The Naked Gymnast

by Misslexia Â©

Hello. My name is Miranda. It was during my second year at university that

this incident happened. I hope you find the retelling of it interesting. I

am blushing at the recall of the events and hope that by putting them here

for everyone to read it will start to free me from my embarrassment.

I was a keen gymnast. Not a very good one, but I belonged to a club as a

child and so, when I started at university I decided to join the

gymnastics club, partly to keep fit and active but also to make friends.

During my second year our coach, a quite fierce lady called Carole

Hathaway, decided that we should enter some competitions, to sharpen us up

by giving us something to aim for. I was selected to do the floor

exercises; my friends Trish (beam), Monica (asymmetric bars) and Julia

(vault) were also selected. We all practised hard, but also had a good

laugh.

I overslept on the day of the competition and was woken by Julia knocking

frantically on my door. I got up, dressed hurriedly and threw my kit into

my bag and dashed out. Miss Hathaway was driving, and I was squeezed in

the back with Monica and Julia. I hadn't kept them waiting and we soon

arrived at the venue, only a few minutes late.

We were directed to the changing room. To my dismay it was just a room

with benches round it and not the changing cubicles I was used to at the

university. This was a big thing for me, especially surrounded by other

gymnasts, since I was rather self-conscious of my figure. By normal

standards my figure is fine, but in the company of other gymnasts I am

always one of the plumper and curvier ones. For some time now I have found

it quite intimidating to be surrounded by so many stunning figures.

Reluctantly I put my bag on the bench with the other girls and began to

change.

I took my kit from my bag and saw that I had forgotten to pack my sports

bra. Inwardly I groaned; if my ordinary bra didn't show under my leotard I

would have to try to wear that. I took off my clothes folding them

carefully. I felt that everyone else was staring at me as they sat round

the edge of the room, already changed. I struggled into my leotard.

"You can't wear those with that Miranda!" said Monica in a whisper that

was just too loud and attracted a few peoples attention.

"What can't I wear?" I mumbled back, conscious of the attention.

"Those knickers. They show!"

I looked down. She was right. I had forgotten how hi-cut the legs were on

my competition leotard. Cursing under my breath, I struggled out of the

leotard and then, blushing, slipped out of my knickers. I wouldn't be the

first time I had gone knicker-less under my leotard and no-one will know I

told myself. Behind me I was sure I heard giggling as I redressed.

My bra was another no-no. The straps were in just the wrong places and the

back just too high. I slipped my arms out of the leotard and reached back

to unhook my bra. I was sure several of the girls were staring at my

boobs, thinking how disgustingly big they were for me to do gym. I blushed

some more and pulled my top back on.

There was nothing to do now but wait as the floor exercises were scheduled

last. To be supportive we all made our way to the arena to watch each

other.

As we walked through the crowd of spectators and competitors I noticed

that I was attracting attention. Men couldn't take their eyes off my bust.

As I walked my boobs were jiggling furiously, without the support of my

sports bra. I blushed. My bum too was drawing attention from those behind

me as the material rode up, exposing my bum cheeks. I was pleased when we

reached the seating area and I could hide amongst my friends.

The seating was a system of wooden benches, we had quite a bit of room in

our corner and I leant back, relaxing, trying to concentrate on the

competition. My team mates did well in their events and we were in with a

small chance of finishing in the top three teams.

My event was next. I sat up, or rather I tried to. The back of my leotard

was caught on something. I tugged forward. This time I moved by there was

a distinct ripping sound.

"Oh my god, Miranda, you've torn the back out of your leotard!" exclaimed

Trish.

She was right. The material had torn in a gaping hole exposing my back all

the way down to my bum.

"Shit!" I exclaimed, "What can I do?"

Like my leotard I was torn. If I didn't compete our chances of a medal

were gone and it didn't seem fair on the others. On the other hand I

couldn't compete looking like this. Then there was an announcement over

the loudspeakers.

"Last call for the competitors in the floor exercises. Report to the

judges table immediately!"

Julia had an idea.

"Quick Miranda, borrow my leotard, it shouldn't be too small" Julia

offered and she began to take hers off. Under hers she was wearing a

sports bra and knickers, so for her it was no worse than being on the beach

in a bikini.

"I've nothing on under mine" I whispered.

"No-one's looking, be quick" she urged.

