the lead back from Karen.

Due to the rain and wind the heat loss was tremendous. While the exertion was significant it would not have been enough on its own to keep her from freezing under the conditions. But the constant motion of the seat against Carrie’s swollen pussy was creating its own heat and warming her from within. On top of that it was becoming the center of her attention as her arousal grew. She was terribly turned on despite the effects of the rain induced cold shower she was taking as she rode.

Her body seemed to take over as she started to pull ahead of her teammates. Her mind was in a sexual induced fog as her arousal took control. It was as if her body was on autopilot. It was one with the bike and didn’t need Carrie’s mind to tell her how tired her legs were. They just kept pumping away as she passed another team.

She barely let up as they cruised down the back side of the hill and out of the rain. In fact the sun was showing some signs of poking through the clouds as she entered the last third of the race. She was now on her own with her three teammates no longer able to keep up with her and had passed several other teams and a few single riders but still was a distance back from the lead couple of teams.

Carrie kept pumping away as her energy and strength seemed to grow as instead of fade as the race went on. She had caught another couple of riders just as she entered the small town. Carrie streaked into town, literally, to the stunned look of the spectators. Apparently the word of a naked rider hadn’t made it to everyone along the race course. Cheers rang out as a group of high school kids spotted the nude beauty as she took a tight turn. Carrie was oblivious to her admirers as the only thing that seemed to register to her was the feeling between her legs which was now approaching orgasmic levels.

‘No, not now.’ Carrie thought to herself as she fought the first sign of an impending climax. But the feeling was undeniable. That pre-orgasmic adrenaline rush was cursing through her veins as she past yet another fading rider. She was like a woman possessed as another surge hit her.

She tried to focus on the race but her body was saying something else. Carrie was now feeling quite warm despite the cool temperature. Her body was producing its own heat from the inside, from between her legs to be precise.

Carrie now realized that if she didn’t control her growing arousal she was going to have an explosive orgasm before she finished the race and that would be disastrous on top of embarrassing. She shook her head trying to break the spell but her body had other ideas. Her body had a mind of its own now and it had needs it was determined to satisfy despite what Carrie wanted.

The effect was this unbelievable energy burst. She was coming on strong when riders usually faded. The last couple of miles had always been trouble for her if she wasn’t careful in how she paced herself but this was totally different. Her legs must have been burning but her mind was elsewhere. She just kept pumping away and passing riders.

As she approached the last mile she felt the unmistakable contraction of an approaching orgasm. ‘OMG!’ All she had to do was hold it back just another minute or so longer. She could see the leaders ahead but was sure she couldn’t catch them but she knew she was in the top 10 riders with a chance to catch maybe a couple more if she could hold out another minute.

She yelled out as another contraction hit. “OMG, please not now!” she begged as another stronger contraction hit. Between the exertion and the approaching orgasm, she was breathing like a freight train. She was oblivious to the large crowd that had gathered down the home stretch. Her focus was down to two things, the rider in her immediate line of sight and holding off the orgasm that was begging for release.

Carrie’s competitive juices kicked in as she all but willed her body back from the brink. She passed two more tired and stunned riders as she approached the last straightaway. Another contraction hit Carrie followed immediately by another. Now not even Carrie’s incredible control could stop the inevitable anymore as she passed the point of no return. There was no stopping her body’s release now as she strode up on the pedals and screamed. All she could hope for was to ride it out and try not to crash.

Unbelievably she passed three more riders while in full climax. All she had to do was hang on for another couple hundred yards and she’d make it to the finish line. With one last screaming contraction she crossed it just yards ahead of another rider.

With her orgasm slowing subsiding she coasted into the park to the stunned disbelief of the onlookers. Carrie was breathing heavily and tried to calm herself down momentarily forgetting she was naked and alone at the finish area. The sun had come out by now but the temperature was still pretty cool. Despite the cool temperature Carrie’s tall lean body was covered with a thin layer of perspiration which helped to camouflage the moisture running down her legs.

She was still breathing heavily as she turned to see Lisa and Karen roll through the finish line soon to be followed by Sue.

It wasn’t hard for them to spot their nude teammate as they slowed down to congratulate her. Even before Carrie had calmed down Karen came up to her and gave her a huge uninhibited naked hug.

“Way to go Girl.” Lisa yelled, “Where did you end up? You were so far in front of us that we didn’t even see you finish.”

“OMG…” Carrie yelled, still really wound up, “I think I was third but I’m not positive.”

“That’s unbelievable! That’s the best you’ve ever done. Best any of us have ever done.”

