**The Passion for the Game**

**How it All Started**

By Carrie

**Part 1**

**Chapter 1**

I was numb thinking about what I was going to do, or should I say what my friend Lisa has talked me into doing. This was still my first season playing on the Professional Volleyball Tour and my partner and myselfwere still feeling ourselves out and hadn’t had much success so far. We’ve only advanced past the first round once and our last tournament didn’t go very well. Tanya, my partner, had a couple years more experience on the tour and was being very patient, but I knew if things stayed the way they were I’d be looking for a new partner next season, if I’m fortunate enough to play again at all. It really wasn’t the losing that bothered her so much as the fact that we weren’t getting any notice from the press or the promotions department and I think for Tanya she sometimes wanted the attention more than the victories.

She kept saying “Anna Kournikova never won a single tennis tournament, but she made millions in endorsements and is world famous. I would also love to have some product endorsements if only to so cover our expenses.”

I can’t say I‘d mind making some money, but for me I do this because I love to play volleyball. I’ve been playing since I was 8 years old when my mother and I moved to southern California and my dream was always to play on the professional beach tour. Even though we had lost in my first few tourneys I’ve been living my dream and have had a blast, but the losing is getting to me because I want to win. I know though that I’m just a rookie and I need to grow before I can really raise my game. The one thing that Tanya and I do have in common though is a love for our fans. So far I’ve only signed a handful of autographs and most of those were for children who didn’t know that I was still a nobody. While I don’t need to be Misty May or Kerri Walsh who are followed everywhere they go, it would be nice to at least have the fans know who we were.

Who am I? My name is Carrie Treadwell and I’m 20 years old. Along with playing pro volleyball I also take college courses in my off time and a few correspondence courses during the season. I promised my mother before I joined the tour that I would at least get a BA so that I would have something to fall back on when I can no longer compete. I didn’t have quite the volleyball build, which might have been why I struggled to keep up with some of the bigger and stronger women. I was tall like the rest at 5’ 10” but although I was in excellent shape I was on the skinny side and sometimes lacked the strength of some of the other players. Also unlike most of the rest of the women I had a chest. I wasn’t so much more than a B cup but compared to most of the other women that was large.

My lifelong friend Lisa and I both decided to major in Women’s Studies, which is something I thought would be easy, I mean I am a woman after all, but it turns out it’s not as easy as I thought it would be. What’s worse though is that Lisa is so damn good at it, in fact without her help I probably would’ve had to drop out, she’s so into it that she’s basically become a full fledged feminist and preaches it constantly.

You’d think that would conflict with me being on the Beach Volleyball Circuit, but she saw it as a way to raise women’s position in the male dominated world of sports. “We need to embrace our womanhood to the max level.” she’d said on more than one occasion. “It just makes me sick that in the Middle East woman are forced to obey their husbands every wish, no matter how awful the task may be, not to mention they have to wear those heavy burqas that cover their whole bodies in that awful heat. I can’t believe in this day and age that a woman is automatically considered a whore in some parts of the world, if she shows off the slightest bit of skin out in public. Doesn’t it make you sick too Carrie?”

“Of course.” I would always answer, which was somewhat truthful, I mean I’d hate to wear something like that in 100 degree heat. But to be honest I don’t really think about that stuff that much, at least not as much as Lisa does. Usually I’m too busy worrying about the next tournament to think about how the Muslims live. Then just the other day, when the tour arrived in the bay area, Lisa drove up to meet me and have lunch, and during this lunch she decided to compare the plight of the Muslim women to beach volleyball.

“Could you imagine what would happen if your tour ever went to the Middle East?” she began. “Could you imagine the uproar at the thought of women playing sports in nothing but those small bikinis you guys wear? They would probably force you to play in burqas or risk getting arrested.“

“Yeah that would suck.” I replied as I was eating my salad. “Lucky for us the tour doesn’t go there.”

“It just blows my mind that the men would be able to play in their usual trunks while the women would have to cover themselves from head to toe. You’d have to run around and chase that ball while wearing those restrictive outfits. Could you imagine how hot and uncomfortable that would be?”

“Yeah that would suck.” I repeated.

“Could you imagine playing any kind of sport in those things? You notice those countries never send a woman’s team into the World Cup or the Olympics. I know I’m quite sure there was no Iranian team for beach volleyball in the last Summer Olympics, even though most of their country was covered with sand. It just angers me every time I think about it.”

“Yeah I can see that.” I said glibly. “But what can you do? We don’t make the laws there.”

“That’s unfortunate but true.” she agreed. “Unless Mohammed comes down from wherever he is and tells the men that women deserve equal rights nothing over there is going to change. At least you’re lucky you get to play in that bikini uniform of yours so you can move around freely in the sand.”

“Yeah I’m just so lucky.” Actually the one thing I’m not that fond of about the game are the uniforms, personally I think they’re too small to play in. My uniform is basically a blue bikini, which is fine I guess, but I don’t see why it has to be so tiny. I’m actually one of the few women on the tour who has a more substantial chest, so the small top I wear makes them stand out more and after a few near-mishaps I always fear one of my boobs is going to pop out in the middle of a game. And I always have problems with my bottoms riding up my ass all the time. I mean at times they can be a real pain. If I had my way my top would cover a bit more, something similar to what Brandi Chastain wore when she threw off her jersey after scoring the winning goal in the World Cup (I still can’t believe the fuss they made over that in the media, that thing was practically a tank top.) so that I could get better support and not feel as self conscience about my boobs falling out, plus I would make the bottoms more like shorts instead of a bikini, since there’s less chance of it riding up on me.Until then though I’m so thrilled to be on the tour that I’ll wear a clown outfit as long as I get to keep playing.

“You really do have a nice body Carrie.” Lisa complimented. Something she does regularly. “You should be glad you live in a country where you can play a sport like this and wear the proper uniform.”

“I’m blessed everyday.” I appeased her and then noticed that Tanya had come down and we waved her over to join us.

“Whatchuall talking about.” Tanya asked us as she sat down. “Ooo that salad looks good Carrie, I think I’ll order one.”

“We were just talking about how lucky you are that you don’t live in the Middle East and would have to play in burqas.“ Lisa explained to her.

“Yeah that is cool.” Tanya agreed. “I’d hate to have to live there and be married to some ugly brillowhead Arab with an ugly mustache and not be able to do my own thing.”

“Yes and you get to wear bikinis here when you play too.” Lisa added.

“Yeah too bad Carrie here doesn’t really like that part.” Tanya told her, which was supposed to be just between us but I guess Tanya didn’t know that.

“You don’t like that part?” Lisa repeated. “Since when have you not liked your uniform?”

“She says it’s a little restrictive on her.” Tanya answered for me. “Her bottoms rise up on her a lot and I think sometimes that it slows her down and I know she’s always paranoid one of her tits is going to pop out.”

“Really?” Lisa seemed very surprised to hear this. “You never told me this Carrie, how come?”

“I never thought it was that important.” I replied not really wanting to talk about this.

“Not important?” Lisa said with raised eyebrows. “How can you tell me that’s not important? How long have you felt this way?”

“Since the beginning.” Tanya answered for me again. Jesus she needs to shut up.

“This whole time I’ve been telling you how lucky you are to be able to wear what you want and you don’t actually like wearing the bikini? My God Carrie this is very important.”

“It’s not that big of deal.” I tried to tell her hoping she’d drop this. “Everyone wears them and they don’t really interfere with my game.”

“I don’t know about that.” Tanya disagreed. “Both coach Didi and I have discussed that you don’t move as fast in games as you do in practice when you wear your workout outfit. You just seem so uncomfortable out there some days.”

Lisa seemed a bit upset. “I’ve noticed that too. All this time I thought it was just because you were either nervous or that you’re a rookie, but now I think they’re right, you’re uncomfortable in your uniform.”

“Maybe she should just play naked?” Tanya suggested. At the time I believe jokingly but unfortunately Lisa jumped all over that idea.

“That would be a great idea.” Lisa shouted. “I know if we lived in Europe she would be able to play topless on most of the beaches there. I bet if she played without the uniform she’d move a whole lot quicker like we know she can.”

“Oh good God. I can’t play naked.” I jumped in almost horrified at the thought.

“Why not?” Lisa asked. I couldn’t believe how serious she sounded.

“Well for one it’s illegal.” I replied as I felt a couple of butterflies growing in my stomach at the thought of going out in front of a crowd exposed like that, not to mention jumping and diving for the ball. “I’m sure I’d be arrested and charged with indecency. Second I’m sure it’s against league rules to not wear the proper uniform.”

“Well we could talk to Ms. Tipton about that.” Tanya seemed to joke; although looking back I guess she wasn’t. Ms. Tipton was the league commissioner who over saw the daily operations, not to mention she was an obvious lesbian who I’ve caught looking at me on more than one occasion. “Maybe if you’re nice to her she’ll let you try it.”

“I can’t imagine her doing that.” I had said and would later find out I was wrong. “But even if she did like I said it’s against the law and I really don’t want to be arrested, in fact it might get me thrown off the tour.”

“You’re forgetting something though Carrie,” Lisa jumped with a confident look on her face “you’re playing in San Francisco, which is one of the most liberal cities in the whole country. If there were anyplace that would let you get away with this it would be here.”

“You don’t know that.” I insisted. I had begun to become somewhat defensive since it seemed that they were actually serious about this.

“Well if Ms. Tipton agrees to this I’m sure she could talk to someone at City Hall who might be willing to turn a blind eye to our experiment.” Tanya suggested with a half smile.

“Oh I’m sure that wouldn’t be a problem.” Lisa added. “I know full well that there are plenty of feminists and open-minded people there that would love this idea.”

“You guys are serious, aren’t you?” I said as I realized that they wanted me to actually try that. “I can’t believe you think I would do something like that.”

“Oh come on Carrie.” Lisa began in that tone of voice she’s used to get me to do things, the one that she’s used for years and with too much success for my liking. “This is just what you need to improve your game, it’s just what you and your partner need to get some notice, it’s what the tour would need to draw more attention, plus it empowers you as a woman and sets a good example for others and frees you up from all those old stuffy stereotypes that a woman has to be covered or she’s a whore. You have a beautiful body and you shouldn’t be ashamed of it, especially if it helps your game.”

“Helps me?” I nearly shouted. “I’ll be naked in front of hundreds of people chasing a ball around.”

“And I’ll bet it’ll be liberating. Oh my gosh Carrie you have to do this.”

“Plus if it gets us more attention I’m all for it.” Tanya gladly added. “I meanlets face we’re wallowing in obscurity out there and this at the very least will let people know who we are.”

“Then you play naked.” I shot at her.

“My uniform doesn’t slow me down.” she replied. “Plus as much as I hate to admit it you look much better naked than I do.”

“Oh, she would really make a statement all right.” Lisa agreed. “Guys would be in love with her and want to spend money to see her, women would admire her for her courage, and even the city would be glad, because they get to look that much more progressive. You have to do this Carrie, for the good of your game and womankind.”

I argued over and over again against the idea, but Lisa was relentless, like she always is, and by the end of the afternoon she had me agreed to it but only if it was cleared with Ms. Tipton first. Of course I only agreed because I was sure she’d nix the idea but to my shock she was all for it, in fact she seemed to love the whole idea.

“And since it’ll be in the early round we won’t have to worry about TV so only the crowd in attendance will see.” she gleefully acknowledged. “The word of mouth will be outstanding.”

Hoping to get out of it though I told them they had to get clearance from the city which I thought for sure would say ’no’ but once again they were right and I wasn’t. Not only did they agree to it, they said that they’d provide extra police just to make sure that I was safe. I’m not sure how they did it, but now I’m actually expected to go out in front of a crowd and play beach volleyball in nothing but a visor, sunglasses and a lot of sun block.

Which leads me to where I am now, standing back in the dressing area about to get ready for our game. I watched Tanya change into her usual blue bikini uniform, which for the first time I found myself wishing I could put mine on too, and then she turned to me to let me know it was time for me to change.

I told her change implies putting something else on. This is more like just stripping. “Fine. Strip then.” she said.

“Time for our coming out party Carrie.” Tanya said almost in a teasing fashion. “You should probably wear the jacket for the walk out but you can go bare underneath. When you take the jacket off it’ll make for a nice moment out there.”

I can’t believe I’m about to do this. My stomach was all-aflutter and my hands were practically shaking as I pulled off my top and unbuttoned my shorts and let them drop to the ground. Oh God what is my mother going to think if she finds out about this? Coach Didi came in to see, if we were ready and Tanya told her we would be once I got my ’undies’ off. She seemed a little too excited about this for my liking, but I guess in her mind we were going to get the attention that she wanted. God how did Lisa talk me into this? How does she always talk me into these things? With great hesitation and much fear I undid my bra and then slid out of my thong panties and now stood naked as the day I was born. That morning unlike others I paid particular attention to my shave job before leaving the hotel. I always kept my bush nicely trimmed but today I had it trimmed into a cute inch wide landing strip knowing it would be on display. Being blond it wasn’t that dramatic but I wanted it to look nice since I knew it would be on display.

I then spread a healthy amount of sun block all over everything with Tanya enthusiastically doing my back. Wearing the same tight uniform the whole season so far, which compared to my today’s attire wouldn’t feel so bad any more in future, had left me with with a nice tan on most part of my body. Unfortunately as small the area was, which was normally covered by the uniform’s top and bottom, it stood out clearly now in contrast to the rest. I always hated those wicked tan lines I’d get from being out in the sun so much but figured it was just part of the job. As Tanya finished doing my back and I turned to grab my sunglasses she gave me a thorough look from top to bottom.

“You know, we can’t let you show these on the court, but I just have the right solution.” Tanya said as she reached into her bag and fetched a little jar out of it. As I dabbed the tanning body make-up with the small sponge first on my upper half and then on my most private nether regions Tanya just stood there watching me. In between adjusting the pale skin to feign an all over tan I caught a glimpse of her smiling at me. She seems to enjoy this too much, I thought.

Tanya then handed me my jacket which I quickly put on and was at least glad to be covered, for now, and then coach Didi with a sly grin on her face lead us out of the dressing room and towards the waiting crowd, who had gathered on a nice sunny day to watch professional beach volleyball. Little did they know the sight they were really in for?

**Chapter 2**

“Wow, looks like a good crowd.” Tanya said more to herself as we entered the makeshift stadium. “This is pretty good considering it’s only an opening round match.”

She wasn’t kidding. My jaw almost dropped when I saw the size of the crowd that was waiting to watch us, every seat from top to bottom was filled which is rather unusual for such an early round. I looked through the crowd at all the faces, both young and old and very diverse, and my legs instantly began to feel wobbly. Oh my God how am I going to concentrate on the match with all these people watching my naked body? Why again did I agree to do this? Oh yeah, because Lisa can talk me into anything, damn her.

“They can’t all be here just to watch us?” I asked as the horror of what was expected of me really began to sink in. “It wasn’t advertised what I would be doing was it?”

“No.” Didi answered as she shook her head. “The seeding got changed at the last minute. You two are playing May and Walsh in the first round.”

“What!” I shouted and then looked over and saw Misty and Kerri on the other side of the court. “I thought we were playing Thomas and James?”

“Ms. Tipton changed it at the last minute.” Didi informed me. “Had to do with their schedules, and you know, those two get top treatment around here. Don’t worry though I have faith the two of you will make a good go of it.”

“And Carrie will make a good show of it.” Tanya teased me as we stopped in our designated area. “Hey there’s Lisa. I think she’s calling you over Care.”

I looked over and sure enough Lisa was there in the front row waiving for me to come over. She had somebody with her, a lady who looked like she was in her mid-forties and dressed rather professional.

“Carrie, are you wearing your new uniform under that jacket?” Lisa asked in a teasing tone when I made my way over to her.

“Yes I am and I’m having second thoughts about this. I don’t think I can do it.” I answered honestly. In fact I was having third and fourth thoughts about it too.

“Oh you’ll do great.” she reassured me and then turned to the woman next to her. “Carrie this is Millie Woods, a reporter from The Chronicle and a well-respected feminist from around here. I talked her into coming to see you and if she’s impressed she plans to write an article for the paper about you and your plight for women’s rights.”

My plight for women’s rights? When did it become that? I thought this was just to keep my uniform from riding up on me? Oh God what is she getting me into?

“Hello Carrie.” Millie said cheerfully as she shook my hand. “I hear we’re going to be seeing a new side of you today. I must say I’m looking forward to that. If you do well more people will be hearing about you tomorrow. Good luck out there.”

“Thank you, I think.” I said trying to hide my growing nervousness.

“You better get back over there and do your warm-ups before the match starts.” Lisa suggested with that sly grin she always has on her face “You don’t want to cramp up while you’re out there do you?”

“Of course not.” I replied and then gave her a dirty look before going back over by Tanya.

Tanya had already removed her jacket and was doing her stretches to limber herself up, but I decided to wait until the last minute to take my jacket off for obvious reasons. So I did my stretches with it on being extra careful not to show my bottom in the process. I kept telling myself in my head ‘focus on the match, focus on the match’ although I knew our chances of winning were slim and my chances of being completely humiliated were very high. I had to keep taking deep breaths to attempt to keep from shaking but my nerves were so heavy that I could feel the tremors in my body as I did my leg stretches. At least I can take some comfort right now that most of the crowd attention was on Misty and Kerri, although I then noticed all the cameras in the crowd that were snapping photos of them as they did their warm-ups. Oh no I’m going to be photographed doing this, aren’t I? This just keeps getting worse. I’ve got to get back to the dressing area and put my uniform on before I actually have to go through with this.

“Tanya,” I whispered to her as she finished her stretching “I have to go back and get my uniform. I can’t go through with this.”

“I was worried about that.” she whispered back to me. “That’s why I told Ms. Tipton to go back to your locker and get your clothes so you can’t back out of this.”

“What! She took my clothes.” I nearly shouted in horror. “What did she do with them?”

“I don’t know and I don’t care.” she said coldly. “We need to get our names out there and this is our best chance to do it. I like you Carrie and I hate to make you do this but if we don’t get noticed somehow neither of us may be back next year, not to mention all the trouble we’ve gone through to make sure you’re allowed to do this. I know this is hard Carrie but you’re doing it, and don’t worry because I’ll be out there with you helping you to get through this.”

‘Why the hell don’t you do it then!’ I thought.

Oh man she’s serious, she’s going to make me do this. I can’t believe I got myself into playing naked, naked! Oh My God. I’m never going to be able to live this down, or forget about it. Maybe because we’re playing May and Walsh this will be over quickly and I can get my clothes back.

“It’s time ladies.” coach Didi informed us. “Get out there and show them what you’ve got, and I want to see some passion from you two today. Make sure you hustle and give it your all, don’t let the fact that they’re so heavily favored distract you from what you have to do.”

Show them what you’ve got. Is that ever an understatement or what I thought.

We were given quick introductions and then our opponents took their side of the court and now came the moment of truth for me. I glanced over at Lisa, who looked like she was just beaming with pride while sitting there fully dressed, and she gave me the thumbs up sign. Boy that’s sure easy for her to do. God why do I keep giving into her? Tanya looked at me as if mentally telling it’s time for me to show myself but I just froze like a deer in headlights, I just could not make myself take off my jacket. The officials told us that it was time to get started, but I just stood there scared stiff but wanting to run away as far as I could.

“Come on Carrie.” Tanya told me bluntly. “Get that thing off before I drag you out there and pull it off. I don’t want to be penalized for delay of game.”

Delay of game - is that what she’s worried about. I knew she was serious, and I also knew she was stronger than me despite my two-inch height advantage over her. I was so nervous that I had difficulty even swallowing, but I made myself reach up and grab the zipper of my jacket and then I decided to do it as fast as possible so I couldn’t change my mind, and I pulled down hard on the zipper until it was all the way unzipped. I still held the jacket shut, but then I felt two hands pulling on the back of it and before I knew it the jacket was off my shoulders and on it’s way off. I turned around to find coach Didi was the culprit and before I could even say anything she had pulled it completely off and the gasps from the crowd let me know that they knew I was not wearing my uniform, or anything else for that matter.

My instinct was to reach out and grab the jacket back but she was off with it before I could even attempt it and I watched her hand it to Ms. Tipton who then walked out of the court with it. It was then that the full impact of what was going on hit me, I was now standing out in the open stark naked in front of a crowd of thousands of people, people who were now making all kinds of different noises. I almost covered up with my hands out of instinct, but before I could Tanya gave me a gentle push onto the sand covered court amidst the sounds of happy whistles, catcalls, cheers, and even a few “where are your clothes girl?”. Thank God I at least had my sunglasses on so no one could see just how scared and humiliated I really was. But I could feel myself flush with embarrassment all over my body. Hopefully my ‘all over tan’ covered some of the blushing.

“Wow nice shave.” I heard someone yell from the crowd. “Looking good cutie.”

I could just die. And I have to play a whole match like this. How am I going to get through this? I looked at our opponents across the court. Kerri looked amused while Misty seemed a little perplexed. I wondered, if they knew about this? All I knew was with the noise of the crowd and the heavy beating of my heart I couldn’t hear the official call the game on.

“I’ll serve first Carrie.” Tanya yelled into my ear. “Go cover the net.”

Since we were the lower seed we got first serve, so I made myself get into position for the return, but when I got into my defensive stance the crowd behind me became even louder. Oh God, I must be giving them quite a show back there since I had to slightly bend forward. The folks to my sides and to the front of me were getting quite a show, too, since my boobs were now dangling down in a rather obscene manner. Geez, I didn’t even think about that. They’re going to be bouncing all over the place when I run for anything. Lord knows how they’ll look when I have to dive. I could just cry.

It was then that I began to hear the flashes from the cameras going off. I didn’t even think about that either. What if they end up on the Internet? I’ll be on there forever, and everyone will know it’s me because I’m a professional athlete. They’ll follow me around for the rest of my life and I won’t be able to do anything about it. There I’ll be for all of recorded history stark naked and bent forward in front of large crowd of people. I really don’t see how this is going to forward women’s rights at all; I don’t even see now how this is going to help us.

Just before Tanya served up the ball I glanced over at Lisa again who to my surprise had pulled out her digital camera and was snapping away along with several other people around her. What is she doing to me? I’m going to have to remember that I’m a professional and that I’ve been playing this game nearly naked for quite awhile now and this isn’t that much different. I’ve got to focus on the game and doing the best I can to help us win. Boy I really wished I had never complained about my uniform being too restricting.

Tanya and I were down 5-1 when we took our first timeout. My head was just not in the game, since I couldn’t get over that I was playing naked in front of hundreds of screaming people. I was so self-conscious by what I was showing off that I couldn’t get to the net on time to block or spike any balls and the one point we received was due to our opponents sending a ball out of bounds. Needless to say we were playing like poop against the top team in the world and with all the catcalls I was getting from the crowd I couldn’t help feeling like a laughing stock.

I held my knees firmly together as I sat in my chair on the sidelines and fidgeted uncontrollably as Didi went on about strategy for the game. I could barely listen to her over the loud beating of my nervous heart, not to mention the yelling from the crowd. Up to this moment I had never felt more embarrassed and defeated in my life. I glanced over to Lisa in the crowd to see what she was doing and she just gave me a wave and thumbs up while Millie sitting next to her was writing something on a notepad, probably about how awful my play had been.

“Carrie!” someone yelled from behind me. When I turned to look a series of flashes went off which was followed by a loud “Thank you beautiful!” just as I turned back away. God there must’ve been hundreds of pictures of me taken like this so far today, and the game’s not even part way over. Suddenly thoughts of quitting the tour came running through my mind as the images of those pictures following me through the rest of my life took hold on me. My life’s dream of being a pro volleyball player flushed down the toilet because I can’t tell Lisa “no” to something. My eyes damn near started welling up from the thought of running away from my dream.

“Carrie are you listening?” Didi asked me pulling my out of my trance.

“I’m sorry, no I wasn’t.” I answered honestly. “It’s kind of hard to concentrate at the moment.”

“Well you’d better start concentrating harder out there.” Tanya admonished me. “We’re getting our butts kicked out there and you’re playing like a nervous schoolgirl. I get that this is going to take some getting used to playing naked like you are but I never thought you of all people would ever play half-assed under any condition, you’re too much of a competitor.”

“She’s right Carrie.” Didi agreed with her. “While no one expects you to go out there and beat these two, I mean they are the best in the world, the effort you’re putting out is minimal at best and far below what I’ve come to expect from you. Your reactions have been horrible and you’ve been slower than I’ve ever seen you run before. You need to focus on what you’re doing out there and not on what the crowd is seeing you do. This is a golden opportunity for you two and I’d hate to see you blow it.”

That’s easy for her to say she’s fully dressed. They’re not taking pictures of her naked and bending over trying to chase balls. I had to agree though that I’ve never played this poorly before and that embarrassed me as much as anything else since I take pride in my competitiveness. I just didn’t think I could overcome this situation I’d been put in having to perform with no uniform. Boy I was glad my mother wasn’t here to see this.

The ref whistled for the end of the timeout so I took a deep breath and made myself stand up to go back out there. As I did I could hear the sounds of clicking from all the cameras behind me as well as some hooting and hollering from the guys in the crowd. I began to follow Tanya back out onto the court when Didi stopped me.

“Just a second Carrie,” she said into my ear “there’s something I want to tell you.”

She then looked me right in the eyes with a serious look and said “Carrie you are the most naturally talented player I’ve ever coached in my years of coaching volleyball, and I mean that 100%. When I first watched you in that amateur tournament I knew that you could someday be a star in this league with the right motivation. You have it all Carrie, athleticism, quickness, strength, great timing, and even though this isn’t as important to being a good player but you are beautiful and that helps draw attention.” Her face became even more serious and she lowered her voice as she went on “Lets face it, you carry this team. Tanya is a great athlete and is very strong, but she’s as slow as a tree trunk and she’s not tall enough to really be successful for any long period of time. Don’t get me wrong. I love her and I think she’s good for someone like you to start off with because of her toughness, but someday you’ll need a better partner to really succeed. I know this is hard, but this is a great opportunity to show what you’re really made of and to show that you’re a future champion against the best on the tour. And a champion finds a way to block things out and focus completely on winning, something I think you can do. Now go out there and put on a show and prove everyone that you’re someone to be reckoned with in this sport.”

She then patted me on my bare butt and walked back to her position on the sideline.

She had never told me anything like that before and for a brief moment I forgot I was naked in front of a crowd of people. I’ve always respected Tanya, but I realized that most of my respect came from the fact that she’s a veteran of this league and I’m just a rookie and wanted to earn my place in the league. Didi was right in the fact that Tanya is slow and has trouble with the net, but I never thought of myself as “carrying the team” like she suggested. When I won that tournament that she was talking about it was because I didn’t cater to my partner, who at the time was new herself, and did what I had to do.

I realized that was what I needed to do here. I couldn’t play second to Tanya anymore if I wanted this to work out for me. And I would have to put out of my mind that I was completely naked and focus on how much quicker I could be without my constricting uniform on. That was going to easier said than done with all the attention I was getting for it but I had to give it my best effort.

As I took my place on the court I readied myself to return the serve and got into position to attack the net, which meant I had to bend over once again giving the crowd a show, but this time I made myself focus on nothing but the ball and when Misty served it towards Tanya I found myself running in front of her and spiking the ball down on their side of the net for the quick point which caught both Kerri and Tanya completely off guard. The crowd roared with excitement at my play and just like that I felt a wave of confidence flow over me that I hadn’t felt since I turned pro. Wow, maybe I can do this after all.

We fought hard through the first match and made it competitive up until the end. I had worked up quite a sweat and my body was glistening in the sunlight, including my boobs and ass, which had been on display this whole time. I had made a few impressive spikes on our opponents which brought the crowd to their feet, not to mention the couple of times I blocked the spikes of Kerri Walsh which doesn’t happen often and only boosted my confidence even more. I hadn’t forgotten that I was playing butt naked in front of a large noisy crowd, the catcalls wouldn’t let me forget, but I seemed to be over my initial shakiness and in many ways I was playing better than I had all season.

The bad part was that despite my bests efforts we still lost the first set 21-17. It was disappointing but we didn’t get off to that bad start. We shouldn’t forget that these are the best in the world that we were playing against. Even though I blocked a couple of Kerri’s shots she still got a number of spikes on us plus I did overdue a couple of returns that ended up going out of bounds late in the match. Coach Didi still made a point of praising our effort and for putting on a good show for the crowd.

“You have them excited.” she enthusiastically pointed out to us. “Normally those two blow out their opening round foes and the crowd just sits there, but you two have given them a reason to keep paying attention, and not just because of Carrie’s natural beauty.”

“You’re really playing out of your mind Carrie.” Tanya praised me. “You’re really showing a lot of hustle out there, and those blocks were a thing of beauty.”

I smiled back at her as a way of saying ‘thanks’ and then toweled myself off the best I could without being obscene, which seemed to be impossible since I heard more whistles coming from the crowd when I did this. I wished I could towel off down south, but I was afraid of the reaction that would cause. I glanced behind me to see if Lisa was still there and I saw her standing and clapping and cheering my name. Millie was talking to a photographer that was in front of the stands and seemed to be pointing to him and giving him instructions, Lord knows about what, but I was sure it had to do with me. I didn’t have time to think about that right then though since we had another match about to start and I thought if we played hard enough we may be able to win the second and force a third.

“I know these two are tough,” Didi continued with her pep talk “but I believe if you two play as hard as you did in the last match you could win this one and force a third. You just have to reach down deep inside and know you can do this. I have every faith that you can.” She was looking directly at me when she said that last part.

“Come on Carrie!” several voices from the crowd behind us shouted out. “You’re awesome, you can beat them!”

That’s the first time I’ve ever heard anyone from the crowd even shout my name let alone root me on since I turned pro. ‘That feels really good’ I thought. I could get used to that.

“Great game so far ladies.” Ms. Tipton said cheerfully as she walked up us carrying a small cooler full of bottled water. “I bring you over some extra water since we feel now this game may last longer than we originally thought. You can use this cooler Carrie while Tanya uses what’s left in the other one.” She then reached in the cooler and handed me a bottle, which I gladly drank. “Make sure you stay hydrated out there, this could be a long match.”

“Thank you.” Didi politely said to her and then shooed her away. “Okay you two let’s get out there and put the fear of God into our Olympic heroes. I think it would be good for them.”

I took another large gulp from my water and then stood up to go back out onto the court. Just me standing up caused the crowd to start cheering again and as I walked out I heard more people calling out my name with encouraging comments, which made me even more confident. Both May and Walsh looked determined on the other side of the net and I’m sure they had no interest in letting this get to three matches. I would have to play harder this match than I did the last if I wanted this to go on and unlike the start of the first match I felt a great desire to do so.

Since we lost the first match we had first serve. So I got in my squat position as Tanya was about to send it across, and as I did that I found myself tuning out the crowd and focusing on where the ball was going to go when it was returned. Just as Tanya served it I could see where it was going and ran over to the far side of the net just as Misty returned it back and spiked it down for the first point. Kerri never saw it coming and the crowd instantly came alive with excitement. Before I realized what I had done I had high-fived Tanya and was back in position for the next point. It was at this moment I realized that I might be a little more excited about this than I should be.

Tanya served the next ball and again I was ready to score when it came back, this time though Walsh was ready also and blocked my attempted spike. But to my surprise I found myself going airborne and was able to tap the ball back over the net just out of their reach and scored the second point. I landed stomach first in the sand and Tanya had to help me up as the cheers from the crowd filled my ears. I barely even realized what was happening as Tanya pulled me to my feet.

“Well that was sure acrobatic.” Tanya said amazed. “Damn that should make a highlight reel.” She then looked down at my breasts as I was wiping sand off of them and smirked. “I see you found it thrilling too.”

Oh my God, I’m getting aroused, very aroused. This can’t be happening. I’d never gotten aroused during a game my whole career. Of all times why is this happening now? I was not going to be able to hide it and everyone would happen to think I was getting off on this.

“Get ready Carrie, let’s make it three in a row.” Tanya called out to me as she got ready to serve.

She was right, I couldn’t worry about getting turned on now, I had a game to play. Shit though my boobs bouncing had been enough to deal with now I had them getting hard to go with it. I had to focus on the play now though.

Tanya served the ball again and this time it was deep enough that I had to wait while they set up a shot. They tried to send it to a spot where we couldn’t get it, but I dove again and kept it in play. I then quickly got back to my feet as Tanya set the ball up for me and I hammered it back over the net. They were ready and were able to set up another shot and this time they tried to hit it high enough so that I couldn’t reach it. I leaped with all my might and to my surprise I was able to tap the ball just enough to send it back in the opposite direction and get over the net. Walsh seemed surprised by this and when she tried to spike it she ended up sending it into the net on her side and missed the point. We were now up 3-0.

The crowd cheered even more as Tanya gave me another high-five. I looked down at myself and saw that my front was covered in sand and some had gotten inside of me, not mention my nipples were poking out of it, which made my arousal more noticeable. I began to wipe them off which caused the whistles to come back and the flashes to go off, not to mention making my heart beat faster and make me more turned on. It was then though that a small but audible chant of “Carrie, Carrie,” began behind me in the crowd. This was something that really had an effect on me, a positive one, and before I knew it I was back in my position and ready for the next point.

Frustration was beginning to set in on our opponents, because their next two returns we didn’t have to send back since they both went out of bounds which meant two more points for us. We were now up 5-0 on the top two players in the world and the crowd really began to eat it up. The “Carrie” chants were getting louder, and the more they chanted the more I found myself getting turned on. I had no control over it and it seemed to keep growing inside of me. I was very thankful that I was covered in sweat again so that it would hide my growing wetness that was accumulating down in my nether regions. ‘Dammit my pussy’s wet and I can still feel some sand in it. Shit! Can’t worry about that now I have another point to focus on.’

I got into position as Tanya served the ball again. They were able to set up a shot, but I was able to reach it this time without having to dive. Once we set up our shot I tried to send it to the back corner where they couldn’t retrieve it, but Kerri and her long arms were able to keep it in play and they were able to set up another shot. Again I was able to reach it and when I pushed it over to Tanya she set it up for me to try another spike. As I was about to hammer it down I caught Misty out of the corner of my eye get into position to block it so out of some instinct - I didn’t know I had - instead of spiking it I managed to just tap it lightly in the opposite direction of where Misty was and watched it float over the net and hit the ground for our sixth straight point.

Timeout was called as the crowd gave us a standing ovation. The looks of frustration were all over our opponents faces as they went to their corner, I think it’s been awhile since they’ve been dominated like this for this many straight points and I found myself smiling despite myself. Tanya hugged me as we walked over to our corner and were met by Didi fanning towel at me as to say that I was on fire and needed to be cooled off.

“Holy shit Carrie that was the greatest six-point performance I’ve ever seen!” Didi shouted in excitement as she handed me my water. “I’ve never seen anyone play like that against them. We should’ve taken your uniform away a long time ago.”

“I guess those bottoms really did slow you down.” Tanya added and then looked down at my groin area. “Oh guess you had some sand up there huh?”

I then realized that I had just put my finger up inside of me to get some sand out and didn’t notice I was doing it. Oh crap it must’ve just looked like I was touching myself and I knew that cameras were going off when I was doing that. What’s worse was that it actually felt rather good and I had a desire to do it again, but I couldn’t do that, not in front of all these people. Why did I have to get aroused while I’m having the best game of my life? Feeling a bit ashamed I began to drink my water and sat down on my chair hoping I could put this out of my mind for now.

I looked over at Lisa who was now leading more “Carrie” chants, which Millie had now joined, and I saw that another photographer who didn’t work for the tour was now down in front snapping shots of me. I then looked over at our opponents who seemed to be having a heated discussion about the game and didn’t seem to know how this was happening. The crowd had come to see them, but now was rooting for their underdog opponents and they seemed shook up by this. I then sat back and let what I had just done sink in. It all seemed like a dream, but I was fully awake and living it and I couldn’t believe it. No matter what happened now the people who came here would never forget this game as long as they live nor will they forget me. Of course they won’t just remember my moment of dominance, but also they’ll remember every single inch of my body as well. I couldn’t help but have mixed feelings about that.

When the game continued so did our dominance. We scored 4 more straight points, two from my spikes, before Tanya ended up hitting a ball out of bounds for their first point. The whole time I continued to be aroused, but it didn’t stop me from playing harder than I ever had and doing things I didn’t know I could do. The crowd was clearly behind me, both for my play and for how I looked while playing, and before I even realized it we were at game point at 20-6 and could send it to a deciding match. Tanya had serve again and when she sent it across they set up for a quick spike for Walsh, but I was right there as if I could read their minds and when Kerri tried to hammer it I blocked hard with my right hand and the ball went straight to the ground on their side of the net giving us the second match.

Without even realizing what I was doing I found my self jumping up and down with great excitement at what we had done and I could feel my hard nipples rise and fall with my jumping as well and my wetness flow down my leg with my sweat. When Tanya hugged me and held me to her body I let out an excited moan as my body began to orgasm against my will from the excitement. I found myself holding on to her very tightly as she practically carried me over to the sidelines where Didi joined in the hug. When I finally calmed down Tanya sat me down and I could tell I had a lot of my juices on her which I sure she could smell. Luckily for us it mixed in with her sweat so at least the crowd wouldn’t notice it from where they were.

“Geez Care,” Tanya said with an amused smile on her face as she smelled the air and then looked at me “this doesn’t mean we have to get married now do we?”

Feeling embarrassed all I could do was smile at her and blush as the noise from the crowd kept filling my ears. The “Carrie” chants were now going full throttle and were nearly deafening. I was filled with both great pride from what I had accomplished and great embarrassment for how my body acted as I accomplished it. But I couldn’t deny that these feelings were powerful and were greater than anything I had ever felt before. I didn’t know feelings like this even existed.

“You were great out there Carrie.” Didi praised me but then brought us back down to earth. “But it’s not over yet girls. We still have one more match to go and don’t think for a second that May and Walsh are just going to lie down and let you walk away with it. They don’t lose first round games and they’re both very proud and are going to come at you with everything they have this next round. Let’s calm ourselves and get ready for the toughest match of your lives.”

I was both really excited and very nervous as Tanya and I stepped onto the sand court for the third and deciding game. I was excited about the possibility of beating the top team in the world, which would be a great feather in our cap and would bring attention to our team, but I was also nervous about both losing the game and the fact that even if we won my nudity would get as much attention as our win. Plus just being nude in front of all these people was still pretty nerve racking despite that I had been out here for the last couple of hours.

Unlike the previous two games the deciding game only goes to fifteen points instead of twenty-one so we knew this was going to be a quicker game than before. I imagined May and Walsh had to have some nerves going themselves since losing in the first round to a relatively unknown team would be embarrassing for them and their reputation, but by no means did I not think they were extremely focused and would do whatever it takes to make sure they came out on the winning end.

Most of the crowd was yelling words of encouragement for me; things like “you can do it Carrie!” and “we’re pulling for you to win this!”. More press had shown up in the last few minutes, possibly to document the potential upset as well as my lack of clothing. Now at least a dozen or so cameras were either photographing me or filming me from the sidelines, not to mention all the cameras in the crowd that had been going off ever since I walked out here. Boy win or lose this was going to be a game that’s going to be well documented and not soon forgotten.

As I took my spot on the field Kerri Walsh approached me on the other side of the net. She had what looked like a half friendly and half-serious expression on her face and seemed to want to talk to me about something before the game started. Talking to the opponents during a game is something I personally try to avoid, mainly because I’ve found most of the time they’re trying to get into my head and I’d rather just ignore them, but the fact that it was Kerri Walsh my curiosity got the best of me and I walked up to the net to see what she had to say.

“That was a heck of a performance you put on there.” she complimented me in what seemed to me to be phony kindness. “Really ah, inspiring. I can’t remember if I’ve ever seen anyone play so out of their mind like that before.”

“Thank you.” I cautiously replied.

“You seemed to really enjoy it too.” she added seeming to take a shot at how aroused I was during the last game. “You can’t hide it you know. Of course with you not wearing anything you can’t hide anything really. You seem like you’re living out a fantasy or something.”

“I have permission.” I told her bluntly.

“Oh I know.” she quickly replied. “I couldn’t help but notice Ms. Tipton’s excitement at your choice of dress, too, when she told us about you before the game. That dyke must be in heaven right now.”

“Oh save it Walsh.” I shot at her harshly. “You worry about your own business and let me worry about mine.”

“Hey this is my business.” she shot back. “This is my sport and I have no intention of letting some exhibitionist turn it into the Spice Channel. Don’t expect to be able to do what you did last game because we’re bringing it.”

“Good, I want you to bring it. That way when you lose you’ll have no excuses.”

“Get ready to fall on your bare ass Treadwell.” she snarled as the friendly tone disappeared from her voice.

“Be happy to if it means we get the points.”

‘Wow she knows my name now; of course everyone in the stadium seems to know my name now.’ The referee called for the game to start and since we won the last one our opponents received first serve this time. I was a little worried that my mouth had gotten the best of me in my verbal sparring with Kerri but it did get my blood pumping and inspired me to get off strong, which we did. We scored the first three points of the game, once by blocking one of Walsh’s spikes, which made the crowd continue to go wild as they had before. My heart was beating a mile a minute at the thought that we may be able to pull this out. For a second I even imagined a headline in my head that read “May and Walsh go down to hot newcomer!”Boy that would be exciting.

Unfortunately I got a little full of myself because we ended up losing the next three points and went into the timeout tied at three. I felt a little foolish over this. I should have remembered that these two are too good to ever take lightly at anytime. I sat on my chair feeling a little angry at myself for letting the lead get away and for a second I forgot to close my legs, although I was soon reminded by the extra hooting and camera flashes coming from the crowd in front of us. Dammit! I grabbed another bottle of water out of my cooler and began drinking it as Didi gave us instructions and tried to motivate us.

“You have both of them scared out of their minds.” she told us emphatically. “In fact I’ve never seen them so scared before. You two have a chance to make them and everyone else on the tour take you seriously and not just look at you as a novelty act.”

She was looking right at me when she said that last part. What the hell did she mean by that since this really wasn’t my idea?

“Now get out there and play like you did last game and really put the fear of God into them.”

Well, they started off by putting the fear of God into us. They scored the first three points out of the timeout and had us back on our heals. It wasn’t that I wasn’t making the efforts that I needed. It’s that they seemed to be right where they needed to be to score, and that’s what they did. The crowd had quieted down a bit, at least compared to earlier when we were doing the scoring, although I still heard the catcalls. It was as I was getting into position to receive the next serve that I felt my body becoming aroused again, and I really had no idea why. I wasn’t even thinking about my nudity at the time but on the game at hand, yet I still felt myself becoming very turned on, in fact even more so than last time and it seemed I could do nothing to calm it down. ‘Dammit why is this happening? I have to try and ignore it as best I can if I want to win this game.’