She was wrong. I could see some of people around me smirking as I began to

strip off my leotard, revealing my nakedness. Just as Julia handed me her

leotard there was another announcement.

"Floor exercise competitors must report to the judges table within the

next 30 seconds, please; otherwise they will be disqualified."

I looked at the people around me smirking at my predicament.

"You'll have to go!" said Julia. "Put it on over there."

The rule was really petty, but Julia was right. If I didn't go, they would

throw me out of the competition and that would ruin our chances in the

team competition. Blushing I clutched the leotard in front of me, hiding

my boobs and pussy as best I could, very conscious of my naked bum as I

made my way down the steps and around the arena floor. The stares of the

passers-by burnt into me as I struggled not to expose too much flesh. I

tried not to hear the comments, some rude ("look at the chubby one!") some

rude, but complimentary ("nice bum!") and some just shocked ("She's got

nothing on!"). I tried not to listen, but I couldn't. The comments burnt

into my mind, just as much as my cheeks were burning. There was worse to

come. The judges table was on the far side of the main hall. The main

hall, full of spectators, officials and competitors! And so there I made

my way; naked, clutching the leotard to my front, blushing and wishing

this nightmare could be over.

The sight of a naked gymnast, clutching her leotard in front of her did

not go un-noticed. A ripple of noise, people giggling or muttering,

followed me round the hall, causing anyone who hadn't spotted me to look

to see what the commotion was all about. I was the centre of attention. I

blushed deeply and fought back the tears I could feel welling up in my

eyes.

After what seemed like an eternity I arrived at the judges table and

reported in.

"You appear to be having a bit of a problem" observed the chief judge, a

sharp-faced woman.

"I ripped my leotard and I didn't have time to change properly."

"Well you'll have to slip it on as quickly as you can, you're first."

"First, can't I swap?" I pleaded.

"No!" snapped the woman nastily, "if you are not on the floor in 10

seconds you forfeit your go."

I quickly stepped into the leotard, not caring if anyone saw more than

they had already seen, and staggered towards the mat trying to pull the

leotard up my legs as I went. Julia was a size smaller than me and I was

tricky to get it over my hips.

For a few seconds my boobs and pussy were completely exposed.

I tugged frantically and finally I just had to slip my arms into the

sleeves and pull it up fully. Luckily I had got it on the right way round!

I was not very comfortable. The leotard was cutting in round my crotch and

riding up round my bum, but the music started and off I went into my

routine. There was a murmur of approval form the men as I ran across the

mat for my first jump sequence as my boobs jiggled, but I managed to

concentrate and hit my landing. I managed to shut my embarrassment out of

my find as I focussed on the next sequence. I performed admirably under

the circumstances and it seemed that my ordeal had made me something of an

audience favourite, as I received loud applause at the conclusion of each

sequence, and evenly louder applause with a few cheers mixed in. As I ran

off at the end I burst into teas of relief.

I didn't win, but did well enough for the team to sneak into third place.

At the medal ceremony I borrowed a tracksuit, so Julia could have her

leotard back, changing in the sanctuary of the changing rooms.

"Well done Miranda, you coped very well under difficult circumstances,"

said Miss Hathaway approvingly, as we drove home.

"Yes well done!" chorused the others.

Julia had the last word, making us all laugh.

"If flashing like that wins us bronze medals, you'll have to compete naked

next time. You can be Miranda the naked gold medallist!"

"No way!" I said firmly.

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And that was the story of the time I was naked in front of a hall full of

people. Thanks to this site people all over the world will know about it.

That should help me overcome my embarrassment... shouldn't it?

The Naked Gymnast's Night Out

by Misslexia Â©

Hello again, I'm Miranda, remember me? Perhaps you have read my account of

my misadventures at a gymnastics contest, where I ended up naked in front

of a crowd. I put my story on this site when I was advised to talk about

it to overcome my deep sense of humiliation. I did feel strangely

liberated by doing it; oddly knowing that the whole world could read it

took away some of the shame.

What I didn't expect was for it to land me in another, similar situation

only last month.

Since leaving university I have been working for a financial company in

the City. Recently I changed departments and found myself working with a

girl of my own age called Linzi. We quickly became friends as well as

colleagues, often going out after work to have a good time. One Friday she

told me that she had arranged for us to go on a double date. She had met a

guy over lunch and arranged to meet him and his mate at a club that

evening. I wasn't exactly dressed for clubbing but she was so insistent I

agreed. Linzi suggested that we went back to her place, using the tube,

where she'd find me something to wear.