“OMG, that was unbelievable. I don’t know what got into you.” Lisa added.

Carrie knew exactly what got into her. She had been turned on like she was having sex the whole race with a mind blowing climax right at the end. Thanks god it didn’t happen a mile earlier or who knows what would have happened.

The girls surrounded her in a big team hug as she straddled her bike, her sex now bisected by the bike’s upper bar as she was pulled one way and then the other. The girls also seemed to forget Carrie’s lack of cloths as their hands wrapped her bare flesh.

“You’ll have to ride naked all the time if that’s the result.” Karen added.

“Naked…Holly shit!” Carrie said snapping back to reality. With her mind in a fog she had forgotten that she had ridden the entire race without a stitch of clothing on.

“Where is my stuff? I can’t just stand around like this.”

“Oh no!” said Sue, “I think we left it back at the starting line.”

“Guess you’ll just have to wear you summer outfit a little longer.” Karen said with a little laugh in her voice.

“Oh man this is unbelievable. You can’t expect me to just casually hang out here like this.” Carrie answered.

“Well it’s warmed up and the sun is out. And you’ll be getting a great tan.” Karen added.

Then Lisa in a very out of character remark said, “Carrie, look, you have an unbelievable figure that all us girls would die to have. Why don’t you take advantage of this strange twist and make all these other girls green with envy.”

“Come on Carrie, just relax and go with it.” Karen added.

The encouragement did wonders for Carrie’s ego but still… How was she going to be able to simply walk around all these people buck naked? It was just then that Deb from their rival school came by.

“Why don’t you cover up bitch or are you going to parade around like that all day?”

“You’re just jealous because you look like a football player.” Karen ripped back.

“My cloths are back at the starting line.” Carrie added.

“Well my, my. Looks like the bitch from South is going to be entertaining us for a little longer then.”

After Deborah walked away Carrie carefully got off the bike trying her hardest not to flash her now swollen pussy to too many people. She then took off her gloves and helmet leaving her in only her racing shoes and stylish racing glasses.

Karen took her bike and wheeled it to the others leaving Carrie standing for the first time with nothing, not even the bike as a prompt. Now she stood naked as the day she was born in the middle of a crowded park. It was quite an erotic sight, her naked body glistening in the sun, her body still damp from the perspiration. Together with her hot wraparound sun glasses and blonde hair made her every guy’s wet dream.

Usually at the end of the race the rider’s legs are burning but Carrie felt energized. The workout from the race left her on a bit of a physical high and the afterglow of a mind blowing orgasm left her feeling more alive than she had ever felt in her life. The cool air blowing over her slightly damp skin stimulated ever inch of her body like a thousand hands caressing her very being. As crazy as the situation was Carrie had never felt better. Every once in a while a little gust of wind would waffle over her bare breasts and sex and send a shiver of excitement through her body reminding her that she was in fact naked. The feeling however was so good at least for the moment that she figured, ‘What the hell. This just feels too good to let slip by.’

With that she forgot her nudity and joined her teammates as they headed over to the refreshment table. What a sight it was. Four college coeds walking through a mix of other racers and spectators, three in tight black and gold racing uniforms and one tall blonde in nothing but her nicely tanned skin. Heads turned as they passed. Those behind were mesmerized by the blonde’s tight heart shaped ass and smooth tight back, while the ones in front where treated to an even nicer view of her firm slightly upturned breasts and smooth hairless pussy. Many jaws hung open and sighed as they seemed hypnotized by the gently wobble of her breasts as they gently swayed in perfect rhythm with each step.

The only thing hidden from everyone’s view was her blue eyes which were behind a pair of sexy racing glasses. A few camera phones popped out as guys and even some girls reached to get a picture.

Carrie wasn’t used to all the attention but it only made her feel more exhilarated and alive. She was a little lost in the moment when one girl about her own age stopped her and asked politely if she could get a photo with her. She was surprised and wasn’t sure how to answer when the flash from another girl’s camera went off. She had half expected the guys to be checking her out and they certainly were but here were two girls openly asking to take a picture of her naked.

She wasn’t sure what to make of the request but felt strangely honored in a way and agreed. She even flashed a little smile as several flashes went off at once. Snapping back to reality she rejoined her friends and finally made it to the refreshment stand where they each grabbed a bottle of water.

“Oh man, this feels so good.” Carrie signed as she gulped down the water.

Just as she was about to finish she jumped in shock as Karen and Sue both poured their ice cold bottles over Carrie’s bare body.