I must’ve done something right because right after May served the ball I changed positions and met the ball right at the net and spiked it down before Walsh noticed I was even over there. It must’ve looked good because the crowd woke back up and began cheering again. On the next point I managed to run down a ball that was going towards an empty spot on our side of the net by diving for it and hitting it backwards towards the net. That was when Tanya made her best play of the game so far by hitting it right over the top of Walsh and out of reach of May for another point. I landed stomach first again, even got some sand on my chin this time but I just jumped back up and was ready for the next point. We ended up losing that point but only after a long rally that had me diving for more wondering balls. Side out was called again and we went into the timeout down by two at 7-5 and still well in the game.

As I sat I could feel my arousal grow even more inside of me and I found myself squeezing my toes in and out of the sand almost involuntarily as a way to keep it in check even though I felt like I was going to explode again. Tanya just looked at me and smirked, it was obvious she knew how I was feeling at the moment. All I could do was drink some more water and hope it would cool me down inside somewhat so I could focus more attention on the game, which didn’t seem like it was going to be easy.

We ended up splitting the next six points, each of us scoring right after the other did which means neither team had the momentum going into the stretch. With the score 10-8 we knew this next side out would be a big one. I was breathing extremely heavy, both from the physical activity as well as my constantly growing arousal. After each point it took more of my willpower just to get into position since my nipples were hard as rocks and my nether regions basically screamed for attention which it could not get at the moment. It certainly took its toll since we lost the next three points, two of which were due to me not being able to get to the ball in time, my arousal was really distracting me now. Fortunately after Tanya reminded me that if they score two more points we’d lose I was able to make myself go all out for the next point which we won on my return. The next point Tanya served up an ace but on the following point Walsh spiked the ball, basically in my face, and going into the next time out they were at match point with a 14-10 lead.

“So what’s going on Carrie?” Tanya asked me as we took our seats on the sidelines. “You’ve been missing shots. What’s going on?”

“I don’t know.” I lied as I tried to slow down my breathing in an attempt to calm myself. “I’m cramping up a little I guess.” I then grabbed another bottle of water and began slamming it down.

“I think we both know what it is Carrie.” Tanya said with a knowing look. “It’s as clear as the sweat on your nipples. I don’t blame you though, this is pretty exciting. Why don’t you let me towel you off a little bit, maybe I can help give you some relief.”

“You can’t do that here.” I shot at her feeling embarrassed just at the thought.

“We have to do something darlin’.” she bluntly stated. “I’m sure you don’t want to lose this match because of feminine frustration. Remember the next four points are match points for them and we’re going to need you at your best if we’re going to pull off this miracle.”

She then picked up a dry towel and began drying off my chest. “Just relax and let yourself calm down.”

I hate to admit it but that felt good, the soft towel against my skin was so intoxicating. I didn’t want it to stop. In fact it felt so good that I actually tuned out the crowd for a brief moment. She seemed almost too good at this. I could vaguely hear Didi giving us instructions as Tanya began drying off my breasts. This brought me back to reality as I was suddenly aware of what she was doing and the fact she was doing it in front of everyone. I was going to push her hand away but I couldn’t bring myself to do it, because it still felt so good. Nonetheless I gave Tanya a stern look which she just returned with a glib grin on her face. I also noticed all the cameras and flashes going off all around me again. ‘God haven’t any of these people used up all their shots in their cameras yet, they never stop going off. Off yes off, getting off.’

“Carrie are you listening?” coach Didi asked as I could feel my eyes rolling in the back of my head. “Oh never mind.”

I could hear the crowd cheering my name again as I began to come out of my trance. ‘Oh God what am I letting her do!’ I quickly sat up and tried to act like this wasn‘t having an effect on me, but I don‘t think I was fooling anyone. Tanya smirked at me again as she stood up to go back out but I just tried to act cool and took another drink out of my water bottle before setting it down and then standing up myself. ‘Thank God I’m still all sweaty so they won’t notice how wet my crotch is now.’

“Here we go ladies and gentlemen.” the announcer shouted to the audience. “It’s match point for May and Walsh, lets see if they can capitalize on it and dodge a bullet.”

As I walked back to my position Kerri met me at the net again and said “This is it kid. You really gave it to us and put on a show for the crowd, but this is where it ends. Try not to poke your partner‘s eye out with those tits of yours.”

“Shut up Walsh.” I found myself barking at her. “You’re just jealous because with your tits you get mistaken for a boy.”

“See you after the game, Carrie.” she snarled as she left the net.

I got into position and waited for May to serve. While I was still very aroused I did feel more in control than I did before and I used all my willpower to block everything around me out and focus on scoring this point. Once Misty served the ball I wasted no time in running to meet it and set up a shot for us. I tried spiking it, but Walsh was there to save it and set up a shot for them. May tried to juke me to go in the wrong direction, but I wasn’t fooled and when it came to the net I hammered it down for the point to my relief. It was now 14-11 and we needed to hold every serve from here on out.

The problem was it was my turn to do the serving, which was not my strong point. I didn’t suck at it, but I would’ve preferred that Tanya be the server at such an important time. Nonetheless I had to do it and fortunately on my first serve Walsh got a little overzealous and hit the ball into the net giving us the point. The next serve though they were able to return, but luckily Tanya was in the right place and set it up for me to send it back. May was there though and set it up for her to take the next shot, but she also got overzealous and hit the ball out of bounds, saving us for another point.

“If we get this one Carrie we’ll be tied and back in the game.” Tanya reminded me. “Since they have to win by two it won’t be match point anymore.”

She was right, but if they did score here the game is over. ‘Damn this is a lot of pressure’, I really wished I was wearing my uniform right now.

“Come on Carrie!” someone shouted from the crowd. I wished they hadn’t said ‘come’. “You can do it!”

The crowd made a lot of noise to encourage me as I was about to serve. I took a deep breath and even said a small prayer and then served up the ball. It cleared the net, but Kerri met it and set it up for a game winning shot. I saw that Misty had set it up for Kerri to spike it so I ran up to the net as fast as I could to block it. Right as her hand hit the ball to spike it my hand hit the ball to try and stop it. I pushed it with all of my might and it seemed that she was doing the same and for a second the ball was practically frozen over the net. Something had to give, and when it did the ball landed on their side of the net.

“Yes!” Tanya screamed as the crowd cheered louder than they had all day. “That’s what I’m talking about girl!”

We were now tied at 14 all and we would play until someone lead by two. I tried to keep my happiness to a minimum since there was more game to be played. As I walked back to serve again I noticed that the sun had disappeared behind some clouds that had just moved in off the bay and for the first time I felt a breeze blow by me, or should I say over me. The feeling I got as it blew across my crotch nearly caused my knees to lock. God that felt both good and embarrassing at the same time. ‘We have a chance to win this now; I’ve got to focus on this serve’. I looked at the faces of our opponents and for the first time ever both May and Walsh looked worried, and they should since they just blew four match points. Boy who would’ve thought at the beginning of this game that we would ever be where we were at now? It would’ve been long odds to say the least.

I served up the ball and it was met by Walsh who returned it to a spot in front of me. Shit I don’t think I can get that! I ran and dove for the ball but this time I came up short. Dammit!

“Out!” yelled the ref, which was followed by more cheers.

Oh my God it went out of bounds. Shit that must’ve just been over the line. Both May and Walsh protested but the ref held firm and we now had match point at 15-14. Even though they’ve been fluttering in my stomach all game the butterflies were really going nuts inside of me now. I can’t believe we have this chance. ‘Okay Carrie, lets forget that you’re naked in front of hundreds of people and you’re playing to win against the top team in the world and just focus on getting this ball over the net and getting this point.’

“Let’s do this girl!” Tanya shouted to me over the crowd noise. “Let’s make history!”

I took another deep breath and said a thank you to God for giving me this chance and then served the ball over the net. Kerri got it and they set up for a shot. I tried my best to read what they were going to do and when they returned it I read it right and was able to save it for a shot at our own. When Tanya set it up for me I saw what looked like a good chance to spike it, but when I did Walsh was there to meet it and block it. I was unable to get to it and I thought it was going to hit the ground, but out of nowhere Tanya came and sent it back over the net to all of our surprise. Misty ran for it and was able to get a hand on it, but was not able to get it to clear the net. Kerri did her best to dive for but came up short.

For a second everything just seemed surreal, it was like time was standing still and everything was silent, but then it hit me, we had won.

I could hear the crowd jumping up and down and screaming as Tanya more or less tackled me to the ground in celebration. I could barely breathe from Tanya’s tight embrace. I imagine how this must’ve looked but I could say in all honesty that at that moment I didn’t care, we had just pulled off a huge upset, possibly the biggest ever in the history of beach volleyball. I intended to savor this moment and I wasn’t going to let being naked and rolling around in the sand with another woman ruin it.

“We did it! We did it!” Tanya repeatedly shouted in my ear as lay on the ground. “You are amazing Carrie and no one’s going to say otherwise.”

It was at that moment as we lay on the ground celebrating that my body tightened and I had one of the biggest orgasm that I had ever had in my life right there in Tanya’s arms. I was too excited to be embarrassed by it and I didn’t want it to end. For what seemed like several minutes the two of us rolled over each other on the ground in excitement as my body spasmed.

“Carrie-Carrie!” the crowd chanted as they jumped and clapped, and took more pictures. I noticed everyone on the sidelines with the exception of the May-Walsh corner were cheering as well. You could feel the elation all through the stadium and everyone loved it. I tried to get up but couldn’t I was totally spent.

**Chapter 3**

I could barely stand up after my massive orgasm so Tanya had to practically pick me up off the ground and carry me back to the sidelines. After playing so hard and then cumming so hard my legs felt like rubber. Our sweat soaked bodies were covered with sand but I didn’t care, I was just so happy that we had won.

Didi hugged me as well when I reached the sidelines and screamed in my ear that we did a great job and that she was so proud of us. As she did she ran her hands all over the back of my body as if wiping some of the sand off me.

“That was fantastic!” she yelled gleefully over the cheering crowd as her hands landed on my bare ass, whipping the sand off and giving me little slaps at the same time. “That may have been the most inspiring display I’ve ever witnessed!”

Display, how appropriate that was.

I had to all but push her off of me but not before she got a good slap on my butt which caused me to jump. I just wanted to get off the court and into the locker room as quick as I could but before I knew it I was surrounded by both well wishers and to my dislike many photographers who were snapping several shots of me at once, not to mention the many other cameras that were taking shots of me. As I tried to leave I took the water Didi handed me. Boy this water is hitting the spot but all I could think of was getting off the court and covering up. I asked Didi for my jacked but she just motioned that she didn’t have it. There I was in the middle of a swarm of well wishers in nothing but my sunglasses and cap, not even so much as a pair of sandals on my feet. Oh my God, it was something else, all this attention. I could feel my self getting turned on all over again despite my resent climax.

Security moved in but there just wasn’t enough.

Just as I was making my way though the crowd I heard “Great game Treadwell.” It was Kerri Walsh coming up to me and putting her hand out to me. “That was very impressive, I didn’t think you had it in you.” I took her hand and quickly thanked her, feeling a number of other hands on my bare ass as we shook. I pushed on towards the lockers getting felt up with every step. Just as I approached the locker I saw Lisa approach snapping yet another picture as she did. She came up to me and gave me a big barehug as a young security guard stepped in to break us up. With a gasp I waved him off indicating that this crazed woman was a friend. I literally picked her up off her feet and swung her around in joy as a couple flashes went off. What a picture that must have made, me completely bare-ass naked, swinging a fully clothed Lisa off her feet.

When I finally put her down I told her I had to get out of there and priedmyself free. Tanya was enjoying the limelight but I had to find cover and ran into the locker room with Lisa following close behind along with that Millie Woods woman.

“Carrie, you did it! Not only did you make a statement for women everywhere but you won. You just beat the two best women in the world. I told you that suit was slowing you down.” Once away from the craziness outside I tried to finally catch my breath and calm my overloaded body.

Lisa was babbling a mile a minute asking me questions and congratulating me. “How did it feel? You looked hot. Aren’t you glad I convinced you to do it?”

“No, no I’m not glad. What are you kidding. Probably a thousand people just saw me naked. The only good thing was that we won, and that was a miracle.” I yelled as I paced up and down.

“I’m taking a shower and getting some of this sand off me. Why don’t you go find Tanya or Didi and get them to give me my cloths back” I said as I headed off to the showers. Lisa finally quieted down and went to find Tanya, but Millie just followed me into the shower area only stopping at the entrance.

“You know we’re really proud of you. Not many women would have been able to do that.” she told me as I let the water run down my body finally cleaning some of the sweat and sand from me.

“Well I probably wouldn’t have been either if it wasn’t for Didi pulling my jacket off.” God the water felt so good. At first I was tempted to get myself off to relive some of my arousal but resisted with Millie standing right there.

“You know I want to feature you in our next issue. I think there are a lot of women that need your inspirations.” Inspiration, what had I got myself into. All I wanted to do was play volleyball. I don’t want to be an inspiration to anyone.

Just then as I was finishing my hair I heard Tanya’s voice come around the corner. She was smiling ear to ear. I don’t think I had ever seen her so happy.

“Oh my god, you were great. You were running around like a woman possessed.” she said. “Possessed with embarrassment maybe” I told her. It was so weird. As embarrassing as it was I had never felt so alive. Never once did I have to worry about my bottom riding up or pulling it out of my ass and my boobs were already out so there was no popping out to worry about.

I also don’t know why I was so turned on. I actually had two orgasms out there. What was wrong with me? Was I some kind of exhibitionist or something. Tanya had to know but she didn’t say anything. She just went on about some people that wanted to interview me.

I rinsed the last of the soap out of my eyes and looked up just as Tanya reached in and grabbed my wrist. She had a death grip on me as she forcible pulled me dripping wet from the shower. “You have to talk to these guys. This is our big chance.” she went on. Oh my god, she was more interested in catching some publicity than my embarrassment.

“I can’t go out there like this.” I yelled.

“You just finished playing three games buck naked and now you’re having a touch of modesty.”

“Come on Tanya. This is too much. I just can’t.” I said as I grabbed one of the lockers.

“OK, OK, Here. Wrap up in this.” she said as she opened her locker and pulled out a white towel from her locker. I was still wrapping it around me as she dragged me out of the locker room. I barely had it knotted when this guy threw a microphone in front of me and started asking me what speared me on to do this. In the year that I had played not a single person had ever asked to interview me and now I had no less than five microphones in my face and all I had to cover me was a too short white towel. I looked around and saw a hundred people looking waving and flashing pictures. There was even a pair of TV cameras out there. All this time waiting to be interviewed and I didn’t know what to say.

Tanya wasn’t at a loss for words and she piped in. “She so hot I can’t keep a bikini on her.” she yelled out in glee. Just then Didi came up and added her answer to the interviewer. Her bikini really bothers her out there so we thought we’d try an experiment. “Well it sure seemed to work. That’s the first time May and Walsh went out in the first round since their Olympic pursuit started.” the interviewer told the crowd.

“So tell us how it felt, I mean it’s pretty bold to play naked.” Again I stuttered trying to get an answer out. “Embarrassing” was all I could get out. Just then someone with a big expensive camera jumped in front of us and said, “How about a picture there.” Of course Tanya and Didi were more than happy to pose but I tried to disappear into the background. There I am between Tanya and Didi trying to make sure the towel is covering my pussy when I see two flashes coming from the guys camera. All the attention was getting to me. I can’t believe I’m out in the middle of this crowd being photographed still dripping wet. Just as I’m getting up enough nerve to try to put on a smile, I hear someone from back in the crowd yell out “How about one without the towel?” I was in the middle of silently mouthing “no fucking way” when I felt a hand on my back and the towel goes flying off. It was Lisa. My best friend had just stripped me in front of all these people. What was she doing?

Well the crowd went wild. Cameras were flashing everywhere. I wanted to run but I was like a deer in the headlights. Besides Tanya and Didi had me held tight. I swear there were so many flashes going off that you would have thought you were on a red carpet in Hollywood. Oh my God, I just had to get out of there. My breath was coming in gasps and for the second time in about a half hour I made a dash for the locker room dividing a sea of eager hands.

**Game 2**

Well needless to say our celebration was short lived. We had a second round match to play and I just hid in the locker room until just before it started trying to muster enough courage to go back out. I was so nervous. I just paced up and down.

Just before our start time Tanya came over saying, “Better let me help you put some more sun block on. You’re going to need it. The sun’s really strong now and I wouldn’t want you to burn any of your naughty bits.” Why did she have to put it that way? It just emphasized how strange this was. These parts weren’t meant to be out in the sun like this. They were meant for my lovers private eyes not the general public. Especially not while running around jumping for a volleyball.

I had sunbathed topless and nude before but it was usually in private or on a beach. I had never done anything this active or public in the nude before this morning. I rubbed some lotion on my arms and then my tummy before doing my breast. I hesitated but it had to be done. More than any other part of me the girls needed some protection. As I rubbed it in, I thought it would be nice to have some protection from the sand too. I never realized the abrasive effect the sand had before this morning. My chest-first dives had left little abrasions on the soft flesh of my breasts. They were a little tender as a result, and my nipples, oh my god, those little numbs definitely weren’t meant for that kind of abuse. Every time I got up after a dive, I’d instinctively go to clean up and when my hands touched my sand encrusted nipples it was like lightning. The sand just increased the sensation. The feeling would shock me back to reality and that I probably shouldn’t be touching myself there especially not with people looking at me.

I then did my legs and hips before turning my back and carefully doing the area between my legs, checking carefully that I didn’t have any remaining sand in any delicate places. Again, I thought about how strange it was to be running around with my pussy and ass exposed. I have always been a pretty mobile player reaching balls that other usually couldn’t but that often meant taking wild dives and other acrobatic moves. The thought of what that must have exposed made me blush. I mean I’ve seen some pretty revealing pictures with things exposed when I was wearing my bikini. It must look positively indecent without even that to cover my boobs and sex.

Just then I straightened up as I felt Tanya’s warm hand doing my back. It felt good and helped relax me a bit at least until she started working on my ass. I told her I had already done down there but she continued anyway. I let out a little gasp and slapped her away as she did my side and moved up towards my breasts.

“Ah, I missed the fun” Didi said as she came in to hurry us along.

“We had better get out there. We’re on in 5.” Tanya said.

“How about my Jacket?” I asked. “I can’t just prance out there like this.”

“Oh I’m sorry Carrie. I think I left it in my bag which is out on the court.”Didi lied.

“Show time Babe.” Tanya yelled.

Why did she have to do that? It just sent a shiver of fear up my spine after I had started to calm down a bit.

“Don’t worry Carrie. Just play like last game and we’ll be fine.”

Like last game, I thought to myself. Last time I was so turned on I had to fight having an orgasm right there on the court and as it was I did when we won. Again I paced until Tanya grabbed my hand and dragged me towards the door.

Again I pleaded saying I couldn’t go out there but Tanya and Didi were having non of it. I paused at the entrance way with one hand on the door frame when it all hit me again. I was about to walk out there bare-ass naked in front of hundreds of people in shorts and T-shirts. Even Tanya, as scantily clad as the other contestants, wore infinitely more on than I did. All I had was my cap and sunglasses. My entire body was bare and exposed with not even so much as my bikini to hide my breasts and sex. I was totally on display, again.

When Tanya and Didi did finally dragged me out it was amazing. I couldn’t believe the number of people. Our match was on a side court, not expecting to draw that many people but it was standing room only. Apparently rumors of a naked blonde playing volleyball travels like wild fire and it seemed like everyone was there. I was so nervous I was shaking. All I could remember hearing was the chant, “Carrie, Carrie” in the background.

Didi gave us a last minute pep talk and handed me a bottle of water saying drink up. It felt so good and refreshing as I tried to ignore the thousand eyes that were on me. Tanya came up to me and tried to comfort me by telling me how great I played in the first match and how proud she was of me.

Finally the match started with us receiving. Once the game got underway I seemed to get into a rhythm and calmed down a bit, my nerves anyway. My arousal was another story. I don’t know what it was but all the eyes on me seemed to get me turned on. I had never considered myself an exhibitionist but my bodies’ reaction couldn’t be denied. Before we know it we were down 5–1. I remember watching one of our opponents pulling her bottom out of her butt and instinctively reached back to adjust mine before realizing that there was nothing to adjust. After seeing that I started thinking about how free I felt and how nice it was to not have to worry about my bikini slip sliding around. It was an incredible feeling but I had to be careful cleaning sand off. I remember one time after diving for the ball, I came up covered with sand and not even thinking started to brush the sand off my right breast and nipple. I didn’t even realize what I had done until I noticed the crowd noise drop off to a whisper. Tanya noticed too and suggested I be a little more discrete doing that in the future and then joked, or let me do it for you. At least I think it was a joke.

We ended up loosing the first game 21 to 11. Once on the sidelines my arousal was replace by embarrassment as I had nothing else to think about.Didi gave us another pep talk and gave me another bottle of water which seemed to help.

The second game started and again I felt the stares of all those eyes on me and my emotions took over. I felt like if this kept up I might just have another orgasm as we played. We were down 18 to 5 when we called time out. The sand was everywhere. My boobs stung, my nipples throbbed and my pussy itched from the last dive. I wanted to just reach down and sooth them all but I couldn’t. Sensing my frustration, Didi came over and started emptying her bottle of cool water on my hard throbbing nipples. The feeling was wonderful, as if cooling a hot burning surface. I was so hot and the water felt so good that I just rolled my head back and trust my chest forward embracing the water running over my breast and down my tummy. I momentarily forgot I was the object of hundreds of eyes. Then I swear I heard a sizzle as the water passed my mound and hit my pussy.Didi continued with another bottle. I was lost.

The problem was that even though it cooled and cleaned my sand covered flesh it simply added to my arousal. When we took the court after the time out I was even more wound up not less. I was so excited I couldn’t stand still. We did however start off with an 8 point rally as I jumped and dove for the ball with ruthless abandon. It was too little too late however as we eventually lost 21 to 18.

We were out but even in defeat we were swarmed with well-wishers and interviewers. One network guy proceeded to bring the TV camera right over to me and started asking me questions before I even got off the court.

“What are you doing? You can’t show this on TV.” I yelled as I put my hand over my breasts. “Don’t worry. We’ll put bars over your tits,” he said as he shoved the mike in my face. I told him I’d love to chat but not right now as I jogged off though another sea of groping hands both men and women. Most people were just grabbing my ass but as I slowed due to traffic some of the more aggressive ones grabbed my sides and chest. One girl, of all people, ran her hand over my breasts and had her hand planted on my lower tummy before I knew what had happened. None were particular harsh but it was a bit nerve racking.

Another shower later and Didi finally produced my street cloths. I slipped my thong up my legs and smoothed it over my over exposed pussy and for the first time since early that morning I had something covering me. I pulled my bra on next and it felt good as the soft padding soothed my sore nipples. Somehow my cutesy little stretch shorts and short tank top felt like an overcoat by comparison to what I had on all day.

I tried to make a quiet escape out the back door as the last match was reaching match point but we were still mobbed by our new found fans and some die-hard reporters. We had a remarkable less enthusiastic welcome as I emerged with some clothes on for a change but there were still no shortage of questions. The eager hands were a little more tame this time since I provided a much less tempting target now. We hurried though but not before Tanya signed a number of autographs and answered a couple of questions for me.

On the way back to the hotel we stopped off and bought a cheap bottle of champagne to celebrate our earlier victory over the former Olympic champions. We didn’t make it past the second round but our confidence had been given a tremendous boost and I was positive we would do better next time.

We no sooner opened the hotel room door than we popped the cork. Even though we had been knocked out we were positively giddy as we toasted our earlier success. It wasn’t long before Lisa joined us as we sipped our champagne. Lisa also toasted me calling me an inspiration for woman kind.

“OK hot stuff, so how did it feel out there in your birthday suit? You looked a little nervous but hotter than hell.”

“Nervous is not the word. If it wasn’t for Didi pulling my jacket off. I never would have gone through with it. I was ready to run back to the locker room and forfeit.” I told them. “I was so embarrassed you wouldn’t believe. I just wanted to disappear. I can’t believe you got me out there talking to the reporters wearing a towel.”

“Believe me the towel wasn’t my idea. I wanted to drag you out there nude but you wouldn’t let me.” Tanya giggled.

“And Lisa, what was that pulling my towel off when that guy was taking my picture. I almost died right there on the spot.”

“Oh that was precious, well I just wanted them to see you, all of you.” she added in a soft voice.

“What am I supposed to do about all those pictures? They’re going to be everywhere.”

“Well not everywhere.” Lisa added. “Unless they’re going to block out an awful lot.”

“I can’t wait till next months’ Circuit magazine. I bet you make front cover. Maybe we should call Sports illustrated. Swim suit issue move over.” Tanya added with a laugh.

“I don’t know Carrie. I don’t think you minded it that much. Especially when we won those two games against the champs” Tanya added.

“Oh God, you noticed.” I said sheepishly.

“What, what?” Lisa asked on the edge of her chair.

“Lisa, this hot chick who’s claiming to be so embarrassed had the big O right there on the court, and not once but twice.”

“No way, is that true Carrie?” Lisa asked in glee.

I didn’t answer. As I turned several shades of red.

“No way.” Lisa repeated.

“Way. Why do you think I laid on top of her so long. It was wild.” Tanya explained.

“I thought you looked a little flushed after you got up.”

“What do you mean, I had to help her to her feet she came so hard.”

“I was just excited about our victory. That’s all.” I said quietly.

“Oh man, Carrie you’re such a slut.”

“I’m not. I was just excited about our win.”

“You liked it didn’t you”, Tanya asked.

“Are you kidding, I wanted to just die.”

This went on for a while as the girls exchanged barbs at my expense. Lisa seemed even more impressed by my amazing performance now that she figured I was getting off on it.

Then the phone rang and it was Didi asking if we were ready to head back for the official tournament cocktail party. It’s a big get together put on by the tournament for sponsors and invited guest. “OK Carrie, time to get changed and greet you adoring fans. I’m sure there are a lot of people that want to talk to you tonight.”

“Oh God, I’m not going. I’m never going to be able to go to another one of them again. Besides we don’t have any sponsors so why bother.” I added. After a long debate Didi and Tanya left for the party while Lisa and I went out for dinner locally.

It was a quiet meal with Lisa doing most of the talking. I was pretty tired from the stressful if not exciting day. Just as we were getting ready to leave my cell phone rang. It was a Mr. Howard Burger, CEO of Sun Touched Sun Care products. He said he had just received a call from one of his local account managers that had seen us beat May and Walsh. He congratulated us and told me he was interested in sponsoring us on the tour and that he wanted Tanya, Didi and me to fly to NYC first thing Monday morning to talk about an endorsement deal. He said that no matter what anyone else offered he’d top it. I was so excited I didn’t know what to say. He just said, just agree to come and he’d explain everything.

This was great. It was our first endorsement ever. I immediately called Tanya on her cell and she was ecstatic. Little did I know what was involved.

**Part 2 - The Endorsement Deal**

**Chapter 1**

I didn’t go back to watch the tournament the next day deciding to take some time for myself and try to relax, but first thing Monday morning I was on a plane heading to NYC with Tanya and Didi.

The last minute cross-country tickets had seriously eating into our reserves so I prayed that we would get reimbursed. Tanya and I were positively giddy and Didi wasn’t much better. Tanya was in a pair of khaki shorts and a T-shirt and I had on my classic look going of short black stretch shorts and light white tank top while Didi had on a pair of jeans and a T-shirt. We sat together in row 20 with me in the middle chatting merrily about the weekend’s activities especially the fact that we may have just landed our first endorsement deal.

Didi, the consummate coach, brought up the fact that even though we played well we seemed to get off to a slow start in each game and played a little erratically.

“Well, I was nervous as hell.” I explained.

She went on to tell us that we didn’t seem like we were concentrating all the time and that we seemed distracted.

“I know I was. You try playing behind Carrie and staring at that naked ass all day.” Tanya added.

I blamed everything on my nervousness, but knew that there was more to it.

“Carrie, you had some marvelous runs but other times you were flat. There were some where I don’t know where you got the energy.” she continued.

Oh man, I knew where I got my energy for those runs. I was so excited that I couldn’t control myself. The adrenalin was just racing through my veins like I was getting my brains screwed out of me and was about to climax. That’s where I got my energy. I thought to myself.

I thought I was off the hook momentarily as Didi said, “I don’t know where you got the energy and I don’t care.”

I sighed in relief, but was quickly sent back into shock as I heard her add, “I never could imagine that bikini slowed you down that much. We should have taken it away from you a long time ago.”

“Don’t get ahead of your self. I’m never doing this again. That was too much. I could never.” I answered as I pushed back into the seat and waved my arms. Oh my God, my heart started beating fast just thinking about it.

“But you never played better. You were amazing.” Tanya went on.

“No way. That was just way too embarrassing. I’m never going to be able to live it down as it is.”

“Ok, my dear” Didi told me in her motherly voice. “We’ll talk about it when we get back. For now lets just get this endorsement deal.”

When we got to NY we hailed a cab and piled in for our ride to Mr. Burgers office. We found the building and after announcing ourselves waited in his receptionist’s office for our meeting. I was almost as nervous as when I was playing on Saturday. This was a big deal and might change our future in this sport. I just hoped it’d help cover some of our travel expenses. They were mounting up and limiting which tournaments we could attend.

Then Ms. Jones, a cute girl about my age summoned us to her desk. “Mr. Burger will see you now. Right this way.” The three of us jumped and followed her in where she announced us to a tall stately man in his middle 50’s or so. He shook our hands and invited us to sit. His office was huge, probably bigger than my apartment back in San Diego, and the seat just swallowed us up.

As we made idle chit chat several other gentlemen in blue suits walked in. One introduced himself as Richard Cook, an account manager from their west region. I was more used to the beach than the office so it was a little intimidating being surrounded by so many seemingly important business men.

“OK, Richard said one of his people saw you beat May and Walsh on Saturday and was quite impressed. He also said you, Carrie, wore a rather interesting uniform” Mr. Burgers said, directing that last part right at me. “I have to say, I’m quite impressed. That took real balls.” I couldn’t help but snicker at that one and he must have caught me. “Well, you know what I mean.” he said with a hearty laugh. I guess he was more used to talk to a group of business men than three women.

“Well here’s the deal. Simon here drew up this sponsorship contract to sponsor your two for the rest of the year.” Now he had our interest. “We’ll pay all your travel expenses for travel, logging, meals and reasonable incidentals, and on top of that we’ll give you 100,000 dollars to cover training and other expenses for you to spend as you see fit.”

We were all elated.

“All you have to do is agree to endorse our sun tan products, appear in some of our marketing material and make a couple of appearances at stores that sell our products.”

Tanya was thinking ‘where do I sign’ as was I. That’s when Didi, who had a little more experience in these matters, spoke up, “This isn’t an exclusive, is it? I mean Carrie and Tanya can solicit other sponsors too, right.”

“It’s only excluding in terms of our product line. You can sign as many sponsors as you like as long as they don’t sell sun tanning products.” Mr. Burger clarified.

“Where do we sign?” was Tanya’s only comment.

In a brief return to reality I said, “Maybe we should have our lawyer look at it first.” I chimed in. There was a brief shuffle of heads in the room, the significance of which I didn’t appreciate at the time.

“Who are you trying to kid, Carrie.” Tanya chimed in. “We don’t even have a lawyer. You don’t want to blow this, do you? This is what we’ve been praying for.”

“Ok, Ok, where do I sign?” I answered as a sigh could be heard in the room. First Tanya and then I signed the contract without even reading it. How stupid I was and I didn’t even realize it.

“Ok, Richard will give you an ample supply of our products for you to take with you and then arrange for someone to walk you through your responsibilities.

‘Responsibility’ - that was always a word in my mind that meant something bad was going to follow and sure enough it did.

“There’s just one more thing we need to attend to before you’re free to go and enjoy our great city. I always sign off on our press releases and promotional copy, so I want to see how our product is going to be presented.”

Tanya and I just looked at each other in puzzlement.

Mr. Burger repeated himself, “Carrie, I want to see how our product looks on you.”

“It will look like sun tan lotion. What do you think it looks like?” I said, still not knowing what he meant.

“In our business the product is not the copy. It’s the body that it is on. That is what sells our product. Do you think we’d sell as much as we do, if we advertised using fat ugly women?” he said with a tint of anger now.

Now I thought I understood. “What exactly do you want me to do Mr. Burger?”

“I want you to stand up, take off your cloths and show me what our product looks like on you.”

“But I don’t have a bikini with me. I didn’t think I had to model for you.” I answered.

“I don’t care if you have a bikini. Actually I don’t want you in a bikini. I want to see what it looks like on you, not what your bikini looks like.”

“What!” I said in shock. “I can’t do that.”

“Well, if I can’t see my copy then I guess we don’t have a deal.”

“Wait a minute.” Tanya jumped in.

“She can do it. She just gets a little nervous.”

“Nervous? She played two matches in the nude and you’re telling me she’s nervous. Come on.” Mr. Burger said in an intimidating voice.

“Well, that was on the beach, this is in your office.” she added trying to explain her statement.

“Well, frankly I don’t give a shit. Is it a deal or not?”

“What, ah, what about all these, ah, people?” I asked my voice breaking as I spoke.

“These are my key executives. Marketing, Finance, Legal. They are involved in the decision. Now what’s it going to be? I don’t have all day.”

“Come on Carrie, you can do it. We really need this deal.” Didi said trying to give me the encouragement I needed.

“What about Tanya? She’s going to be advertising your precious products, too.”

“No offense, but it’s you that’s going to be selling our product. So what’s it going to be?”

My knees were shaking as I stood up and walked behind the chairs. I fumbled around nervously before finally reaching down to the bottom of my tank top with my arms crossed. Now I just wanted to get this over with, so I reached down and pulled it over my head in one quick motion. I heard a gasp come over the room as I stood there in my white bra and running shorts. All eyes were on me as I fumbled with the waistband of my shorts. They were tight so it was more of an effort to peal them down my hips and ass than simply sliding them off. I heard a gasp again, even louder than the last, and this time I looked up to see several of Mr. Burgers so called key executives with their jaw hanging down.

There I was standing in my matching white bra and thong panties. It was like the other day all over again.

“Ok, where’s your stupid lotion?” I asked stupidly expecting this to be the end.

“No, no. We expect the whole show there Carrie.”

“Oh come on, haven’t you seen enough?”

Just then Ms. Jones walked in saying “Your 4:00 is here for you, Mr. Burger.” Her jaw dropped as she saw me and her professional demeanor disappeared as she added. “Wow!”

I was literally shaking as I reached behind my back for the clasp to my bra. I popped the clasp and held it to my boobs as I slipped my arms out to the straps. Every eye in the place was riveted on my chest and I knew it. I quickly threw my bra on the pile with my other clothes and covered my breasts with my hand.

“Come on Deary, I didn’t think you were this modest. Damn, isn’t she precious?” All of his team of gawkers nodded in unison. “Come on let us see them.”

I think this was even more embarrassing than on Saturday. This was more personal and painful.

I slowly removed my hands and let them look.

“Damn, are those tits real?” Mr. Burger asked.

“Of course.” I added shyly.

Now I just wanted to get this over, so I slipped my thumbs under the straps of my thong and worked them down my legs to the pleasure of my audience. When I stepped out of them I turned full 360 and held out my hands. “Ok, where’s your god damn lotion? I suppose you want it to be put on, too.” I said in a flair of anger.”

“Oh, can I?” he answered.

“No, Mr. Burger. You can’t do that, please.” said one of his lieutenants. He must be the lawyer, I guessed, afraid I’d slap them with a sexually harassment suit.

“Ok, then. Here’s a tube. Now don’t miss any spots. I wouldn’t want you to burn, and rub it in real good. Our product looks its best when you can’t see it.” he said with a laugh.

Then seeing Ms. Jones intent stare he added, “Perhaps Michelle would like to do the honors. She seems like she’d love to get her hands on your hot little bod. Now I think I know why none of my advances worked.”

“No, no. That will be alright. I’ll take care of it.” I added quickly pouring some of the lotion into my hand. The thought of another woman touching me was worse than having Mr. Burger doing it himself.

I quickly did my arms, shoulders and legs and then hesitated. Oh my god. I didn’t think I could do my breasts in front of this audience, so I did my tummy and hips avoiding my lower tummy. With that exhausted I hesitated again knowing that what ever I did next it was going to be extremely embarrassing.

“Come on Carrie. I have people waiting.”

I squeezed some lotion into my palm and kind of shook it partially in frustration and partially in nervousness before mustering enough courage to continue. I did my breasts feeling my nipples grow hard under my touch. Having completed that I put the tube down and waited for inspection.

“One more spot. Two actually.”

Oh man, he wasn’t letting up. I reluctantly picked up the tube again and squirted some in my hands and then quickly did my lower tummy and nether region as quickly as I could.

“How about one of you two doing her back? Sorry Michelle.” he said as he first looked towards Tanya and Didi and then over at Michelle who continued to look on in lust.

Tanya jumped up before Didi could react and took the bottle from my hand. She did my back with detailed care and then proceeded to my ass. By then I was so flushed with embarrassment it didn’t matter what she did. It couldn’t get worse.

When she finished I stepped back and meekly said, “Satisfied?”

“Not bad. Richard, that’s some of the best copy I’ve ever seen from your office. I’m sure it will sell a lot of tanning products. Ok, now everyone pick your jaws off the floor and get back to work. And Richard, make sure to have someone contact these lovely girls with the details. Now get out of here and get back to work.”

Thanks god, it was over. I had never been so humiliated, not even on Saturday. I went over to get dressed again, when I heard Mr. Burger tell Michelle to snap out of it and send in his 4:00 appointment. God, he wasn’t even going to give me a chance to get dressed before his next meeting started. I grabbed my shorts, forgetting my bra and panties and quickly slid them up my legs while reaching for my top when several new people started walking into the office. I got my top on as quickly as possible and grabbed my shoes while the new people shook their head in puzzlement at what had been going on. I was so rattled that I never noticedDidi grabbing my bra and panties and stuffing them in her purse.

We left the office and Michelle showed us to the accounting department, still with a hint of lust in her eyes. They gave us a check for $10,000 as a sign of good faith and to cover our initial expenses. Tanya and Didi were ecstatic. However, I was still in a daze from what I had just been through. Finally we left for our hotel.

Before I knew it we were back in a cab heading across town to Time Square. Sun Touch was nice enough to put us up in the Marriott Marqueeright in the heart of Time Square and once we arrived there most of my embarrassment had passed.

Tanya and Didi were ecstatic and wanted to go out immediately and celebrate, but I was a little more reserved and convinced them to at least check in first and let me take a shower to get this sun block off. The whole experience at Sun Touch had been a little traumatic for me and I needed a little quiet time to recuperate. I told them that the whole experience made me feel dirty and that I needed to get that silly sun tan lotion off me before I did anything else.

Tanya and Didi were still on cloud nine as I came out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel. I was pretty much back to normal emotionally, but they were positively ecstatic. It was nice to know we would have some money in our pocket and not having to scrape dimes to get to our tournaments, but it wasn’t like we hit the lottery.

“Hurry up and get dressed. We want to go out and celebrate.” That was a bit of a switch I thought. For the first time in quite a while people were encouraging me to put some clothes on and not take them off.

“Hey and put on that cute mini that you look so good in. I want to see those hot legs of yours.” Tanya added with enthusiasm.

“Haven’t you seen enough of them lately? What about you? How about you wear that cute skirt of yours?We’d knock them dead together.”

“That skirt’s too short. I always worry about flashing someone when I wear it.” Tanya explained.

“Oh my god. Look who’s worried about flashing. What about me? My skirt is even shorter and I’m taller.” I added.

I hurried and got my clothes out when I realized I had left my bra and panties back at Mr. Burger’s office. “Hey, did either of you two grab my underwear? I think I left it back there.”

Both shook there heads no, when Didi added grinning “Those perves are probably jerking off to them right now back at their office.”

Shivering at that mental image I looked for another pair of panties and chose a lacy thong. I proceeded to do my hair and make-up as Tanya and I went back and forth on what she was going to wear.

“Come on Tanya. I don’t know what you’re worried about. You have great legs.” I told her as I slid my skirt up my legs.

“It’s not that Carrie. I’m just not as much an exhibitionist as you.”

“What!” I shouted. “I’m not an exhibitionist. It’s you guys that convinced me to play naked. I was so embarrassed I thought I was going to die.”

“Well I just don’t want to flash my pussy.”

“That’s what panties are for. No one’s going to see your pussy unless you were planning on going commando.” Then I added in a sexy voice. “Oh, Tanya you little devil, I never knew.”

“No, no. I’d never. That’s more your style.” she yelled back quickly.

“I don’t know what you’re worried about. My skirt barely covers my butt. Yours is like mid thigh.” I told her as I modeled it for her. “Oh come on.”

“But your mini is so cute.”

“Come on, what’s the matter you chicken?” I added.

“Ok, Ok, I give up. Just give me a minute.”

With that settled I went back to finish dressing. My mini skirt was plenty mini alright, probably no more than 12 inches from waist to hem and on me with my long legs it looked more like a beach wrap than a skirt. I had to admit that it did make my legs look even longer, probably because almost all of them were exposed from toe to butt cheek. I went looking for my bra but as I picked it up Tanya yelled over that I didn’t need it and to give the girls some freedom.

“Freedom. They’ve been free enough.” I thought.

All the talk trying to get Tanya to wear her mini skirt got me a little excited and into party mood so I followed Tanya’s suggestion. I didn’t need a bra for support and I always hated my bra straps showing under my tank top. I just had to be careful bending over. I pulled my tank top over my head and looked for my shoes.

I was really getting into party mood now because I chose heels. They were only two inch heels but with my height they made me just about 6 foot.

Tanya came out still concerned about the length of her skirt. She seemed willing to wear it finally, but I just teased her to make sure she had clean panties on. She seemed a little apprehensive, but was pretty quick at getting into the spirit of things and started directing the attention back to me.

“Damn, you’re right that mini is short.” she said.

Her comment caused me to check myself out in the mirror and adjust my skirt a little lower on my hips which bared even more of my belly. The waist was sitting right on my hip bones which caused the straps of my thong to show above the waist band. I tucked them back in, but they were just a little to high cut to stay that way. I turned my back to the mirror so I could see how I looked from the back and just as I was making final adjustments Tanya sneaked up on me to give a pull on the straps of my thong.

“What the hell are you doing?” I yelled.

“Come on Carrie, you have to let them see your cute thong.” she said.

“Stop damn it. You’re giving me a wedgie.” I yelled back.

“Oh, poor baby. You have to show them what your wearing, or not wearing.” she added as she reached up and gave my nipples a squeeze bringing them to attention under my tank top.

“Bitch.” I yelled back in a friendly way as I pushed her away.