On the way she chatted incessantly about James, the guy she had met. He

was apparently, perfect, good-looking, sensitive, a real gentleman and

nothing like her previous boyfriends. She may have said some more but I

stopped listening a few stops into our journey and just tried to appear

interested. Her flat was a short walk from the tube station and we soon

arrived.

Once there she sorted me out something to wear to the club. This proved a

little problematic as our dress sizes weren't a perfect match. As I

mentioned in my first story, whilst I am not fat, I am quite curvy whereas

Linzi is less well-endowed, even a bit skinny. Thus any of her dresses

were quite snug. Wearable, but definitely figure hugging! Eventually we

settled on a white halter-neck dress and now the seeds for disaster were

sown.

Linzi passed judgment on my appearance. "The dress looks fine, but your

bra straps are showing and you have the worst case of visible panty line

in the history of the world!"

"Well I'll have to take them both off then. I'll go commando!" I replied

giggling.

Perhaps if we hadn't had a couple of glasses of wine already or perhaps if

I wasn't feeling quite so self confident after unburdening myself by

posting the story of the gym contest on the internet I would had said

something different, but I didn't and so a few minutes later we were on

our way back to the tube to go back into town for our double date.

The walk back to the tube station had proved that the dress provided

almost, but not quite enough support for my boobs, which jiggled furiously

as I walked, and that the dress was very figure hugging. I was attracting

lots of admiring glances from passing men, which I found very flattering.

On the tube even the motion of the train caused my boobs to jiggle, which

proved of great interest to the guy opposite. Unfortunately for him his

girlfriend didn't like the way he was staring so he got a dig in the ribs

and I got a filthy look. As we neared town the carriage filled up and

people had to stand. A sleazy looking businessman, in a cheap suit, took

advantage of this to stand in front of me trying to look at my cleavage.

However I didn't mind too much or so I kept telling my self. A small voice

inside my head kept telling me I should have worn a less revealing outfit

and kept my underwear on.

At the club we met James and my date for the evening Mark. We stood around

drinking for a while. For someone who was supposed to be with Linzi, it

struck me that James was paying me rather a lot of attention. Things got

worse when Mark took a call on his mobile and made his excuses and left.

"Never mind Miranda, we'll just make it a threesome!" said James in the

sort of tone of voice that suggested that he was only joking, but that if

we were up for the idea, then he was serious.

"No thanks, I probably leave too soon."

"Oh that's a shame" said Linzi in a voice full of relief. She'd obviously

noticed James eyeing me up.

James took control and bought another round of drinks, postponing my

departure. Obviously cross Linzi went to the loo. James made his move.

"You look stunning in that dress, Miranda."

"Thanks, but aren't you Linzi's date?"

"Well she's very nice, but I like a woman with curves in the right places"

he said leering at me, adding "Like you."

"Sorry James, but Linzi's a good friend so I'm not gonna do this to her."

"Ok Miranda, fair enough. Can I have one dance as a consolation?"

I probably should have refused. Once we were on the dance floor he took

every chance to pull me close to him, feeling my curves, which he so

admired, through the thin material of the dress. It wasn't unpleasant,

quite the reverse, but I knew Linzi wouldn't be too pleased. As we came

off the dance floor I could tell from her face, furious, rather than

unhappy, was nearer the truth.

"Having fun?" she snapped.

"Look, Linzi, it was just one dance, I didn't wanna be rude and refuse."

"Yeah, right!" she muttered and then she threw her drink over me. I was

drenched in rum and cola all down the front of the white dress.

Immediately she was apologetic, as concerned about me as her dress. We set

off for the loo to try to repair the damage. She wet some paper towel and

began dabbing at the dress, muttering "I'm sorry" over and over. Her

dabbing was having little effect.

"Look Miranda, slip the dress off, I'll soak it in the sink and dry it

under the hand drier."

"Linzi I can't, I've got no underwear on remember."

"Please, the dress will be ruined and you can hide in one of the cubicles.

Please!"

I felt so guilty that she had thought I was trying to steal James and she

was so insistent I agreed. In the privacy of a cubicle I slipped out of

the wet dress and handed it to her.