“What are you doing?” Carrie yelled as she jumped.

“Just cooling that hot bod of yours off.” they giggled.

Now Carrie was naked and dripping wet which only made her display that much more erotic if that was possible. The sun shined off every muscle and curve making every little contour of her body stand out noticeable to anyone who happened to look, and looking they did as Carrie’s little yell attracted even more eager onlookers.

It was still pretty cool out, probably barely 60 degrees but the impromptu shower felt pretty good to Carrie as it cooled her still overheated body. It also served to rinse any remaining sweat and dirt from Carrie’s skin leaving her nearly shower fresh.

Carrie’s breasts were once again covered with a nice set of goose bumps and her nipples hardened to two sexy points pointing slightly skyward as if seeking a little warm from the sun.

“Enjoy your shower?” Lisa asked.

“Damn, that’s cold.” Carrie said as a little shiver shook her body briefly. The water was cold but invigorating at the same time just adding to Carrie’s excitement. She wouldn’t admit it but it felt great despite the chill in the air.

“Let’s check the results.” Karen added, “I bet with Carrie’s finish we qualified for the championships.”

So from there the girls walked over to where the scores were posted with similar attention from the many onlookers. Perhaps even more as everyone took on the now wet naked blonde.

“Aren’t you cold?” a woman in a sweat shirt asked Carrie as she approached the board.

“Not really. I just finished the race so I’m still pretty warm.” Carrie answered.

“Why are you naked anyway?” another woman asked.

“Oh it’s a long story. We lost one of our uniforms and they said this was ok so here I am.”

“Aren’t you embarrassed? I’d die if I was seen naked.” yet another woman asked.

“Well you don’t have as nice a figure as she does.” one of her friends said.

“I may have to take up biking if that’s the results.” she added.

It was like an interview as people asked Carrie questions. The weird thing was that almost all the questions were coming from women as the men seemed satisfied just to stare.

“Carrie, Carrie. Look at this.” Lisa yelled freeing Carrie from the endless rounds of questions.

It was quite crowded around the wall where the results were posted so you had to practically push your way through to see the results. Carrie being a little more exposed and vulnerable was being a little more careful than Lisa who all but pulled her through the mass of people. Carrie couldn’t help but hear some of the less than complimentary comments that some of the competitors were saying as she moved closer to the board.

“Here, here, look at that we finished 6th  out of 45 teams with you coming 3rd overall. That’s incredible. That’s the best we’ve ever done!” Lisa yelled giving Carrie another naked hug, not even caring that Carrie was still dripping wet.

And just as Lisa was hugging Carrie, Carrie let out a little yelp as she felt someone grab her on her firm butt cheek. She looked around but there were so many people it was impossible to tell who had done it.

“Isn’t that great? We get a ribbon and you get a trophy!”

“Oh My God, that’s fantastic.” Carrie thought not realizing that that meant she had to go up on stage and accept it.

Again she felt hands on her butt, this time Karen’s as she gave Carrie another hug.

Thrilled at their results the girls all congratulated one another and especially Carrie with her top three finish.

“You have to ride naked all the time now.” Karen added feeling Carrie up a little in the process.

“I will if you will.” Carrie answered almost as a dare.

“How’s your butt? Sue asked quietly, knowing that Carrie’s exposure was in a way all her fault. Had she not forgotten her uniform she would not have had to shame Carrie into giving up hers.

“It’s a little tender on the inside of my legs but nowhere near as bad as I thought it was going to be.

“I can’t imagine having those tender parts on that hard seat for that long.” Sue added.

The girls were still thirsty and headed back to the refreshment stand. As Carrie waited in line a woman asked the group if Carrie needed a wind breaker or something to put on. Carrie being a little distant from the woman didn’t hear the offer but Karen fearing an end to her fun with Carrie answered on Carries behalf.

“No thanks. She’s really hot and a friend is bringing our stuff shortly.” she lied, “But thanks for the offer.”

Carrie never heard the dialog otherwise would probably have answered a little differently.

This time Carrie dodged taking a shower and joined the team for a celebratory water bottle toast to their success.

They headed back hearing the beginning of the awards ceremony. Carrie had somehow all but forgotten about her nude state until she heard them announce her name for her third place finish.

“You have to get your trophy.” Karen and Lisa yelled.

“OMG, I can’t go up there like this.” Carrie replied.

“Sure you can. You deserve the trophy.”

“But…” Carrie yelled as her teammates all but dragged her to the found of the crowd.

“I can’t go up there. I’m naked.”