I had pretty good pokies going as we gathered our stuff and headed towards the elevator. The air conditioning was set pretty low which only emphasized the fact that I wasn’t wearing a bra. All in all it felt strangely invigorating as we quickly walked through the lobby. Between the lightskirt floating around as I walked and my breasts bouncing ever so slightly I felt taken back to the other day playing volleyball even though I was totally covered, well mostly.

We walked to the main door and decided to check out Time Square before finding a place to head. We stopped and took a couple of pictures in front of where the ball drops on New Year’s Eve before heading over to Rockefeller Center. We stopped along the way to check out some of the windows when I saw my reflection in the window standing next to Didi. She is surprisingly short for a volleyball coach at barely 5’ 4” and between me in my heels and her in flats we were quite a contrast. The bottom of my skirt looked to be just below the waistband of her jeans. The sight made me look around to see if any young children might be standing nearby. With the height of my skirt I’m sure a young child would have an unobstructed view.

We found a nice place to eat and I looked forward to a nice meal. As I sat on the leather seat I was reminded just how short the skirt was since my bare butt was sitting squarely on the seat with the skirt just draped behind me.

We had a couple of drinks with dinner which gave us all a pretty good buzz since none of us really drinks that much. Both Tanya and Didi were teasing me pretty good about playing naked and I was turning red with embarrassment. I was telling them to keep it down hoping the people around us wouldn’t hear. Eventually we finished and headed off to find a place to celebrate our new endorsement deal. We found a nice club, but it was pretty quiet, so we moved on to another until we found a place to our liking.

Of course each time we walked in the door we were approached by guys asking, if we’d be interested in a drink. I swear we could have gotten plastered and never pay for a drink all night. We finally found a place that had dancing, which is pretty rare in NYC, so of course it was packed. It was a fun place but small and people were everywhere. Eventually we found a relatively quiet corner and were quickly surrounded by a group of more than eager suitors. There was this one really cute guy so when he asked me to dance, I gladly accepted. The dance floor was really packed and dancing was like a contact sport, but this guy was cute and I was having fun, so I didn’t care. We danced and danced and I was getting into the music. I’m usually pretty low keyed, but put some alcohol in me and give me some good music and look out. Eventually I needed a break and just told the guy I needed a drink.

Shortly after I came back, Tanya whispered in my ear “He’s not right for you.”

“What’s wrong with tall, dark and handsome?” I asked her, but it didn’t matter as another guy asked me to dance.

I danced and danced. It was a good thing I was in really good shape, because I never got much of a break. Dancing was harder work than our matches and I was feeling it. On top of that all the dancing had me perspiring pretty good, which made my top just a tiny bit see though. It wasn’t too bad but was enough that my nipples and areolas were noticeable. I was getting tired and eventually just told the guys I needed a break and headed back to sit with Tanya and Didi. It was the first time I actually got a chance to speak with Tanya and Didi since shortly after we got there.

Somewhere along the way while I was dancing Tanya or Didi must have told the guys we were volleyball player from California. When I got back the conversation seemed to be about our win over May and Walsh. You should have seen these guys with their tongues hanging out as Tanya talked about it. I just wondered how much she had told them. She seemed to avoid the parts where we lost in the next round and that we barely had another win while on the tour, but none of that seemed to matter to the guys. We were like heroes and Tanya was loving it.

My ears perked up when Tanya said, “And you should have seen Carrie.”

Oh my god, was she going to tell them that I played the match naked? I reached over and said something like, “Oh my god, no,” and my mouth silently formed “Don’t you dare!”.

I then grabbed her arm and dragged her to the ladies room telling her she couldn’t dare tell them I played naked. By the time we got back I was all but begging. All she said as were returned was, “Ok, but it is going to cost you.”

It wasn’t long after that that Tanya grabbed me and said, “This dance is just for the two of us.” in a really sultry voice. That’s when I thought I wasn’t going to live down that match for a long, long time.

We started to dance and Tanya was really into it. About half way through the second song she grabbed my hands and spun me around and then did it again. It was late by then and the dance floor had thinned out a little, so we had a bit more room and on top of that people seemed to stand back to check us out. It was pretty wild. I guess there’s something a little erotic about two girls dancing together. After about the third spin I realized what the attraction was. Every time I’d spin my skirt would flair out and you’d see my thong, or more precisely my bare ass. When I realized what was happening I stopped, but not before feeling someone squeeze me left cheek. Tanya was still into it though and she moved in closer and kind of did the dirty dance grinding, her whole body against my front and running her hands all over me. She then grabbed my thong straps in her hands and was twisting me back and forth. Now she was really getting carried away, so I told her to cool her jets and we left to head back to our table.

“What were you doing out there?” I asked.

“Oh when I saw the sexy thong of yours I just couldn’t keep my hands off.“

We stayed a little longer but headed back to the hotel somewhere around 3 am. Before we did though a couple of the guys were getting a little mad when I refused their generous offer for a ride back to the hotel. Having failed that, they started asking for my phone number and eventually I just gave up and gave a couple that were a real pain a made up one, telling them to give me a call anytime, if they happen to travel through San Diego. I hated doing that, but they wouldn’t take no for an answer.

Back at the hotel, I just collapsed on the bed from exhaustion. Tanya andDidi were still pretty wound up and were laughing back and forth as I lay there. Eventually, Didi changed into her pajamas and settled in, while Tanya changed into a T-shirt over her sleep shorts.

I was already half asleep when I barely remember Tanya say, “Let me help you out of that stuff. It looks terrible uncomfortable.”

I must have really been out of it, because I wasn’t even aware of it until I woke up the next morning naked under the sheets.

**Part 3 – Back to Practice**

**Prelude**

By Thursday the girls resumed their normal routing in San Diego preparing for the next tour stop at Venus beach outside of LA. They had 2 weeks between stops which gave them time to get organized again after their brief trip to NYC.

The girls used a friend of Didi’s beach house as their training facility. All three girls had their separate apartments, but spent a lot of their life at the friend’s place. First because it was their so called training facility and second because it was right on this semi private beach and let them enjoy the beach after a hard workout.

On this particular day Carrie was arriving late, because she wanted to drop off the sponsorship contract at a lawyer that a friend had recommended. She had seen some things she didn’t understand in the legal mumbo jumbo and wanted to have someone explain it in English. While she was away Tanya and Didi hatched their plot.

Tanya told Didi how wild it had been to see Carrie play naked and all wound up like she did on Saturday. She said she really thought it gave her the energy she used to make all those spectacular plays late in the game. She said she just wished she’d start off stronger and wasn’t so nervous at the beginning.

That’s when Didi blurted out the truth and explained that the league commissioner Ms. Tipton confessed to her after the last game that she had put some herbs in Carrie’s water to help her with her nervousness, but some of the side effects is increased sexual arousal. They agreed that it certainly did get her turned on and Tanya went on to describe how wild it had been when Carrie climaxed in her arms. She did say that it could be dangerous, if that happened in the middle of a game though. She didn’t know, if Carrie could recover in time to be effective after. They both laughed and agreed that they’d have to watch her and be careful not to mix it too strong.

**The story continues**

 “Where have you been? It’s not like you to be this late Carrie.” Tanya asked me as I walked out to the backyard where Didi and Tanya had been warming up.

“I dropped the contract off at Mr. Dexter’s so he could explain it to me.There’s some things there that I just don’t understand.”

“Hey, what are you wearing?” Didi asked.

“What do you mean?” I asked. I was dressed in my sports bra and running shorts like I always wore so what was the deal?

“Well, if you’re ever to get over your nervousness you’re going to have to practice in the same uniform that you play in. I don’t want a repeat of Saturday.” Didi answered back.

“Well, there isn’t going to be a repeat of Saturday because I’m not playing naked.”

“What do you mean? You were great out there. And besides what aboutyour uniform riding up?”

“Well, I’ll just have to live with it. That’s all.”

“Oh come on, Carrie, I thought you were really getting into it once you got started.”

Oh god. She was referring to how turned on I got. Hell, I came in her arms. It was nice not to have to keep adjusting my bikini though. No, I just couldn’t go through that embarrassment again. I just couldn’t.

“Oh come on, Carrie. For me.” Tanya pleaded.

There was Tanya in shorts and sports bra and Didi in shorts and T-shirt and they wanted me to play naked.

“Carrie, that was some of the best volleyball you’ve ever played. If you could just get over your early jitters you’d be great.”

She was right about that. I had never played so strongly.I couldn’t help but think it was because of all the adrenaline flowing through me, because I was so turned on that I thought I was going to have an orgasm right there as I played.

“There are just too many people to do that again. It’s just too embarrassing.” I told them.

“Look, I have this herbal mix here that someone told me about when I used to play. I used to get butterflies before the match and this stuff calmed me down. It works wonders and is perfectly legal. You can try it out and see how it works. What do you think?” Didi told me.

I couldn’t believe I was being talked into it again, but before I knew what I was doing I had Tanya helping me pull my sports bra over my head.

“I can’t do this here. It’s not like this is a nude beach or anything.”

“No one comes along here and besides I’ve seen women topless on the beach her before.” Didi added.

I was still arguing my point when I felt Tanya working my shorts down my legs. Before I knew it I was standing there naked as the day I was born.

“You’re going to need some more sun block.” Didi added. “No better time than now to start using this stuff from our generous sponsor.”

I was already nervous and it was only the three of us. I took the tube from Didi and started on my arms and legs again before doing my boobs. That done I worked my way down my front and did my hips and pussy. Tanya took the tube from me and proceeded to do my back and butt. When she was done, there wasn’t an inch of my body that wasn’t covered or so I thought.

The Sun Touch lotion that we had been given was a little different from the lotion that I usually used. This stuff was like SPF 6 and made tanning and not necessarily blocking the sun. It was more of an oil than a lotion so even after vigorous rubbing it never really rubbed in. The effect was to leave my skin all shiny and slick especially when standing in the sun like I was.

“Look at it this way,” she said, “you can practice and work on your tan at the same time. By the next weekend you will have a nice all over tan for the next tournament and you won’t have to be embarrassed anymore about showing any tan lines.”

I couldn’t help but laugh at her logic.

“Here. Take this.” Didi said as she handed me a bottle of water, “I mixed some of the herbs extract with your water so you can see how well it works.”

I took the water and drank it down as Didi went over today’s practice plan. The water felt good going down, but I still felt nervous and barely paid attention to what Didi was telling us. All I could think of was here I was naked again and they wanted me to play that way again next week. My mind kept flashing back to all those people just staring at my naked body and how it turned me on. I couldn’t explain it. It was terrible embarrassing, yet at the same time it was a tremendous turn on to have that much attention riveted on me. Just the thought was getting me turned on once again and it showed in my nipples which where once again hard and erect.

Didi had us start out as she always did with a conditioning routing. We usually started in the backyard doing stretching and minor calisthenics before doing our run on the beach. The stretching was in the safety in the yard, which was partially hidden except from the beach, but I had totally forgotten about our beach run. I was getting even more turned on at the thought of running naked on the beach. We practiced here all the time and we knew some of the people that lived along here and they certainly knew us. They’d know me even better shortly.

We started with some simple stretching, but before long there wasn’t a muscle untouched or a part of my body that hadn’t been stretched or exposed; and my exposure didn’t go unnoticed by Tanya.

“I think you’re going to have to apply some of that Sun Touch stuff to some additional places.”

“\*sigh\*. I don’t think so.”

“No, no, I’m serious. You definitely don’t want a burn down there. That will really hurt.” she said with an emphasis on the really.

We started with our calves which wasn’t bad, but pulling my leg up to stretch my quadriceps was a bit more embarrassing, especially when I realized how engorged my lower lips were. They were puffy hard with increased blood flow and in some positions looked positively obscene. I tried to be discreet, but it was impossible. Even I was amazed at what I was seeing. And laying on my back doing my leg crossover wasn’t much better.

Then doing my upper body stretches was something else. Stretching my arms back only thrust my breasts forward as if offering them up for viewing.

“Maybe you should stretch those nip, too. You wouldn’t want to hurt one of them... Oops, no need... They’re already stretched.” Tanya laughed as she grabbed my right breast. My nipples were hard and erect and only invited attention.

The rest of the stretching was no better. Each stretch seemed to expose a different part of my bare body. Stretching when you have cloths on is one thing, but when everything is exposed it can be quite provocative. I could see why Tanya reached out and grabbed my breast. In several positions it seemed like I was offering them up and just tempting someone to reach out and touch them. It was also interesting to see Tanya eyeing me up with each new position as she did her stretching and Didi was more than eager in offering her help. All the attention and the sometimes obscene positions were just adding to my building arousal. My nipples had been hard from the beginning and now my lower lips were opening exposing my pink wetness insides.

Finally after about 20 minutes we finished our stretching. I couldn’t believe how turned on I already was and it was only the three of us this time. I was beginning to think I was some sort of exhibitionist that got off in being naked, but in a strange way I felt nice. I was in the best shape of my life and my body felt tremendous after every muscle had been stretched aggressively.

“Ok, girls. Time for your run, especially you Carrie. You looked like you couldn’t catch your breath a couple of times on Saturday” Didi barked.

That wasn’t from being out of shape, I wanted to tell her but didn’t.

“I don’t think I can run on the beach like this.” I told her, referring to the fact that I was buck naked except for my sun glasses and cap.

“Come on Carrie, this is California. Nobody says anything down here at La Jolla. Who’s going to say anything here? Besides there no one here.”

“Not here. But we always run into people on the beach. What are they going to think?”

“Carrie, it’s good practice for when you play.” Didi yelled.

“I can’t run that far without a bra. My boobs are going to be bouncing everywhere.”

“Come on Carrie, stop making excuses. That chest of yours is as firm as any I’ve ever seen. You certainly don’t need any support. Now get out there and show us a little hustle girl.”

With that Tanya started to jog off towards the water where it was a little easier to run. Yeah easy for her, she had on her sports bra and shorts. All I had was a bunch of sun lotion. I didn’t see anybody, but we always saw people so it was just a matter of time.

“This is good for you. A little exercise should help calm your nerves.” Tanya told me as we got going.

“How do you figure that? Here I am running buck naked on a public beach just waiting for someone to see me. How do you figure that is going go help calm my nerves?”

“Carrie, don’t worry. Nobody in their right mind is going to complain about seeing your body. You should be proud. You look tremendous.” she said.

Her comments mad me feel good, but with my breasts bouncing with each step I just couldn’t get the feeling of my total exposure out of my mind. The run was helping me calm my nerves a bit and after about a mile I fell into a groove that minimized the feeling in my chest. It all came back in a hurry though as we came up to a group of surfers. They were out just about every morning we’d run and today was no exception.

“Let’s turn back Tanya. I think we’ve gone far enough.”

“No way, we’ve barely done a mile. We have to make it up to the point before heading back.”

Damn, this was going to be bad. These guys had on wet suits and I had nothing at all. Worse yet we knew a lot of these guys. We’d often stop and chat on our run.

“Just keep going. No stopping today.” I urge Tanya.

“Oh, ok, we’ll skip the small talk for today. But you had better get used to your skin. This is getting ridiculous.”

We ran right up to where the guys and a couple of girls were surfing and all action stopped. At first no one said anything. Then there were a couple of whistles followed by some comments. I just kept my head down and picked up the pace a little leaving behind Tanya by quite a bit.

When she caught up she yelled out, “Damn, the view’s pretty good from back here. I think I’ll let you lead for a while.”

We made it all the way to the point where we normally make our turn and headed back. Back towards the gang of surfers, which I’m sure were eagerly waiting my return trip to catch whatever they may have missed the first time. Oh my god, here I go again, I thought as I ran back towards them. My legs were holding up fine, but my breathing was racing thanks to the excitement that was taking over once again. I must have looked like something out of one of their fantasies as I approached. Except for my head everything I was given at birth was clear on display only for the price of a look. And what a look! My muscles were pretty pumped from the workout and the sun was reflecting brightly off my slick skin.

This time all but a couple were on the beach waiting as we approached. The comments started when we were still ways off.

“Hey Carrie, looking good, love you outfit” were just a few.

This time it was impossible to just run by as they really wanted to know why I was out jogging naked. Even a couple of the girls who had beenlaying out on the beach came down to see what’s going on as we slowed up.

Oh my god, here I was standing in the middle of about a dozen guys and another half dozen girls buck naked. It brought back all my nervousness from earlier.

“What’s the matter, forgot your suit today?” this one guy yelled. Colin, I think was his name.

It was so bad. Here were these guys, most still in their wet suit, covered from head to toe and I didn’t have a stitch to my name and then to make matters worse one of the girls knew me.

“Carrie, is that you?” this girl yells out as she comes close.

Oh my god, I just wanted to die. It was this girl I knew from high school, Chris.

“Oh my god, Carrie what are you doing? Have you turned into some sort of nudist or something?”

She was a friend from high school whom I hadn’t seen in years. We were both in the track team and had lots of classes together. Under other conditions I would have been happy to see her, but standing there in my birthday suite was not the way I wanted to start our reunion. You could tell she wanted to give me a hug but hesitated seeing I wasn’t wearing any cloths.

“Carrie, you ah, look good ah, all of you. Don’t you ah, think you should be wearing something?” she didn’t know how to say it, but I certainly knew what she meant.

I started to tell her I’m playing professional beach volleyball and were practicing. She said something like I knew those bikini were tiny, but I thought you at least wore one. You could tell my nudity was in the front of her mind and it certainly was in mine as everyone looked on. I’ve had some awkward conversations before, but this one was one of the worst. No one except Chris said much, but I could just feel every eye staring at me.

“This is just a stupid thing that Tanya got me to do.” I explained.

“What happened? Did you loose a bet or something?” someone yelled out.

“No, nothing like that. Carrie’s bikini really bothers her and effects her play so she decided to try it without one. So far it seems to really help. We beat May and Walsh last week.” Tanya went on to explain.

“You mean you play like that. Damn.” one of the boys added.

“Where do you play? I’ve got to see this. That’s the hottest thing I’ve ever heard of.”

There was some whispering and talking between the guys as they took in every inch of me, which only got me more worked up. Then one of the girls asked me “How do you do it? I’d die.”

I wanted to tell her that I wanted to die as well, but I didn’t want them to think I was crazy, so I just told her it was ok, once I get use to it. What a lie!

I then told Tanya we had better get going, but she seemed in no rush. I was getting more turned on by the minute and was still breathing really fast despite just standing there. My nipples were still rock hard and if it wasn’t for the fact that I was sweating heavily my wetness would have been obvious.

Chris had written down her number on a small piece of paper and was in the process of handing it to me when I shrugged my shoulders and told her I didn’t have any place to put it. But Tanya reached out saying she’d hang onto it. As she did, several of the guys, interrupted saying “Here let me give you mine as well.”

I was dieing the whole time I stood there and was backing away the constantly, but the group just continued to move in around me. Finally when I just couldn’t take it any longer I told them I had to go and started off walking at first and then jogging. Soon Tanya got the message and followed. I was certain every eye was on my ass as I took off, but I was just thankful that none were following me.

I just continued jogging along by the water trying to ignore the few people who had come out since we’d past previously. In total, except for the group of surfers, there were probably only about 6 people who had seen me, but that was enough to keep me from calming down very much. Just the thought about what they must be thinking seeing a naked girl jogging by on a public beach was enough to keep my aroused. The only good thing about my constant arousal was that it took my mind off the running. We had run about 4 miles and usually I start to feel it after 2. But today I felt like I could go on indefinitely.

When we got close, I told Tanya I needed to cool off a bit thinking it would calm my overloaded body. I threw her my hat and glasses and headed towards the water for a little dip. The water was pretty cold as I waded out, but did it ever feel good. Between the heat from jogging for 4 miles and the sun baking down on ever square inch of my exposed skin I was plenty hot, not to mention that my body was near the boiling point from the inside. The contrast in temperature was considerable and I swear I almost heard the sound of steam coming off me as I ducked below the surface. It was cold alright but so refreshing. It was just what I needed as I began to swim out further.

If there is one thing besides sex that should be done without cloths it’s swimming. Putting cloths on to go in the water and then having to wear a wet bathing suit around just seems stupid. Any time I didn’t come up adjusting my bikini back in place after diving in was a good time, but this time was especially wonderful. The feeling of the cold water rushing across uninterrupted bare skin was beyond what I can describe. It was so invigorating it was almost intoxicating. I thought maybe I should take up swimming as an aerobic exercise instead of jogging which I really didn’t care for.

I swam and swam again like I could go on for ever and before I looked up I was considerable away from the beach. Farther than I cared for, so I turned around and headed back. I’m sure I made quite a sight swimming along with my bare ass bobbing along, but I really didn’t care. This just felt too good.

As I approached the shallow water and stood up I saw both Tanya and Didi waiting for me.

“Oh my god did that feel good.” I told them as they looked on intently not saying a word. I must have been a sight to behold with the water streaming off me in the bright sun, but I didn’t care. Not having to fuss with a wet bikini was heaven. As a matter of fact I never felt so alive. Between the earlier stretching, vigorous running and the remaining feeling of sexual exhilaration I felt like my body was in a state of euphoria. Every muscle had been stretched and worked. The run had given me that wonderful feeling of having done something strenuous and just a little sexual excitement remained to make me feel like I could do anything. At that moment in time it felt great to feel the warm sun on my naked body.

I jogged up to the back of the house as Tanya and Didi just looked on. Once they joined me I couldn’t wait to get started.

“Damn, I think I need to add some swimming to your warm-up from now on from the results.” Didi said.

“No thanks. That water is freezing. I’ll stick with the jogging.” Tanya added.

I didn’t even towel off. I just let the water dry naturally as we laughed back and forth. Didi handed me a bottle of water saying I must be thirsty. Eventually, Didi said it was time to get serious and briefed us on what we had to work on. I was like bouncing around the whole time unable to stand still. I was so pumped. Then just before we hit the court Didi threw me the bottle of sun block saying I should put some more on especially after my swim. No sooner had I started on my arms when Tanya came up and took the bottle from me.

“Here let me help you with that.”

It felt good so I just let her continue. She did my back and then knelt down and did my legs before working on my butt. I couldn’t help giving her a jab by saying, “You really seem to like doing my butt, don’t you?”

“Who wouldn’t? You have such a cute little butt.” she said in a sultry voice as she stood up and did my back some more. Each stroke seemed to expand into new territory until she was doing my entire flank including the sides of my breasts and hips. She then reached around and started working on my right breast.

“Hold on there baby. I think I can handle the rest you little lesbian.” I told her in a teasing voice.

“Well how do you expect me to resist.” she said.

Being in a really loose and silly mood I teased her a bit as I spread the lotion around my front, “Why I never knew.” I continued, “Maybe I had better put something on so you don’t get distracted.” I teased.

“I’ll be ok you little slut.” she added.

“Bitch.” I retaliated.

“Ok, girls. You can save your little squabble for later. We have a lot to work, if you expect to get anywhere in next weeks tournament.” Didi chimed in as she threw a ball at Tanya.

Our usual routing starts on Tuesday with a workout, followed by drills and then scrimmages with some practice teams later in the week and travel on Friday. This week was a little different with traveling to NYC on Monday and Tuesday and no tournament this weekend. Working with the practice team was going to be interesting, if I continued practicing in the nude, but for right now I wasn’t going to worry about it. Right now I felt great and didn’t even mind being naked. It was actually pretty nice. The weather was bright and sunny with a light refreshing breeze blowing in from the ocean. The warm up had really loosened up my muscles and the arousal was actually quite pleasant. And not having to worry about my bikini riding up or a sports bra squeezing my chest made me feel wonderfully free. I had not restrictions on my body. It was just me and the elements and both felt great right now. For right now I was ready to enjoy my nudity.

Didi had us practice our serving which was probably the weakest part of my game. Tanya was on one side and I on the other. One would serve and the other would defend. It was actually a double drill since covering the entire court alone was all but impossible.

The whole serving process was quite a show in itself. The idea is to have the ball leave your hand from the highest spot so you have the most possible court on the other side to aim for. I’d stand back about 15 feet from the base line, run, toss the ball in the air, leap as high in the air as I could while stretching my right arm as high as I could and then hit the ball as hard as I could. It is quite a physical feat and I felt terrible exposed being stretched out like that. I thought back to how I must have looked like on Saturday and it caused me to get turned on. I was starting to think I really was an exhibitionist or something.

I was still pretty pumped up like never before and being naked with not restriction on my body or concerns that something was going to slip out allowed me to get off some wicked serves. Tanya barely moved as I landed a nice ace.

“Oh my god. I don’t know how anybody plays opposite you, Carrie. They’d have to be dead to not be distracted.” Tanya told me. I also I noticed Didi off to the side staring intently in between serves.

“Damn, if I thought your ass was hot, the view from the front is unbelievable.” Tanya added.

Tanya was really struggling to return my serves which made me feel good and just gave me even more confidence. I was hitting the ball like I had never done before and it wasn’t long before Tanya couldn’t return any, which wasn’t like her at all. She had always been a better server than me.

I was really feeling good and started to think that even though I was the one that was nervous and embarrassed about being naked it also seemed to be having an effect on Tanya and Didi. I had known Tanya for almost six months now and Didi for over a year and I had never suspected either of them being anything but heterosexual. But they both seemed a little distracted and interested in watching me of late. Tanya had certainly taken some liberties with the sun lotion and seemed to have spend a lot longer on my butt than was necessary. Could they be interested in me? Were they getting turned on seeing me play naked? I thought to myself.

The thought that another woman was interested in me seemed weird, but was also strangely arousing in a way. It was always a boost to my confidence whenever I’d catch a guy checking me out, but I never thoughta women would be interested in the same way. I did have a pretty good figure I thought, but why would a women be interested? I mean we all have the same equipment.

After a while we took a brake and Didi started giving Tanya a hard time about missing almost every serve.

“What do you expect? Look what I’m looking at.” she said gesturing at me.

“What’s the matter, never seen a naked women before?” I poked back at her.

“Yea but ah, …” she never completed her sentence.

I decided to test the waters and see what her reaction would be to another little tease. While still watching her out of the corner of my eye I leaned my head back, arching my back a little, and took the remaining contents of the bottle of water and poured it down my chest letting it wash over my extended nipples as if trying to cool them. What I saw sent a quiver of excitement through my sex. Tanya’s mouth dropped open and she licked her lips. Oh my god, I was right. She had the hots for me. As I turned I noticed Didi staring as well. Oh man, both of them!

I felt a little weird but kind of proud at the same time. Never would I have thought another women would be interested in seeing my body, yet both of them were all but drooling. Wow! This was weird.

I had to snap them out of it by saying, “Ok Tanya, it’s your turn to serve.”

I took up my defensive position and waited for her serve. I knew she must be a little rattled, because her first serves went right into the net.

“Come on Tanya, you can do better than that.” I yelled as my excitement got the better of me. I was so bad. I felt like I was taunting her, almost seducing her with my body like I would a boyfriend I really wanted. And I think it was having an effect on her, because I could clearly see her nipples poking through her sports bra. It was beginning to become a bit of a game and I was getting pretty aroused myself in the process. I was bouncing around and teasing until she finally got one in and I wasn’t ready.

“Ha, there you go you little nudist.”

“Come on Carrie, stop playing around and get serious.” Didi barked.

“Nudist. This was your idea, remember.” I yelled back as I got serious and took my positions.

I got a piece of the next one, but it sailed out of bounds. Tanya was spreading them out pretty good and I was running all over the place. I was doing a pretty good job, if even getting a piece of them, but it was hard covering the whole court. The next one came in low and short but right in front of me, so I dove for it head first, or more like breast first. I stretched out and leaped forward and got it, but not before diving into the sand chest first with my breast taking my full weight in the rough sand. I left out a grunt as the air left my chest. Tanya was so stunned that she missed a simple return. When I got up I was covered with sand and my breast hurt from the impact.

“Oh God that hurt.” I winched as I got up. My entire front was covered with sand and I had quite a little caked onto my extended nipples. That would have hurt even with my top on but was especially painful with my breasts and nipples taking the full impact.

“You had better take it easy there girl. I don’ think we girls were made to take dive in the sand like that.”

“Are you ok?” Didi asked, “That looked pretty nasty.”

“Ow, that hurt. That sand isn’t as soft as it looks.” I answered as I continued to clean up.

“Save the heroics for the game. I don’t want you hurting yourself in practice.” Didi said.

There was really no way to clean all that sand off without literally running my hands up and down my front. So I guess I was putting on quite a show. After I got the worst off I ran over to the little outdoor shower and ducked under the stream of water. My nipples hurt a bit and my breasts were a little red from my dive, but other than that I was fine. When I looked back I noticed Tanya and Didi studying me intently as I cleaned up.

When I came back Didi came over saying she had better take a look at that. Both her and Tanya were now intently inspecting the redness on the top of my breasts. The attention just caused my nipples to harden up.

“Are you ok? That looks a little nasty.” Tanya asked.

“Well you try trigging you boobs through the sand and see how it feels.”

“How are your nipples? They look a little tender, too.”

I couldn’t help but rub them a little which must have really looked bad but felt so good. The sensation also took my mind off the irritation.

“The same thing happened on Saturday. I guess I just need to be more careful before diving for a ball with my boobs exposed like this.”

“Well don’t let us hold you back during the game. Some of those dives were highlight file material. I just don’t want you to hurt your, ah, yourself. I don’t want you hurting those beauties.”

As I walked back on the court I tried to figure out what she meant by that last comment. Well, anyway. I was still plenty wound up and ready to whip Tanya, so I ran back into place for the next serve. I was really into it and got more than I missed which is pretty good. Later Didi had us practice our sets. This is always a critical part of the game and Didi had us practice them a lot. This exercise had Tanya and I working together with Didi on the other side of the net gently returning the ball like it would in a game. Except she’d make us work for it. She put them all over the place so the first hit was critical.

Our typical defense was me upfront and to the right with Tanya behind and to the left. I’d leap and try to block and Tanya would defend. The leaping to block meant a lot of up and down action and my breasts bounced pretty good and I could feel it with each jump. It wasn’t like it was painful and actually was a little arousing as I was constantly reminded that they were unsupported and bare. Didi was really challenging us by widely spreading out the ball. During a game the opponent doesn’t have quite as good an opportunity to aim the ball as half the challenge is just retuning it. In Didi’s case she just stood there and launched it where ever she wanted, which is quite a workout for us as defenders. I was still really pumped and was all over the place. I have a pretty good range, but today I was loaded with energy and was everywhere, getting to balls that I’d normally not even get a piece of.

“Damn, Carrie you’re on fire today.” Tanya said as I got on a ball that I’d normally not even touch.

The plan is for the first person to just get the ball into the middle, the second hit sets it up and the third is for the kill. We were getting some great returns off that we were sure nobody could return. I was feeling great and getting even more excited by our great play. It wasn’t like I was out of control, but I was plenty turned on. My nipples had been hard most of the day, but now I was really wet, too. Luckily I was covered with sweat which made it less apparent. It didn’t do anything to hide the fact that my pussy was swollen and opening as I stretched.

I was getting praised from both Didi and Tanya as I jumped and leaped for every ball. I even took a couple more dives into the sand which brought gasps from both. Before I was really self-conscious about brushing the sand off my bare body, but now I was just turning my back and doing what had to be done, and Tanya was often lending a helping hand.

I guess I was a little overzealous on some though, because Tanya and I ended up bumping into each other a couple of times causing both of us tofall to the ground in a heap. Not that you have much control over where and how you land when you’re falling to the ground, but being naked made me that much more aware of some of the compromising positions we ended up in. Tanya would apologize when her hand or foot would end upon some of my more sensitive exposed flesh, but I swear she was taking liberties.

I let out a little yelp and yelled, “Watch those hands!”, one time when her hand ended up planted firmly between my legs.

We laughed as she apologized, but when it happened again I got suspicious. My breasts seemed like free targets, and except for a little sensitivity that didn’t bother me. But grabbing my pussy, accidentally or on purpose, was a little too much. One time her hand ran right across my open slit dragging sand into my pussy in the process. One of the quickest ways to kill my buzz is getting sand in my vagina. There’s no eloquent or effective way to get sand out of your pussy except with a good deal of water. So we took a little break and I ran over to the outdoor shower for a good rinse, and I mean good rinse. I took the hand held shower head off the hook and flushed my insides out. The water was cold and felt even colder when it rushed in those spots.

“All cleaned up?” Tanya laughed as I came back.

“Yeah. Sand is definitely not what I want in there right now.” I said before realizing what I had said. Even though my quick rinse had calmed my arousal a bit my mind was still on my turned on state.

“What I need is a boyfriend.” I told Tanya as we returned to the court, “No, what I need is to get fucked.” I added. Now I had verbally admitted my arousal even though I don’t think it was much of a secret.

“Oh. Hot.” Tanya responded in a sultry teasing voice.

As I passed her on my way back on the court she rapped a hand around my stomach, saying “Looking as hot as you do that shouldn’t be much of a problem.” As I paused, her hand caressed my tummy in a sensual circular motion which brought my arousal right back to where it had been.

As out drills continued she seemed to start celebrating a good return by giving me a little slap on the ass. At first it seemed natural and innocent, but as it continued it became more sensual. Even Didi jumped in when we took our next break by giving me a stiff slap on the ass. I let out another little yelp as I ran over to get another bottle of water.

Things went on like that for most of the rest of practice with Tanya’s little touches getting more and more frequent as well as more intimate. The effect was quite arousing for me. As my excitement level built I felt more and more distant from what was happening. It was like my body’s own instincts for the game took over and I was just there observing. It was distracting in the sense that my mind was clouded with thoughts of sex, but at the same time my body was running around like it was hyped up on some energy enhancing drug. It felt like foreplay that went on for ever. Tanya and Didi were both saying how they never saw me play so well.

Finally, Didi had to leave for a doctor’s appointment and we wrapped up. I needed a cold shower badly and turned the water on full force, not even using the hot. My overheated body soon cooled down both heat wise and emotionally.

I headed back to find my cloths which I hadn’t seen since I took them off this morning.

“Have you seen my stuff? I asked Tanya.

She pursed her lips as if disappointed that I was going to put something on.

“You don’t expect me to drive home like this?” I said as I spread my arms.

She was staring as she had while I was showering off when I came up to her. As I did she then ran her hand down my bare side looking on with glassy eyes as we faced each other. My shower had calmed me down to the point that I was back under control again. I was still slightly aroused but nothing like earlier. Like after my swim it felt quite wonderful.

“You being awfully touchy feely with me all at once.” she seemed to jump back to reality, but didn’t say anything at first being caught by surprise.

“Well who wouldn’t, seeing you run around naked all day. I hope you don’t mind. I’m sorry.”

“Well it did feel good but it is a little strange.” I confessed.

“I’m sorry but I just can’t help it. You’re so beautiful and, well, I can’t resist. I hope you don’t mind.”

I felt proud and confused at the same time. I was pretty sure that she was into me, but actually hearing her admit it just sounded weird. I stepped back not wanting to lead her on anymore. Not that I was exactly trying. In a slightly nervous voice I said, “Maybe I should get dressed now.”

With that I pulled my cloths out of my bag and slipped my shorts up my legs. I then pulled my sports bra over my head gently tucking my tender boobs in to the tight top.

“What are you doing for dinner?”

“Oh, I have a couple of errands to run and then I just want to relax. This whole week had been pretty stressful.” I answered, “See you tomorrow.”,I added with a wave and I headed around the side to my car.

“Oh here’s Chris’s phone number, now that you have a place to put it.” Tanya hollered as she handed me the small note.

Actually, I still didn’t have a place to put it since there were no pockets in my tight shorts, but I took it anyway thanking her in the process.

Later that evening back at my apartment I took a long hot shower before making myself a light dinner and settled in on the couch. I leaned back and reflected on the days activities.

A week ago I never would have dreamed that I would be playing volleyball naked, yet now it looked like everyone was pushing me in that direction and thought it was a terrific idea. Today’s practice seemed strangely enjoyable, with the exception of the run on the beach. I had never felt so free and alive. It was so weird. My body felt so loose and with the mild arousal it was wonderful. I had so much energy I felt unstoppable, but that was only in front of Tanya and Didi. How was I going to get over my nervousness and embarrassment. Actually, I didn’t feel that nervous or embarrassed today. Maybe there was something about that herbal stuff Didi gave me, but it was only the two of them. How was I going to do this again in front of a crowd of people? Better not thinking about it right now.It just made me more nervous again.

And what was it about Didi and Tanya today? Tanya was getting off on seeing me naked. It was nice that she thought I looked good, but it was weird. I didn’t think she was gay, but you could have fooled me today.

The stress of the day was catching up to me as I could barely keep my eyes open. It wasn’t long before I was fast asleep on the couch.

**Chapter 6**

The next day was another beautiful day in San Diego and I headed back to the beach for practice. I was pretty tired since I had tossed and turned all night, so I really hoped Didi had remembered to bring coffee, because I could really use some. The thought of another day practicing in the nude helped wake me up, but I was still beat as I walk back to our practice court.

Tanya and Didi were already there and talking as I dragged myself up.

“Did you talk to that lawyer you had looking at that contract yet?” Tanya asked.

“No. He’s on vacation until next week.”

“What’s the matter Carrie? You look tired.” Didi asked.

“I didn’t sleep that well.”

“Here have some water. You’re probably still a little dehydrated from yesterday.”

I thought what I need was coffee, but I took the water. It felt good and seemed to wake me up a bit.

“Ok, girls. Time to get to work.” The kind words over, drill sergeant Didi was back to work. For just a moment I thought they might actually let me practice with my cloths on today, but I was wrong.

“Ok Carrie. Strip.”

It wasn’t even a request. It was more like an order.

“Oh come on. Do I have to do this?” I pleaded.

“Yes. We can’t have you freaking out when it’s game time like last week.” Didi barked.

“Carrie. Just think of the great tan you’re getting.” Tanya added.

“Funny. I’m beginning to think you guys just want to see me naked.” I barked back. That seemed to quiet them down as they glanced back and forth at each other. It didn’t get me out of taking my cloth off though. Once again Didi came back with another order, “Come on, we don’t have all day.”

“Ok, ok you perverts. But I’m not running on the beach naked. That was just too much.”

“Don’t worry, today is the weights.” Tanya reminded me. That’s right two days a week we skip running for weight training. I didn’t particularly like that either, but at least it wouldn’t be as public, which made me feel a little better.

Didi started to go over the plan for the day as I sat down and untied my sneakers. I looked up to notice Tanya was spying me pretty intently as Didi went over the plan. I smiled slightly as a wicked thought formed in my mind. These two, especially Tanya, seemed to get off on seeing me naked. So why not put it to a test. I felt my nipples grow harder just at the thought.

Now as I found out from an old boy friend, there’s taking your cloths off and there’s taking your cloths off. I wasn’t about to do a strip tease for them, but I thought I’d see just how horny they were. I had a button up shirt on today, so I started by facing a little off to the side of them as I slowly unbuttoned one button after another. I sneaked a peak and noticed they were paying very close attention, especially Tanya. When I was done I walked even closer like I was really trying to pay attention to what Didi was saying when in reality I wasn’t even listening.

Now I seemed to have Didi’s attention, too, because she stumbled a couple of times with what she was saying. I fidgeted with the shirt for a while acting a little nervous which wasn’t exactly an act before I arched my back a bit as I slowly wiggled my shoulders out of the shirt one side at a time. I noticed Didi paused briefly and then continued with what ever she was saying. My beasts were once again bare to the world and Tanya’s and Didi’s in particular. The idea that they were interested sent a little chill through me. I wasn’t sure what to think, so I decided to leave my shorts on for a bit just to see what they’d say.

Now staying this way wouldn’t be all that bad. I had never been much of a women’s liber like Lisa, but I’ve always thought that women should be able to take their shirts off or at least go topless at the beach like in Europe. Funny, I thought. If Lisa and her friend had their way, I’d be a women’s spokesperson not only going topless but going completely naked. I noticed Tanya’s eyes following me as I casually walked over to my bag and put my sneakers and shirt in.

I then walked back kind of swinging my hips just a little in the process. I’m usually not like this, but it was kind of fun. I then walked back to Didi and tucked my thumbs in the waist band of my stretch shorts and slowly pealed them down my legs peaking for their reactions in the process. Didi paused again as I had hers and Tanya’s attention. This was going a little too far so I decided to stop fearing I was becoming a lesbian myself teasing these women as I would a guy.

Once again I was naked. A cool breeze blew in off the water and for a moment I thought back to this erotic story I read on the web where this high school majorette marched in this indecently small uniform in all sorts of freezing weather while leading the band at football games and parades. We had our occasional cool weekend that we had to play in, but I was fortunately living in San Diego and only playing in the summer. Nonetheless, I pictured myself out in a storm with the rain and wind pelting my bare body with nothing to protect me. It was quite an erotic image which sent a shiver of excitement through me.

I stood there pretending to listen while all the time my mind wandered to more erotic thoughts. When Didi was finished we headed to the little makeshift gym that was on the porch of Didi’s friend’s house.

“Looking good.” Tanya said as we headed over. Her in shorts and T-shirt and me buck naked.

“Don’t forget this.” Didi yelled as she threw me a tube of our new sponsor’s sun block.

I took it and started applying it to my face and arms.

“Here, I can help you with that.” Tanya offered.

I was already a little horny from my undressing episode. So I figured I’d test Tanya and see just how far she would go with applying the sun block. I took my time, concentrating on my face and arms as she started on my back. Yesterday she seemed more than willing to continue after she had done my back so today I was going to risk it and see just how far she would go. I was really bad, but the horny side of me had to know what was up.

As I worked on my arms Tanya did my back and then moved down to my butt making sure it was done really well. I had spent enough time on my arms and was just about to bend down to do my legs when I realized that would put my butt and more right in Tanya’s face. Instead Tanya knelt down and started to work on my legs. I wasn’t sure which was worse. She started on my calves and slowly moved up my legs. Her strong hands felt good, but I was nervous about how high up she’d go.

“You have great legs Carrie.” she said as she move her hands up and down my thighs. She was working the back of my legs from my butt all the way down to my knees and then reached inside my thighs. She eventually stopped without touching my pussy, but then she jumped around in front of me and did the front of my legs, which put her face just at about the same level as my pussy. Her touch was getting bolder. I had started to work on my front spreading lotion on my breasts and tummy while she expertly did my legs. I couldn’t help but notice my nipples. My normally pliable nipples had grown into super sensitive hard nubs which made spreading lotion over them quite interesting in numerous ways. First they were as hard as a rock and extended almost half an inch so they made formidable obstacles to spreading the lotion evenly over my chest. The lotion initially was just a puddle encasing them in white with little poles poking out from my breasts. It took some careful attention to un-cake them and even out the lotion.Definitely not the typical spreading of suntan lotions.