"Be quick!" I hissed, closing the door.

"Have fun, you man-stealing slut! I'm leaving now, see you later Miranda!"

And with that she was gone! I was naked in a night club toilet, with just

my shoes and my handbag. I sat on the loo seat and began to cry.

I wasn't left to cry for long. There was a banging on the door.

"Oi! There's people out here needing a piss, come out and snivel somewhere

else!" called out and angry sounding woman. A few other voices were raised

in agreement.

I kept quiet, not knowing what to say. The banging on the door got angrier

then subsided as a new voice appeared.

"Keep the noise down! What's going on here?"

I listened as the situation was explained. There was a more civilized

knock on the door and then a calmer voice asked "This is Ms Scott,

assistant manager. Are you alright Miss?"

That's a good question I thought. Does naked in a night club loo count as

alright I wondered?

"Umm, I'm not hurt or ill but I do have a bit of a problem."

"What's your name?"

"Miranda" I replied.

"Well Miranda, what's the matter?"

"My friend spilt her drink over my dress and she said she'd wash it out,

so I took it off and she had gone with the dress." I hesitated, biting my

lip, before adding, "So now I've got nothing on."

There was laughter from the crowd.

There were signs that Ms Scott was trying very hard not to laugh as she

said, "Well if you'd unlock the door we can go to my office where you

might be more comfortable."

Reluctantly I unlocked the door and emerged to be confronted by the crowd

and Ms Scott. The anger had turned into amusement, although the woman

nearest the door did push past me into the loo before I had got out of the

door. Ms Scott took off her waistcoat and saying, "Put this on Miranda and

we'll go to the office."

I did put it on but it was very short, leaving me exposed below the waist

and its very fitted style meant that it wouldn't button up to cover my

boobs. I held it as shut as I could manage with one hand and held my

handbag so it covered my pussy, took a deep breath and followed Ms Scott

out of the safety of the ladies loo and into the club. Her office was on

the far side of the club to the toilets, on the far side of the dance

floor and bar area, so I was lead right round the club. It was quite dark,

as night clubs usually are, but it was too bright for my liking. Calling

on all my reserves of confidence I tried to walk proudly behind Ms Scott,

rather that skulking as if something was wrong, but it was a faÃ§ade.

Inside I was flinching from every look and every comment. It was hard not

to flash a glimpse of my pubic hair or my boobs and every time I did

someone seemed to see. Just like the time at the gym contest people, guys

mostly, felt obliged to make some comment. "Nice tits!" or "Look at her

arse; I'd like a piece of that!" or "Give us a proper flash darling". I

felt my cheeks glowing with the redness of my humiliation and

embarrassment. It was even worse than before as this time guys were able

to slap or pinch my bum as I passed and believe me they did. It seemed

like an eternity but eventually we reached the office.

I sat in the chair indicated by Ms Scott. We spent a few moments going

over the events of the evening and discussing my options. We agreed that

although it might prove tricky I needed to get back to Linzi's flat where

my belongings and clothes were as it was much nearer than my flat and I

did know where she kept her spare key. The helpful and efficient Ms Scott

("Call me Annie") agreed to help me find a taxi and something to wear,

although not in that order.

Annie searched high and low. There was no lost property that was any use,

just a few umbrellas and makeup bags.

"Oddly enough we don't get many people losing dresses and skirts" remarked

Annie without a hint of sarcasm, "if it had been winter there might have

been a few coats."

However, being summer no one was wearing coats for them to lose. There

were no spare staff uniforms either. All the clothing her searching found

was a cut-off tee-shirt, left over from a drink promotion a few months

previously. It was clearly meant to be worn over something as it barely

covered my boobs, but it was a start. I returned her waistcoat, guessing

that she'd prefer me not to wrap it round my still exposed lower regions.

The worst part of the search was the constant flow of staff into her

office. Every single one of the apologized for interrupting, but every

single one of the men made sure they got a good long look at me as I sat

there, trying to cover as much as I could with just my handbag and the

tiny tee-shirt.

Annie seemed not to notice, dealing with their questions quickly and then

continuing her search. Finally she locked me in while she went to search a

store room, returning a few minutes later.

"Have you ever worn a sarong?" was her greeting to me on her reply. My

hopes soared.

"You could wrap this tea-towel round you like a really short sarong. It's

all I can find."