“Let them look. Maybe you’ll get some more people to take up bike racing.”

Carrie was proud that she had done so well, especially with her short time in the sport so far but… holy cow, she didn’t have a stitch on. It had started to cool off by now but Carrie didn’t feel it at all. She just turned beat red as Karen slapped her on the butt to go up and get her trophy. The shock made Carrie jump and all but leap forward and by then there was no turning back.

“There she is. Ah… and what a sight she is!” the announcer said as his voice fell off in astonishment.

Apparently he had not seen the naked competitor or at least didn’t expect her to come up to get her trophy bare assed naked. Cameras flashed as Carrie quickly accepted her trophy and a peck on the cheek from a confused commissioner who didn’t’ seem to know what to do when presented by a nude woman.

Carrie quickly scampered off but before she could get back to her teammates got cornered by a female reporter.

“Carrie, Carrie. I’m from Star News. Can I ask you a few questions?”

Carrie tried to sneak off but Karen intercepted her and ran up, “Sure. Please do.”

“Carrie, congratulations on your third place finish.” the reporter asked, “But first I have to ask the obvious. What happened to your clothes? I understand you did the whole race naked.”

“Well, it started when we forgot one of our uniforms.” Carrie answered.

By then Karen, Lisa and Sue had all joined the naked Carrie.

“The judges said she couldn’t race if she wasn’t in uniform but then said she could ride naked.” Karen added finishing Carrie’s explanation.,“Isn’t she great!?”

“That’s amazing.” the reported added. As the girls all huddled around Carrie, arms draped over Carrie’s shoulder with Karen’s around her waist a small crowd gathered to take in the erotic interview.

“Weren’t you embarrassed? I mean you have an incredible figure but I can’t imagine riding naked.”

“It was terrifying at first but then as the race got underway you kind of focus on the race.” Carrie added.

“Where are your cloths now?” the reporter asked as her eye wandered over Carrie’s bare body.

“They’re back at the starting line I think… I hope!” Carrie said as she jumped slightly as Karen grabbed and squeezed Carrie’s bare butt in mid sentence.

“Aren’t you cold out here dressed like that, er um, not dressed, I mean.” the reported asked getting a little distracted by the sight in front of her.

“No, it’s been such a wild day. It’s actually a little exhilarating.” Carrie said, loosing her embarrassment a bit as a couple of people yelled her name.

“Love your race uniform.” someone yelled out causing Carrie to break a smile.

“Well, it sounds like your uniform is a hit. I think the guys hope you wear it at the next race again.” the reported added.

“Lets’ get a picture of the hottest race team on the circuit.” the woman from Star News said.

“You can’t print a picture of me in your newspaper. Not like this.” Carrie said, embarrassed once again.

“Sure we can. We just have to put some bars over your naughty bits.”

And before Carrie could object the reporter rattled off several pictures with all of the South Team surrounding their bare friend.

Just after the photos taken, Lisa headed off to catch a ride back to the starting area to pick up their car, leaving Carrie to spend the next half hour milling around in her summer uniform as Karen had put it. Carrie was starting to feel the chill but the constant attention was keeping her warm from the inside. When Lisa finally arrived back Carrie immediately looked for her clothes but none were found.

“OK, the show is over. What did you to with my cloths?” she pleaded as the others loaded their bikes.

“Oh come on Carrie, this has been such a wild time, let’s not have it end.” Karen replied.

“Well, remember when you first took your warm ups off. Well, we put them down by the rest of our stuff but when I got back they were gone.” Lisa explained.

“You got to be kidding!”

“Actually no.”

“OK, who’s going to lend me their warm-ups?”

“Bet you can’t ride back naked?” Karen said with a challenging voice.

“But it’s starting to get cold.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll turn up the heater.” Lisa assured her naked teammate.

“Just get in Carrie. We can straighten this out on the way.” Sue added.

With that Carrie jumped in the back seat with Karen for the 4 hour trip back to their school, never getting her cloths back until they stopped for dinner in a small town near their school. Even then the girls threatened to have Carrie dine in the buff only relenting when Carrie refused to leave the car.

The adventure changed Carrie forever. She developed a new found confidence in herself as a result of the experience becoming a frequent visitor to the nearby clothing optional beach and developing the most exotic perfect tan which her teammates encouraging her to show off at every opportunity. The girls pulled numerous pranks on Carrie after that. Twice taking her clothes from her locker when she forget to lock it, each time forcing her to sneak back to her dorm in just a towel, and often taking all her stuff when she showered in the dorm.

The End