The second problem was that they were kind of sensitive from the arousal that had been building in my body, especially that caused by Tanya’s hands working her way up my legs. They are normally a particularly sensitive part of a woman’s anatomy. Add the fact that they are not normally exposed to anyone expect perhaps a lover’s loving touch and add to all that the fact that they had paid the price of several of my chest first dives. All this made them lightning rods leading right to my sex. My one hand finished my chest and the other moved down my tummy and approached my mound. As it did I was tempted to just role my head back and pleasure myself.

“Aren’t you guys done there yet?” snapping me back to reality Didi yelled out.

What a drill sergeant I thought.

Tanya jumped up in surprise as if being caught in the act. I quickly finished the few spots remaining and ran over to the make shift gym.

The gym was primarily one large piece of equipment with many stations along with several other specialty pieces for particular uses. I did some quick stretches and took my seat on the station used for leg extensions. It didn’t take but a moment to realize this was going to be just as embarrassing as running on the beach. The only up side was I wasn’t going to be seen by as many people. It was only Tanya and Didi that were going to see me, but they were going to see everything, and I do mean everything.

I spread a little workout towel on the seat and rested my legs on either side of the support bar. I thought that if I would lean forward just a couple of inches I could probably do a pretty good job of fucking myself on the support as I flexed my legs. I must have had sex on the brain, because as I sat there my perverted mind thought that this may be a whole new angle in fitness. I bet a lot more women would come to the gym and work out a whole lot longer, if machines had a dildo rigged up to the mechanics. I was tempted to slide forward and check out my dirt little idea but thought better of it.

I started my routing and one thing I did notice was that without any cloths on you could plainly see every muscle that was getting worked. I wasn’t ever up on all that muscle groups but was amazed at what it looked like. I had never paid that much attention before, worrying more about just getting through my workout, but besides looking at all that bare flesh, there was something strangely erotic about seeing my muscles stretched and pumped. The long muscles in my legs were budging and pulled tight all the way up to the top of my legs. In addition to that my abs were getting a little work, too, which looked particularly sexy as I looked down between my breasts.

I did my first rep of 15 and then stretched back to increase the weight while still. I usually did one easy rep followed by one tough one and finished with an easy one. Didi always got on my case that I needed to use heavier weights and increase my strength, but I fought back. My game probably would benefit from putting on some more weight and muscles, but I didn’t want to be one of those muscle women.

When I’m stretching for balls during the game I’m too occupied with the game to notice what I look like, but sitting there I couldn’t help but notice. Even a simple act like switching weights meant stretching, which showed how each muscle moved, not to mention opening my legs which showed some other things. Ordinarily all this would be covered with my shirt and shorts, but today it was all out in the open for whoever was looking. I tried to be more discreet the second time, but it was impossible to reach the pin and keep my legs together.

Finally I finished and swung my leg over the center support and that, too, provided quite a show. Ordinarily this wouldn’t be a concern, but now I had to be careful how I sat down and got up from each machine.

I moved over to the pectoral fly machine and sat down again. Normally I spread my legs pretty far for balance, but today I kept them fairly close. I reached around back for the one bar followed by the other before sliding back against the back support. Oh my god this looked obscene. There I was with my legs slightly parted with both arms stretched behind my back. My breasts were thrust forward as if showing them off. Just as I started my first rep Tanya got up to change stations.

“Damn.” was all she said as her eyes were riveted on my jutting breasts. If that wasn’t bad enough, my nipples, which were still rock hard, pointed straight ahead like little pegs on a peg board ready for something to be hung on them. It was like they were just tempting someone to hang something on them. As hard as they were they probably could have supported a winter coat without any trouble.

Each time I brought my arms forward my upper arms pressed my breast together like a push up bra. It looked like I was flaunting them for someone. And that someone appeared to be Didi as she came over to check our progress. She was standing directly in front of me checking me out as I struggled to maintain concentration. She reached in and helped me by pulling the bar forward for the last couple. It’s one thing to have someone spot for you when you’re dressed, but it is a little unnerving when every single inch of your body is on display and certain parts more so than others. I struggled with the weights and my breathing quickened and only part of that was from the work out.

I finished my set and freed my arms from the bars and just sat there.

“You have to work on that Carrie.” Didi yelled, “You need strength in your shoulders for those spikes.”

She was trying to look at my face and the bar as she spotted me for my second set, but she was constantly stealing a peep down at my breasts. I thought ‘I wonder what she’d do, if I spread my legs a little further’, so I tempted her will. Sure enough she couldn’t keep her eyes from looking. Oh my god, both these guys were checking me out. The thought that I had two women checking me out felt weird, but at the same time it excited me.I had teased guys before, but had never thought that a woman would be checking me out. Here were two that definitely were. Wow.

As my mind drifted I forgot about my physical struggle and actually finished my second set stronger than the first. Didi congratulated me and remained spotting me with renewed interest.

The workout had warmed me up quite a bit from earlier and I was just starting to perspire, which brought even more of a glow to my sun lotion slick body. I guess all in all there really couldn’t be a much more provocative sight possible. There I was sitting, skin reflecting the morning sun, breasts thrust forward as if demanding attention and if that wasn’t bad enough my legs were spread about two feet causing my pussy to open slightly. All the attention Didi was giving me made me feel a little proud that even women would have that much interest in seeing my body. I mean after all we all have the same equipment.

I breezed through the last set and jumped up to move to the next station which was the overhead pull. You basically stood and pulled this bar down to your waist. Didi always was on my case for this one, because she said I needed to strengthen my shoulders for getting force behind my spikes. She was probably right, but I didn’t want to look like one of those moose’s with line backer shoulders.

This station was no better as far as exposure goes. I guess it probably didn’t matter what station I was at. All stations are going to be very exposing when you lifting weights without any cloths on.

I reached up, stretching for the overhead bar and immediately my breasts thrust forward. The worse part of this one was that it stretched me out to the point that I was basically on my toes, which made my already lean body look that much more provocative.

“Damn.” Tanya said as she walked over checking me out from head to toe. Tanya was always the outspoken one and rarely mixed words up. If she thought it, she said it and I guess I knew what she was thinking. As she passed in front of me she slid her hand down my side brushing the outside of my breast and running her palm down to my tummy. Her forwardness took me by surprise and I almost let the bar slip out of my hand.

“Hey! What do you think you’re doing?”

“Damn, girl. You look like sex served up on a plate. How to expect me not to notice you?” she said.

I finished up and adjusted the weight and turned back around to see her still standing there. “Come on Tanya. This is embarrassing enough without you staring at me.”

“It’s just that you look so hot stretched out like that that I can’t resist.” Tanya replied.

“It just creeps me out having you two staring at me.”

“Oh come on Carrie. You’d have to be dead to not see how sexy you look.” Tanya said.

“I mean, you’re a girl, and I’m a girl. This just isn’t right.” I said shyly as I reached for the bar for my second set.

“What do you mean it isn’t right? Carrie, I’ve always thought you were hot.” she said moving a little closer.

I pulled the bar down to start the second set. This was probably a mistake. Tanya was standing right in front of me. Oh my god! I never felt so vulnerable. There I was stretched out naked with my teammate staring at me with lust in her eyes. The whole scene was causing my own arousal to rise.

“Carrie, you may not be the best volleyball player on the circuit, but you certainly have the hottest body, and seeing you play last week naked made me so horny I could hardly concentrate.”

Oh my god, this was crazy. My teammate is a lesbian and here I am naked in front of her. I knew, I had suspected it, but now she had come out and admitted it. I should have just stopped my rep right then, but the whole idea was getting me horny as well. I continued with my set as she continued to check me out.

“You can’t imagine how exciting it was to see you play. I’m sure there wasn’t a limp penis in the place, and I’m sure half the women were wet as well.” she went on as I continued my reps. By then I was so turned on that I wasn’t even keeping count. My nipples were at full attention as they poked skyward from my upturned breasts thrust out from my tight rib cage. My tummy was impossible concave with my abs stretched tight forming two taunt muscles. Beads of sweat formed on my forehead as a couple others ran down between my breasts and down my tummy. My mind was lost in its own world as I continued my reps. My second set is always the toughest, but my mind was focused elsewhere. I had no idea how many reps I already had done and I didn’t care.

Tanya continued to stare. She was saying something, but I wasn’t listening. I was just continuing to pull down and release the overhead bar. Then as if in slow motion she reached forward and touched my left breast causing my hands to slip from the bar. CRASH.

It wasn’t as much the touch, ok maybe it was, but it was the way she touched me. Her fingertips barely touched the side of my breast while she ran her thumb over my rock hard nipple.

The touch sent a shock wave of sensations straight to my sex and without even knowing what had happened the bar slipped out of my hand.

“What the hell was that, Carrie!” Didi yelled out from across the yard.

Shocked back to reality I yelled back, “Sorry, it just slipped.”

“For heaven’s sake, be more careful. You know you can break those weights if you drop them too hard.”

“Come on Tanya. You can’t be doing that.” I whispered to Tanya. Apparently Didi had missed what had actually caused me to drop the bar.

“We have to talk.” I again whispered to Tanya making sure Didi didn’t hear, “This is crazy.”

Tanya just smiled and wrapped her arm around my side. As she slowly moved on she let it slide down my side and across my belly caressing me as she did. Apparently the loud crash had not snapped her out of her horny state.

“Sure gorgeous. We should do dinner after practice.” she said.

I skipped the rest of this set and moved on to the bench press station. This wasn’t much better, but at least I was laying down and wasn’t stretched out and on display. The only bad part here was that my ass was sitting on the back support with my legs spread on either side, which opened me up like I was waiting for someone to fuck me. Luckily no one was in a position to see.

The problem was I knew how bad it must have looked and I couldn’t help but to look down wondering how bad I was showing. All I could see, however, was two breasts jutting out from my chest. The only view I had was between them and across my belly. Even then all I could really see was my jutting hip bones and the front of my thighs.

My mind wandered back to my sexercise health club idea from earlier. How wild would it be to have some hunk making love to you as you did your set. Just the idea got me going again and I soon lost track of how many reps I had done. Spread as I was all a guy would have to do is get it up to get it in. Oh my! My dirty mind was in full swing which only added to my arousal.

God knows how many reps I did. I stopped after a while and raised the weight and went right back to it. Usually all I can think about is getting through my rep and the pain my body is in. Today it was like my mind and body were detached. All my mind could think about was sex, while my body independently just kept up the reps. I lost count and must have done twice as many as I usually managed and I could have kept going had Didi not come by to see how I was doing. Figuring I had done much more than my norm, I skipped the third set and move on to the sit up station.

I’ve always found sit-ups fairly easy and never minded this station, because I always love the look of a tight tummy. I always thought my tummy was my best asset since I didn’t have the biggest boobs and my butt was kind of small. Sit-ups were actually done on a separate stand alone machine. You simply wedged your ankles between the supports and leaned back on the platform. You could adjust the angle you did them from flat on your back to almost vertical. I usually did sets of 25 flat on my back, but was feeling pretty good today, so I raised it up to the second stop past horizontal. It wasn’t that much of an angle, but it was harder than laying flat. Luckily on this machine my legs were together, but I was still totally exposed.

I bent my knees, clasped my hands together behind my head and started the first set. Even in my normal outfit of sports bra and shorts you got a pretty good view of what muscles were being used, but with nothing on at all you got to see each and every muscle tightening and relaxing with nothing obscured. I never realized that my abs extended all the way down to my mound. I was also amazed at the way the muscles in my thighs were being worked. They seemed being worked as much as my abs and I never even noticed it before. I had only finished a couple when Tanya stopped back to see how I was doing.

“Ah, don’t you, ah, have some more exercising to get in there?” I struggled to get out as I did my reps.

“What... and miss seeing that sexy tummy of yours getting its workout. Glad to see you’ve moved it up for an even better workout.” she said as she looked on.

I finished my first 25 and laid back to catch my breath. Even laying back my abs were pulled tight just supporting my weight.

“You’ve even got a little six pack started there. See right here and here and here.” Tanya said as she gently ran her hand down my tummy pointing out the little budges in my abdominal muscles. I had to admit her hand felt good on my already burning abs. My muscles were not used to doing sit ups in this elevated position and I felt the burn even on the first set.

“If you keep it up like this, you’ll have a sexy eight pack going in no time.” she said as she ran here hands even lower.

“Stop that!” I yelled, not liking where her hand was heading. It didn’t stop her however from caressing my abs and playing with my belly button as I protested.

I was torn. On the one hand it felt so good, but on the other hand it seemed so strangely inappropriate. “Come on Tanya. This isn’t right.” I told her.

All at once Didi yelled over for us to get back to work.

“Just giving Carrie a hand with her sit-ups.” Tanya hollered back.

She briefly turned as if to leave so I resumed my sit ups. I had only gotten a couple in when she turned back and grabbed another feel.

“Damn, your sexy.” she whispered as she ran her hand down the length of my taut abdominal muscles.

“Tanya!”

Again it was hard to tell her to stop. Her hand as if by magic soothed the burn and at the same time took my mind off of the pain I was feeling. My nipples had been hard all along, but now they seemed to scream with anticipation of Tanya’s touch. Then she ran her hand down and over my hip in the process, her fingers narrowly missing my pussy on her way down my thigh. I gasped and fell back on my back.

“Tanya, you can’t be doing that to me, not in front of Didi.”

“Oh come on, she’d probable get off on it, too.”

Too, I thought. Oh my god, she’s getting off on feeling me up. I have to get a grip. This can’t be happening.

I jumped up and told her I was finished with my workout and headed over to our cooler to get a drink of water. I was pretty sweaty now and needed a break in more ways than one.

“Ok girls, are you guys ready for some drills?” Didi barked as she headed over to where I was standing.

“Don’t we even get to cool down?” I asked.

“Ok, take a couple of minutes and then we’ll start with some serving practice.” she said as she checked me out. I had to admit that between the angle of the sun and the sheen of perspiration and suntan lotion my body looked pretty hot. The workout left my muscles pretty pumped and the reflecting sun only made it more noticeable. That and the fact that my nipples were hard and erect made me quite a sight. Now Tanya joined us and was staring equally intently.

I was getting excited all over again from all the attention so I said, “I’m going for a dip to cool off.”, to avoid their attentive stares. “I think the swim will be a good workout, too.” I added.

I jogged off forgetting at first that there might be some people out on the beach but us. But then I hesitated, looking up and down the beach before running down and into the water. There were a couple of people on the beach, but they were a little ways off, so I figured they’d just think I had a really tiny bikini on, or at least I hoped.

The water was just as cold as yesterday, but felt so refreshing running all over my bare body. Like I said yesterday, there is no better feeling than a little skinny dip. Well, almost nothing better feeling.

I swam out a little ways and then headed parallel to the shore. It felt great and I felt like I could go on forever but decided to head back. When I got back to where I went in there were now some people walking along the beach at the point where I had to come out. I thought about continuing down, but saw Tanya and Didi standing there waving to me.

I was feeling pretty good after a good workout and a refreshing swim, so I figured the hell with the people walking up the beach. It’s not the first time a naked girl walked up a southern California beach and certainly not the last, so I just headed in and calmly walked up to where they were standing as if I was wearing a suit.

“You guys could have at least brought me a towel.”

Well, I got some pretty good look as I stood there next to my clothed friends but really didn’t care. I had played volleyball naked in front of a couple hundred fans so what was this. Besides I had been naked for a good part of the last two days. We slowly walked back to our makeshift training facility as I’m sure the group took in my naked butt. I could feel their eyes on me with each step but resisted looking back. I just walked on as though it was no big deal.

I grabbed a couple of fruit snacks as I air dried. It’s amazing how hungry I get after a good swim.

Didi had us do a bunch of serving drills. Serving was never my strong point. I was more the spiker. In my current uniform I found this part of the game very embarrassing in particular. Actually everything was embarrassing, but when you’re serving the game is stopped and you have time to think about it more. That and all the attention is on you.

Serving is actually more physical than it looks. You have to run up and leap as high as you can and hit the ball with all your might. It requires so much movement that I’d actually popped out of my top when I still was wearing one. Now when I was stretching for the ball everything and I really mean everything was out there and exposed. Not wearing a top certainly solved the popping out problem, but I’m not sure the solution is any better than the problem. I was now constantly reminded of my unsupported breasts. As I’d run up they’d wobble a bit and then bounce violently as I came back down. A little support would be nice. This was all on top of the wild leap in the air and stretch for the ball.

The return side wasn’t that much better. I didn’t have to leap in the air and stretch, but I had to return Tanya’s serves which was no easy feat. She was a pretty hard server and had plenty of movement on her ball. I had to run all over the place and dive for some of the balls. The bad part was that it hurt when you returned one wrong. It wasn’t much different than when I was in my top as every once in a while I’d miss to play a ball right and it would hit high on my arm or roll up and find a little of my breasts and a couple of times it would catch a nipple and that really hurt. Being unprotected made it even worse and a couple got me good.

The first time it happened I think I half caused the problem when I brought my arms together. My arms forced my breasts together like a push up bra and, with my nipples pointing skyward, they formed a nice target. I screamed and instinctively rubbed my sore nubs. Tanya just laughed knowing what had happened. It must have looked obscene, but I didn’t care. After that I tried to be a bit more careful, but it was hard to return Tanya’s serves and protect my breasts, so they got it a couple more times, each time causing me to scream a little.

By the time we finished this exercise my wrists, arms and breasts were bright red from the impacts of the ball. I rubbed some generous amount of cream on them to ease some of the discomfort.

After a while I seemed to get used to play naked and in a strange way it seemed to energize my play. Without my uniform on, or anything else for that matter, I had a tremendous sense of freedom. It was just me, nothing else. No bottom creeping up my ass or top chafing at my skin, if a little sand got under it. I did feel quite alive and energized.

The little tradition of giving me a little slap on the butt after a good play continued. The effect was just a constant reminder of my nudity, which kept me just a tiny bit aroused the entire time. But the arousal was what was giving me my little energy boost. Too much was very distracting and made it hard to concentrate, but a little arousal actually seemed to help my play. It was so weird, but in a way felt strangely nice, if I could keep it under control. Maybe Didi was right in having me practice naked.

When we finally finished up for the day, I ran over to the outdoor shower to take a quick shower. It was one thing to be aroused when you’re bouncing around in play, but my nipples ached and my pussy was swollen. A refreshing cold shower would help to get me back to normal and calm my overcharged body.

Refreshed I jogged back to our table and grabbed a water bottle. I didn’t want to get my cloths wet so I just stood there while the warm breeze air dried my dripping skin.

Once again Tanya stared as she asked, “Want to grab something?”

“Yea, I guess we could. I want to go home shower and take a nap. I’m beat.”

”I don’t know, you seemed full of energy all day.” Tanya said.

She was right. As long as I was playing I was fine, but now that my body calmed down I was crashing. “I still need to change.”

“Why? Your cloths should still be fresh. You haven’t worn them since we got here.” she answered.

“Funny. By the way, what did you guys do with my bag today?”

“Oh come on, what do you need with cloths. With a bod like yours I don’t think anybody would mind seeing a little more of it.” Tanya laughed as she moved a little closer.

“I’m beginning to worry about you. Now where’s my bag? You don’t expect me to drive home like this.” I said as I put my hands on me hips.

“Now that’s an idea!”

Finally, Tanya retrieved my bag from behind some boxes. I had drip-dried enough by then, so I pulled out my cloths and got dressed for the first time since I had arrived.

“How about I stop by your place around 7:00?” Tanya asked.

“That’s fine. That will give me a little time to take a quick nap.” I said as I put on my shorts followed by my shirt and sneakers.

After being naked all day it felt strangely weird having clothes. My nipples and breasts were a tiny bit sore and tender from all the abuse they had taken all day and I was keenly aware of my shirt rubbing my nipples like never before. I thought that perhaps I should start wearing a bra again. My bottom also felt funny as my tight shorts hugged it tightly. Normally, I wouldn’t even have noticed, but today I definitely was aware of the tightness as I walked.

**Chapter 7**

**Back at the apartment.**

The effects of not sleeping well the last couple of nights was starting to catch up with me. I was exhausted when I got back to my place. I opened the door, threw my bag in the corner and headed to my bedroom to lie down. I stripped off my cloths and tossed them in the hamper before collapsing on my bed. I tossed and turned and couldn’t fall asleep since I was still a bit horny.

After a few minutes I decided to take a shower. I couldn’t deny my body any longer and with that gave my body the most wonderful orgasm. After recovering I dried myself and headed back to bed where I fell sound asleep.

I don’t know how long I was asleep before I was shocked awake by the ringing of my cell phone. Still half asleep I rolled over and picked it up. It was Tanya, asking me where I was and that she had been knocking on my door, but no one answered. I was still groggy when I explained that I had fallen asleep and hadn’t heard her knock.

“Well get up and let me in then. I was about to leave.” she yelled into the phone.

I got up and was half way to the door when I realized I was still naked.Not that she hadn’t seen me naked enough, but I didn’t want her to get the wrong idea, so I reached in the bathroom and grabbed a bath towel and wrapped it around me.

“Sorry, I was just so tired.” I apologized as I opened the door holding the towel to me in the process.

“No need to stand on formalities. I know how much you hate clothes.” she joked referring to me wrapped in a towel.

“Stop that. I just took a shower and fell asleep and never heard you knocking.” I tried to explain.

“So are you ready for some food? I’m starving.”

“Hang on.” I answered.

“Actually I think you look pretty hot just that.” she said as she followed me into my room.

“Come on Tanya. You’re acting crazy.”

“Carrie, you have a fantastic figure and a great tan thanks to your new uniform so you should show them both off.“

“What uniform?”

“Exactly.”

“What! Do you want me to go around naked all the time?”

“Now that’s an idea, ah, …, but I’m not sure you could get away with it everywhere.”

I got dressed as we talked. Tanya stopped mid sentence as I let the towel fall to the floor. Once again I noticed Tanya checking me out as we spoke. I had always been a bit of a tease to the guys, but now a woman was checking me out. The attention was making me a bit uncomfortable, especially when it was my teammate and friend. I pulled a pair of shorts out and then grabbed a T-shirt out of my drawer and threw them on my bed.

“It’s still really hot out. You should wear something light.”

The devil inside got the better of me and I thought I’d test Tanya’s reaction, so I slid my shorts on forgoing my panties for tonight. Tanya’s eyes were riveted on my pussy as I wiggled into my shorts. Again her conversation paused.

“So when did you start going commando?” she asked eagerly.

“Oh , I do from time to time. With you guys, having me naked so much it just seems natural.”

“Go girl. Now you’re getting into it.”

I wanted to tell her that the whole playing naked was making me terrible horny, but it was a bit embarrassing and I didn’t exactly know how to tell her. The thought alone sent a little shiver down my spine and made my nipples harden a bit.

“How are your breasts holding up? They, ah, …, um, …, looked pretty red this afternoon.”

“They’re a little tender but I’ll live.” I said as I gently cupped them in my palm. “I think I need to start wearing a bra again. The constant rubbing is a bit tough.” It was my turn to be embarrassed.

“That’s a shame. I know how much you hate wearing one.”

“That’s not it. It’s just my nipples are a little tender.” I told her as I blushed.

“Maybe you should just wear a bikini top and show off that sexy tummy of yours.” she said as she moved close.

I don’t know what’s been coming over me, because I actually thought that was a good idea. It was still pretty hot out and it’s southern California. I used to practically live in a bikini top and shorts when I was a beach bum, but had gotten away from it lately.

“I can’t get in a restaurant in a bikini top.” I said with a little hesitation.

“We’re going to Pete’s café. It shouldn’t be a problem there.”

“Ok, I guess.”

With a sudden flair of exhibitionism I took off my T-shirt again and searched my drawer of bikinis. Right there on top was my Volleyball bikini. I pulled it out and just laughed. It was big as far as my bikinis go and seemed like overcoat compared to what I had been wearing the last week. I pulled out my favorite white bikini top and placed it over my neck. I gently cupped my slight tender breasts in the cups and pulled the ties behind my back asking Tanya to do my back.

The top fit me perfectly and showed of my tan nicely. The material was a light blend of some smooth fabric that got a little shear when wet, but I wasn’t planning on doing any swimming tonight and it felt so nice against my tender nipples. It felt nice, but there was no mistaking my nipples as they poked hard against the fabric.

“You look hot girl! I’m getting wet just looking at you.” Tanya let slip.

I knew she had something about me, but this was the first time that she actually came out and said it. Oh man, maybe this wasn’t such a good idea after all. It was a boost for my ego and made me feel good, but maybe I probably shouldn’t be leading her on. I mean, it made me feel good, but it still just didn’t fell right. And how was I going to explain getting turned on by playing naked? Maybe I really was an exhibitionist. I never thought about it, but how else could I explain getting so horny by being seen naked?

I was so confused, because at the same time I was so nervous that it almost made me sick. It was so weird. I quickly did my hair and grabbed my purse.

We headed out to Tanya’s car, her in shorts and T-shirt and me in my cutoffs and white bikini top. I didn’t have a complete outfit top or bottom. It turned me on just thinking about it.

Tanya drove and before I knew it we were at Pete’s. We sat outside and ordered a drink. I don’t know whether it was the alcohol or what, but I just had to tell Tanya what I’d been going through. I didn’t know how to start, so I just came out with it and told her. I was kind of whispering not wanting anyone else to hear.

I told her, “This whole playing without my uniform is just crazy. Last Saturday I was so nervous I thought I was going to puke. I mean my stomach was in knots and I couldn’t think straight. Then when I was out there I um, …, how can I tell you?”

“What, you got turned on? You can say that again. Remember I was holding you when you climaxed.” Tanya interjected.

“Yes, yes. It was so embarrassing. I mean all those people, and all looking and me naked. I mean I’ve gone topless and even nude before, but not in front of all those people and certainly not playing volleyball. It’s just crazy.”

“Yea, but you played the best game of your life. We beat May and Walsh. I never dreamed we’d ever be able to beat them. You were like a wild woman out there.” Tanya said.

“Crazed more like it.”

“Yea, but you were returning balls you’d never been able to get to before.”

“I don’t know.” I told her, “I was so wound up that I couldn’t think. It was like my body was on auto pilot and I was somehow just watching from above.”

“Maybe that’s not a bad thing, if it means you play like that all the time.”

“I just don’t know how I can do it again.” I said.

“Hey, that whole thing got us a sponsor. Now we don’t have to wonder how we’re going to get to the next match, and I owe it all to you and that hot naked bod of yours. I mean you wear that lotion well.” Tanya said laughing as she did.

“But I can’t keep doing this. It’s crazy.”

“Why not? I mean if playing like that means you have to get over a few butterflies I mean what’s the big deal?”

“The big deal is running around naked in front of hundreds of people while you’re on the verge of having an orgasm.” I told her.

“Ok, that’s why Didi is having you practice naked, too. And that relaxer will help with the nervousness. We just have to figure out how to control your excitement so you don’t accidentally climax too early. You have to save that until we win. Now that is the way to celebrate a victory.”

“That’s crazy.”

“What’s so crazy? We could actually win one of these tournaments, if you keep playing like you did on Saturday.”

“You have to be kidding. I mean, I’m so aroused that I feel like I’m getting fucked by Brad Pitt while I’m out there on the court.”

“And that’s a bad thing?”

“I mean, I want to touch myself so bad but I can’t.”

“Oh, don’t do that. Besides if you get off in the middle of a match you’ll be shot. That’s what happened in the second match. You peaked too early. You’ll just have to learn to pace yourself.”

“Oh and how am I supposed to do that? And it doesn’t helped that you and Didi seem to be getting off on having me naked.”

“Look Carrie, I’ve always thought you were beautiful and well, ah, …,seeing your naked kind of ah, …, turns me on too. Come on, you’d have to be dead not to think you look hot.”

I was blushing terrible as the conversation got more and more personal. Not only that, but my nipples were at full attention and were way beyond just noticeable. They were tenting the front of my thin top to the point that they were trying to cut a hole in it. Anybody that walked by couldn’t help but notice them. All at once I felt terrible under-dressed, but that seemed to be a near constant feeling of late.

“But, um, you’re a woman.”

“Carrie. I think you’re amazing. I can’t tell you how proud I am of what you’re doing and I’m sure your friend Lisa is too.”

Lisa, how could I forget her. My near and dear friend who first thought of this crazy idea. My head was spinning. Tanya sounded so sincere and I already knew Lisa thought I was some sort of representative for women’s rights. I paused, thinking about how I could get out of this insanity without disappointing them, but couldn’t think of anything.

“Tanya, this is hard. I’m a nervous wreck and horny as a teenager in heat. I’m going to really need yours and Didi’s help if I’m going to keep my sanity.”

“No problem. Just let me know how I can help.”

Finally our food came and I started to relax a bit. Another two glasses of wine didn’t hurt either. I don’t think either of us knew quite what to say, so dinner was pretty quiet.

It wasn’t until we finished that Tanya asked what I was doing tomorrow. We saved the weekends that we weren’t playing for personal stuff, mainly catching up on things or just relaxing. Training and playing takes its toll, so I always looked forward to our off weekends.

“I don’t know. I just want to catch up on my sleep and relax.”

After we finished eating Tanya asked, “How about we walk up the beach and just relax? I think that would do you a lot of good.”

“I don’t know, it’s cooling off and I’m not exactly dressed for it.”

“Come on you look fine. It will be good for you.”

We walked up the beach to one of the hotels. It had cooled off a bit and people were out for the night now and I felt a little under-dressed, but I was starting to get used to that. We walked out to the beach and found a deck chair that had been left down by the water and sat down to listen to the waves. It was very relaxing and I felt like I could just curl up right there under the stars, but it was a little chilly.

As we casually chatted, Tanya ran her hands through my hair which really felt good. I told her that I needed a boyfriend to help to get shot of all this sexual stress that was keeping me awake at night.

“Carrie, what are you doing wrong? You should be fighting them off with a bod like yours.” she said as she took the opportunity to run her hand down my arm and side.

“Well it hasn’t been working that way. All the guys I meet just want to get me in bed.”

“Well that’s what you need, right?”

“Come on, you know what I mean.” I told her as she continued to run her hand through my hair.

“You’re so uptight. What happened to the fun and carefree Carrie I used to know?” she said as she started to massage my shoulders and back.

Oh man, it felt so good I couldn’t tell her to stop. I was putty in her hands and before I knew it she was reaching for the knot that held my top on. I told her to stop, but she just continued.

“Tanya, this isn’t right.”

“Please Carrie. Just relax for me. You’ve had a tough week. Just enjoy.”

Oh God. I wanted to tell her to stop, but it felt too good. Before I knew it my top was off and she was massaging my breasts. She took my nipples between her fingers and gently massaged them until they were like little points. Then she roomed down my tummy with just the tip of her fingers.

How could this be? How could another woman be having that much of an effect on me? I could feel my body reacting and there was nothing I could do, nothing I wanted to do. The sensation of her fingers contrasting with the cool air was driving me nuts. Damn was she ever good at pushing my buttons. I should have probably been worried about someone coming along, but after this week somehow being seen topless didn’t bother me that much. Besides I was in heaven. Nothing else mattered.

I twisted my head to say something, but before I could get the words out, Tanya had her lips on mine and was giving me a passionate kiss. I pulled away out of surprise, but it wasn’t long before we were making out right there on the beach. I couldn’t believe what was happening.

Tanya was definitely the dominate one which was fine. I still wasn’t sure what was going on. All I knew was that it felt good.

Then Tanya leaned forward and whispered, “You feel so good.”

Her hands were all over me and it felt so good. It was really cooling down now, so the warmth of her hands felt extra good on my skin. She alternated between running her hands up and down my front and playing with my nipples. The whole experience was getting me aroused and it appeared that she was, too, by the increasingly vigorous motions of her hands up and down my body. Suddenly she shifted a little to change positions which almost knocked me off the deck chair. She helped me back on and wrapped her one hand around my bare back while she continued her massage with the other. It wasn’t long, before I felt her hand sliding down to my shorts. I grabbed her hand with mine.

She was fumbling with the snap of my shorts.

“No. Please. It’s not right.”

She went back to playing with my nipples for a few more moments before we both calmed down a bit.

Tanya was the first to say anything.

“Carrie, you’re so hot. I can’t control myself.”

“Tanya, this isn’t right. I don’t know what got into me. I’m sorry.” I told her.

“Please, you feel so good. Don’t tell me you didn’t enjoy it.”

“No, it felt great. It’s just, um, I’m not a lesbian. I don’t know what got into me.”

“Carrie, just go with what feels right. I’m not a lesbian either, or at least I didn’t think I was, but you feel so good I just can’t stop. Every time I see you out there I want to run my hands all over your hot naked body. Please.”

“Tanya, we’re teammates. How is this going to affect our play? I told you this playing naked isn’t such a good idea.”

“No, we can work it out. I can help you with your nervousness and help calm you down after we win.“

“Help, if this is how you’re going to help me you’re going to blow my mind.”

“No no, silly, we can work together. It’s just that we need to trust each other. I know what turns you on and what relaxes you and we can control it. Please.”

“Who’s going to control you though?”

“Don’t worry about me. I just want you to play your best. That’s all.”

“Maybe. But it may drive me insane in the process.” I told her.

“Just work with me. All we have to do is find the right balance. A little excitement seems to bring out the best in you.” she explained in such a logical way.

“You’re out of your mind and you’re going to drive me out of mine.” I told her.

“Maybe. But you’re the one playing professional volleyball in your birthday suit.”

“Stop it. You’re Terrible.” I told her.

We laid there a little bit longer before a shiver ran up my spine. “I think it’s time to get going. I’m starting to get cold.”

With that I rolled off Tanya and picked my top up off the sand.

“Do you have to put it back on? You look so sexy.” Tanya said.

“Tanya, I can’t just walk back to the car topless.”

I retied my top and had Tanya do my back before we headed back to her car. I tried to tell her what was troubling me and all she did was getting me more turned on. I had to admit that it wasn’t unpleasant, but I still couldn’t get over the fact that she was seducing me in the process of comforting me. I didn’t want to disappoint her, but at the same time I didn’t want to give her the wrong idea.

Back at home I tried to understand what had been happening to me. On the one hand all the attention was definitely getting me excited, but right now most of it was coming from my teammate who also happened to be a woman. She was definitely interested in taking this further, but I just didn’t feel comfortable. I didn’t want to lead her on, but at the same time I didn’t want to hurt her.

I eventually fell asleep not sure what to do.

**Part 4 – The Photo Shoot**

For those whom missed the earlier chapters, Carrie is a young up and coming professional beach volleyball player who was struggling in her first year on the tour. Her partner Tanya was desperate to get their names out there, so they could get a sponsorship contract, and her best friend Lisa had somehow convinced Carrie to forgo her skimpy uniform and play au natural. Somehow she did it and ended up landing a very nice sponsorship contract with Sun Touched Sun Care products.

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Carrie had been in a little bit of shock when she finally met with her lawyer on Monday and found to her amazement that the sponsorship contract with Sun Touched was not only legally binding but also included a surprising little catch. Beyond the tournaments she had to appear at all league sponsored events and promotional events in her uniform, which as defined in the fine print was her bare skin and nothing else. She had insisted that they get her out of it but found out that there was nothing they could do since the 3 day review period had passed while her lawyer was on vacations.

Back at practice she pleaded with Tanya and Coach Didi that she couldn’t go through with this. She just couldn’t play in front of all those people naked. They countered that she had already done it and had even beaten Walsh and May in the process.

Each day at practice they had Carrie strip down to her uniform as defined in the contract insisting that it would help her get comfortable being naked. In reality both coach Didi and Tanya were developing a thing for seeing Carrie naked. Tanya was definitely developing a serious attraction to her naked friend and Coach Didi was only a little bit more subtle in her approach.

Unbeknownst to Carrie, Coach Didi was feeding her a home grown concoction mixed with her bottled water to help Carrie with nervousness. It was in fact helping Carrie with her nerves but at the same time was causing her to be in a constant state of sexual arousal. This was giving Carrie sprits of energy but at the same time driving her crazy.

Carrie was seemingly getting more comfortable being nude with each passing day, at least around Didi and Tanya. By the third practice of the week Tanya and Didi barely had to twist her arm to get her out of her clothes.

Carrie was a little less calm when Tanya would insist on applying the provided Sun Touched lotion all over Carries body. Tanya insisted that Carrie would stand there like a statue while she ran her hands over every intimate part of Carrie’s body. It was quite a site for Didi to watch and even more exciting for the participants. The sun lotion ritual along with the spiked water always left Carrie in a high state of sexual excitement which carried over to her naked workout. Carrie would be so wounded up by the time Tanya finished with the lotion that she worked out like a woman possessed. The weight training that Carrie had so despised became somewhat of a sexual release as she pounded the weights.

Didi would assist Carrie by shouting encouragement and working tied muscles in the hope of getting more reps out of her. This often consisted of highly sexual massages that often included more than just her muscles. The whole purpose was designed to keep Carrie in that adrenaline rush of arousal as she worked out. Her newly invigorated strength training was starting to produce results. Not only was she gaining some strength but her body was supper tight without an ounce of fat.

After the strength training Carrie would always run down to the beach for her cool down swim. She really needed it. Before long it didn’t matter who was on the beach she’d just run down naked and dive in like it was perfectly normal. She was a site to be seen as she’d run back up the beach dripping wet. Her tan was now flawless from hours in the sun as was her body from hours of working out.

Carrie was becoming a little more comfortable in their little training facility but it was a whole different story playing a match.. She almost freaked when she got a call from a Sun Touched representative  calling to schedule a time for them to come down and take some photos for their promotional campaign. Tanya reassured her that it was no big deal and that they were just going to take a few shots.

When the day came Carrie’s nervousness returned. She seemed to have become comfortable around Tanya and Didi but she returned to her old ways when others would see her.

“Do you think they’re going to want me to pose in the nude?” Carrie asked

“Probably yes, but I’m sure it will be tasteful. After all they want this photos for their add campaign. They’re not going to paste a full frontal nude of you in a magazine.” Tanya replied.

“I can’t pose nude. I’m a volleyball player not a playmate.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll be here. You’ll do fine.”

Sun Touched was launching a new water proof line and wanted Carrie to be the center of their add campaign. Their advertising tag line was “The only protection you need from the sun’s harmful rays.” and Carrie fit that slogan perfectly since the only thing she had on was their product. The fact that she was a tall blue eyed blonde with a perfect body would only attract more attention. Of course they had to be careful in how they shot her since not many of the magazines would allow blatant nudity.

The next day Carrie, Tanya and Didi traveled up La Jola where they met the production crew, To their surprise they had a professional volleyball net set up on the beach with a mini production studio. Carrie had thought there would only be a couple of people involved in the shoot, but there must have been at least a dozen in total.

The producer Jeff met with them and told them all about the advertizing campaign and how thankful they where that they had been able find Carrie. Carrie started to get nervous again when he explained in detail how Carrie playing nude fit so well into their tag line and how Carrie would photograph so well. If there had been any doubt that Carrie would be being photographed in the nude, it was resolved there

Carrie had been quiet through the explanation and her trepidation started to become apparent. Jeff told her to relax as did Tanya and Didi, but it didn’t seem to help. After Jeff finished explaining the shot he directed Carrie over to this small enclosed area where someone was going to make her up and get her ready.

The three walked over to Janet who was a makeup artist that was going to get Carrie ready. She greeted Carrie warmly and seemed like a nice enough person as she told Carried what they were going to do. She explained that they had a series of campaign ideas and already had worked out a specific sequence how they were going to shoot these scenes including the details how they were going to do her makeup. It all made perfect sense while Janet explained it and Carrie was listening intently not wanting to mess things up. She quietly apologized to Janet for not being a model and not knowing what to do.

“Just be patient and tell me what to do and I try my best.” Carrie told her with a tinge of nervousness in her voice.

If Carrie was nervous before, it jumped up several levels when Janet said, “OK. Let’s get started then. Take your clothes off and place them on the chair while I do your hair.”

‘Oh God,’ Carrie thought ‘this is it.’

“Come on Carrie, don’t worry, just think about how hot you’ll look.” Tanya told her trying to calm her down but really just adding to her nervousness.

Didi did better with some more effective calming words. She handed Carrie the now familiar spiked water which initially seemed to work as Carrie fumbled with her tank top.

She quickly pulled it over her head just as Janet looked over admiring Carrie’s firm tight breasts. In an effort to get the embarrassment over with Carrie quickly followed by unzipping her shorts and wiggling out of them.

“Great! No underwear.” Janet said as she checked Carrie out, “We won’t have to wait for any strap marks to fade. Great tan too, no tan lines to touch up either.”

All this casual chit-chat about her while she stood naked amongst all these clothed people really made her nervous even if they were all women. It didn’t help when she thought that soon others would be seeing her naked and most of them were men. On top of that there were also several passersby that were stopping to see what was going on.

Carrie took another gulp of water before sitting down in the chair for Janet to do her hair and makeup. Carrie had to fight to control her trembling as Janet started to do her hair. It felt so weird having her hair done while sitting naked in the chair. Something about that just wasn’t right. Janet tried to reassure her telling her how beautiful she was and how she’d photograph so well. It was almost working when unexpectedly Jeff walked in to see how they were progressing. Carried jumped up as if to cover up at the sight of Jeff seeing her naked.

“Still a little modest huh? Didn’t you play a volleyball tournament in the nude the other week?  How did you ever manage that when you embarrass that easily?”

“Just relax, you have a tremendous body and should be proud of it.” Janet added as she tried to calm Carries nervousness. After she finished Carrie’s hair she had Carrie stand up so she could clean her up.

Jeff was still there so Janet asked, “What should we do about that bush?” Now it has to be clarified that Carrie had the cutest little landing strip of pubic hair.

“I don’t know. It’s cute but blends in too much. Put some coloring in it and we’ll take a couple of shots. Then we’ll shave her bare for the rest.” Jeff told them.

Carrie cringed as they spoke so casually about this so very personal part of her body.

After Jeff left Janet started to work on Carries makeup. The plan was for the early shots to be the more glamorous ones for formal presentations while some of the later ones were going to be more athletic action oriented pictures so they started with some heavier makeup, much more of it than Carrie typically wore. For most photos you only apply makeup to dull the reflections on the face and sometimes the arms, but for these pictures, since Carrie’s whole body was going to be on display, makeup had to be applied everywhere.

Once Carrie’s face was done Janet moved down to her upper chest and shoulders before moving onto Carrie’s breasts. Carrie blushed and struggled to remain still as she became aware of how this was affecting her. As it was, her nipples stiffened from all the attention.

“Let me try some hue to bring out those lovely nipples of yours.” Janet mumbled as she skillfully worked her forefinger around the base of Carries now hardened nubs.

Carrie had always been easily aroused, but how could Janet be so causal when touching her there, Carrie thought. Surely, being a women, she must know what it must be doing to her. Carrie suppressed a moan as Janet continued her skillful work on Carries breasts.

It wasn’t much better as she moved down Carries tummy.

“Damn, I wish I had those abs of yours.” Janet said as she moved lower.