My hopes plummeted. A tea-towel? Undaunted she produced a safety pin from

her desk and made me try it out.

It was a very small tea-towel and whilst it could be pinned at the waist,

it lacked the material to wrap around like a sarong. In fact it barely met

at all below the waist, leaving a great expanse of thigh uncovered! We

both looked and the expression on Annie's face showed that she felt as

unhappy as I did. I was glad to be covered up at last, even if I still had

a bare midriff, bare legs, right up to my waist on one side don't forget,

and a top that just covered my boobs. We agreed that it was the best we

could do. She tried to ring a cab for me, but was told that, due to a

thunderstorm outside, about which we had no idea, there were no cabs for

several hours. I was desperate to get home so I told her I would get the

tube. She seemed doubtful.

"Are you sure you'll be ok, you've not got much on."

I wasn't sure, but I lied. "I'll be fine; there are girls out there with

as little on, at least I am covered up now and there are umbrellas in lost

property!"

Annie walked with me to the exit. This time, covered up somewhat, there

were no comments, but plenty of guys still looked, undressing me with

their eyes. Not that their eyes had much work to do. Outside it was

pouring down. The tube station was only a few minutes away and I had an

umbrella, but I still got pretty wet. My high heels made it dangerous to

run in the wet and walking too quickly caused my tea-towel skirt to gape

open even wider and my boobs to jiggle free from the tee-shirt, so I was

only able to walk. By the time I reached the station my 'skirt' was

clinging to me, tracing every curve. And I mean every curve. My tee-shirt

was also a bit wet, just enough to cling to my boobs and show that the

coldness of the air had made my nipples rather too perky for my liking.

I was close to tears as I made my way through the entrance hall and got on

the escalators down to the trains. The downpour had made the station busy

and in the harsh light off the station I could feel everyone staring at

me. I felt my lip begin to tremble, but I bit it and force myself onwards.

'Let them stare', I told my self, 'I hope they enjoy the view, they're

only looking because I look good.' I didn't really believe myself, but it

helped a little.

The two minute wait for the train seemed like two hours, but no-one said

anything to me. When the train arrived the rush of air through the tunnel

ahead of it caused my makeshift skirt to flap about. I'm sure the men on

the bench behind me must have had an excellent view of my bum, but they

said nothing. Perhaps they couldn't believe what they were seeing! The

train was busy, which was a blessing and a curse. It was full enough so

that no-one dared try anything too outrageous, but full enough for me have

my bum touched, 'accidentally' by the guy behind me, several times, before

I stepped hard on his foot with my high heels before turning round and

saying sorry. He gave me no bother after that and my coolness in dealing

with him made my confidence rise, especially as no I was facing him he

could see my jiggling boobs. Every time he glanced I caught him and he

looked away shamefaced.

By the time I was taking the short walk to Linzi's flat I was ready to

give her what for. Soaked to the skin, the tee-shirt virtually

transparent, I lifted the flower pot to find the spare key, but as I did

the door opened.

"Miranda! Its you! Thank goodness!" she cried, hugging me and dragging me

into the flat. "I've been so worried!"

"Worried!" I exclaimed, "You left me naked in a nightclub in the middle of

town!"

"Only long enough to give James a piece of my mind."

"You were gone ages."

"It took longer than I realized, he was quite reluctant to let me go. He

kept saying you had thrown yourself at him and I so wanted to believe him.

In the end I came to my senses and went back to the loo to find you, but

you'd gone."

I could see how sincere she was so I calmed down a bit. Telling her the

story, bits of it seemed almost funny, to her at least.

"I was so worried cos I knew how much you hated it the last time" she

said.

"The last time?" I replied puzzled.

"At the gym contest; I read your story on the internet and when I was

really cross I remembered it. I wanted to pay you back and what better way

than to leave you naked in public again. I could tell from your story how

much you hated it."

"You read my story?"

"Yeah, there were enough clues in it for me to see at once it was you. I

visit that site all the time."

I was stunned.

"Can you forgive me?" she asked.

I nodded. "I can see I'll have to be more careful in future."

So there you have it. My cathartic story of nakedness caused me to have to

suffer again. Linzi insisted we put this story on the same site, just for

a laugh, although it took many glasses of wine to persuade me. She reckons

I should ask readers if they liked this story.

Well did you?

Miranda x