Carrie got a bit of a break as Janet moved to Carries legs but it wasn’t long before she had worked her way up and was asking Carried to loosen her legs so she could finish. Janet carefully worked Carrie’s hips and lower tummy before giving a light dusting to Carrie’s pussy. Then she went back to her kit and came back with another applicator to dust her blonde landing strip, turning it several shades darker and making it stand out like it never had before.

Standing behind her Janet finished Carrie’s back, seeming to spend longer than necessary on Carrie’s tight butt. A couple of pats later and Carrie was ready for the first part of the shoot.

Just as Janet declared to Carrie she’d finished Tanya and Didi returned,

“Damn, you’re gorgeous.” was Tanya comment as she took in her freshly made-up and very naked team mate.

Didi in her more subtle way simply took in Carries beauty.

Jeff also appeared and took in his new model, “OK babe time to get to work.”  He grabbed Carries hand and was ready to drag her out just like that until Janet handed her a robe to use as they stood around.

Carrie quickly slid it on and followed Jeff out to the shoot.

Jeff gathered the crew together and explained the first shoot. These were the glamour shots. Carrie thought it strange that they hadn’t applied any of the product that they were supposedly trying to sell in the campaign but were still taking pictures. In reality it was doubtful any of these photos would be used in the campaign at all. Most likely they would rather end up in various executives’ private collections.

It was just about time to get started when Carrie noticed the various people standing behind ropes looking in on what was going on. The next thing she knew Jeff was moving her into position and telling her to take off the robe.

‘OMG! Are they expecting me to just casually strip in the middle of all these people and let them take picture of me naked?’

She was like a dear in the headlights as the lighting people turned on the lights. She was literally shaking as she clutched the robe tight to her chest.

“Ok Carrie. It show time.” Jeff barked.

After a moment with Carrie not responding he shouted, “Come on babe, we don’t have all day.”

Carrie was on the verge of tears as Didi and Tanya came forward to help their friend.

“Carrie, don’t worry. Try to relax. It will be fine.” Tanya whispered.

Just then a cloud passed over and Jeff told everyone to take five. Jeff then walked up to Carrie with a bottle of wine saying. “Here, take a couple swigs of this. It will help calm the nerves.”

Carrie wasn’t much of a drinker. But there had never been a time when a drink had felt more appropriate. She took the bottle and took several long swallows.

“Be proud of what you have there, Carrie. People would kill for a bod like yours. Why do you think they want you so much for this ad campaign?” Tanya told her friend.

Before Carrie knew it the clouds had passed and everyone was gathering again. She took another couple more gulps from the bottle of wine and handed it to Tanya. She hadn’t had that much but not being a drinker it seemed to immediately get to her head. It did have a calming effect however which had been Jeff’s intention in the first place.

After the lights came back on Jeff repositioned Carrie and asked if she was ready. Carrie didn’t say a word but gently nodded her head yes.

“Ok, then Carrie. I need that robe or it isn’t going to be much of a campaign.” Jeff said quietly.

Carrie was still clutching the robe tightly when she looked over to Tanya and Didi who were gently mouthing, “Come on Carrie, you can do it.”

Carrie glanced back and forth between Jeff and Tanya and then took a deep breath, looked up as if saying a prayer and then pulled the robe off her shoulders and tossed it to the side. All at once there was a collective gasp as every jaw in the place dropped in silence. Even the camera man paused, missing some really great shots as Carrie seemed to will herself to take off that robe. Then, having caught his composure the camera man started clicking way.

“Alright. Go girl.’ Jeff yelled shouting encouragement, “How about a little smile now?”

‘OMG! I’m standing here in my birthday suit for you to take pictures of me and you’re asking me to act like I’m enjoying it?’ Carrie thought as she tried to compose herself.

Carrie’s tall tight athletic body was the center of everyone’s attention as Jeff walked in next to Carrie to position her. Carrie looked unbelievable in her perfectly tanned body as she stood slightly taller than Jeff and completely bare. Every inch of Carrie was on display and what a display it was. The contrast between Jeff in his sports coat and Carrie in nothing at all was unbelievable. Carrie held her breath which only enhanced the six pack abs that she was sporting. That and the firm upturned breasts and tight ass were going to make this campaign a sure success.

Then Jeff started barking directions to Carrie having her turn sideways and pick up a volleyball and then a couple of bottles of their products. The idea was for Carrie to hold the prop in front of her breast or pussy so they were hidden from the camera. The camera was clicking constantly catching ever possible position. They had Carrie turn around and got some really hot shots of her holding the ball or prop on her hip looking back at the camera.

“Wow. There’s one for the posters right there.!“Jeff yelled between shouting directions.

There she was, naked and on full display holding the prop. ‘Who knows, maybe the idea will backfire. After seeing me naked maybe they won’t even notice the bottle on my hips.’

Then they moved over to the volleyball net taking even more pictures in every conceivable pose before taking a break to change Carries make-up.

Carrie looked for the guy with the robe but he had left it back behind everyone and had to run back to get it while Tanya and Didi came over to congratulate her. Carrie slipped the robe back on and took the bottle of wine from Tanya.

Janet grabbed Carrie and brought her back to the tent. She then asked Carrie to drop the robe before removing Carries makeup with a damp cloth. She had Carrie stand the whole time while gently rubbed the makeup off of every inch of Carries tight little body.

“Ok Carrie, time to shave that puss. Jeff wants you clean as a whistle for the rest of the shoot.”

“I can help if you want Carrie.” Tanya told her in a husk voice.

“No, I think you’d enjoy it too much.” Carrie told her lightening up for the first time since the shoot began.

Having finished her delicate little handy work she move back to Janet who very carefully inspected for any stubble or imperfections in Carries tan. A little coloring touch up and they were ready to apply the Sun Touched sun lotion.

“I can help with that.” Tanya eagerly chimed.

“Ok, here.” Janet said tossing Tanya a bottle of lotion., “Rub it in well and don’t miss any spots.”

“No problem there. She’s really good at this part, let me tell you.” Carrie echoed with her first little laugh of the day.

“Shut up bitch.” Tanya said as she pitched Carries right nipple.

Carrie took another drink from the wine bottle as Tanya worked her magic with the lotion.

“Easy on that wine there, Carrie. I think it’s starting to go to your head.”

“You’d need a bit of a buzz too if you were nude in front of all those people.” said Carrie in reply, “Did you see them looking at me and the people on the beach too? Damn, I’m going to be all over the Internet.”

“Just go with it Carrie and enjoy it.” Tanya said as she continued to rub the lotion all over Carries bare body. She had started with Carrie’s back and was now doing the front with special care. The attention and wine was starting to get to Carrie as she left out a moan as Tanya started on her breasts. The lotion kind of clumped up around Carrie’s nipples so Tanya took her time making absolutely sure it was rubbed in well and no white remained. Each pass sent a wave of pleasure directly to Carrie’s pussy. Even after it was all rubbed in she continued with her gentle massage before finally heading down to Carrie’s tummy. It seemed that Tanya’s intention was to get Carrie so sexed up that she forgot about thephotoshoot and it was working.

Tanya then knelt down and started on Carrie’s legs, massaging them as she rubbed in a generous amount of the lotion. Carrie just leaned back as she was beginning to get caught up in the moment. Moving up Carrie’s thighs Tanya reached for a nearby towel to dry Carries now damp pussy.

“Better dry you off. Don’t want people to get the wrong idea about you.” Tanya whispered to Carrie so that no one else could hear.

Tanya spread the lotion on Carrie’s hips and lower tummy before slowly gently moving to Carries mound and pussy. Not wanting to shock Carrie and break the mood she proceeded with caution and only gently worked the lotion into Carries now engorged nether region.

Carrie was breathing pretty hard now and was lost in a sexual cloud as Jeff barged in and yelled for Carrie to come. Carrie was ready to cum alright but not in the way Jeff had in mind. Janet inspected Tanya’s work and even though it was perfect couldn’t resist doing some touch up herself.

Carrie was still in a daze as she started to walk over to pick up the robe from the chair.

“Sorry, Carrie, but we don’t want the robe to wipe off any of the lotion. Here, let me help you.”

“What? No robe!” Carrie complained. ‘OMG! Now they expected me to just casually walk around naked like it was no big deal.’

It was bad enough during the shoot, but that seemed to have purpose and she had to concentrate, which took her mind off the fact that she was bareassed naked amongst all people that were fully dressed.

As she was escorted over to the set she immediately became aware of the crowd that was now easily twice as large. He sex throbbed with each step. She just hoped she could keep her arousal hidden from the many onlookers and crew. Surely they’d think she was some sort of exhibitionist, if they thought she was getting off on all the people seeing her naked body.

This set was closer to the crowd and with the sun bright overhead everything was on total display. As hard as she tried to remain calm she knew her erect nipples and swollen lips must be giving her away. As she got closer she could hear some of their comments which didn’t help either.

The comments from the guys were as you’d expect. “Look at that ass.”, “Check out those tits.” But the women were the ones that really got to Carrie. Most were to critiques of her body as she approached, many with complements. As she got closer she heard one woman reach out as if to shake Carrie’s hand saying, “You have a fantastic body. Don’t ever cover it.” Carrie didn’t know what to say or think and just mouthed, “Thank you.” as she passed.

Jeff positioned Carrie for the next shoot and immediately a young man came out with a light meter and positioned it right in front of Carries chest. Carrie shuttered as every eye, if they weren’t already focused on her, focused on where that light meter was placed. There was a discussion amongst the crew and they repositioned some of the lighting. Apparently there was a glare problem with the sunlight reflecting off all Carrie’s bare skin. The sun lotion was making Carrie’s skin slick and shinny, which waseffecting the cameras.

Finally they got things going and handed Carrie a bottle of their lotion and had her go through a long series of different poses, each with the intention of showing the bottle, but not Carrie’s breasts which would have to be censored. Apparently her ass was fair game since they never made an attempt to cover it. The most popular position was from the back with her body turned so that the bottle hid her breast. They went through all the products that they were featuring and then took a bunch with Carrie holding a volleyball.

Jeff was constantly yelling directions and often walking in to reposition Carrie for the right angle. Each time his hands would grab her and twist her to the new position. At first he was gently and careful, but as the shooting went on and the excitement built he became more and more liberal with where his hands roamed. Pretty soon Carrie felt like a rag doll being moved from one position to the next. Had he forgotten that she was completely naked and that he probably shouldn’t be grabbing her in some of those places?

He was constantly reminding Carrie to smile, telling her it wasn’t a funeral. Carrie was in a daze. Trying to smile while listening to the constant flow of directions while being manhandled knowing everyone was intently watching was not easy.

Eventually they broke briefly to touch up Carrie. Apparently all the repositioning of Carrie by Jeff had rubbed off some of the lotion not that anyone could really tell or was paying any attention to anything other than Carrie’s body. This time however they didn’t leave for the little makeshift tent, they touched her up right there on the set. Since it was just Carrie’s body and a thin coating of sun lotion there weren’t many options as to what to do. Janet grabbed a bottle of lotion and started spreading it on Carrie’s bare skin and Tanya quickly followed.

The two women worked quickly and thoroughly not missing a single intimate part of Carrie’s body. The public application immediately excited Carrie. It seemed like Tanya was caught up in the excitement as well as she massaged the lotion with lust in her eyes. Carrie let out several gasps as Tanya worked on her pussy while Janet simultaneously worked the lotion into her breasts. The dual stimulation and intense attention by everyone looking on was driving Carrie towards a screaming climax. Carrie was only saved from the ultimate embarrassment by Jeff’s shout to get back to work. The problem now was that Carrie was left hanging without relief. Her pussy ached with need but none would be coming.

They resumed shooting this time with some action shots. They had Didiserving the ball over the net while Carrie returned them. Didi didn’t make it easy on Carrie, making her reach and stretch for the ball. The cameramen and lighting people where taking shots from every angle. Carrie couldn’t imagine what she looked like as she moved. Not wanting to put on too much of a show, she was very conscious not to bend over too far when the cameraman was behind her. She also tried not to spread her legs too much but Didi was not making that easy as she was making her really stretch for some of the balls.

Luckily the workout temporarily took Carrie’s mind away from her aching need. It wasn’t long before Carrie’s body was glistening with perspiration which only made her look even sexier as her dark skin shined in the sun highlighting ever muscles as she stretched this way and that for the balls.

Eventually Jeff stopped the shoot and spoke with Janet before coming over to Carrie. She brought a towel with her telling Carrie to towel herself off before they reset. Once again Tanya raced over to lend her eager assistance taking the towel from Carrie. Again, everyone looked on as Carrie tried to cool down.

Carrie was trying to hear what Janet was telling her as Tanya rubbed her down. She let out a gasp as the cloth ran over her sensitive nipples. Her arousal began to pick up where it left off previously. Janet ran off and then returned with two bottles of tanning oil in her hand. This was not the normal sun protection lotion used in the campaign. This was dark, thick oil used specifically to help you tan and didn’t absorb into your skin like the lotion. It had the interesting side effect of making your skin appear even darker and super shiny as you would see on some common pole dances.

Janet handed one bottle to Tanya and they both began the job of oiling Carrie’s entire body with the slick mix. The liquid was warm from sitting in the sun and felt wonderful as it spread over Carries skin. Carrie purred as her body involuntarily reacted to the sensuous feeling. This was even more intense than before. The warm liquid was more oil than lotion. It spread easily with little need for rubbing in, but that didn’t stop Janet and Tanya from carefully massaging it into every square inch of Carrie’s hot skin. Carrie involuntarily arched her back as Janet did her back which onlythrusted her breasts into Tanya’s waiting hands. This time Tanya didn’t hold back as she caressed Carrie’s lovely mounds spreading the lotion around each aching nipple. She gently teased them through the thin liquid which brought a noticeable moan from Carrie.

Carrie was so lost in the pleasure and the girls were so lost in Carrie that they didn’t notice that the cameraman was back in action quickly snapping pictures as though the shoot was still going on. Carrie was seriously turned on with her breath racing and her heart beating like a drum. Tanya then slowly moved down Carrie’s tummy in slow sensuous circles moving closer and closer to her mound with each circle. Carrie fought back the orgasm that her body needed and was relieved when Tanya knelt down to do her legs. Tanya however quickly moved up her legs and was working the oil into the insides of Carrie’s thighs when Janet moved around to finish Carrie’s front. Janet was diligently making sure Tanya had not missed anyplace on Carrie’s breasts just as Tanya started working on Carrie’s pussy. Carrie let out another moan as her body started to win the battle of wills. Just then Jeff walked over yelling to finish up for the next shoot.

Carrie was so close to climax that she couldn’t focus. Her breathing was hard and her nipples were throbbing as the shooting began. Only the oil hid her wetness. They handed Carrie the bottle to hold for a couple of shots and then gave her a ball to hold on her hip as they did another back shot. Then they had Carrie turn around. Jeff yelled for her to stop fidgeting and stand still so they could get the shot. They took several pictures before they were satisfied.

‘OMG, what a shot! A full frontal of me oiled and in need.’

They then went to some action shots. They gave her some easy ones to start and then stepped it up. They continued with some spike shots and some staged blocks. Carrie seemed to lose her modesty and didn’t seem to care what position her body was in.

Again the sun and the oil highlighted her straining muscles to perfection. The sun was now a bit lower which was creating some unbelievable contrast as Carrie stretched and twisted. She was putting on quite a show in more ways than one. She leaped and stretched back for a ball set slightly off line which opened her up like a gymnast doing the splits.

‘No way that shot can go in any magazine, maybe the Internet.’ Carrie was perspiring which just made the oil that much sexier. She was dripping with perspiration as they wrapped that series.

With the sun falling a bit they decided to wrap up with a series of diving shots. Being the last series of the day they weren’t that concerned with her getting covered with sand. Didi purposely gave her a short ball to try to return and Carrie dove to get it having her dive completely horizontal with her tits hitting the sand first. Everyone let out a sigh, especially the women, as they all knew that one had to hurt.

Carrie came up covered with sand and the cameras continued to shoot even as she brought her hands to brush the sand off her breasts. She continued to soothe them which only confirmed to all the onlookers that that last dive must have hurt. She had barely had time to recover before they were changing positions for another diving shot. Each dive brought another sigh from everyone watching as they could only imagine what it was doing to Carrie’s bare breasts. After one particularly hard dive Carrie was slow to get up and clutched her left breast.

After a couple more painful dives Jeff called cut and told her not to brush the sand off. They wanted some still shots with the sand obscuring her private parts.

After that he said he wanted some wet shots. He told Carrie to run down and rinse off and come back up the beach slowly. Of course this meant leaving the roped off area and past the crowd of gaping onlookers. Luckily the crew opened up a path and Carrie scurried off ignoring the fact that she was walking nude past a crowd of onlookers. Going down Carrie was covered with so much sand that you couldn’t see much of skin but that thin covering of sand did nothing to hide her curves.

Her breasts jiggled lightly as she jogged down to the water dislodging some sand as they moved. The water was cold but felt wonderful as it helped calm Carrie’s arousal as would a cold shower. She turned away from her crowd of onlookers as she struggled to rinse the sand from her oil slick body. The oil was thick and just made the process that much more painful. She cleaned her torso first and then moved on to her breasts. There was no eloquent way to do this so she just tried to ignore her audience. They were a little red but nothing that wouldn’t go away. Her nipples were still rock hard and sensitive as they had been all day now and only partially from the cold water.

She knew she’d have to come out eventually so she struggled to get her nerve up. She knew this was going to be even more difficult since she was now going to be providing a full frontal view to the crowd that was as large as ever and her now completely shaved pussy made sure nothing was obscured even in the slightest.

Jeff came down to the water’s edge encouraging Carrie to hurry up. He was giving her some direction on just how to come out of the water. He told her to give it her sexiest swagger and described her that Catherine Zeta Jones walk in the Super Bowl ad.

‘Yea, that’s nice but she at least had some clothes on when she did thatad.’ Carrie thought to herself. I’m doing this bare assed naked in front of onlookers.

Carrie took another deep breath and turned around to face her onlookers. ‘Oh man this is going to be tough.’ she thought. She’d been naked at the beach many times before but this was so different. Every eye on the beach was on her and she didn’t have a stitch on. Even after several hours of being naked she had to fight the urge to just cover up and run off. She blushed with embarrassment but no one could tell with the oil and water covering her. She was barely out of the water when she heard Jeff yelling for her to slow down and smile.

‘Smile…’ she thought. She was embarrassed as hell and getting hornier by every step. Any calming effect the cold water had was gone now. As she walked she couldn’t help but notice all the other people snapping photos of her. Now that she was out in the open everyone had equal opportunity for a clear shot and each and everyone with a camera seemed to be taking advantage of it. She was truly surprised by the number of women snapping pictures with their cell phone cameras. ‘Why are they so interested?‘Surely all these people weren’t gay.

As she got closer she could hear all the comments. The crew had to hold back eager onlookers who were getting in the way.

Just as she got to the crowd Jeff yelled cut and many of the onlookers came forward to circle the naked blonde. She had nowhere to go as the crew withdrew for the next shot. Several eager fans asked for autographs and other just snapped close up photos. Carrie really struggled to keep her emotions under control as she stood amidst her over enthusiastic admirers. Tanya came forward acting as Carrie’s agent of sorts and encouraged her to sign some autographs.

Carrie had only signed a couple of autographs in her whole career and there she was naked surrounded by autograph seekers. She signed a couple more and then jumped as someone stoked her ass. She turned around but couldn’t tell who the culprit was. As she went back to signing the circle tightened and soon several others had copped a cheap feel.

Then she heard someone yell, “Are those real?” referring to her exposed breasts.

Carrie could hear Tanya answering that and other intimate questions as she signed more autographs. The crowd was starting to get more unruly and Carrie begged to leave. She moved forwards and pushed naked through the sea of fans. One woman dodged the crew member who was now helping and grabbed Carrie’s left breast with her full hand and squeezed hard, “Damn,I wish I has a rack like that.” She sighed as Carried pulled her prying hand off her breast.

The whole scene just reinforced Carrie’s already very turned on state. She was breathing hard and her nipples and pussy were throbbing once again.

“Oh babe. Lets get some wet look shots and then we’ll call it a wrap.” Jeff barked towards Carrie and the crew. “Ok, lets wet her down.” he added as a crewmember dumped a large bucket of cold water all over here.

Carrie gasped as the ice cold water hit her. The water had been cooled with ice for the purpose of raising goose bumps for an even more erotic look. It also did wonders for calming Carrie down.

Carrie did a couple more action shots before Jeff hollered to Carries utter relief, “OK, that a wrap.”

Carrie gasped again but this time in relief that the shoot was finally done. Tanya, the constant publicity hound, intercepted Carrie as she started jog back to the tent so she could finally cover up.

“Come on Carrie. Lets sign some more autographs.”

As Carrie walked back she was once again surrounded. A couple of bold guys jumped in front of Carrie and asked if she would agree to take a group photo with them. Carrie shuck them off repeatedly telling them no, but Tanya intervened and orchestrated the shot. Several people snapped photos as Carrie stood naked between two fully clothed guys. Both guys had a hand planted firmly on Carrie’s butt cheeks as they posed.

They had only made it a couple more feet when a woman asked Carrie to pose with her for a photo, too. The woman handed the camera her girl friend and jumped alongside of Carrie, wrapping her arm firmly around Carrie’s bare waist. It was actually closer to Carrie’s butt since the women must have been 6 inches shorter than Carrie. As the woman turned to leave, Carrie felt her run her hand squarely over her butt and give her left cheek a hard squeeze. The woman’s friend ran up for the next picture but Carrie backed away after the butt squeezing by her friend. Eventually Carrie did pose for her picture with pretty much the same results.

Carrie walked forward and finally made it to the tent where she had been made up in the first place. Once inside she tried to relax in the safety of her makeshift dressing room. Tanya and Didi, too, congratulated her on how well things went.

“How well things went? … OMG! …I thought I was going to die out there. It was awful.”

“Awful? I don’t know. It looks like part of you was enjoying it plenty.” Tanya snickered as she squeezed Carries still bare nipples.

“Stop it you bitch.” Carrie hissed.

More quietly she confided with Tanya, “That was crazy, I don’t know what happened to me but I was so turned on I had to fight from cumming.”

“Don’t worry Carrie. You’re just easily aroused. You seemed to feed off of that arousal. We just have to find a way to manage it”

“Manage it? Are you crazy! I was so turned on out there I couldn’t think straight.”

“I don’t know, maybe you think too much. You seem to be at your best when you’re all excited like that. That’s the only way we beat May and Walsh. You were incredible… and today… we couldn’t get you out there first and then you did great. We’ll need to find a way to sex you up before our next match so the wild side of you can come out.” Tanya continued.

“Stop it. You can’t be serious.”

“No, really. If we could find a way for you to manage it without going over the edge you’d be the best volleyball player in the world.”

“Yea, and I’d go insane in the process.”

“Don’t worry. I can help you relieve the stress after we’ve won.” Tanya purred as she reached to comfort Carrie.

“Stop it you horny bitch. Just find my clothes while I get this oil off me.”

Carrie proceeded to towel herself off, removing the remains of the tanning oil from her skin as Tanya searched for Carrie’s shorts and top. Didihanded her the wine bottle urging her to finish it off. Carrie welcomed the motherly attention and started to relax as she sipped the remaining wine.

Carrie also welcomed the thought of finally putting some clothes on. It still felt terrible unreal for her to be outside naked, not to mention all the people staring at her. Somehow playing volleyball naked seemed so different from everything she had been experiencing.

Tanya handed her the top and shorts with a frown, “Do you really have to put them on?”

“Sorry, dear, but I’m afraid they won’t let me just walk around town without them.”

“I can go out and see what I can do. I don’t think your fans would mind.”

Carrie finished removing the last of the tanning oil and reached for her shorts. At last, she thought as she pulled them up her long legs. They were a tiny pair of shorts and didn’t really cover any of her long legs but to her they felt like a comfy pair of jeans. Next she pulled the tank top over her head being extra careful as it passed her tender breasts.

She winced as her top momentarily hung up on her still erect nipples,‘Ireally do have to stop these crazy dives. I don’t think my breasts can take this.’

She was still a sexy sight with her nipples poking hard at her thin top but it felt like an overcoat compared to her earlier attire. She sipped the last of the wine and for the first time in a while flashed an unforced smile from the relief that her drama was finally over.

**Part 5 – The Publicity Photos**

A week after the photo shoot for the Sun Touch ad campaign

A week after the photo shoot for the Sun Touch ad campaign and two days before Carrie’s and Tanya’s next match they took an afternoon off from practice to visit Jeff, the director of the photo shoot. They had no sooner walked in the lobby than they saw a full A week after the photo shoot for the Sun Touch ad campaign size poster of Carrie in all her naked glory holding a bottle of sun lotion staring them straight in their faces. It was a full frontal shot that showed every intimate part of Carrie’s body, leaving nothing at all to the imagination. Carrie put her hand over her mouth in shock at the display.

“OMG” was all she said as a blush covered her face.

It was one of the later pictures taken just after she was oiled up with the tanning oil. The dark oil made it even more erotic, making her body slick and shiny. The sun was at just the right angle to highlight every inch of her and that means really ever inch.

The poster was so large that even the goose bumps on her bare breasts were clearly visible. But it wasn’t the goose bumps that first caught your eyes. Your eyes just gravitated to the nipples which were unbelievably hard and elongated. The areolas were dark and contracted, with each nipple extending at least a ¾ of an inch just begging for your attention.

If you could pull your eye away from the tantalizing treats you’d see a tight stomach showing just the beginning of a six pack guiding you to the V between Carrie’s unbelievable long legs. Once there her freshly shaved pussy shined as smooth as a baby’s bottom. If her nipples didn’t give away her level of arousal there was no mistaking it in her pussy. It was engorged and open with just a tempting sliver of pink showing.

The innocent beach girl who loved volleyball was gone.  Replace by a naked and oiled vixen who looked like we was ready to mount the first penis she could find. She had the look of a woman with needs and a strong desire to have the fulfilled.

Carrie had never seen herself like this. It wasn’t like she was in the habit of snapping nude pictures of herself, but this was a side of her that she didn’t think she possessed.   She was truly speechless. She couldn’t believe that the person in the picture was actually her.

“Holy fuck Carrie, this is the hottest picture I’ve ever seen. I have to get a copy of that for my apartment.” Tanya yelled out with much enthusiasm.

Carrie studied the poster, amazed and stunned at what she was seeing. She had to admit that the woman in the picture was hot. What she couldn’t grasp was that it was her. She was mesmerized by the picture. She was totally nude and everything was totally on display.  Did she really look like that and OMG her face looked like something out of one of those girlie magazines.

“Hello, you must be Carrie and Tanya, the volleyball players.” a young woman said as she glanced back and forth from the poster to Carrie.

“It’s so nice to meet you in the flesh.” she added before becoming suddenly aware of her awkwardly analogy to the picture. That was all Carrie was sporting in the poster, her flesh. All of it and nothing else. With her perfect all over tan it didn’t look like her body ever saw the shadows of clothes.

“Came out well, don’t you think? You photograph so well. I’m sure we’ll sell a lot with you representing us.”

“But how can you put that out here? Anyone can see it!” Carrie said embarrassed at its public display.

“Sun Touch owns the building so I guess they can show anything if it’s their building.” the young lady answered.

“You’re very beautiful Carrie and OMG, that body of yours is to die for.” she continued with an air of lust in her voice.

Carrie continued to study the picture intently. She looked like sex served up on a plate.  She was not smiling in the picture but looked like she felt at the time it was taken. OMG, what a sight.

Carrie remembered that scene. It was just after Tanya and Janet had both applied the oil.  She had to fight back having an orgasm right there in front of everyone and when they started shooting she was in a fog. ‘Is that what I looked like out there?’ she thought, ‘I’m not fooling anyone. I look like I need to be fucked right there.’ Her nipples hardened even more at just the thought and now showed though her light top.

She was still in a state of shock when the young lady ushered them into Jeff’s office. Three other full size posters of a nude Carrie stood in the center of his office.

“Damn! This one is even hotter. This is the one I want.” Tanya screamed referring to a similar full size poster of Carrie, this time with a volleyball resting on her bare hip.

Carrie just stared open mouthed at all posters, each one more embarrassing than the other. There was one with her doing one of her breast first dives into the sand with the caption “Sun Touch protects even your most delicate parts.” which was a subtle inference that they might actually protect her breasts from the abrasion of the sand, which was not accurate in any sense.

“Sit down, sit down.”Jeff said offering two chairs.

“They came out really well, don’t you think? We didn’t even have to touch them up like we usually do.”

‘Yea, they came out great if you’re selling sex.’ Carrie thought to herself.

“But, you can’t, ah, use these. They’re, um, indecent. Isn’t there laws against showing… well, you know...?” Carrie asked, finally getting her voice.

“Yea, we’ll only use these where we can. We’ll unfortunately have to cover those beautiful tits and your pussy for most of the magazines. We have a tons of others too.” Jeff replied as he spread more 8 x 10 and larger pictures all over his large desk.

There were pictures taken from every conceivable angle, some showing her just from the waist up and some full body shots front and back. There actually weren’t that many where the bottles or ball covered her. There was one particular set where Carrie was looking over her shoulder holding one of the bottles looking back at the camera. There were also full body shots with her heart shape ass full on display.

“That’s one that we’re planning to use in a lot of our campaign ads.” Jeff said.

“You can show my butt like that in an ordinary magazine?” Carrie asked.

“Yea, you’re not showing any more than you would in a thong. Asses are allowed. And yours is the best.  I think we’re going to overlay our logo on your left cheep as if it right on you skin.

There was another set of her coming out of the water with the water rushing off her oiled body. The sun was just at the right angle to highlight her curves, every one of them. She looked like some vixen emerging from the water.  She actually looked quite intimidating in these.

There were others with here making her way through the crowd which werepractically erotic since the people in the crowd were dressed and Carrie was completely naked.

All in all there had to be close to a thousand photos of Carrie and she was not wearing a stitch of clothing in any of them.

“But, um, what about these posters?” Carrie asked.

“They’re used mainly for the display booth and special appearances. We’ll have to cover up your naughty bits for some of the places, I’m sure. These over there are for you. We made an extra set for you.” Jeff explained.

“I don’t want them.” Carrie shot back.

“I want them then.” Tanya jumped in.

They looked over some more photos while Carrie was sitting there in stunned disbelief. They briefly talked about the appearances and the sponsor’s reception after the next tournament, but Carrie was lost in all the nude photos floating around to pay attention.

The woman that they had met earlier had come in and wrapped four of the posters that had been lining the opposite wall of the room and handed them to Tanya as they left.

“Be careful with them.” she said as they walked out past the poster in the lobby, “Nice to meet you.”

“What are you going to do with them?” Carrie asked with a tinge of embarrassment in her voice as Tanya struggled to get them in her SUV without bending them.

“I don’t know. Probably line them up in my apartment and stare at them when you’re not around.”

“Yea, probably get off to them more likely.” Carrie said with a small laugh starting to relax a little for the first time since seeing the first poster.

**Part 5a - A Day at the Beach**

The girls had a weekend off from volleyball and Lisa had driven down from LA for a visit. Lisa and Tanya had met Carrie at her place and from there they planned a day at the beach. Carrie wanted to relax and do some surfing but the always mischievous Tanya and Lisa had some ideas of their own.

Carrie was exhausted from a tough week and was still asleep when Tanya pulled up and rang the bell. Carrie pulled herself from her deep sleep and stumbled towards the door. She was half way there when she realized she was still naked. Not that this was unusual for her after the last several weeks but she thought better of answering the door in the nude so ran to the bathroom and grabbed a towel as the doorbell rang a second time. She quickly wrapped herself in the short bath towel that barely reached from her breasts to her butt and hurried toward the door.

“Hi hot stuff.” Tanya yelled as she saw Carrie dressed in nothing more than a short towel.

“Hey, don’t dress up for me. You know I can’t get enough of that hot bod of yours.”

“Stop it Tanya. You woke me up and I just grabbed this to answer the door.” Carrie answered.

“So when’s Lisa coming? I can’t wait to get to the beach.” Tanya said.

“Don’t you get enough of the beach? Between practice and tournaments I feel like I live at the beach.” Carrie told her as Tanya walked in.

“Got some coffee? I need my morning caffeine fix.” Tanya asked.

Carrie walked into her small kitchen to make some coffee followed by Tanya. As Carrie reached for the coffee maker Tanya reached over and tugged on the top of Carrie’s towel causing it to fall to the floor.

“Stop that you horny bitch. Don’t you get enough from those indecent posters you have of me?” Carrie yelled back as she bent down to retrieve the fallen towel. But she wasn’t quick enough as Tanya scooped it up and teased her with it.

“You’re not getting your coffee unless you give it back.” Carrie said as she stood at the counter with her naked back to Tanya.

Tanya held the towel tucked under her arm as she walked up behind Carrie, reached around her and grabbed Carrie’s bare breasts just as Carrie picked up the coffee maker from the upper cabinet. Tanya continued to stroke them gently as Carrie tried to wiggle free without dropping the coffee maker.

“Come on! Lisa will be here any moment. You don’t want to give her the wrong idea.”

“Oh come on Carrie, she’d probably enjoy it too.” Tanya cooed.

Carrie turned quickly and grabbed the towel from Tanya and quickly wrapped it around herself once again. This time testing that it was wrapped nice and tight.

Carrie and Tanya sipped their coffee and chatted for a couple of minutes before the door bell rang again.

“Wow, I thought you guys would be all set to go by now.” Lisa said as she checked out Carrie who was still dressed in nothing more than a simple white towel.

“Sorry, we got talking and I lost track of the time.” Carrie explained as she invited Lisa in.

“Help yourself to some coffee while I take a quick shower and get dressed.”

“No need to get dressed on my account.” Tanya teased.

While Carrie showered and got ready, Tanya and Lisa loaded their beach stuff which included two surf boards into Tanya’s SUV. They finished quickly and yelled for Carrie to hurry up.

She finished her shower and dried quickly before scurrying back to her room to dress.

“Come on Carrie. You can wear your uniform” Lisa joked, echoing Tanya’s thoughts.

Both Lisa and Tanya had their suits on under their cloths but Carrie just threw on a pair of white shorts and a light tank top, grabbed her sunglasses and bag and headed to the door. Half way there she ran back and grabbed her bikini.

They all jumped in Tanya’s SUV and headed down to one of the girls’ favorite surfing beaches. It was about an hours drive but was worth the trip. Being a bit outside of the city it was never that crowded and the surf was usually good in the afternoon.

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“How about we grab something to eat? I’m starving.” Lisa told Tanya and Carrie.

The girls pulled into a small breakfast place and sat down to order. As they waited the conversation moved to the girls’ new sponsor and the photo shoot. Tanya described the posters which seemed to spark Lisa’s interest.

“So Carrie, you going to grace us with that hot body like when you play? It doesn’t look like you bothered with a bikini from the looks of it.” Both Tanya’s and Lisa’s bathing suits were obvious under their cloths but equally obvious was the lack of anything under Carrie’s light tank top and when she sat down Tanya confirmed that there was nothing under Carrie’s shorts either.

“Yea, you can’t be ruining that perfect tan. What would Sun Touch say?” Tanya continued.

“Don’t worry I have my 45 sun block and besides I can’t just run around naked on a public beach.”

“Yea, but did you bring a bikini?” Lisa asked.

“Don’t be silly you two. Of course I brought a bikini.” Carrie said taking the opportunity to tease as she stood up and reached into the pocket of her shorts.

“Sorry to disappoint you guys.” Carrie said as she pulled what constituted her entire swimsuit from the pocket of her tight shorts. Her hand emerged with what amounted to nothing more than a pile of string.

“Carrie …” was all Lisa could muster as she looked on in amazement, “Sure you’re not going nude?”

Even counting the string, the bikini didn’t have nearly enough material to cover the napkin Carrie placed it on.

“Wow, that’s some bikini.” Tanya added as she picked up the tiny suit to inspect it. She then straightened it out confirming it was a g-string.

“You’re never going to stay in that surfing.” Tanya added.

“It actually stays on better than you’d think.” Carrie explained.

The bottom consisted of a single triangular patch with three thin straps leading out from each corner. The one from the bottom split leading to two twin bows before connecting back with the tiny patch.

“It doesn’t look like there’s enough elastic in these straps to hold it on.” Tanya questioned.

“Yea. But if I adjust it right it cups my cheeks just right. I only have to tie it on pretty tight to keep it from sliding around.”

“No room for slippage, that’s for sure.” Lisa added getting a little turned on at the thought of Carrie’s tall body in this tiny suit.

Tanya then inspected the top which consisted of two even smaller triangles connected by even more thin string.

“Carrie, I’m not even sure why you’re bothering.” Tanya mused as she played with the suit.

“I know you want me to go naked but I can’t just walk around like that on a public beach.” Carrie explained.

“Damn, girl. With this bikini it won’t be that much difference.” Tanya said also getting slightly aroused by the conversation.

“I’ve seen babies wear bigger bathing suits than that one. When did you get it?” Lisa asked.

“I’ve had it for a while but I’ve only worn it for tanning.”

It was just about then that their waitress arrived with their breakfast, immediately noticing the pile of string sitting on the table. A quick glance at the girls clued her in that it must be the blonde’s since she was the only one not already wearing a swim suit. She smiled as she pictured the tall blonde barely covered.

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They finished their breakfast and before getting up, Tanya scooped up Carries bikini again and stuffed it in her bag.

“Oh come on Tanya. Don’t be playing games.” Carrie complained as they headed to the car.

“Tell you what. Give it a try and if people complain I’ll give it back to you.” Tanya told her.

“Come on Carrie, give it a try. Besides that suit doesn’t cover anything anyway.What’s the difference?” Lisa added.

“Getting arrested is the difference.”

“Yea, right. Who are you kidding? You’d be hard pressed to convince anyone that that bikini covers anything.” Tanya interjected.

“Maybe if you lay still and don’t move but there’s no way that thing’s staying on in the water.“

“Well, then isn’t that what you want then? I can’t just prance down to the beach naked and plop down on a blanked and say here I am.” Carrie yelled with a sense of anger in her voice.

They rode along without saying much until Tanya broke the silence, “This is going to be a great break from practice. I was getting sick and tired of all that practice.”

The casual conversation resumed and it took Carrie’s mind off the fact that she was heading for an afternoon at the beach and Tanya might not give her bikini back.

“There’s more people here than I thought.” Carrie whispered with a tinge of nervousness in her voice.

Tanya was about to pull in and park next to a cluster of cars when Carrie suggested a spot further down.

“Only if you leave all your stuff in the car.” Tanya yelled with a laugh.

“Only if you give me my bikini.” Carrie answered.

“Ok, you get your bikini. But everything else stays in the car and you have to let me apply your lotion.” Tanya insisted.

“Yea, you’d like that wouldn’t you.” Carrie teased.

“You bet.”

Tanya pulled down to the next entrance where only a couple of cars were parked. Once parked, Lisa began pulling the surf boards out of the back while Carrie walked over to the other side of the car where Tanya was standing.

“Well?” Carrie asked with her hands in her hips, “Can I have my bikini back?”

Even as it was Carrie would have to change in the middle of the parking lot where a car could pull in at any moment, but that didn’t seem to bother her compared to the fact that Tanya was pulling another one of her tricks.

Lisa just stood back and took in the little battle of wills that seemed to be going on.

Without another word being said, Carrie reached for the hem of her tank top and quickly pulled it over her head baring her breasts to Tanya who just stood still looking at her.

“OK, have it your way. But you’re not getting to put on my sun block.” Carrie said defiantly as she reached for the snap to her shorts.

‘Was she really going to go naked?’ Lisa wondered as tingle stirred in her sex. She had been friends with Carrie since they were roommates in college but she was now seeing Carrie in a new light. She had seen her naked plenty of times before but ‘Wow!’ did she ever look good now.

Carrie quickly unsnapped her shorts and slid them past her tight butt and let gravity take them streaming down her long tanned legs before stepping out of them and placing her hands on her hips in a show of defiance to Tanya.

Tanya didn’t say a thing as she took in the sight in front of her. Lisa did the same from behind, mesmerized by Carrie’s tight ass and total lack of any sign of a tan line.

“No bikini, no applying my sun block.” Carrie challenged Tanja using her own nude body as leverage.

‘How could her friend be so bold as to stand that stark naked in the middle of the parking lot and use her nude body to challenge Tanya?’ Lisa thought. ‘And would she actually go naked if Tanya refused to give her her bikini?’ Another surge of excitement passed through Lisa as she observed.

Similar thoughts were passing through Carrie’s mind as she stood there. She honestly couldn’t believe she was actually doing this and ‘God!’ what would she do if Tanya refused? ‘Oh god,’ she just couldn’t go naked on a public beach and then what if she backed down. What then? Carrie’s nipples hardened and her pussy swelled at the prospects yet she didn’t move or lowered her stare.

“Well?”

Carrie was beginning to shake slightly as her heart felt like it was going to burst as she waited for Tanya’s answer.

She must have put on a pretty good act because after what seemed like an hour to Carrie, Tanya finally lowered her eye and relented.

“OK, ruin that tan if you want.But wait till Sun Touch sees you...” Tanya said as she reached into her bag and pulled out Carrie’s tiny bikini, tossing the pile of string to her.

Lisa was half disappointed and half relieved. She couldn’t believe Carrie would go to a public beach in the nude, but then she’d played volleyball in the nude so anything was possible. On the other hand, seeing Carrie standing there was bringing some strange feelings to the surface.

Carrie took the tangled pile of string and quickly straightened it out. As she did she couldn’t help but feel a strange sense of power as she now seemed to have something on Tanya. It made her feel proud that she had stood up to her usually dominate team mate but at the same time gave her an uneasy feeling about how she had done it. She has openly flaunted her body in front of her friend and actually used denying her the pleasure of spreading the sun block on her body as the leverage. She knew Tanya kind of got off on spreading the lotion all over her bare skin but this was the first time that denying her that had got her to change her behavior and all this was done right in front of Lisa. She must be thinking I’ve lost my mind.

Carrie finally straightened the bottom enough to pull it up her long legs just as a car pulled into the lot. She quickly pulled it in place but not before the young couple in the car got a full look. As it was, the suit barely made a difference. It was a Y back style bikini with a tiny 3 inch by maybe 5 inch patch of cloth in the front. Carrie adjusted it as best she could but it was so small there really wasn’t much she could do but strategically place it over her pussy. The back, well, there was no back, just two tiny strings that exited her butt crack and split across the tops of her cheeks. In reality, it perfectly cupped each cheek before rounding her lower hips and meeting up with the small patch in the front.

Still standing there topless she started working on the top which was equally small. She looped the top over her head while she stretched the cups over her pert breasts. As it was they didn’t cover much more that her areolas and did nothing to conceal the fact that her nipples were solidly erect. Leaving gravity hold the tiny cups on her slightly upturned nipples she pulled her hair back and asked Lisa to tie her top.

“OK, now that’s better.” Carrie said with a sigh of relief.

“Better? I’m not sure why you made such a fuss. It’s not like that bikini makes much of a difference. You’re still damn near naked and probably going to ruin your perfect tan in the process.” Tanya said with a hint of discuss in her voice.

Lisa didn’t say a thing but couldn’t help to think Tanya was right. From the back Carrie was essentially naked and from the front, even though there were some strategically place pieces of cloth, they really hid none of Carrie’s anatomy. Even though the suit was dark and not see through, because it had no lining and was made of the clingiest thin material it left nothing to the imagination. You could tell she was shaved clean due to the way it clung to her pussy forming a perfect camel toe. And with her slightly concave tummy, there was almost an inch wide gap down her front which left anyone with the right angle a perfect view down her bottom.

The top was made of the same clingy unlined material so all it did was obscure the view of her hard nipples. In a strange sexy way, her erect nipples pressing hard against the edge of the thin material seemed to help preventing the cups from slipping off her firm mounds. If they were too calmed down there’s no telling what would keep her top in place.

Now Carrie seemed to relax and actually started to tease Tanya.

“Well, maybe if you’re nice to me, I’ll let you spread some lotion on me and keep me from striping up.” she said.

“I’m still not sure how you’re going to stay in that thing surfing.” Tanya added.

“Well, who knows, maybe I just won’t wear it surfing.“ she teased.

Now that got both girls attention as they weren’t exactly sure if they heard Carrie right.

With renewed excitement in her voice Tanya grabbed Carrie’s clothes and tossed them in the car and locked it.

“Tanya, what are you doing?”

“Just putting them in for safe keeping.”

With that Tanya picked her bag and board and started walking down the trail towards the beach. Her tall blonde and almost naked teammate picked up the other one and hurried behind not wanting to be left behind as Lisa followed them with the cooler. They emerged onto the beach with Carrie carrying the board on her hip looking like the perfect surfer babe.

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There were only a couple people at their end of the beach and only a couple dozen or so people back at the main area several hundred yards up the beach.

Tanya dropped their stuff and turned to Carrie.

“Ok, time to lotion up. Can’t have your hot bod sporting a sun burn. What would Jeff think?”

“You enjoy this way too much.” Carrie said, putting her surfboard down.

Tanya squirted some of the lotion into her hand as Carrie continued her teasing now more with her body than her words. Tanya started with Carrie’s back, saying she was saving the good stuff for last. She slowly worked her way down Carrie’s back skipping her butt and picking up with Carrie’s legs.

“Hey, you missed a spot.” Carried said shaking her bare butt in Tanya’s face.

“Don’t worry. I’ll make sure I don’t miss anything. Trust me.”

Standing up again Tanya picked up with the spots she passed on the way down.

“Damn, that is one tight butt.” she said as she made absolutely positive she didn’t miss anything.

“I don’t know about you two.” Lisa added with a tint of jealousy in her voice, especially when Tanya added, “I’m not used to this bikini being in the way. Why don’t you do us both a favor and just take it off?”

“You wish.” Carrie teased.

“Hey!” Carrie yelled as Tanya’s hands teased Carrie’s nipples through her thin top. Then before Carrie could react, Tanya purged a generous amount of lotion in her hand and worked down Carrie’s tummy and then in one swift motion drove her hand down the gap left between Carrie’s bikini bottom and massaged Carrie’s pussy.

“Hey, stop that you horny bitch.” she yelled as Tanya’s hand cupped her pussy before being withdrawn.

“I tell you it would be a lot easier if you took this silly thing off.” Tanya repeated.

Despite her protest the sensuous application was having its effect on Carrie as her heart rate and breathing both picked up. Tanya finished the fronts of Carrie’s legs before standing with a look of lust in her eye as she looked Carrie in the eye. Then she smiled as she squirted a generous amount of lotion across Carrie’s upper chest running a separate line down between her breasts to near her belly button. Putting the bottle in her pocket she brought both hands up to Carrie’s chest and slid her top up and off her hard nipples, momentarily catching them in the process.

Tanya used both hands to massage the lotion into Carrie’s breasts, spending extra time teasing Carrie’s nipples as Carrie let out her first moan. With one hand kneading Carrie’s breasts, the other started its journey south caressing Carrie’s tight tummy as it moved in sensuous circles.

“Hey you two. Not fair unless you let me play too.” Lisa sighed taking in the action next to her. The comments were lost as Carrie was beginning to lose control and Tanya was too intent on her work to listen.

In one last gasp of will, Carrie pulled Tanya’s hands away saying, “Come on Tanya, there are people watching us.”

Clearing her head, Carrie pulled her top back in place over her now even harder nipples and settled down onto her towel.

They all settled in as Carrie turned over on her tummy with her hands under her head. Even before she could get comfortable Tanya reached over to untie Carrie’s top saying she couldn’t afford to get any tan lines. The real surprise came when Carrie arched her back to say something and Lisa grabbed her top and pulled it out from under her. She waved it in the air as Carrie tried to grab it baring her breasts in the process. Carrie almost had it when Lisa tossed it to Tanya and then back. Carrie started to protest but then just settled down and let the girls play their game. By the time they were done Tanya had tucked Carrie’s top in her bag.

Carrie actually fell asleep on her tummy and only woke when Tanya reached over to adjust the straps on Carrie’s g-string bottom.

“Can’t have you getting stripes now can we.” she said as she moved the tiny straps to new parts of Carrie’s butt.

Carrie slid her head to the side as Lisa slowly stroked Carrie’s back.

“That feels good.” she said.

Hearing Carrie’s remark, Tanya joined in only lower, slowly gently running her hand over Carrie’s bare butt cheeks. Carrie sighed again as she propped herself up on her elbows and adjusted her dark shades. There she was on her tummy with her naked back being caressed. The only interruption in bare flesh was two tiny straps barely the size of a shoe string. A quick glance and you’d think she was lying there naked.

“I’m getting hot. How about giving me my top back and we can go for a dip?”

“Top?” Tanya said acting as though she had no idea what Carrie was talking about.

Lisa just played along wondering how this was going to unfold.

Carrie twisted further, now showing her left breast as she stretched to talk to Tanya. Her nipples had settled down but were no less tempting to her two admirers.

“OK, Tanya, I know your game.”

Carrie adjusted her glasses again and glanced up and down the beach. There weren’t that many people and everyone seemed to be minding their own business so she rolled completely over onto her back baring her boobs to the sun and anyone else who happened to look.

Tanya reached over as if to touch Carrie’s right breasts but Carrie pushed her hand away.

“No top, not touchie.” she said as she looked around one more time to see if anyone was looking before lying back down. Lying on her back really accentuated the gap between her flat tummy and the bikini. The string from her tiny bottom was suspended from one luscious hip bone to the other leaving the most tantalizing view down her bottom. Had she not been completely shaved you would have easily seen her bush. But as it was you could see all the way to the top of her slit which was the first place the tiny cloth touched her skin.

She knew Tanya was staring but was surprised when she caught Lisa doing the same. She pretended not to notice as she spyed her two friends from behind her sun glasses. Again she was beginning to feel a strange sense of power over her usually over-powering team mate and now even her best friend was checking her out. The thought made her even hotter as a light sheet of perspiration began to form.

Then before she could change her mind she jumped to her feet and jogged off to the water ignoring her top and adjusting her tiny bottom in the process.

Tanya and Lisa were up in a flash too and hurried to catch up to their all but naked friend. From any distance you’d swear that there was a bare-assed naked girl on the beach and it wouldn’t be until you were closer, much closer, that you could tell that she actually had some resemblance of a bikini bottom on. Carrie jogged into the water and dove through the first wave emerging on the other side only to tug her bottom back up. The Y-back style bikini actually did pretty well at staying on because it hugged Carrie’s natural curves so well but any slippage at all was reason for concern.

Tanya and Lisa both navigated the larger waves as they closed in on Carrie. In the water Carrie was like a fish. Having been a competitive swimmer in college and in top shape she was totally at ease in the water. At ease except for the constant adjustment her bikini required. The fuss gave her a new appreciation for the skinny dipping she had been doing as part of her workout.

Carrie swam out into the slightly deeper water so as to avoid the turmoil of the breaking waves. She had to tread water but at least she didn’t have to worry about getting balled over by each passing wave. Tanya and Lisa caught up and treaded water beside her as they rolled with the swells.

They laughed and chatted for a bit before slowly drifting in to where they could touch ground again. This gave Tanya the opportunity to splash Carrie to which she retaliated. Before long all three girl were splashing and chasing after each other. It wasn’t long before a wave knocked Carrie over. By the time she got to her feet or rather her knees her bottom was around her ankle and threatening to disappear into the surf. She tugged it up but not before Lisa jumped in and knocked her over again. Carrie got her bottom back in place, well sort of, as before and took off after Lisa, tackling her from behind just as Tanya came to Lisa’s defense. The three girls wrestled as another wave threatened to take Carrie’s bikini for a one way trip to the sea floor. As Carrie pulled her bottom back on once again Tanya grabbed her from the back with both hands firmly planted on Carrie’s breasts. Carrie wrestled free only to have Lisa join the attack. It was now obviously a two on one with Carrie trying to stay clear. Each time she made an escape another pair of hands would grab her and pull her back. Then as Carrie dove for Lisa, Tanya reached in and grabbed the thin strap to Carrie’s bottom. It was already half way down her ass so there was hardly any resistance as she pulled it off Carrie’s shapely butt. Carrie continued her pursuit of Lisa not realizing what had just happened until she heard Tanya shout in triumph. When she turned she saw Tanya holding her bikini bottom in her hand. Not to be deterred by her now completely naked state, she dove towards Tanya, her bare butt bouncing in the air. Just as she reached for her bottom Tanya tossed it to Lisa.

Carrie cleared the water from her eyes and turned back towards Lisa.

“Come on Lisa, give me my bikini.”

But just as Carrie thought her good friend was going to give it to her she tossed it back to Tanya. This went on two or three more time before Carrie realized the futility of her cause.

“What do you say we try surfing?” Tanya shouted as she started to move closer to shore.

“Sounds fine to me.” an out of breath Carrie replied, “But first how about giving me back my bottoms?”

“Come and get it.” Tanya shouted over her shoulder as she walked out of the water, bikini bottom in her hand.

Lisa walked up the beach as well leaving a naked Carrie in the water. Shaking her head and looking around nervously Carrie had no choice but to walk back naked. She had been naked enough in the last couple of weeks that she should have been used to it by now but each of the previous times seemed to be in controlled settings. This was a public beach and not a clothing optional one. But what choice did she have? She slowly walked towards the shallower water until her pussy was visible and just continued trying to stay calm like it was perfectly natural. Hopefully Tanya is right and no one would say anything or complain.

Not seeing any sign of her bikini when she got to the blanket she just flopped down on her stomach. It was amazing the difference in confidence that missing tiny bottom made. It didn’t cover much of anything but at least it was something.

“Are you going to leave me naked?” Carrie asked as Tanya reached over and ran her hand down Carrie’s smooth back, this time uninterrupted by anything at all.

“Why not? You can’t risk getting any tan lines. Jeff would kill you. Remember that contract thingy.”

After Carrie dried off Tanya suggested they reapply the sun lotion to make sure she didn’t burn. This time Lisa joined in and they both worked on Carrie’s back and shoulders before Tanya stated moving lower. She squeezed a generous amount on Carrie’s lower back and began to gently massage it into her tight butt. Carrie wanted to tell them to stop but it just felt too good.

Having finished Carrie’s back Lisa moved to her legs and worked her way up until she reached her upper thighs and then Carrie’s butt. Carrie moaned gently as each girl worked intently, one on each side. Tanya had the right thigh and butt cheek while Lisa had the left. They seemed to work in unison which brought even more sighs from Carrie. By now it no longer mattered that she was lying naked on a beach. The work of her two friends was getting her plenty aroused.

Just then Lisa noticed a man in a bright green ATV coming up the beach.

“Holy shit, that’s the beach patrol.” Carrie almost came at the shock of being caught naked on the beach.

“OMG, where’s my bikini? Quick give me my bikini before he comes.” Carrie yelled franticly.

“Damn. Just when it was getting fun.” Tanya sighed. She reached in her bag and pulled out Carrie’s tangled bottom.

Carrie pulled it up her legs without even lifting her tummy and laid back down as the ATV speed down the beach towards them. All three girls pretended to be asleep as the Officer slowed down to check them out. Carrie still had no top on or one anywhere to be seen and her back was completely bare except for the tiny thong straps. Her heart was beating like a drum as the beach control guy slowed down to check her out.

After what seemed like minutes he sped up at last heading down the beach and Carrie breathed a sigh of relief.

“Holy shit. You’re not going to be satisfied until you get me arrested are you!?” Carrie complained towards Tanya.

“What are you worried about? He was just checking out that hot little ass of yours.” Tanya told her as she gave it a nice hard slap.

“Oww, that hurt.” Carrie complained as her eye followed the ATV down the beach.

“OK, how about some surfing?” Tanya asked next, “After we dragged the boards down here aren’t you going to use them?“

Carrie flipped over and sat up, this time holding her right arm over her boobs.

“Give me my top and we can go.”

**Part 5b  A Day at the Beach - Surfing Adventure**

After a nice rest to work on their tans the three girls decided they needed to cool off and to try some surfing. Carrie and Tanya had surfed numerous times before and were quite accomplished and Lisa was eager to try it out. Despite being in San Diego the water was still a little cold even in the summer. Tanya had come prepared bringing her brief wet suit vest but she had no intention of giving the same option to Carrie.

“Can you please give me my top back?” Carrie asked.

“That tiny little top isn’t going to keep those tits covered anyway so why bother?”

“Come on, Tanya, I can’t just walk around topless on this beach.” Carrie said quietly not wanting to draw any attention.

“Why not? You just walked up here totally naked. Besides I don’t think anyone is going to complain about seeing those babies.”

Tanya and Carrie went back and forth on this for a while before Carrie finally gave up. She dropped her hand leaving her breasts bare as she looked around. She then jumped up, grabbed her board and held it up to her chest partially hiding her boobs.

“Wow, not sure why I never noticed before but you have quite a rack for a skinny girl.” Tanya added as she slowly got up and pulled out her vest.

“You’re wearing that and you want me to go topless? Come on!”

“You know you don’t want to ruin that tan of yours. Besides you know you look better without it.”

“OK, let’s head down the beach then. The waves are better down there anyway.” Carried added, thinking she’d have less of an audience the further away down they moved.

“I don’t want to miss this.” Lisa added, not wanting to miss the actions even though they didn’t have a third board. “You have to teach me how to do it. I’ve always wanted to try but never have.” she added.

“Ready?”

“Not really but does it matter?” Carrie added as she picked up her board and rested it on her hip.

What a sight she was. If you just glanced you’d swear she was completely naked from the back. The tiny straps around her waist were barely visible and the other was well buried between her firm butt cheeks. From the back she was for all intents naked and from the front it wasn’t much different. Carrie’s pussy was covered but since the suit was so thin and she was completely shaved, there was nothing left to the imagination. Making it worse, in an attempt to keep the small piece of cloth in place, the straps were pulled so tight that it formed the most delicious camel toe imaginable.

On top of that with Carrie’s hip bone gap the tiny bottom was literally suspended in mid air from one side to the other without making contact at all on her slightly concave lower tummy. From the correct angle you could see all the way down her bottom to just about where her slit began.

She walked down towards the water, proving that what is covered is often sexier that what is laid bare. Her top was completely bare yet the really sexy thing about her was her tiny bottom which struggled to conceal her pussy.

Lisa walked at the side of Carrie who used her surfboard to try to shield parts of her nearly naked body from some of the beach goers. Lisa noticed Carrie’s modesty and started kidding her.

Once they got close to the water Carrie ran ahead, threw her surfboard in the water ahead of her and ran after it. Her athleticism combined with the gently bounce of her breasts made it look graceful and sexy as hell at the same time as she lifted her legs high in the shallow water before leaping on the board and sliding through the first wave. She let out a little holler as the chilly water swept over her all but bare body.

Tanya followed and the two surfers paddled out through the swells leaving Lisa to watch from the water’s edge. Once they got past the swells they slowed and rested on their boards with their legs dangling in the water to either side of their boards. The water off San Diego was still pretty cold and most surfers wore wet suits but Carrie’s body did not have such protection from the elements. The cold was not lost on Carrie whose body was covered with the cutest goose bumps. In addition to that her nipples were crunched tight as if trying to protect themselves from the cold water. This left them hard as little rocks and pointed skyward as if seeking heat from the sun.

Tanya and Carrie caught their breath and relaxed in the nice rolling swells. Carrie figured they were far enough out that people on shore probably would think Carrie had on a small top but to the keen eye it was obvious she was topless.

“Some pretty good rollers, should be some wild rides.” Tanya told Carrie as they waited.

“Yea. Some nice wipe outs too.” Carrie answered thinking that surfing in that tiny bikini wasn’t such a good idea after all.

“At least you won’t have to worry about popping out.” Tanya added with a laugh.

“No, no problem there. I just don’t know how well this bottom is going to hold up when I wipe out.”

“Just take it off and you won’t have to worry”.

“I may not have to. The waves may do it for me.” Carrie answered with a nervous laugh.

Carrie had always loved surfing and was pretty good at it but usually wore a wet suit. Now the prospect of surfing topless which was a little exciting in a strange way made her wish she had worn a more substantial bottom. Even though she had played volleyball and posed for all those photos naked she was still nervous about being seen in the nude.

“Come on Carrie, lighten up. This is your change to get wild.”

“Yea, I’m cool out here but I have to head in and that’s where all the people are.”

“Speaking of people…”

Apparently the sight of two hot surfer girls, one topless, didn’t go unnoticed by the other surfers. Two dudes in wet suits started paddling close as they chatted.

“Surfs up, Carrie. Here comes a big one!” Tanya yelled as she got to her knees to paddle as hard as she could before jumping up as the wave picked up her board. She was off.

Carrie followed but missed the wave and waited for the next which was even bigger. Jumping into position, she paddled as fast as she could. In that position gravity took over causing her breasts to look even larger. Bending down to paddle also positioned her shapely all but bare ass high in the air. That and the fact that the tiny thong strap was buried deep between her cheeks made it appear as if she was completely naked and unmistakable female. It wasn’t until she stood up that you could tell she was wearing anything at all, and even then at a distance you might just think it was a dark patch of pubic hair.

Tanya rode the wave in and then slowed down and jumped off as she approached the shallower water with Carrie slaloming back and forth further out. Carrie’s bare body looked even hotter in that classic surfer stance, knees bent, one arm forward and the other out to her side for balance. Even an average photographer could make quite a bit selling pictures of this nearly naked surfer. Even the poor images from camera phones on the beach would be savored for a long time to come.

Carrie was carrying a really nice line as she rode the curl towards shore. Several people had stopped to take in the sight of this surfer babe as she approached. Carrie had taken a slightly different line which took her over a small sandbar. The shallower water there caused the wave to brake just as Carrie was stepping off catching her by surprise and sending her tumbling as the wave broke over her.

Tanya raced over as Carrie was dragged under. Tanya arrived just as Carrie emerged from the foam filled water and couldn’t help but laugh as she looked at her friend. The tumble in the surf had apparently stripped Carrie of her flimsy bikini bottom leaving her now completely naked. In reality it wasn’t a lot different than before with the exception of the tiny patch being replaced by an unmistakable view of Carrie’s completely bare pussy. It wasn’t an unfamiliar sight for Tanya but still caught her eye like a magnet. Carrie hadn’t even realized yet that she had lost her bottom as she used her hand to brush her blonde hair out of her face.

“Nice ride, Carrie. Even nicer view.” Tanya laughed.

“What?”

“Decided that bottom was too much to bother? Huh.” Tanya added.

“Oh my God!” Carrie yelled ducking down in the water when she realized what had happened.

She fumbled around as she frantically looked around while at the same time trying to maintain her balance in the rough water.

“Shit. Do you see it?” Carrie yelled frantically as Lisa ran over to join them.

“Going to go naked now that you lost your bottom?“ Lisa asked.

“Carrie, it’s not like you haven’t been seen naked before and besides it really doesn’t cover anything.” Tanya chimed in between laughs.

Lucky for Carrie but unlucky for everyone else her surfboard lanyard which was wrapped around her leg and connected to the surfboard had saved her bottom from being lost to the ocean. The tiny scrap of cloth was still wrapped around the cord. Carrie carefully untangled it and slid it up the cord as her own bare bottom was being dragged through the sand closer and closer to the beach.

Lisa and Tanya laughed at their poor friend’s struggle to get her bottom back on. Carrie was nearly on the beach by the time she finally got it up to her legs.

Carrie now had to get the twisted mess up her legs, but to do that she had to stand up and show everything to everyone that happened to catch her problems, and believe me people had caught her problem. Every male and most female eyes on the beach had been following Carrie most of the day and especially when she picked up the surfboard and headed out in the big surf in that tiny bottom. I’m sure each thought it was just a matter of time before she ended up in this situation, and now that it had happened they weren’t going to miss a second of it.

Then just as it looked like she was going to try to get it on in the water, she stood up quickly and pulled the tiny bottom up her long tan legs. Ironically, it didn’t look much different on or off once the tiny strap settled in between her tight cheeks. Carrie adjusted the patch in front for maximum overage and ran her finger through the straps to get everything back in place as a laugh came to her face.

“Oh God, this thing just isn’t made to surf in.” she said as she finalized her adjustments.

“Why don’t you just forget it then? No one’s going to mind.” Tanya added trying to coax Carrie into giving up on the bottom to go au natural.

“You’d like that, you perve.” Carrie laughed as she picked up her board and started to head back out.

Carrie high stepped through the shallow water which went on for quite a way behind the infamous sandbar carrying the surfboard at her side. The action caused her unrestrained breasts to bounce noticeable with the awkward momentum. It was quite a sight which wasn’t lost on Tanya who watched open mouthed.

Carrie then jumped on the board and paddled the rest of the way waiting for Tanya once she reached deeper water. When Tanya caught up Carrie couldn’t help but laugh at everything that had just happened.

“That was crazy. This bikini just isn’t made for surfing.” Carrie told Tanya as she played with the tiny black strap wrapping her hip.

“Carrie, you’ve played volleyball naked. I honestly don’t know why you’re bothering. It looks like a real pain.”

“I just can’t go naked.”

“Carrie, it’s not like it covers anything and beside you’re out of it more than you’re in it.”

“It would be fun to just go skinny surfing.” Carrie said with a laugh, connecting skinny dipping with surfing.

“Why don’t you then?” Tanya said once again trying to coax Carrie out of her lone piece of clothing.

“Not with all these people on the beach.”

“All these people? You play volleyball naked. This should be nothing.”

They chatted a little longer before Carrie spied a nice wave and took off again with Tanya following closely.

This time Carrie avoided the sandbar but crashed again as she lost control on a big wave. Again her bottom was saved from being totally lost by the lanyard holding her board to her leg. This time Carrie couldn’t help but laugh at her little problem since she was in deeper water giving her a slightly easier time of getting her bottom back on before washing into the shallow water.

The two girls headed out for another ride and again Tanya tried to convince Carrie to loose the bikini bottom for the au natural surfer look.

Again they headed in, each catching nice waves with Carrie having her best run so far but still losing her bottom when she fell. This time however she just laid across her board with her bare breasts resting on the top of the board. Once again the bikini bottom was caught up in the surfboard lanyard but this time she did not rush to untangle it. Instead she just rested there, pondering her situation, while the cool water caressed her bare pussy and the board’s rough surface teased her hard nipples.

The combined sensations where quite pleasant and were starting to get Carrie aroused. She looked on at perhaps 100 people who were widely scattered up and down the beach. She got a thrill wondering how many of the people on the beach actually knew she was floating there naked. Before she could change her mind Carrie reached down and untied the side tie to her bottom and pulled it free from the board’s lanyard. Now she really was naked and it felt good. But could she actually paddle out and surf naked?

Just then Tanya swam over and asked what’s going on. Carrie just looked back with a dirty smile on her face as she held up the pile of string that made up her bottom.

“All right hotness. Now that’s what I’m talking about!”

“I guess if I survived playing volleyball naked I can surf naked too.”

Tanya waved to Lisa to come out and when she got closer Carrie tossed her the bottom.

“Way to go girl!” Lisa added with an ear to ear smile on her face.

“I guess it doesn’t matter much. It didn’t stay on anyway.” Carrie replied as if trying to justify her actions.

“It actually feels pretty good.” Carried added, knowing that she was being pretty naughty.

“Told you to loose that stupid bikini a long time ago. With a body like yours why would you want to cover it?”

“I guess that’s good because it hardly ever gets covered anymore. You two are turning me into some sort of reluctant nudist.”

“I wouldn’t go that far but if you want to try I can see if I can help.” Tanya added.

“Please … No more help.“

“Oh come on. Don’t tell me you don’t like it.”

“It is kind of fun but you’re going to get me in trouble. It’s not like this is a nude beach.”

“Oh lighten up. What’s the worst that can happen? They asking you to put something on? I’ll try to stop them but you just might have to if they insist.”

“Stop it. You’re terrible.” Carrie yelled splashing Tanya in the process.

Tanya splashed back with Lisa joining the fun so Carrie jumped on her board and started to paddle out bare-assed naked this time. In reality this wasn’t that different from when she was wearing her bikini bottom and from the back people probably couldn’t tell the difference.

Once Carrie got out of splash range Tanya jumped on her board and followed her naked friend. Carrie turned and waited in the deeper water catching her breath as she waited for Tanya to catch up. Carrie was pretty wound up now from the excitement of having just paddled out completely naked in front of a beach full of people.

“Hurry up pokie.” she yelled back to Tanya as she sat on her board.

Tanya caught up and joined her checking Carrie out as they chatted a little livelier this time.

“Pokie? Have you taken a look at yourself?”

“This is crazy. I can’t believe I’m out here like this.” Carrie said.

“Looks like you like it.”

“It is actually pretty exciting.”

“See… just like volleyball. Isn’t it better without having to worry about your bottom?”

“What about you then?” Carrie added as if challenging Tanya to join her.

Tanya, for her part couldn’t help to notice the view Carrie was presenting her as she sat on her board. Topless was interesting enough but naked with her legs spread on either side of the board was downright indecent. Tanya tried not to stare but couldn’t help but glance down. Sitting on a surfboard had Carrie’s legs dangling in the water on either side of the board. Previously this position created a tantalizing camel toe as Carrie’s thin bottom stretched tight across her pussy. Now with no bikini bottom for cover, her pussy was proudly open and on display. Just a little pink showed but it was so tantalizing that Tanya struggled not to stare.

Carrie had been becoming increasingly aroused throughout the surfing adventure as a result of her continued struggle with keeping her bikini bottom on and it was now evident in Carrie’s provocative position. Her nipples had been hard as a rock from the beginning as a result of the cold water and now it was being contributed to by the arousal.

Below, her lower lips had become swollen and opened showing her inner lips and a significant amount of her pink vagina. The cold water which was lapping at her pink openness was stimulating Carrie in several ways. The feeling was cooling to the warm that she felt deep in her sex but at the same time was creating the most interesting sensation as it entered her pussy. It’s not that often that a woman is so spread with cool water lapping her delicate and sensitive insides. The result was the most intimate teasing that Carrie could not ignore as she sat on her board chatting with Tanya.

“I’m not an exhibitionist like you”. Tanya told Carrie.

“I’m not an exhibitionist, or at least I wasn’t before last week anyway. Though it is kind of fun not having to worry about my bikini.”

“Told you you’d like it.”

“What about you?”

“I don’t have a problem with my suit coming off or my uniform riding up like you.” Tanya replied.

“It’s just a bit embarrassing being naked with all those people looking at me.”

“Embarrassed? You should be proud. There aren’t too many people that have a bod like yours.”

“The crazy thing even though it’s embarrassing, it gets me really turned on at the same time. It’s like my mind is saying one thing and my body is doing its own thing. It’s like a little shot of adrenalin. But sometimes it gets out of control.”

“Yea like that time you had the orgasm after we won last week.” Tanya added.

“Oh gawd, that was crazy.”

“Yea but you were like a wild woman out there, and we beat the best pair in the sport. That was awesome.”

“Yea maybe, but I crashed and was a wreck after that.”

“Like I said. You just need to learn to control it so you can keep that adrenaline rush without climaxing too soon. Save that for our celebration.”

“Yea that would be a celebration all right.” Carrie said with a tiny of embarrassment.

“Yea but it drives me crazy being right on the edge for that long. My mind goes to mush. I don’t know how I play. It’s like my body’s on auto pilot”. Carrie tried to explain, all the time getting more excited by the erotic conversation.

“Well whatever you do don’t stop it. You’re the hottest thing in volleyball right now. We just need to train you to control it.”

“Don’t stop it? But it drives me crazy even after practice. I’m so wound up I can’t calm down. I can’t sleep. I keep tossing and turning in bed and can’t fall asleep.” Carrie added.

“Well, I can help you with that.” Tanya yelled with a devilish smirk on her face.

“A little buzz is actually kind fun but then it keeps building and building and my body is desperate for release. It’s so out of control that it takes all my will to not climax right there on the court.”

“All I know is you play great when you’re turned on.”

“You just don’t understand.”

Carrie was getting more and more aroused by the candid talk and the constant lapping of cold water against her wide open pussy wasn’t helping. Tanya continued her glances until the conversation slowed and they decided to get back to surfing.

“Ready for your first nude ride?”

“I don’t know about that. Somehow I think everyone back on the beach is looking at me.”

“They probably are. Better put on a good show for them.” Tanya told her friend.

On the next wave Carrie got in position, laying her bare front on her board and paddling with all her might to get up to speed. She lifted her head slightly to look at the approaching wave which put a lot of additional strain on her back muscles while at the same time lifting her front and reducing the weight pressing her breasts into the board. In this position her extended nipples rubbed teasingly back and forth against the board with each stroke which added greatly to the sensation. If anything the increased sensation on her nipples seemed to propel her to paddle even harder.

As she got up to speed she jumped up on the board and was ready for a ride. She was pumped and excited which was going to make for one hell of a ride. It was a huge wave and she rode it like a pro, cutting back and forth before riding one long curl to the right. Carrie would have looked hot riding the wave under normal circumstances but with her trim athletic body full on display it was truly a sight to behold. Her leg muscles were accentuated as she constantly worked to maintain that perfect balance. Even her side muscles and abs where working hard to keep her upper body over her board, and if that wasn’t enough to get your attention her bare breasts and naked pussy would definitely do it.

And attention is what she got. Almost everyone on the beach had been following her surfing and even though they weren’t sure before what had happened after her last fall now they knew as she surfed down a spectacular wave totally and unmistakable bare-assed naked.

Ironically she didn’t fall at the end of the ride this time and simply jumped off the board as Lisa ran in from the beach.

“Wow, that was hot!” Lisa yelled as Tanya sailed in from behind.

“Holy shit that was awesome.” Carrie echoed, seeming to totally forget she was standing totally naked in knee deep water.

“Let’s do it again.” she yelled picking up her board and running back out.

“How about teaching me so I can try it?” Lisa yelled.

“One more ride and we’ll show you.”

Carrie raced out and threw herself down on the board as she paddled out with vigor. The light arousal had started that adrenaline rush that she liked and the chill of her body was replaced by a growing excitement, just a little buzz that put a jump in her step, or maybe paddle in this case. Her nipples were now picking up each and every little sensation and were growing more sensitive with her excitement level. Her excitement was growing but not out of control, at least not yet.

She only paused briefly this time before paddling back and catching the next wave in. Once again it was a perfect wave and she made it look easy as she carved a long ride to the right once again. Lisa was still in the water watching eagerly as were several other people on the beach. Carrie however was in her own world making the most of the short ride. This time she rode right up to Lisa before jumping off. Lisa ran up and eagerly gave her friend a big hug squashing her front into Carrie’s bare boobs and seemingly ignoring the fact that her friend didn’t have a stitch on. In fact she may have taken some liberties in the process. Carrie for her part was so wound up that she was oblivious and was just living in the moment.

“Damn, you should surf naked more often, Carrie. That was unbelievable.”

“Yea, wow! I don’t think I’ve ever had back to back rides like those. OK, Lisa, want to give it a try?”

“Sure, what do I do?” Lisa said enthusiastically and she followed her naked friend’s instructions.

Carrie had Lisa get up on the board while she held it steady so Lisa could practice her balance. The first attempt didn’t go so well as Lisa fell backwards into Carrie with Carrie trying to catch her. She fell awkwardly turning slightly which caused her to land on Carrie hard. Her face landed on Carrie’s bare left breast before they both ended hitting the water with Lisa on top.

“OMG, are you alright?” Carrie asked when she came back up.

“Careful Lisa, you could lose an eye that way.” Tanya added as Carrie unthinkingly rubbed her sore breast.

“Sorry, Carrie, I lost my balance.”

“Are you ok? That was a rough fall.” Carrie said with a laugh.

Lisa jumped back on the board with both Carrie and Tanya giving her some pointers on how to use her arms and legs to keep her balance better. She did better but still had trouble so Carrie jumped on the board, too, to steady her while Tanya held the board. Once more Lisa fell with them both ending up in a tangle heap again. This time Lisa tried to catch her balance but reaching for Carrie. In the process one of her hands grabbed Carrie on her back but the other hand smacked right on Carrie’s boobs as they fell into the water. Carrie ignored the sudden grope still riding on her natural high. If anything it increased her excitement level.

“You’re a real klutz, Lisa.” Carrie laughed as they both recovered.

On the third time Lisa did much better.

“Ok, ready to try shredding some waves?” Carrie asked.

“Ready as I’ll ever be.” Lisa yelled enthusiastically.

With that they dragged the board out in the deeper water. Carrie floated over to hang off of Tanya’s board as Lisa readied herself. Carrie pulled herself up to lay on the front of Tanya’s board as Lisa climbed on Carrie’s. She had no sooner stood up than she fell down. Tanya missed the fall as she studied Carrie’s naked ass floating just at water level.

“Come on, try it again. This time paddle a little to get up some speed before you try to stand.” Carrie told her.

After a second fall, Carrie swam over to Lisa to give her some more pointers on getting up. Carrie had pulled herself partially up on the board with Lisa and was holding on with one hand as she used her other hand to illustrate what she was talking about. The action had her firm 34 C breasts acting as an interesting shelf holding her upper body out of the water. Carrie seemed to pay no attention to the fact that her bare boobs were being crushed from below as they partially held her in place. For her part, Lisa tried to pay attention to Carrie’s instruction but the sight just a few feet in front of her made concentrating difficult.

In the next attempt Lisa got up but took a spectacular fall as a wave sent her tumbling. Carrie swam over once again arriving just as Lisa came up coughing. She panicked briefly and grabbed a hold of Carrie to get her bearings. In the process a lot of bumping took place with Lisa getting Carrie right in the pussy as a second wave passed.

Carrie pulled Lisa over to the board where they regrouped.

Both Carrie and Tanya laughed at Lisa’s fall but this time Lisa did not.

“I think I had enough of this. I just can’t get it.”

“Nonsense. I’ve got an idea. I’m not sure how well this is going to work but what the hell?” Carrie told Lisa as she dragged the board further out into the deep water again.

Once there, Carrie jumped up on the board and pulled Lisa up behind her. Carrie explained the plan which consisted of Carrie laying down on the board and paddling with Lisa kneeling behind her. Once they got up to speed and the wave started carrying them Lisa was to flop down on her friends back for the ride. It was an interesting plan under normal circumstances but the fact that Carrie didn’t have a bikini on made it even more interesting especially to Lisa.

Carrie’s naked back and tight ass were all that Lisa saw as her friend took off paddling. Carrie’s back and shoulder muscles were quite pronounced as she paddled with all her might. Lisa knelt between Carrie’s legs which dangled in the water. From a slightly different angle she would have had a really interesting view but even as it was the view of Carrie’s unobstructed bare back and butt was quite erotic. When they started surfing down the wave Carrie propped up on her elbows and yelled “Hang on!” Lisa flopped on Carrie’s naked back and they accelerated. Carrie leaned slightly to one side which caused the board to ride to the right and stay with the crest of the wave.

Lisa with nothing to hold onto almost fell but at the last second grabbed Carrie’s side as she lowered herself more firmly onto Carrie’s butt letting out a holler in the process. Each turn was tough as she struggled to keep from falling off. Carrie’s body was really slippery and her hands slid all around trying to find something to hold onto as Carrie turned the board. Water was flying everywhere and out of instinct or possibly opportunity she grabbed hold of the one thing that she could use to keep from falling off. Both of Lisa’s hands had a solid grip on Carries firm breasts. They weren’t your typical hand holds and certainly not meant for that purpose but they proved quite effective at keeping Lisa from sliding off.

The waves merged with another and Carrie banked to the left to maintain their speed. Lisa instinctively tightened her grip on Carrie’s left breast and leaving out a loud scream right in Carrie’s ear at the same time. The strange sensation caught Carrie by surprise and the tight squeeze actually hurt but at the same time sent a shiver of excitement right to her sex. Eventually after a couple more turns, squeezes and screams they slowed down with Lisa sliding off into the water pulling Carrie with her as her hands slide off Carrie’s make shift hand holds and down her tight side to her narrow waist.

“OMG, that was a blast!” Lisa yelled as she came up, “Let’s do it again!”

“That was fun but I’m not used to all the water in my face.” Carrie said with a laugh, “And what’s with the boob grab?”

“I needed something to hold onto and they were available. Sooo...”

“But it hurts.” Carrie said as she gave her left boob a little rub, “You should know what it feels like.”

“But your body is so slippery. I needed to hold onto something or I would have fallen off for sure.”

Carrie looked down inspecting both her breasts as she continued to sooth the left one.

They quickly made their way back out to the deeper water and waited for Tanya to catch up. Carrie immediately jumped on the board with Lisa floating around hanging onto the front of the board in the water. That position put her staring right at Carrie’s spread legs as they dangled in the water on either side of the board. It also gave her an unobstructed view of Carrie’s sex. She was instantly aroused by her friend’s open sex less than 2 feet in front of her face. Her nipples tightening beneath her own bikini top at the sight. The bright pink of Carrie’s vagina was in stark contrast to the dark skin that evenly covered the rest of her nude body. Lisa could not pull her eye away.

“So what do you think? Tanya asked.

Lisa stuttered as she quietly said. “It’s beautiful.” Referring to Carrie’s pink slit while being asked about the surfing.

“What?” Tanya asked not getting it.

“Oh it was a blast. Let’s do it again.“ quickly recovering and breaking her stare.

Carrie blushed slightly and tried in vain to change her position realizing that she was the subject of Lisa’s previous comment. The comment did however send a wave of excitement and warmth sensation through her sex despite the cold water lapping into it.

“God, lying on the board like that is like looking onto a water fall. I could hardly see.” Carrie explained, “Do you want to try it by yourself?”

“No. I’d probably fall of. I’m such a klutz. Can we do it just like that again?” Lisa asked.

“OK, let’s give it a go while we still have some good waves.”

With that Lisa climbed back on behind Carrie and maneuvered into position for their next tandem ride, this time from considerable further out.

Once again Carrie laid down on the board and paddled with everything she had as Lisa memorized each and every movement of her back muscles. Again a warm feeling spread through her as she looked on. Who would have thought a simple bare back could be such a turn on? This time however as Carrie paddled, Lisa had her hands firmly planted on Carrie’s bare ass. Carrie had always complained that she had a runners butt and lacked the curves that most men liked but with her tiny waist that butt looked just about perfect to Lisa, especially when mounted on top of these never ending legs. Carrie’s legs blended right into her butt which made them look even longer. Lisa couldn’t help herself as she got in a couple of good squeezes before Carrie yelled back for her to hold on.

And hold on she did. She had found the best hand holds possible last run and immediately returned to them as the board started to accelerate. The first time Lisa was too excited by the ride to enjoy her human hand holds but this time she savored the moment. Carrie’s breasts, like her butt, seemed more like muscles that female breasts. Her own breasts were all soft and giggly while the ones in her hands where strong and tight despite being larger than her own. It was no wonder Carrie rarely wore a bra. Why should she?

You wouldn’t have thought they’d be very effective as holds but they actually worked quite well. Lisa held on tight as they turned back and forth squeezing first the one then the other as her weight shifted. It wasn’t until they straightened out that she loosened and repositioned her grip with Carrie’s erect nipples firmly positioned between her fingers.

The hands on her breasts were not lost on Carrie either, especially when Lisa clamped down hard or squeezed her sensitive nipples. She turned slightly to the left and felt Lisa tighten her grip on her left breast pinching her nipple between her fingers in the process. It would hurt but the pain seemed to shoot straight from her nipple to her sex. It was something about having her delicate flesh used as some rudimentary hand grip that seemed to add to her arousal which began to rise quickly. Between the excitement of the ride and the additional sensation that Lisa was supplying Carrie was beginning to feel warm despite the constant rush of chilly water.

They took another spill as a wave rolled them over. Lisa had had a death grip on Carrie’s boobs which was only broken by the pressure of the water as they rolled around. Lisa’s hands once again slide down Carrie’s chest and over her tight tummy before she lost her grip. Once again they popped to the surface gaping with excitement.

“That was even better than the first ride.” Lisa yelled.

Carrie was just as excited from the numerous stimuli that her body was receiving. Long forgotten were her worries about being seen naked. This was just pure fun powered by a growing combination of adrenalin driven excitement and sexual arousal. It was like without her bikini to worry about she could be herself and just go wild. And wild she was! Bouncing around like a child naked amongst her two bikini clad friends while untold beach goers took in the entertainment.

“That looks like fun.” Tanya added as she made her way over, “I think I want to ride Carrie as well.” saying it in a way that made it sound even naughtier than it was meant to be.

Carrie just splashed Tanya and asked what they wanted to do.

“One more ride that’s all.” Lisa answered back immediately.

“Aren’t you guys getting cold? I’m freezing.” Tanya added.

“Well I guess it’s the shared body warmth.” Lisa said.

“That doesn’t look like all you’re sharing on those rides.” Tanya said.

“Ok one more, but easy in the boobs. Your nails hurt.” Carrie said as she once again rubbed her boobs.

“I’m heading in. Hang ten for me.” Tanya said as she made her way to the shore.

Carrie dragged the board out with Lisa in toe. Once they got to the deeper water she jumped on and laiddown to paddle out. Lisa slid on the back of the board and knelt between Carrie’s legs as she had before and once they got going she bent down to hold onto Carrie’s ass. This time she ran her hands up Carrie’s back giving her a bit of a massage as she paddled.

As they got further away from the shore Lisa took the liberty of running her hands all along Carrie’s naked flank.

“Hey!” Carrie squealed as she paused her paddling.

The attention felt strange but exciting at the same. Carrie and Lisa had been close friends since college and played around on occasion but nothing had ever happened between them. Yet here they were with Lisa liberally feeling her up and Carrie was getting seriously aroused. On top of that Carrie was liking the feeling. This was different from the nervous excitement that she had been getting when she had played volleyball naked.

“Stop it! You’re…, ah, getting me turned on.” Carrie said. But even before she could get it out Lisa started running her hands up and down Carrie’s sides and legs.

“Is that so bad? I would think it would feel good.”

“It does but this is different.”

“I don’t know what it is but ever since you’ve been doing this nude thing I can’t stop thinking about you.” Lisa said.

“Nude thing? I wouldn’t exactly call it that.”

Carrie liked the feeling of Lisa’s hands on her but it was strange for her, too. She liked Lisa but had never thought of her in a sexual way.

“I never thought you’d actually play without your uniform when I brought it up but I’m so glad you did. You look so hot out there and now with that all over tan you look awesome. And now that I have you nude so close in front of me I can’t keep my hands off that tight bod of yours.”

“You and Tanya are great for my ego but you can’t imagine how tough it is to play those matches. And now with that stupid contract I’m stuck. The other girls are going to think I’m some sort of slut.”

“They’re just jealous of that figure of yours. They wish they looked as good.”

“Oh god…” Carrie moaned.

Lisa continued her caressing with even more determination now as Carrie continued to paddle. Carrie had totally forgotten about the soreness in her arms as her arousal grew and grew and before she knew it they had paddled out easily twice as far are previously. By the time Carrie stopped she was past where the best waves were forming and they had to drift back. As they did they both sat up on the board and chatted, Carrie trying to relax her excitement while Lisa was excited that she was getting Carrie aroused.

As they sat there Lisa slid her hands down Carrie’s tummy all the way down to her mound and was starting to play with her open pussy.

“Stop that.” Carrie said slapping at Lisa’s hand.

“Is that so bad?” Lisa whispered as Carrie struggled to regain control. Her heart was racing and she was breathing fast as Lisa moved back to tease her nipples.

Lisa was getting Carrie more worked up by the second so as a change of direction Carrie tried a different approach before it was too late saying, “Ready for another ride?” in an effort to get back in control.

Before Lisa could protest, Carrie started to get into position forcing Lisa’s hands slipping off her breasts. Lisa slid her hands down Carrie’s side and over her hips one more time before they came to rest on her tight ass as Carrie stretched out. In the process she gave her a harder than playful slap. With that Carrie left out a yelp and stopped paddling as she looked back.

Lisa slapped her even harder yelling, “Get going there… Let’s catch this wave!”

Lisa was slapping Carrie’s ass as a cowboy would use a whip to encourage a horse to run faster and it seemed to work as Carrie paddled even faster to catch the next wave as it approached. The friction of the board on her nipples and the feeling of the slaps on her butt sent even more sensations to Carrie’s sex.

Lisa didn’t have to be told twice when Carrie yelled to hold on. As Carrie lifted herself to her elbows for the ride Lisa reached under and firmly grabbed each of Carrie’s inviting breasts with her hands like she was grabbing hold of a ball. She repositioned her grip quickly so she had those sexy nipples firmly clamped between her fingers. They were off with Lisa riding Carrie like never before.

Carrie leaned one way then the other as if to try to throw Lisa off but Lisa just held on tighter to her makeshift hand holds. She didn’t even realize how hard she was grabbing Carrie’s tender flesh otherwise she, being a gentle girl, would have eased her hold. One turn was so hard that Lisa almost slipped off despite her tight grip on Carrie’s boobs. Each squeeze sent a streak of pain and excitement through Carrie. She had been known to like it a little rough in the bedroom but this was far from her bedroom and this was not sex.

They continued along towards the beach before finally being dumped by a breaking wave. Once again they tumbled in a heap of twisted flesh then managed to get to their feet.

“That was wild!” Lisa yelled.

“OMG, Lisa.” Carrie said once more inspecting her tender boobs for damage.

“Sorry Carrie it was all I could do to stay on. Here let me make them better.” she said in a sexy voice.

“Save it girl!” Carrie added giving Lisa a glimmer that perhaps there was some potential.

“You’re not getting tired yet? I’m exhausted.” Carrie added.

“How about one more?”

“Maybe later. I need to rest. You’re wearing me out. Let’s run up and see how Tanya is doing.”

“Well I tried to sooth your sore muscles while you were paddling.” Lisa added.

“Yea and smacking my ass to get me to paddle faster. BTW, where’s my bottom?”

“Oh I left it up by our stuff.” Lisa answered.

The surfing had caused Carrie to all but forget about her nudity. In fact her skinny dipping experience had greatly added to the fun and excitement. Secretly she was really enjoying the freedom of not having to worry about her constantly slipping bikini. But now she had to leave the perceived safety of the water and walk back to their towels and past the other beach goers causing a lot of her excitement to revert back to nervousness.

She thought to herself that she had played volleyball in front of more people so it shouldn’t be that hard but the thought of actually doing it only increased her nervousness that she had temporarily forgotten. On top of that she now had a number of people watching their little surfing show. She wondered just how much they had seen.

Lisa offered to carry the board but Carrie said she needed it to shield her body.

They started to walk past the group that had been watching them surfing when one young man yelled out, “Aren’t you that nude volleyball player?”

Carrie felt a bit of shame at being referred to as the nude volleyball player but at the same time felt a sense of pride that somebody had actually recognized her nonetheless. She looked up to catch their faces staring at her body. Not a single one of them looked her in the eye which caused her to blush. The feeling of embarrassment was intense but her blush was lost on her dark tanned body.

She was quite a sight, soaking wet and naked with the sun shining off her dark skin.

Before Carrie could even answer, Lisa yelled over, “Yea, isn’t she the best?”

The young man and two of his friends walked right up to Carrie never lifting their eyes as they continued checking her out from head to toe, concentrating mostly on her boobs and pussy.

“You’re really hot.” one of them said never taking his eyes from her bare boobs.

“Can we have your autograph?” the other one asked.

“Ah, …., well, I don’t ah, ... really don’t have anything on me.” she said laughing slightly at the irony as she moved her arms as if to say, ‘Do you see any pockets anywhere?’ The subtly gesture only seemed to invite more attention to check her out in even more detail.

After a brief pause as they gawked, the original boy reached forward nervously saying, “I have this if you don’t mind.”

Lisa took the board from Carrie which only exposed her more to their thorough scrutiny. As Carrie signed the pamphlet she couldn’t help but wonder if this was the first time these young boys had seen a naked girl close up. From the scrutiny they were giving her it was quite possible but then she realized that they had recognized her and that it probably wasn’t by her face.

Carrie quickly signed the paper and handed it back with a nervous smile as she noticed the bulge in each of their trunks.

She turned to take the board back from Lisa but noticed Lisa already heading back to their towels leaving Carrie with nothing but her smile to walk the rest of the way up the beach.

Just as she left another slightly older young man came up and shyly said, “Hi, I’ve seen you play. You’re really good.”

Carrie almost didn’t hear him but blushed as she turned to see the sight of this hot guy that seemed to be just about her own age. She was so embarrassed standing there naked in front of this handsome guy who was wearing a T shirt and trunks. This time she didn’t even have Lisa to step in and direct the conversation.

After an awkward pause she finally got out a nervous, “When did you see us play?” hoping it wasn’t the match she played in the nude.

“Just last week.” he said with more enthusiasm this time, “You were awesome.”

Carrie’s stomach was doing flip flops as she tried to think of something to say. But all she could do was manage a weak “Thanks.”

He started to describe how strong and powerful she was when playing against May and Walsh and how happy he was for them that they had beat them. She wanted to say something but the words just didn’t come out.

Carrie was pleased that this guy was actually looking at her face unlike the prior guys when he spoke and was not fixated on her naked body but she couldn’t get over the fact that she was standing there completely naked talking to this hot guy. She felt that this guy was really nice but her body was experiencing so many different emotions that she felt confused. She was still really wound up and aroused but at the same time embarrassed as hell. The combination had a paralyzing effect as she fidgeted nervously.

Finally she found the courage to say, “I’m glad you liked us. But I got to run.”

She turned and hurried off quickly, causing her boobs to bounce as she headed off with her head down.

As she walked she thought of something her dad had told her years ago. He had told her to always hold your head high and don’t let them see your nervousness. She couldn’t help but think he must have had different circumstances in mind but she tried her best to lift her head and tried to hide her fears.

She got numerous encouraging smiles, glances and downright stares as she continued back to their towels. As she walked further she started to feel a strange little surge of pride, ‘I guess it isn’t that often they see a tall blonde walking down the beach naked.’ The thought caused her nipples to tighten even more as she continued noticing heads turning as she passed.

It was strange the different reactions she was getting. All the men stared and she even noticed one young lady elbowing her boyfriend or husband as she passed. The reactions were mixed from the women. Many women were following her with their eye trying not to stare. She wondered what they were thinking, secretly hoping they were jealous and not thinking she was a slut.

The further she walked the higher her arousal grew. Her nipples had been hard since they had arrived at the beach and now ached. Her heart was racing once again and her breathing accelerated. Her embarrassment from talking with that hot guy was now replaced by her growing arousal. Her pussy was wet but that was nicely hidden by the water that still clung to her wet skin. She was still a little nervous, having not yet mastered control over that emotion, but overall she never had felt more alive.

This brought a little smile to her face especially as she approached Tanya and Lisa. Normally she would have quickly plopped down on her towel to hide but she was now lost in her own sexual arousal. She figured if they were still watching her they were probably liking what they saw so let them look. She simply picked up her loose towel and started drying herself where she stood as if she had just stepped out of her shower. She carefully did her boobs which was quite a sight in itself. She then gave them one last inspection to assess any damage that Lisa’s nails may have done before sitting down next to Tanya. They were a little sore but otherwise undamaged.

“Damn girl. That was hot.” Tanya told her snapping Carrie out of her fog.

“What?” Carrie mumbled before rolling over onto her stomach not even asking to get her bikini back this time.

“Being recognized and asked for your autograph. And what about that hot guy? Don’t think I missed him.” Lisa added.

“He was kind of cute but I was too embarrassed to talk to him.” Carrie said as she rested her head on her crossed arms.

“Did you give him your number at least?” Lisa asked, “How do you ever expect to get a b/f if you don’t flirt a little bit?”

“Or at least stay long enough to talk to them.” Tanya added.

They continued to chat as Carrie laid there trying to calm her body that seemed ready to explode. As pleasant as the warm sun was on her back she just couldn’t relax as she recanted her naked surfing.

**Part 6  A Day at the Beach - The Girls Grab Something to Eat**

**At the Café**

“You guys had enough of the beach for today?” Carrie asked, having calmed down a bit from her naked surfing exhibition. The adrenalin having left Carrie’s body brought her back to earth and renewed her stress from laying out on a public beach in the nude.

“Yea, I’m getting hungry. What do you say we check out that new café down at the harbor?” Tanya answered.

Lisa and Tanya slowly got organized and started packing their stuff.

“OK, Lisa… ah… How about giving my bikini back? I think I’ve gotten enough exposure for one day.”

“Oh come on Carrie. Are you suddenly going to get all modest after all this?” Tanya asked.

“It’s not that, but you can’t expect me to just go naked the rest of the day, can you?”

“Now that’s an idea.” Tanya said taking her time brushing some loose sand off Carrie’s bare butt.

“Stop that you perv!”

She maneuvered around fending off Tanya’s hands, but her action only seemed to attract the attention of anyone that wasn’t already aware of the naked girl’s presence. More people had arrived since they had come and now numerous people had a clear view of the naked blonde. It wasn’t like Carrie’s bikini covered much of anything but it did meet some levels of decency even if just barely.

Lisa slid on her cover up and quickly snatched up their blanked ensuring that Carrie had nothing at all to cover up with. Tanya also slipped on her shorts adding to the contrast between their attire and Carrie’s.

Carrie giving up hope of getting her bikini back any time soon picked up her surfboard and used it to shield at least part of her body from the unwanted stares. She was definitely the object of everyones attention as men and women look on. The attention did not go unnoticed by Carrie as a blush of embarrassment ran over her. Luckily her perfectly tanned body hid that aspect of her embarrassment.

As they approached the concession area a young lady dressed in shorts and a T-shirt ran up to Carrie.

“Hey aren’t you Carrie the volleyball player?”

Carrie just held her head low trying in vain to cover her naked body with the surfboard.

“Yea, that’s you. I’d recognize that body anywhere.” she said with enthusiasm. She and her friend huddled around Carrie undressing her with their eyes. Opps, only that Carrie was already undressed.

“We saw you play the other week. You were amazing. I can’t believe you played in front of all those people naked. That was awesome. I don’t know how you did it. I’d have died.“

Her enthusiasm was matched by her friend who although not as vocal was committing every contour of Carrie’s athletic body to memorize them with her eyes.

“Yea, isn’t she amazing!?” Tanya added, making herself Carrie’s unofficial spokesperson.

Tanya went on to give her version of why Carrie was playing naked which the girls bought without questions. It wasn’t long before they asked if they could have their picture taken with Carrie.

Tanya snatched away Carrie’s surfboard before Carrie could even react leaving her completely available to her new found friends’ admiring stares. Carrie fidgeted, shifting her weight back and forth as if not knowing what to do as the two girls checked her out from head to toe.

“You have such a beautiful figure, I wish I looked half as nice.” the girl who had been quiet until now said.

Soon Lisa and Tanya joined in on the critique which only added to Carrie’s embarrassment and as the comments continued also to her once again growing level of arousal. Carrie’s nipples had begun to rise to the occasion and now really reflected her feelings.

Then one girl handed her cell phone to Lisa and stepped alongside Carrie to pose for a picture. As she did she placed her hand around Carrie’s bare waist before letting it slide down to her right butt cheek.

“Tanya, I want you in this too.” she hollered.

Tanya didn’t need to be asked twice and hurried over to Carrie’s side. On the way she paused to brush an imaginary patch of sand off Carrie’s right breast, making sure to run her hand firmly over Carrie’s already swollen nipple. Carrie left out a sigh and jumped back just as her new friend firmly squeezed her ass. The combination sent a surge of excitement straight to Carries sex. Before the shot was over the girl had explored a fair amount of Carrie’s available flesh.

“Man, you don’t have an ounce of fat on you, do you?” she added.

Next the other girl came up for her shot and already Carrie was wound up and could feel the wetness in her pussy. The other girl was not at all shy with her hands either as her quiet nature would have led you believe. The impromptu photo shoot continued with a shot of both girls, one on each side of Carrie, each with one of Carrie’s cheeks firmly in hand.

Eventually they finished, and not a moment too soon as Carrie just wanted to disappear. They grabbed their stuff once again and walked back towards their car. They stopped at the showers which Carrie immediately jumped under, hoping the cool water would calm down her once again aroused body. Unfortunately it was a fully exposed outdoor shower and just as she ducked under the water two guys walked up from the parking lot. Lisa and Tanya quickly stripped to their bathing suits and stepped in as well. Tanya couldn’t resist the opportunity and ran her wanting hands down over Carrie’s breasts and tummy just as Carrie ducked her blonde head under the water. Carrie pushed Tanya away and jumped out of the stream of water as she noticed the audience that had formed.

She ran over to grab a towel out of the bag but was cut off by Lisa who grabbed the bag first. Tanya and Lisa quickly toweled off and put their cloths back on over their bathing suits leaving Carrie to air dry much to the delight of her audience.

Carrie was quite a sight as she walked dripping wet back to the car. Being naked on the beach was bad enough but being naked as she walked through the parking lot was 100 times worse for Carrie. She had been fighting her emotions ever since running into the two girls but it wasn’t working. She fidgeted terrible as Tanya unlocked the car.

Tanya blocked Carrie as she tried to jump in the back seat. “Hey you’re still wet. You’re not getting in my car like that.”

“Well give me a towel then at least.”

“Here, I brought this for you.” Tanya said as she handed Carrie some cloths that she had brought from Carrie’s apartment.”

Standing there naked she quickly grabbed them to cover her nudity. She eagerly pulled the small shorts up her long wet legs. The shorts that Tanya handed her were a cute pair of seriously faded blue denim cut offs that fit Carrie’s cute ass nicely. They were an old pair of shorts that were really short with barely 6 inches of material to the sides. Carrie had a tiny runners butt but even so the tiny amount of material barely covered it and without panties there was always the chance of catching a glance through the leg openings not to mention the top of her butt crack if she sat down.

Carrie slowly zipped them up being extra careful as the zipper passed her bare pussy. Without any underwear she had to be extra careful not to catch any of her girl parts in the zipper. She then grabbed the top and quickly pulled it over her still wet body. It was then that she realized it barely reached to below her boobs. It was a short crop top, half shirt that Carrie would sometimes wear over her bikini top when she practiced. Without a bra she felt like her breasts were going to bounce right out if she wasn’t careful. On top of that the top was light and thin from too many washings. Pulling it over her wet body made it look like she was preparing for a wet T-shirt contest.

“I can’t wear this.” Carrie yelled when she realized what she looked like, “This is indecent.”

“Nonsense.” Tanya replied, “It will be fine once it dries and besides that’s all you’re getting.”

Carrie looked down and pulled the top out away from her still wet breasts to judge just how bad it really was.

It was bad. Wet it was like she was really in a wet T-shirt contest. Dry it would be slightly better but her areolas and nipples would still be clearly visible. The outfit had sex written all over it. The shorts were sexy by themselves but the top just teased the onlookers because it didn’t really hide her breasts but just camoflashed them. At a distance she looked covered but close up everything was clearly visible.

“Hey hot stuff.” Lisa teased as she turned around to check Carrie out, “I don’t know which is hotter. You naked or you in that hot outfit.”

Tanya had everything planned out to keep Carrie as aroused as possible throughout the day and Lisa was a great co-conspirator in her plans.

Tanya drove them to The Warf which was a restaurant with a nice outdoor café overlooking the water.

Casual dress was common at The Warf as people often came there after a day at the beach but Carrie caught everyone’s eye as she walked up. The top had dried by then but was so sheer that her nipples were obvious through the thin material and even if they weren’t, the material just draped her perfectly round boobs giving the sexiest tease as it hung straight down off them teasing you to take a closer look. On top of that her boobs bounced rhythmically with every step which seemed to hypnotize the onlookers.

The effect of the movement was not only on the onlookers. The movement of the thin material over Carrie’s nipples kept them constantly erect and highlighted for eager eyes. The teasing effect of the material was also having its effect on Carrie. She had managed to calm down on the ride over but that was gone now. The growing attention to them seemed to just feed on itself. The more people looked the harder they got and the harder they got the more people looked.

Several heads turned as Carrie approached, and why not? They hadn’t even gotten to their table before someone yelled, “Nice Tits! How about giving us a look?”

The way the top was just draping Carrie’s boobs it wouldn’t have been but a little flip to give them a flash but Carrie was too embarrassed to react except for a blush which flooded her face. Carrie tried to ignore the looks but she could just feel their eyes undressing her as she walked. And dressed as she was it wouldn’t have been much of an effort. If Carrie was to stretch or raise her hands over her head the light top would easily slide up freeing her unbridled breasts.

“Come on Carrie, make their day!” Tanya said encouraging Carrie on.

“Stop it Tanya. It’s bad enough you’re parading me around like this and now you want me to start flashing?”

They finally reached their table and took their seats. The table was on the deck and right along the dock which put Carrie in plain sight of anyone that happened to stroll by so the attention wasn’t likely to stop any time soon. The constant teasing of the top against her nipples and the attention of all the eager eyes had gotten Carrie’s juices flowing to the point that she was getting wet.

“Damn, look at those nipples.” Lisa said as she openly stared at Carrie’s chest.

“Hope they don’t poke a hole in that top.” Tanya added.

Carrie’s nipples literally tented the thin top to the point that it pulled the material away from her breast enough to obscure her areolas by the air gap that was formed by the half inch long nipples. The fact that they were slightly upturned made it even sexier.

Tanya reached over to give them a squeeze but Carrie deflected her hand. Lisa picked up the conversation and was saying something equally embarrassing just as the cute blonde waitress came up to take their drink order. You could see her eye as she easily understood the subject of their conversation.

A quiet ‘wow’ escaped her lips as she took in Carrie’s nearly bare breasts. Carrie’s upturned erect nipples seem to threaten to expose the bottoms of her breasts as they pushed on the light material that covered them.

Breaking her stare the waitress came back to reality and asked the girls for their drinks. They ordered a pitcher of beer and just as the waitress left Tanya reached over and cupped Carrie’s breast squeezing Carrie’s nipple hard in the process. Carrie let out a slight squeal as she pulled Tanya’s hand off chest.

“Stop that you horny bitch. That’s not funny.” she said as she rubbed her now throbbing nipple and straightened out her top to make sure her breasts where still covered.

Carrie tried to reposition her top to minimize the exposure but her protruding nipples were obvious no matter what she did. Her hard nipples could be seen across the room. In fact the movement of the soft cloth over them just seemed to cause them to stick out more and certainly added to her already overloaded emotions. It had been a long day already and there were no signs of slowing down as each new person that passed seemed to zero in the twin points stickening out from her chest.

The conversation seemed to move back to the volleyball tournament and how well Carrie had played. Lisa discussed how Carrie had come on strong towards the end of the match when everyone else seemed to be tiring. That’s when Tanya told Lisa that Carrie actually had an orgasm after they won.

“She’s such an exhibitionist.”

“No, I’m not an exhibitionist. I don’t know what came over me out there.” Carrie added, “I was just so overwhelmed by the fact that we had won. I just couldn’t control my excitement.”

“That’s alright.” Lisa said, “You’re the best. I knew you looked excited but damn that’s unbelievable.”

Lisa was so proud of Carrie she was practically gushing as she congratulated her. Carrie blushed at the thought of her friend being so proud of her while at the same time feeling horrified at the thought of her body’s reaction.

“I don’t know what comes over me. I get so scared out of my mind but at the same time I get these waves of excitement at the thought that all these people are looking at me. I feel so vulnerable but at the same time I get these feelings of freedom. It’s like it’s just me out there and nothing else. It’s wild. No feelings that I’m going to pop out or that my bottom is going to slide up my butt. There are so many conflicting emotions and a massive adrenalin rush. It’s just overwhelming.” Carrie went on to explain.

“Well all I know is that you play like a woman possessed. You just need to learn how to control that excitement and use if to our advantage.” Tanya added.

“You keep saying that but it drives me nuts. It’s like having sex while running around with a ton of people watching. I get so wound up I can’t think straight.”

“Damn, that sounds so wild.“ Lisa added.

“Carrie, it doesn’t matter as long as you play like you did last week.”

“Doesn’t matter? It’s not you out there on the verge of having an orgasm while people watch.”

All the talk was causing Carrie to relive the day all over again and this only added to her arousal level. Her nipples were throbbing and she could feel the wetness in her shorts.

Tanya and Lisa laughed and snickered at Carrie’s expense as they recounted her nude performance all through dinner. Carrie tried several times to change the subject but with no luck. The silliness continued and every time Carrie took a sip from her glass either Tanya or Lisa would top it off. She had consumed much more than her norm and several times more than her friends and was beginning to loosen her guard as the alcohol had its effect.

At one point at the height of one of Tanya’s stories, Lisa leaned over to Carrie, wrapped her arm around her and grabbed a handful of Carrie’s bare breasts under her short top. Carrie for her part barely protested as she refuted Tanya’s account of the situation. Lisa seeing that as an affirmation of her attention just continued her caress as Tanya told her story. Lisa just couldn’t get enough of those firm boobs after her surfing experience.

Later on seemingly forgetting where she was and what she was barely wearing Carrie at one point reached her hand over her head to get the waitresses attention and flashed the entire café as her tiny top rode up. As it came back down her still rock hard nipples prevented the light cloth from falling entirely back in place leaving her nipple and the bottom of her right breast exposed below the tiny shirt.

Seeing Carrie’s breasts pop into view momentarily silenced Tanya’s and Lisa’s casual conversation mid sentence and refocused their attention on their blonde friend.

“Damn, you have beautiful tits!” Tanya blurted out as both she and Lisa stared.

“You two are terrible.” Carrie said with a hint of embarrassment as she tugged her top back in place.

“You have the hottest figure Carrie. You should be proud of it.” Tanya signed.

Then Lisa added, “If there was anyone that had no use for clothes it’s you Carrie. I’d keep you naked all the time.”

“Oh my god! Stop it! You two are weirding me out. Just stop it.” Carrie said turning six shades of red as she again tried to adjust her brief top to better cover her boobs.

The conversation drew uncomfortable quiet as no one knew quite what to say next.

“Maybe we should just go.” Carrie said looking like she was running out of gas.

They settled up and got up to go much to the disappointment of those that had become entranced by the threesome.

Carrie got up cautiously again very conscious of her skimpy attire. Those in front of her got a little view of her boobs as she got up and those behind got a pretty good view of the top of her butt as both momentarily came into view.

She adjusted her top down and tugged her short shorts up as if it would make a difference. There was no chance in hiding the foot of sexy bare skin in between. Carrie’s nipples, which had momentarily calmed down, were once again standing proudly at attention, demanding that everyone take note. In addition, the gently wobble of her breasts under the thin top caused them to dance rhythmically with each step.

And if the view from the front wasn’t eye catching enough, the view of Carrie’s tight ass swaying under her short shorts would make your mouth water.

They were walking quietly back towards the car when someone shouted once again ”Nice tits!” and this time Tanya reached around and flipped Carrie’s loose top up baring her boobs to the drooling onlookers. The flash continued because Carrie’s top hung up on her extended nipples leaving them and the bottom half of her breasts bare as she chased after the fleeing Tanya.

Once Carrie slowed down again Lisa wrapped her arm around Carrie trying to comfort her. She had it around Carrie’s waist and was starting to caress Carrie’s bare skin as they walked the rest of the way back to the car. Little did Carrie know that Tanya and Lisa had conspired to have some more fun at her expense. Just as they stopped to look out over the water, Tanya walked around and surprised Carrie by pushing her back against Lisa. Carrie was a little buzzed from the drinks and was slow to react as Tanya and Lisa grabbed the bottom of her short crop top with Tanya pulling it up baring Carrie’s breasts once again. Carrie twisted trying to shield her bare breasts, but as she did, Lisa ducked down and quickly unzipped Carrie’s shorts. Tanya pulled Carrie back as she pulled Carrie’s top over her head. As Carrie fell backwards Lisa firmly yanked Carrie’s shorts down her long legs causing her to fall. That was all that Lisa needed to pull them clean off Carrie’s lean legs. In a mere second she was stripped bare, even losing her flip flops in the process. As she got back to her feet, Tanya and Lisa took off, one with her top and the other with her shorts, leaving her bare-ass naked right there on the sidewalk. Carrie was like the preverbal dear in the headlights and her clothes moved further and further away from her by the second.

Carrie hearing the whistles and catcalls from the onlookers suddenly became aware of her situation and took off running after Tanya and Lisa. She chased after them but they had quite a head start. What a sight she was to her admiring onlookers as she sprinted fully naked down the street, not even thinking of how many people might be watching. She closed the gap considerably but then Lisa tossed her shorts off the dock and into the water followed by Tanya doing the same with her top. She stopped briefly to see if they could be retrieved only to watch them sink out of sight. Now her heart was really pumping and only partially from the run.

“Fuck.” she yelled as she realized her situation, “You know, I’m going to kill you.”

Her nipples were once again erect and her pussy was becoming damp as she took off again running but by then the girls had reached the car. Tanya jump in behind the wheel and started the engine as Lisa jumped in the passenger side leaving Carrie racing after them, breasts bouncing every which way, but just as she got close Tanya took off leaving Carrie stranded.

“Oh my god, oh my GOD!” was all Carrie could say as she started to hyperventilate. Her heart felt like it was going to explode and her nipples ached as she felt her pussy swelling and getting wet. ‘They’re leaving me here naked… How could they do that?’ she said to herself as she thought she was going to have an orgasm right there on the street.

Just as she heard some voices behind her she saw the car stop about a block up the street.

“Get in you sexy streaker before you get in trouble.” Tanya yelled as Carrie took off running with renewed purpose.

“Oh my god, what the hell are you guys doing?” Carrie yelled as she jumped in the back of the car.

“You seemed like you were getting tired so we thought we’d help you wake up.” Lisa answered.

“Wake up… What are you kidding me? You almost gave me a heart attack.”

Still naked Carrie tried to calm herself down as her heart was beating like a drum, “Were you really going to leave me back there in the middle of the street naked?”

“No silly, we just wanted to liven things up a bit.“

“Oh my god you guys are killing me.” Carrie said as she crouched naked in the back seat of the car.

“You should just stay naked girl because we just can’t keep any cloths on that hot bod of yours.” Tanya added with a laugh.

“You looked awesome running down the street.” Lisa said with a tint of lust in her voice as she scanned Carrie’s bare body.

“Ok, funny… funny, but what am I supposed to wear now?”

“I think you look fine the way you are.”

“Seriously, where are those towels?”

“Sorry but they’re all locked in the back.”

“Shit. You seriously want me to ride all the way back like this?”

“I don’t know. I think skin is very becoming of you, especially with the awesome tan. You have to try it more often.”

“You’re bitches, both of you.”

“Hey now, you should be nicer to us.” Tanya yelled back as she turned the overhead light on illuminating the entire insides of the car. Carrie immediately hunched lower trying to hide from people that might be looking in.

“Oh my god, please shut that off.”

“Ok that’s a start but I think you can beg better than that.“ Tanya added.

“Oh come on, just shut the damn light off. Isn’t riding back here naked bad enough?”

“Not until you promise to let Lisa and I show you a good time when we get home.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“You’ll just have to wait. It will be our surprise but I guarantee you’ll like it.”

“What, are you crazy?”

Just then Carrie spotted her discarded bikini sticking out from under Tanya’s bag. Stretching over, she reached down and pulled it out. It was nothing but a pile of string but it was more than she had on at the moment.

“Ha, look what I found.” Carrie smirked as she waved the skimpy bikini at the girls in the front seats. You could see the look of disappointment on the two girls’ faces as Carrie untangled the two pieces of string and wiggled into the tiny bottom. Now if you remember Carrie’s bikini bottom wasn’t much more than a g-string with absolutely no coverage in the back but to Carrie it felt like much of a difference as she was no longer naked. Untangling the top proved just as difficult and Carrie had to duck down hiding as their well lit car passed another SUV. Tanya tried to prolong the situation but they soon dropped back allowing Carrie to sit up a little straighter and untangle her top. She looped it over her head and quickly pulled the cups over her breasts stretching it out as best she could before reaching back and tying the strings.

Carrie was now covered - at least the critical parts if nothing else. She had grown up practically living in skimpy bikinis so this was not that bad in her mind especially compared to being naked. She started to calm down now and recovered a little as the effects of the alcohol seemed to be creeping back. Carrie had had a long week and had been having difficulties sleeping after days of practicing in the nude so sleep was what her body craved as they continued the ride home.

Lisa and Tanya continued to chat quietly as they rode with Carrie nodding off once again with her arms tightly wrapped around her nearly naked body. She could make out some of the conversation but was too tired to participate. Had she paid attention she would have heard Tanya and Lisa planning the next part of their plot.

“Well that didn’t work out quite as we planned.” Lisa whispered to Tanya, “She’s not going to be any fun. I think we let her drink too much. I think she’s passed out.”

“Don’t worry Lisa. All we need to do is get her wound up again and she’ll come back to life.”

“I don’t know.”

“Just leave it to me. We just need to get her turned on enough and it will bring out her wild side again.”

**Part 6  A Day at the Beach – Back at Tanya’s Place for some Fun**

Waking up after a quick nap Carrie looked out the car window.

“What are we doing here? I thought we were heading back to my place.” Carrie said. Carrie had thought her long, exciting and stress-filled day would have been finally over but Tanya and Lisa had other ideas in mind.

“We’re just stopping by at my place so I can show Lisa those posters. She really wants to see them and I told her she could have one.”

Now Carrie had long since given up getting her original cloths back and the shorts and top she wore to the café were floating somewhere in the bay so she was reduced to her barely there thong bikini.

She looked around in the parking  and then bravely stepped out of the car. At a glance you’d have thought the tall blonde was completely naked had it not been for the black strings holding her tiny suit together. As she got out she carefully ran her fingers along the edges of the material trying in vain to stretch it out to provide a little more coverage but that just wasn’t possible. For Lisa, the action provided her a deliciously tempting view of what was behind the three tiny triangles. As it was, Carrie was quite a sight with her butt completely bare and a full 99% of the rest of her tight athletic body exposed for anyone to take in.

A shiver moved through Carrie’s all but nude body as the cool 60 degree air hit her bare skin. The cutest little goose bumps started to form everywhere which only made her look that much more sexy.

Tanya gave Carrie a once over before leading the way to her apartment. Carrie followed quickly not wanting to spend any more time in the parking lot than needed. Lisa followed Carrie not taking her eyes of Carrie’s bare ass as they walked. Not being at the beach only heightened her sexiness with nothing hidden from Lisa’s attentive view. With each step Carrie’s legs transferred its motion directly to her tight cheeks which in themselves seemed like muscular extensions of Carrie’s legs.

Inside Carrie asked with a tinge of nervousness, “Do you have anything I could change into? For some reason I’m feeling a bit underdressed.”

“Oh come on. It’s just us girls. Why don’t you loose the bikini and get comfortable.”

Tanya offered each of the girls a beer as Lisa noticed the first full size poster of a very naked Carrie.

“Oh my god. That’s so hot! I can’t believe it.” she yelled enthusiastically. It was the full frontal shot where Carrie had the ball resting on her hip with a look of total lust on her face. She had just been oiled up by some very attentive hands and looked like she was about to explode right there in front of the camera. And in fact Carrie had been fighting the need right as the picture was taken.

“Wow, Carrie, you look incredible. You look primed and ready for a good hard fucking in this one. I got to get a copy of it.“

“What are you going to do with it? Get off to it like Tanya?“ Carrie replied being less than thrilled with her friend’s enthusiasm.

Tanya showed Lisa the others as Carrie sat down on the couch and sipped her beer embarrassed by the open display of her body on the full sized posters. Tanya went from one to the other describing what had happened at the shooting as the photos were taken with Lisa taking in everything.

“Wow, Carrie, those are some incredible picture of you.“

Tanya quickly jumped in the shower and came out dressed in a long t-shirt and panties looking like she was getting comfortable for the night and after Lisa stopped drooling over the posters she did the same. She came back to the living room dressed pretty much the same in a t-shirt and sleep shorts pajamas.

Both girls settled in on the couch one on each side of Carrie.

Tanya pulled her legs up under herself and snuggled in next to Carrie while Lisa leaned in and put her arm over Carries’ shoulder. Both Tanya and Lisa got comfortable as their hands moved to Carrie in an overly affectionate kind of manner.

Tanya played with Carrie’s hair teasing it as she spoke softly. At the same time Lisa casually ran her hand along Carrie’s long bare leg. There wasn’t much of anything that wasn’t readily available to her caress since the only thing covering Carrie below the waist was a tiny ¼ inch thick strap that ran across Carrie’s hip. Lisa moved in closer as she expanded her territory.

“Oh come on. We just want you to feel good after your long day.” Tanya added softly, almost whispering in Carrie’s ear as she continued to tease her hair.

Lisa just continued her gentle caressing moving to Carrie’s tight tummy on occasion.

“Just relax and enjoy. You deserve a little attention after all you’ve been through.” Lisa whispered as Carrie fell back on the couch.

“Attention? That’s all I’ve been getting too much of. At dinner I had every eye in the place on me. I don’t want any more attention. I’m on attention overload.”

“Can you blame them? A babe like you walks in and you don’t expect them to notice?” Tanya whispered.

“Carrie, with a body like yours can you blame them for looking? Just accept it and enjoy it.” she added.

“Carrie, you look incredible naked. You should never wear clothes.” Lisa said warmly.

“I probably never would if you had your way.”  Carrie said with a bit of a laugh. As she playfully pushed Lisa off the couch.

Lisa, in getting up, extended her hand wanting Carrie to help her up but when Carrie did she pulled hard and with a gently push from behind Carrie went tumbling to the floor on top of the hysterically laughing Lisa. Tanya joined the fun by jumping on top of Carrie which only forced her more into Lisa. Carrie was surprised by the impromptu little wrestling match and didn’t know what to do. She tried to get to her knees but as she tried Tanya slid forward on Carrie’s back which forced her again into Lisa. The three girls were sandwiched together with Lisa on her back on the bottom, Tanya on top of Carrie’s back with Carrie being the sweet meat in the middle. In the process Carrie’s breasts popped free of their tiny confines and now rested inches from Lisa’s face. Hands and arms were moving everywhere as the action livened up. Tanya was probably the strongest of the three and had the best position as she wrestled Carrie.

Carrie was pretty strong as well but struggled as both Tanya and Lisa where ganging up on her. Tanya untied the tiny string holding Carrie’s top on as Carrie’s bare breasts landed square in Lisa’s face briefly as the pile fell to the side. Lisa slid her upper body out as Tanya had Carrie by the left arm and twisted her backwards.

“Careful there, Carrie, you could have poked my eye out.” Lisa yelled as she slapped at and pushed Carrie’s bare boobs out of her face.

This in turn caused Carrie to yell loudly.

Tanya had a firm grip on Carrie and continued to pull her back towards her by the shoulder and leg. The effort was stretching Carrie backwards on her side with her chest forced out as if an offering to Lisa. Each perfectly tanned globe was topped with a half inch long dark pink treat just begging for Lisa’s attention. Lisa quickly pulled the loose bikini top over Carrie’s head and pinched Carrie’s left nipple hard causing Carrie to yell even louder.

“Damn girl. That hurt!”

Then, as quickly as she had pinched her friend’s delicate treats, she went back and softly caressed the tender nub that she just had pinched. Carrie was effectively pinned and at the mercy of Lisa’s wandering hand as she softly caressed Carrie’s chest and tummy as Carrie and Tanya continued to struggle.

In addition, Carrie’s tiny bikini bottom was no match for the wrestling action and was stretched to its limit. Stretched sideways like she was it didn’t provide much of any coverage. Even under normal conditions her hip bone gap left a tantalizing view down her bottom. Stretched as she was the top of her slit was already in plain sight, a sight that was not missed by Lisa as she ran her hand down the entire front of Carrie’s body, from neck to slit and everywhere in between. The soothing action on Carrie’s stretched muscles seemed to be having an effect on Carrie as her struggling seemed to settle a little.

This went on for several minutes as Tanya effectively had Carrie pined in a position she couldn’t escape from. But in wanting to get in on the action and thinking Carrie was settled down, Tanya started to relax. But just as she did Carrie leaped into action.

“Ok now it’s my turn!” And with a flash of speed she broke away from the two pairs of groping hands and flipped Tanya off her.

“You horny bitches are going to pay!” she yelled going on the offensive without even attempting to cover her bare breasts. After a couple of well placed slaps by Tanya, Carrie had to retreat a bit in order to protect her sensitive flesh. As she did Lisa grabbed her around the waist from behind.

Tanya jumped up and grabbed Carrie’s bikini top in the process and took off running. She jockeyed around the kitchen table a couple of times before Carrie moved to get her causing Tanya trying to retreat.

In an acrobatic move, Carrie jumped over a chair that Tanya had used as an obstacle and caught Tanya by the arm and wrestled her to the couch. Almost simultaneously Lisa came to Tanya’s aid.

The wrestling match was essentially Tanya and Lisa against Carrie, but Carrie made up for being out-numbered by her sense of determination. She was a blur of action as her all but bare body took on her t shirt clad opponents. The contrasting attire proved both an advantage and disadvantage to each party.

Tanya’s and Lisa’s night shirts gave Carrie something to grab hold of which she often took advantage of while Carrie’s bare flesh proved harder to grip. On the other hand the shirts did provide some level of protection while Carrie was totally vulnerable to each groping hand.

Lisa grabbed Carrie around her waist and pulled her back. Carrie again tried to twist out of Lisa’s grip but this only reinforced Lisa’s determination. In the process Lisa’s hands were everywhere on Carrie’s bare flesh. Carrie now tried to slip out of Lisa’s grip but this only forced Lisa’s hands to slide up until they stopped at Carrie’s jutting breasts. Lisa, seeing an opportunity, in several ways, took full advantage of Carrie’s extreme vulnerability and grabbed both tender globes like she had while surfing. She then pulled back hard which brought a loud holler from Carrie. This new tactic forced Carrie to let go of Tanya in order to fend off Lisa’s assault. Carrie pried Lisa’s hands from her boobs as Tanya took off into her bedroom.

Despite the assault Carrie seemed to get into their little game as she laughed and spun Lisa around and started to get up. In one last attempt to stop Carrie, Lisa grabbed for the tiny strap to Carrie’s bottom. She missed the strap but caught the thin ties long enough for the bow to come undone but not long enough for the tiny bottom to come off. Carrie’s tiny bottom struggled valiantly but was now only held in place by a loose loop over Carrie’s left hip and the tie of her right. Carrie however seemed totally unaware as she chased after Tanya into the bedroom.

Tanya grabbed Carrie’s arm and threw her onto her bed and before Carrie could get up Tanya jumped on her legs, bent down and gave Carrie’s left nipple, the one that Lisa had pinched so hard just moments earlier, a big kiss.

“Ahh… Stop that!”

“Just relax and enjoy.” was Tanya muffled response.

By then Lisa had arrived and joined in on the action. Tanya alternated from one nipple to the other as Carrie wiggled her chest to keep Tanya away. Carrie’s breasts were a little tender from Lisa’s attack and her nipples were actually throbbing from being erect most of the day as a result of her almost constant arousal so the soothing sensation actually felt exquisite despite Carrie’s protest.

“We just want you to have a good time.“ Lisa added.

“Please…”

After a long pause Carrie seemed to relent and whispered, “… just be gentle.”

“Gentle? I heard you like it rough.” Tanya added with lust in her voice. if she wasn’t previously turned on, the sensation of sucking on Carrie’s nipples certainly had her going now, especially after Carrie’s apparent acceptance.

With Carrie momentarily distracted, Tanya stretched Carrie’s arms over her head and wrapped Carrie’s discarded bikini top around her hands and through a slit in the bed. Before Carrie knew what was happening she found her arms tied over her head to the back board.

“What are you doing?” Carrie yelled as Tanya jumped back to Carrie’s side.

While this was going on up top, Lisa had untied the other side of Carrie’s bottom and had pulled the tiny scrap off leaving Carrie naked and tied to Tanya’s bed by her own bikini. Carrie tried to wiggle her arms free but her resistance was met by more kisses to Carrie’s erect nipples.

Tanya pulled her lips off of Carrie’s aching buds and began caressing Carrie’s breasts with her finger tips, moving from one to the other.

“But, I’m not a lesbian.” Carrie sighed as Tanya continued her magic.

“It’s not about that. It’s just that you’re so sexy we can’t keep our hands of your hot little bod.” Tanya answered.

Carrie continued to struggle and tried to pull herself up with her strong abdominal muscles but with no results. The action did however have its effect on Lisa who was getting turned on by the exotic sight presented by her friend as she strained. With her arms tied over her head, Carrie’s long lean body looked incredible. Her breasts were thrust slightly up by the fact that her arms were pulled high over her head. This only made them that much more tantalizing standing up like two little offerings begging for attention.

“Carrie, you’ve been frustrated and under a lot of stress so we just want you to relax and enjoy. This is all about you.” Lisa added as she reached forward and massaged Carrie’s breasts and quivering tummy.

Lisa had moved up to sit on Carrie’s legs so Carrie couldn’t squirm free but more importantly so she had better access to Carrie’s tight abs. Lisa continued her massage with long sweeping strokes over Carrie’s perfectly tanned skin. There was not a tan line or blemish anywhere on Carrie’s darkly tanned body. Even the undersides of Carrie’s breasts were perfectly tanned. Lisa moved to Carrie’s legs then over her hips and up her flat tummy. Each stroke brought her thumbs closer to Carrie’s swollen pussy. The combination of the sensuous massage and the caressing of Carrie’s breasts seemed to have its effect on Carrie as she slowed her struggle. Carrie’s body had always been super sensitive to touch, often getting her unbelievable aroused by the simplest of touch. In this case, it was by two very determined women and they weren’t limiting themselves to her sore muscles. They were all over. Her body seemed to start absorbing the sensations as Carrie settled down and let out a sweet moan of pleasure, a moan that was not missed by either Tanya or Lisa who seemed to redouble their efforts at the thought that they were getting through to Carrie. It wasn’t long before a second and then thirdmoan escaped Carrie’s lips.

“Oh yes, Carrie. Just enjoy.” Tanya echoed in a husky voice.

Not much was said for the next couple of moments unless you consider the moans and sighs from Carrie’s lips as the girls continued their sensuous massage.

The whole time Lisa was giving Carrie her full frontal massage her eyes were locked on Carrie’s pussy. She looked on open mouthed as it swelled and opened like a fresh flower in spring time. It seemed to glisten like fresh dew on a flower’s petals.

The sight was too much for Lisa as she bent down and kissed it softly using her tongue to wipe the due from the flower. This brought a loud sigh from Carrie as her chest heaved with a sharp intake of air. This only forced her breast further into Tanya’s mouth as she was back sucking Carrie’s nipples with her mouth as her hands massaged Carrie’s tummy.

Carrie’s pussy was just too tempting for Lisa who provided it with another long slow lick which forced just about the same response from Carrie’s body. Yes, Carrie was plenty turned on as she sighed loudly this time.

“Oh …. my …. Gaud! You … guys … are … killing … me…” Carrie yelled between gasps.

With that Tanya pulled her lips off of Carrie’s nipples and planted a big open mouth kiss on Carrie’s lips.

Lisa’s licking intensified as Carrie’s lips moved to meet Tanya’s. Carrie’s arousal was growing and growing with each second. She was on autopilot. Her body had taken over from whatever rational thought her mind was trying to send it. Tanya moved back to Carrie’s breasts now nibbling on Carrie’s sweet aching nipples, teasing them with her teeth as Lisa’s work intensified down below. Tanya sat up pulling her t-shirt over her head having become overheated by her own arousal. Both her and Lisa’s panties were soaked and their breathing was now coming in gasps.

As Tanya leaned back Carrie stretched up to meet Tanya’s lips but Tanya remained just out of reach teasing Carrie. Carrie redoubled her effort but with her hands tied high over her head and Lisa immobilizing her legs, there wasn’t much she could do but beg.

“Please, please.” a heavy voice whispered.

The stretching caused Carrie’s abdominal muscles to strain which brought out thesixpack that was barely visible normally. The strain turned to gentle twitching as Tanya moved her hands gently over the straining muscles in an attempt to relieve their stress. The twitching intensified and then stopped as Carrie’s head fell back on the bed not being able to hold that position indefinitely.

A thin film of perspiration covered Carrie’s body as it could not vent off the heat of the passion that was consuming it.

“Please, please.”

Feeling sorry for Carrie, Tanya moved closer and gave Carrie another open mouthed kiss.

Now a couple ‘Oh gods’ escaped Carrie’s lips as Tanya pulled away once again.

“Slow down, Lisa. She’s about to cum. I don’t want this to be over too fast.”

“No, … no, … please, …. uh ….. no …. don’t …. stop.” A seemingly desperate Carrie pleaded as she stretched once again to meet Tanya’s lips. Tanya leaned closer but didn’t let Carrie rest her head back this time. If Carrie wanted this kiss she was going to have to work for it. Carrie strained once again to meet Tanya’s lips between gasps for air. Tanya was loving this, keeping Carrie on the edge. She knew the longer she prolonged this, the stronger Carrie’s orgasm would be.

Carrie wiggled trying to free her arms but it only put more strain in her already over worked tummy. Her body was desperate as her perspiration turned to a full body sweat. Lisa took a short break from her assault on Carrie’s pussy to resume her full body massage. Her hands now moved easily across Carrie’s slick body and with Tanya intently kissing Carrie, moved her hands up to Carrie’s breasts, teasing her nipples as she passed. She strongly kneaded Carrie’s slick mounds as if testing their firmness before sliding down her ribs and quivering tummy, past her hips and onto her long legs.

The sight was too much as she moved back to Carrie’s pussy with renewed vigor. Carrie gasped at Lisa’s renewed effort and cried out, “Oh, god! I think I’m going to cum. Oh god, oh god.” as Tanya pulled her lips away.

A couple more ‘Oh god’ and Carrie stretched her whole upper body off the bed. The strain on Carrie’s tummy was incredible as she arched up straining her restraints to their limit and momentarily shaking Lisa from her position on her legs. As Carrie gasped Tanya pulled Carrie’s head towards her and smothered her scream of ecstasy with her own lips. Every muscle in Carrie’s body tightened as Lisa looked up to take in the unbelievable sight causing Lisa a mild orgasm as she watched her friend’s intense climax.

It seemed like minutes before Carrie’s spasming slowed and she collapsed back onto the bed. Her chest and beautiful breasts continued to heave up and down as she tried to catch her breath.

“Oh my god, that was incredible.” Tanya said, “I thought you were going to break the bed. You are unbelievable when you get turned on.”

“Oh god. I can’t believe what you did to me.” Carrie whispered in a small voice that had been strained by the half hour of intense passion.

“That was beautiful Carrie. You really needed some relief.” Lisa added.

“Oh my god. I almost passed out.”

“Just relax Carrie.“ Tanya cooed as she gently circled Carrie’s still rock hard nipples.

Lisa slide off Carrie’s legs and laid down alongside Carrie opposite Tanya and planted her own open mouthed kiss on Carrie as Tanya continued to gently play with Carrie’s nipples.

Carrie and Lisa gently kissed as Carrie enjoyed her post orgasmic bliss. It wasn’t long however before Carrie slowly closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep with Lisa still nibbling away at her neck and Tanya still playing with her nipples.

Each girl went to the bathroom to get cleaned up with Tanya retrieving her t-shirt before settling back into bed. They talked quietly as they lay on either side of Carrie who was still naked with her arms over her head tied to the head board.

“These guys never seem to go down, do they.” Tanya whispered still playing with Carrie’s nipples.

“You know I had a little orgasm just from watching her climax.” Lisa whispered.

“Me too. When she screamed into my mouth I just couldn’t hold back. Isn’t she wild? She came so hard I thought she was going to break the bed.” Tanya whispered.

“Enjoying our little toys there.” Tanya teased as she slid her hand lower as if reading brail with her fingers as it caressed Carrie’s flat tummy. She then slide her hand back and forth from one jutting hip bone to the other as a snowboarder would do when skiing a half pipe. This half pipe however had the sexiest mogul in its lower section which led to another strange sort of obstacle. Moving lower Tanya gently circled each bare lip as if inspecting for damage from Lisa on slot.

Lisa continued to play with Carrie’s hard nipples as Tanya played below. It was like the girls were playing some sort of weird game with their friend’s sex organs as she slept.

“Shame she’s sleeping through it. She’s missing all the fun.” Tanya added as she too started to drift off to sleep.

“Yea, I wonder if she’s having a sexy dream.” Lisa said as she gave Carrie’s right nipple one last wet kiss before drifting off to sleep herself.

**Part 7  Carrie and Tanya’s Second Tournament**

Carrie and Tanya arrived at their next volleyball tournament - Carrie’s second since reluctantly adopting her new au-natural uniform.    You could feel the excitement all around, and it wasn’t necessarily about the star players this week.  It was because of this new up-and-coming player that was rumored to be going to play in the nude.  Not even so much as a small bikini for Carrie, which was standard at these beach volleyball tournaments.

The tournament organizers were juggling the issue carefully.   On one hand, they were thrilled, since it had greatly increased advanced ticket sales, and transformed this average tournament into one that was attracting more publicity than many of the larger ones.  And anything that drew more publicity to their product was a win for the sponsors!  The league officials were also happy with the increased publicity. On the other hand, some of the conservative groups where chastising the organizers and league, calling the display indecent, but the league and tournament organizers saw it differently.

Carrie, who was at the center of the controversy, wasn’t too thrilled herself.  She often had butterflies before a big tournament, but today, she was a nervous wreck.  She had not slept well, and Diggy, their coach, and Tanya, her teammate, had to practically drag her to their car when they left the hotel.
In the locker room, Carrie simply paced back and forth until she had to, as Tanya put it, “grin and bare it,” or run and hide.  For Carrie, getting ready pretty much amounted to getting naked and applying some suntan lotion, but the idea was nearly impossible for Carrie to contemplate.  Finally, with both Tanya and Diggy growing impatient, they had to practically wrestle Carrie’s tank top over her head, freeing her breasts.  Carrie’s breasts were as firm as they came, and despite their “B” cup size, they were as perfectly tanned as the rest of Carrie’s athletic body.    Then, before Carrie could resist further, Tanya knelt down and slipped Carrie’s shorts down her long and tan legs, leaving her naked as the day she was born.

“Now that wasn’t that bad,” Tanya told her, trying to calm Carries nerves.

 “Here…Take this.  It should help calm your nerves,” Diggy said, as she handed Carrie a bottle of her specially enhanced water.  The water did in fact help Carrie with her nerves, but at the same time made her aroused, and that was on top of the arousal she felt from all the unwanted attention that she was receiving.

 “Okay, okay….take these away before I change my mind,” Carrie said, as she picked up her skimpy clothes and handed them to Diggy.

In doing so, she was committing herself to her naked fate, since there was no way that either Diggy or Tanya were going to be giving them back any time soon.

“That’s it, Carrie.  Embrace your freedom,” Tanya added with enthusiasm.

“Are you kidding??  It’s just to keep me from putting them back on and run out of here screaming.”

“And don’t forget your sun block.  Don’t want to burn your…. ah, well….you know what,”Diggy added with a giggle.

“Yeah, we can’t let our Sun Touch model get a burn.”

Tanya pulled a bottle of Sun Touch ultra tanning lotion from her bag and handed it to Carrie, who started working it into her arms.

“Here, let me help you with that,” Tanya offered enthusiastically.

“Yeah, you’d like that, wouldn’t you,” Carrie said, with a slight laugh as she thought back to her experience back at Tanya’s place previously.

“Well, can you blame me?” Tanya added, with a tiny bit of lust in her voice.

Carrie’s nervousness seem to diminish a little as she started to enjoy her little bit of power over her usually dominate teammate.  Tanya had an overwhelming power over Carrie, and always seemed to get Carrie to do things her way, but after their experiences of the last couple of weeks, Carrie realized that she had some power too. Tanya couldn’t get enough of Carrie’s body and couldn’t keep her hands off it.  It was a strangely weird experience but Carrie was starting to embrace it a little.   Carrie now openly teased Tanya and used her own naked body as leverage to get Tanya to do things she wanted.

“I think I can handle this,” Carrie replied, as she poured a bit of lotion on her upper chest.

“Here, let me help you with that.”

Tanya was close to begging now, as she reached to help, but Carrie turned away.

“Maybe if you’re nice, you can do my back.”

Tanya then took the bottle and squeezed a generous amount of lotion into her hand and started working on Carrie’s bare back.   From there she worked on Carrie’s long legs before coming back to her naked butt. Tanya was working with enthusiasm as she massaged it into Carrie’s skin.  Not wanting to be left out, Diggy came over and took the bottle from Tanya and joined in on the little massage party.  Now Carrie just stood there naked, as her teammate and coach made absolutely sure every inch of her body was protected from the sun.

The effect wasn’t lost on Carrie, who was getting plenty turned on by her friend’s attention to detail.

Carrie slowly slipped into a fog of pleasure as her friends eagerly enjoyed getting her “warmed-up”, as they put it.   Once started, Carrie was powerless to stop them, and seemed to accept her fate as part of their new found pre-game tradition.

Diggy and Tanya both knew from their first match that it was Carrie’s intense sexual excitement that gave her that adrenalin rush that resulted in her late game energy, as the others were all tiring.  Unbeknownst to Carrie, Diggy was secretly spiking Carrie’s water with a combination of herbs that induce sexual arousal.   All they had to do was to train Carrie how to manage her arousal.  Too much arousal and she would have an orgasm in the middle of the match and crash.   Too little, and she wouldn’t reach her potential.  Their pre-game preparation with the lotion was designed as a primer to “sex her up” as they started to secretly refer to it.

Tanya and Diggy had to be careful that they didn’t get carried away, as they seemed to feed on Carrie’s arousal almost as much as she did.  They probably would have continued indefinitely, or until one of them had an orgasm, had they not been interrupted by an announcement that the first matches were ready to start.   By then, Carrie’s nervousness had been replaced by a serious state of arousal.  Her breathing was accelerated, her nipples were hard and extended, and her pussy was swollen and beginning to open.

“Oh, okay… I guess you girls need to get out there.  I think you’re sufficiently warmed up.” Diggy announced, finally withdrawing her hand from Carrie’s breast.

“Oh man, what did you guys do to me?  I can’t even think.  How am I going to go out there?  I’m already so wound up I feel like I’m going to explode.”

“Here…. Put these on until you calm down a bit,” Diggy added, as she stared at Carrie’s hardened nipples sticking out from her chest.

Diggy handed Carrie her warm-up suit, which consisted of sweat pants and a zip-off sweat shirt.

“Why bother, Carrie?  You know they’re just coming off in a couple of minutes anyway.” Tanya added.

“I know, but I can’t just walk out there naked.”

“Why not?” Tanya added.

“Because…. I just can’t.”

“We’ll have to work on that.”

“I’m not sure I can do this again.   This going naked in front of all these people is crazy.” Carrie said, her nervousness returning.

“That’s why you should just walk out there as you are.”

Carrie quickly pulled them on, being careful to not catch her extended nipples in the zipper.  As it was, they were still quite noticeable as they poked hard against the material.

“You may have to help me.  I don’t know if I can take this off in front of all those people” Carrie said to Tanya.

 “Not a problem.  It will be my pleasure to help you strip.”  Tanya answered enthusiastically.

The girls couldn’t help but notice the hundreds of people cheering them as appeared. They had become overnight sensations, so the organizers had move their match to center court which had the most room for spectators.     To Carrie, this just meant that there were going to be more people staring at her.

Their new sponsor had told them to make sure that they had their bottles of sun block prominently displayed so the Sun Touch name could be clearly seen, but Carrie’s mind was a blur with emotions. Luckily, Diggy remembered, and arranged their stuff for maximum exposure, exposure Sun Touch desperately desired, and Carrie dreaded.  For Sun Touch, it was their name on a tiny bottle, and for Carrie it was playing volleyball in front of perhaps a thousand people, in nothing more than she was born in.

Once they were introduced it was time to get ready to play.
For Tanya, that was simple.
For Carrie, however, that meant getting naked again.

Carrie felt like she was on the verge of getting sick, as she fidgeted nervously.

“Okay, hotness.  Time to meet your admiring audience.” Tanya told her.

“Here, take a drink, Carrie.”   Diggy said, as she handed Carrie a fresh bottle of her enhanced water.

It did help calm her, but the longer term effect was even more dramatic.

“You’re going to have to help me.  I can’t do this myself.”  Carrie told Tanya, shaking slightly as she did.

“With pleasure, my gorgeous teammate. “ Tanya told her, as she quickly reached for the zipper of Carrie’s warm up jacket.

As she did, a quiet fell over the crowd in anticipation of what was going to happen next.
Carrie closed her eyes, as if separating herself from what was about to happen.  With one quick motion, Tanya pulled the zipper down, baring Carrie’s perfectly tan breasts to the crowd.    You could hear numerous sighs as the top quickly slid off Carrie’s shoulders, leaving her topless.  Tanya then bent over and just as quickly pulled the warm up pants down Carrie’s long legs.
In a second, she went from fully clothed to bare-assed naked.  The crowd looked on in silence.

“Already sexy,” Tanya whispered as she gave Carrie a slow once over as did the crowd.

“Have Diggy lock them up as well, so she’s not tempted to put them back on.”

“Not a problem there.  Ready to play.”

The crowd was still quiet as Carrie finally opened her eyes.  Being naked while practicing was one thing, but for all of Diggy’s effort to get her prepared for this, it was not any better the second time.   If anything, she felt more naked than before, having shaved her tiny landing strip for the photo shoot.

Suddenly a “Go Carrie” was yelled from the crowd and everyone seemed to snap back to reality and the girls moved out onto the court, Carrie still fidgeting as she got into position to receive.

Once the game began, “naked Carrie” was back to being “Carrie, the volleyball player”.
After digging an early hole, the girls came back late with Carrie diving this way and that for stray balls.  This would have been quite a feat under normal circumstances but on a couple of occasions Carrie dove hard into the sand.  On each occasion there were noticeable gasps from the crowd,

The girls actually won the game on one particularly spectacular dive by Carrie that forced many in the crowd, especially the women, to cover their eyes.  A hush fell over the crowd, followed by a cheer as Carrie got up, this time instinctively rubbing her sore breasts, which seemed to take the full impact of her dive.  She made her way over to the shower and rinsed off, allowing both Tanya and Diggy to inspect her tender globes for damage.

“Damn, Carrie, you have to be more careful.” Tanya said, realizing that Carrie had really taken that one in a really sensitive place.

“I have some Aspercreme.” Diggy added.  “It’s a cream form of aspirin and should help with the pain.”

“I think I need some. They hurt a lot.”

“Yeah, stop damaging the material.  Look at those scrapes.”

Carrie’s right boob had a bunch of tiny abrasions, and both nipples were red.  She resisted rubbing them since she was not totally hidden from the eager eyes of the crowd.  Diggy quickly came back with the tube but held it back as Carrie reached for it.

“You better let me put this on.  This stuff will numb your fingers.  You won’t be able to feel a thing.” Diggy explained.

With that, she moved closer and started gently rubbing it on Carrie’s right nipple, followed by the left.  Carrie winced in pain as she backed away from Diggy’s touch, causing her breasts to wobble ever so sexily as she did.

“Easy.   It takes a few minutes but should numb them right up in case you try one of those dives again.”

“No, it’s not that.  It’s just that people can see.”

“Don’t be so silly.  I’m just trying to help.” Diggy explained, with authority in her voice. Respecting Diggy’s orders, Carrie turned back towards Diggy, thrusting her chest out a little, presenting her breasts for further application as one would expect someone to present an arm or leg for treatment.  Diggy then made sure both of Carrie’s breasts were completely covered before going back and doing her nipples a second time.

In other cases, it probably wouldn’t attract any attention as a coach or trainer attended to an athlete’s injury, but this was not your typical injury, and certainly not in a typical place.

“Want me to do down below?  You know how all that sand can be irritating.“  Diggyoffered.

“What?  No, not here.”  Carried whispered, a little shocked at the offer.

By the time the girls took to the court for the second game, the cream had already started to take effect.  Carrie had always had sensitive skin - especially her breasts and nipples - but under these unusual circumstances this was not a good thing.   The cream had effectively numbed Carrie’s chest and nipples to the point she couldn’t even feel them.  She was thankful that the pain was gone, but had hoped this stuff wears off quickly because it felt strange to not feel her breasts move as she walked.

The second game was hard fought, with the lead going back and forth before Carrie started to dominate the game with several blocked shots and several more spectacular dives. Then, just when things were going their way, Carrie over-jumped one of the other team’s spikes.  As she stretched as high as she could, the ball came crashing down lower that she expected, catching her square in the right breast.  The entire crowd saw the impact and seemed to gasp in unison.   As it was, the ball rebounded off Carrie’s bare chest right into the net, before falling to the ground, along with Carrie.

Tanya called a time out as she ran to her fallen friend.  Diggy also ran to Carrie’s aid as the naked volleyball player rolled over in the sand, quickly getting to her feet, yet still bent over and holding her hand over her tender and bare breast.

“Oh god, that looked like it hurt.”  Tanya said.

It hurt alright, but not half as much as it would have if Diggy hadn’t spread the numbing lotion all over Carrie’s chest before the start of the game.

“I’ll be alright.”  Carrie gasped, still clutching her sore breast.

Diggy called the girls over for a huddle.  Carrie was wound up like a rubber band despite the pain in her chest, but still seemed right on the edge as Diggy tried to calm her down.

“Are you okay, Carrie?  Diggy asked.

“I don’t know what’s the matter with me.”  Carrie said, between gasps.  “I’m so turned on I feel like I’m going to explode.”

“Just take deep breaths and try to relax.”

Carried had calmed down a little but was still feeling like an orgasm was building as she went back in the court.   Again she jumped this way and that as the crowd looked on in awe.   She was a blur of energy as she blocked one spike at the net, and then dove for another ball that no one would have expected anyone to reach.  She was amazing, as she again blocked an attempted spike that gave the girls the win.

Tanya ran up and grabbed Carrie’s naked body and hoisted her up, just as an overwhelmed Carrie screamed and shook as a tremendous orgasm swept over her. They had won, and Carrie had managed her arousal perfectly, climaxing literally at just the perfect time.  She wasn’t sure if anyone had noticed her orgasm, but under the circumstances she really didn’t care.

Carrie’s orgasm was just beginning to subside, when Millie Woods from the Surf Chronicle came up and starting asking questions, sticking a microphone in her face.

“Great job, girls…  How’s it feel to win?”  She asked.

If she only knew.

“Ah, Great…..” Carrie said, between gasps.

Carrie was just regaining her composure when a person with a large camera came to stand next to Millie.   Carrie’s body was dripping wet from sweat and other fluids as the cameraman focused his camera lens on her.

“You can’t put me on TV like this”  she yelled, holding her hands at her side with her palms facing the cameraman, in an expression that said,  “What? Are you crazy?”, but in reality her pose just drew more attention to her athletic body.

“Don’t worry Carrie, the production guys will put little bars or pixelate it over your naughty bits for the prudes at the network.”  Millie explained.  “We just want to do a quick interview.”

“Sure, we can do an interview.” Tanya jumped in, acting as Carrie’s impromptu spokesperson.

“What?”  Carrie yelled to her with a look of anger, as Tanya reached in and cleaned some sand off of Carrie’s arm and chest, catching Carrie’s rock-hard right nipple in the process.  Those same nipples that took the full force of that missed spike earlier.

“So, that was quite a spectacular match.  I guess that puts to bed the rumors that last week’s win was a fluke. “

“You better believe it.  We’re for real and going places, baby.”  Tanya yelled, as Millie tried to get a comment from Carrie.

“Carrie, dear, that was quite a hit you took out there. That had to hurt.”

“Yeah, it did.”  She answered, unconsciously cleaning some of the sand off of her breast and giving it a comforting rub in the process.

The effect was mesmerizing, as everyone paused to take in the sight, and to get a view of her erect red nubs.

It didn’t take long for Carrie’s anxious admirers to crowd in on them, with someone grabbing her bare butt cheeks as she struggled to coherently answered Millie’s questions.  She tried to ignore them as best she could, but let out a little yelp when they got a little over-enthusiastic.  She also had to push one fan’s hand away, as he tried to reach around to her still naked breasts.

“Can we get out of here?  It’s getting a little crazy.”  Carrie pleaded.

“We really have to get going.  It’s been wonderful talking to you.” Tanya said, as she and Carrie tried to get away from some of her overly enthusiastic fans.

Once again they had to all but force their way through the crowed, until it opened up enough that Carrie was finally freed of the hands groping her bare body.     Carrie and Tanya quickly made their way to the locker room, but not before hearing this one guy yelling her name.  As she turned, she noticed that it was that same cute guy she had met the prior week at the beach.

“Hi, Carrie responded shyly.” “What are you doing here?”

Once again Carrie was embarrassed to be seen naked by this cute guy, but he was a cute guy that she also wouldn’t mind getting to know better.

“I came to see you play.  You were great as always.  I think you two can win this if you keep playing like that.”

“OMG,” Carrie thought, lowering her head.  “If we keep playing like this, the only thing I’m going to win is the centerfold layout in Playboy,” she thought to herself.

Still, Carrie was a mess, covered with sand and sweat, but he didn’t seem to mind.
Oh, of course he didn’t mind.   There she was, buck-naked, shining in the sun.  Her embarrassment returning as a blush started to cover her tanned flesh.

“Hey, I have to go get cleaned up.”  Carrie responded, looking up.

“Can I buy you a cup of coffee sometime?” he yelled, as Carrie was turning towards the locker room.

“Yeah,   that would be nice.” She said, looking back, as she shuffled off into the locker room.

“That’s the same kid from the beach last week, isn’t it.”  Tanya asked.  “He’s kind of cute.”

“Yeah.”

Carrie started to relax a little and calm her overloaded body as she entered the locker room.

“He just asked if I wanted to join him for a cup of coffee,” Carrie told Tanya.

“Damn, girl, you need to take him up on that.”

“Right now, what I need is a cold shower.“

“You can say that again.  You have to be careful with your climactic finishes,” she laughed.  “A minute earlier and we would have been shot.”

“It’s not like I have much control over it.  It just happens.  I just get so wound up that I lose control.”  Carrie tried to explain.

“Well whatever it is, you can’t be stopped when you’re wound up like that.  You just need to save the climax for the celebration when we win, that’s all. ”

Carrie headed off to the shower.  It felt wonderful to get all the sand and sweat off her body, and despite saying so, she actually kept the water at a comfortably cool temperature.   Not a cold shower, like she said.  She rinsed her hair, and as she gently soaped-up her body, she felt like she was slowly returning back to normal.

Carrie finished up and turned off the water, then realized she didn’t even have a towel to dry herself.  She tried to ring out her hair and let it drip dry in the shower for a second, then headed back out of the shower and over to Tanya, who now had on her warm up jacket.  Refreshed from her shower, Carrie felt alive with a whole new sense of energy as she walked up to Tanya, still dripping wet and very naked.  Somehow her lack of clothing didn’t seem to bother her as much, as she reflected on their win.

The sight certainly didn’t bother Tanya, who took in the every inch of her naked friend.

“Here, let me dry you off.”  Tanya offered.

“That’s okay, I can do it.”

No, I insist.” Tanya answered quickly.

Carrie, still on her high from the match, felt a tingle in her sex at the at the sound of Tanya’s lustful voice.

“So do you think I should have a cup of coffee with him?” Carrie asked Tanya, as Tanya picked up a towel.

“Yeah, ah….of course.”  Tanya stumbled, as she started drying Carrie’s arm.

Carrie got a little thrill out of the potential of seeing this guy, as Tanya carefully dried Carrie’s body.  Tanya finished Carrie’s arms, and then moved to her neck and her upper chest, letting the towel gently caress Carrie’s hard nipples, which were still pretty numb from the stuff Diggy put on them.

The conversation dropped off as Tanya carefully dried Carrie’s breasts and tummy, and then moved down to her tight little butt.  She then knelt down to do Carrie’s legs, starting from her feet and moving up, one then the other, to close in on where they met.  Carrie let out a slight moan, as Tanya skillfully dried her pussy.

Just as Carrie was starting to fall under Tanya’s seductive spell, Diggy walked in, surprising them.  Tanya immediately jumped up as Carrie tried to calm her new arousal. As she often did these days, Carrie once again found herself horny as hell, as she tried to concentrate on what Diggy was trying to tell them.  Apparently the league commissioner wanted to talk to them in her office, immediately, about the tournament dinner this evening.  Carrie barely had time to protest, as Diggy grabbed her arm to hurry them along.

“I can’t go like this, she protested.”  Carrie protested.  Where’s my warm ups?”

“It will only take a minute.  Besides, they’ve seen it all already.  It’s not a big deal.” Tanya added.

“Not a big deal?  You’re not the one that’s naked.”  Carrie argued, as she grabbed at the towel Tanya held.   They tugged back and forth and it was starting to get really interesting, with one fully clothed girl wrestling another completely naked one over a single piece of cloth, but Carrie, having so much more at stake, got the better of it and eventually pulled the towel free from Tanya.

Just as the struggle over the towel ended, Diggy grabbed Carrie and started dragging her off to her meeting with the league commissioner.  Carrie hurried to wrap the seriously inadequate towel around her tall body, and had barely gotten it wrapped around her as the threesome emerged from the locker room.

In her haste to cover up, Carrie had overlapped the towel as she tucked it in over her right breast, creating a very large gap on her right side.  Most of her hip was left uncovered, and threatened to expose her pussy.  As it was, the towel barely reached from breasts to pussy, and as she walked you could see her pussy, if you were at the right angle.   Carrie didn’t even dare to think about bending over.

When the girls reached the commissioner’s office, they were surprised to see Jeff, from their sponsor Sun Touch, there as well.

“Why hello, girls.  Congratulations on your win.” Jeff greeted them.  “I love it when you girls win and advance through the tournament, because it means more exposure for our product.

“More like more exposure for me.”  Carrie thought to herself, as she re-adjusted the towel.  There she was, talking to the commissioner, and all she was wearing was a too small towel which was threatening to fall off at any moment.

“I love that you won, but what’s with the towel?  You’re hiding our product.”

“What do you mean?”

“We’re sponsoring you to advertise our product.  We expect it to be seen.  How can anyone see our product when you’re wearing that towel?”

“How do you expect anyone to see your product when it’s invisible.  Remember, it gets absorbed into the skin and disappears.”

“But the effect on your skin is what we want people to see.”

“But this is all I have on.  You can’t expect me to just walk around naked.”

“According to your contract with us, we expect you to wear your uniform at all League Sponsored events, and this is certainly a league sponsored event, isn’t it.”

“Yeah, but I don’t have a uniform.” Carrie pleaded.

“Sure you do.  It’s your skin, and your skin is where our product is best advertised. That’s why we sponsored you in the first place.”

“You’ve got to be kidding.”  Carrie argued, getting annoyed at the direction of the conversation.

“Come on, off with the towel.  We want to see your uniform.”

“You’re a jerk….  I’m not going to do it.”

“You have to.  You signed the contract.”

Carrie was really getting annoyed now, and her blood was boiling when she, in one quick motion, pulled the towel free from her now naked body, and flung it towards Jeff.

“Satisfied?” Carrie yelled, taking a boldly defiant stance with both hands firmly planted on her bare hips.

“Is this what you want to see, you perv?”

Her anger outweighed her modesty and embarrassment at this point, as she stood bare-assed naked.   Jeff looked her over from head to toe, and he wasn’t the only one taking in the naked beauty.  The League commissioner was also staring at the bold, and very naked, volleyball player that stood in front of her.

“So, is your stupid product adequately displayed?”  Carrie challenged.

“Ah,  …  It certainly is.  Very nice” he said quietly.

“What a joke.” Carrie thought.  She had just showered and was sure that none of their stupid lotion was on her, but still, they stared.  Diggy and Tanya didn’t say a word, as they were a little stunned by Carrie’s sudden bold behavior.

“OK, is this what you called us up here for, or was there something important you wanted us for?” Carrie all but yelled, still clearly annoyed with Jeff.

“Oh, ….  Um, actually,  um. …  there is something else.”
I wanted to talk to you girls about the sponsor’s party tonight.  Jeff here was verifying some of the arrangements and making sure that you would be going to,  ah, … wear you uniform, that is.” she said, with her voice dropping off at the end.

“My uniform?”  Carrie asked.  “According to you guys, this is my uniform.”

“Well, yes,  ah, ….  It is a league event and Jeff was just verifying that and, well… he just wanted to make sure the catering folks didn’t have a problem with your uniform.”

“What are you trying to say?” Carrie asked, looking puzzled and angry at the same time.

“Let me explain it.”  Jeff stepped in.  “These sponsor’s dinners are how you girls earn your check.  You just have to show up, display our product, and we get a lot of advertizing.  That’s how this whole sponsorship thing works.  And since you contract says you must wear your uniform to display our product, we expect you to be in uniform.”

“Oh no, no, no.  You’ve got to be kidding.” Carrie argued, with a tint of nervousness returning to her voice now.

“You can’t expect me to prance around at the dinner in the nude.  That’s ridiculous.  I won’t go.”

Actually, your contract calls for you to not only go to the dinner, but wear your uniform at all times during league sponsored events, and this is a league sponsored event.”  Jeff explained.

“No way…..  Forget your sponsorship then.”

“I guess we could terminate the contract, but that would mean you’d have to return all the money and pay us the termination amount”.

At that, Tanya and Diggy stepped over to Carrie and whispered, “We can’t do that, Carrie.”
We already spent some of the money, and we need their sponsorship if we’re going to continue to play.”

“But Tanya, it’s not you playing naked, and now having to attend sponsor’s dinners bare-assed too, I just can’t do it.”

“Come on Carrie, I’ll help you through it.”

“So will I.” Diggy echoed.

Carrie was petrified, and shaking at the prospects.

“I’m sure they won’t just let me walk in there naked.  Isn’t it against the law?”

“Actually, as part of the terms of the event we got a waiver.  The police are even going to provide security so it will be perfectly safe.”  Jeff explained.

“Oh. My. God.  This is just unbelievable.”

Both Tanya and Diggy tried to comfort Carrie, as she was in the verge of tears.

“It’s okay, we’re here.  We’ll make sure you get through this.”

 “I can’t believe this.  This has gotten totally out of control.”  Carrie sobbed.

“Is that all you wanted us for?  Diggy asked.

“Um,  Yes,  So I assume you’re coming.”  Jeff asked.

“We’ll be there.”  Diggy answered.

“You’re a PIG.”  Carrie yelled, as Tanya turned her towards the door.

With that, Tanya and Diggy comforted Carrie as they walked out of the office, Carrie leaving her towel behind.

They walked down the back steps, back to the locker room, where Carrie sat on one of the benches.

“Look Carrie, you can either sulk and be miserable, or you can show them that you’re more than just a billboard for their lotion.”  Tanya told Carrie, gently rubbing Carrie’s bare shoulders and back.

“Now just how am I supposed to do that?”

“Look, you’re a smart, talented, volleyball player, with a great future in the game.  You just need to stand tall and show them you’re bigger than all this.”

“That’s easy for you to say.”

“Look, I know it’s tough, but you’re tougher.”  And with that, Tanya handed Carrie another one of her specially formulated sports drink bottles.

Carrie sipped the water as she sat there, and it had its normal effect of calming Carries nerves.  It also had its side effect of making her horny at the same time.   Still, Carrie sat until it became time for their second match.

“Look, just put this dinner out of your mind.   Just think how proud you’ll be to be going to the semi-finals after we win.  We’ve never made it to the semi’s before.” Tanya continued.

Carrie started think that winning might be the cure.  Everybody could think what they wanted, but winning was what counted and as long as they won, the hell with all of them, and if Jeff wanted us to show his product, a show she’d give them.

Carrie did a few stretches in the locker room, loosening up before heading out for their second match.  Carrie had always worn her warm ups out to the court, which gave her some coverage through the intros, but this time she was doing it in the nude from the start.
She wasn’t even bringing a towel with her.  This was just Carrie against the world, and if they wanted to look, well…. she hoped they liked what they saw.

“Want me to help you with your sun lotion, Carrie.”  Tanya asked.

“Weren’t you listening?  Jeff wants his product to be advertised.”

“What do you mean?” Tanya asked.

“I thought you might want to show all the folks out there how easy it goes on.” Carrie said, placing her bottle of Sun Touch sun-block in Tanya’s open hand.

“Let me just go to the bathroom and then you can give them a demo.” Carrie said, heading off to the bathroom, giving Tanya a little smile over her shoulder as she turned away.

Now it was Tanya’s turn to be a bit nervous and excited.  Sure, she had enjoyed oiling-up Carrie in the locker room and during practice, but there she was, Carrie suggesting having her lotion her up out there on the court.  Was she serious?

“Are you ready to beat these girls?” Carrie said, with purpose.

“Um,  yea sure.  Let’s show them.”  Tanya answered.

“That’s the attitude, girls.” Diggy added.

Diggy lead the girls out of the locker room with Tanya in her warm-ups, followed by Carrie, wearing just her sunglasses and a nervous smile.   Not even a towel this time.

Carrie put on a good show, but her heart was racing, and she held her breath as she emerged from the locker room.

“Go Carrie!” yelled a bunch of enthusiastic fans, enjoying Carrie’s new simplified look. As she approached the court, a couple of other fans gave her an enthusiastic slap on her bare butt as she passed, wishing her good luck.

On the court, Carrie put on her bravest face as Diggy handed her a full bottle of her specially formulated water.  Carrie sipped it slowly, as she looked around.   Every eye in the place was on her and Tanya’s side of the court, and no one was paying attention to the other team, who had been out early doing their warm-ups.

“Okay, Tanya, I need some of that good sun block…  You don’t want me to fry out here, do you.”

With that, Tanya took the top off the bottle of sun block and handed it to Carrie.  Carrie took the bottle, poured a generous amount in her hand, and then handed it back to Tanya.

“Well, you going to help me or what?” Carrie asked, as she began doing her arms.

“Come on, I thought you got off on this.  Here’s your chance.” Carrie said, trying to be brave, despite her nervousness at what she was asking Tanya to do.

“You sure you want me to help you here?” she asked.

“Hey, Jeff wants his product advertised, so I figure what better way than a little demo.”

With that, Tanya poured some in her hand and started to work on Carrie’s back.  The crowd quieted down, as their attention focused entirely on Carrie, as Tanya worked the lotion into Carrie’s back.  Tanya took more than the necessary amount of time, not sure if she should continue.

 “Are you sure you don’t want to finish this.”  Tanya asked.

“No, I thought you enjoyed this.” Carrie answered, raising her arms slightly, as if to give Tanya better access.

“Don’t miss any spots.”  Carrie added, in a slightly nervous voice.

The crowd grew very quiet now, as every eye concentrated on wherever Tanya’s hands were, as she applied the lotion to Carrie.  Tanya bent down and lotioned-up Carrie’s well-toned butt, and then both legs, before standing up again and doing her sides.  The only thing remaining was her front, so Carrie turned to face Tanya and closed her eyes. Even the other team stopped their warm-ups as Tanya poured a good amount of lotion on Carrie’s chest, running a stream down between her breasts and over her flat tummy.   With that, she put the bottle down and proceeded to work the lotion into both of Carrie’s firm breasts as the crowed looked on.  She left a fair amount of lotion coating Carrie’s excited nipples as she worked her way down to Carrie’s tummy, coating the naked girl’s belly button area in a large circular motion, before moving even lower.

By then Tanya had forgotten they were standing alongside a volleyball court, and was lost in her lust for Carrie’s perfect body.  Tanya was able to work the lotion in easily, as was Sun Touch’s pitch, but Tanya made extra sure no streaks remained.  Carrie, for her part, remained perfectly still, eyes kept closed.

Tanya knelt once again facing Carrie and worked the last of the lotion into Carrie’s bare pussy, as a mixture of slight moans and gasps could be heard from the crowd.  After that, whispering could be heard as Tanya stood once again and worked in the last of the lotion that had collected on Carrie’s rock-hard nipples.  This time it was Carrie’s turn to gasp as Tanya’s fingers caressed her sensitive nipples, until the very last of the lotion was gone, just as the announcer came on over the speakers.

Seeming a little distracted by the sight he had just seen, he announced the two teams.

Tanya, like everyone in the stadium, was more than a little aroused by the girls little lotion demonstration, but Carrie was already ready to burst.

“If ~that~ doesn’t get Sun Touch noticed, nothing will.” Diggy told the girls.

“Okay, girls, now remember, you have a game to win out there.  Save the real celebrating until after.” she hinted to Carrie.

Both teams seemed a little distracted by the pre-game demonstration as the initial play was a little sloppy on both sides.  Only Carrie seemed to be on her game as she dominated, hustling around, blocking shots, and diving for balls.  She had another one of those soon-to-be trademarked breast-first dives to save the ball to win the first game.   She came up rubbing her breasts once again, but they had won the first game, 21-14.

Both girls cleaned up between games with Carrie inspecting herself for damage.  Her breasts were a little red with a little abrasion on the right one, but except for her sore nipples she seemed to be okay.

The next game was a back and forth battle, but then Diggy called the girls over for a little pep-talk when the other team got a small lead.  Diggy handed Carrie an iced-down water bottle, which she gulped down before asking for another, which she then used to carefully rub over her sore nipples.

“How are the girls there?” Diggy asked, noticing that both of Carrie nipples were now bright red from several impacts with the course sand.

“They’re stinging and sore, but I’ll live.”

“I can put on some more of that Aspercreme.  It should help lessen the pain.

“Okay…. That really helped earlier.”  Carrie added.

Diggy rummaged through her bag before coming out with a small tube.

Carrie reached for it again but Digggy pulled it back.

“You had better let me put this on.” Diddy explained.

The pain was a little too much for Carrie for her to argue, so they move back out of plain sight.

“Okay, this may sting at first, but give it five minutes and the pain should lessen.

With that, Carrie looked around to see if many people could see them before arching her back and thrusting her sore breasts towards Diggy.   Now, sore nipples are not your typical sports injury, but the treatment was just as important.  Diggy put a small dab on each nipple before taking the sore nub between her fingers and spreading the cream around.  Carrie jumped at first, and bit her tongue as Diggy worked it into her tender flesh.   Diggy inspected her work before moving on and repeating the process with the other sore nipple.

“Okay, Carrie, give it a couple of minutes and they should feel better.  But try not to touch them because you don’t want to get any on your hands.”

“Thanks.  They’re starting to feel better already.” Carrie replied, finishing the rest of her water before returning to play.

It wasn’t long before she started to dominate again, diving with reckless abandon with at least two more of her now famous dives.  As the other team started to tire, Carrie started to come on strong.  She was getting more and more aroused as they first tied the score, and then went ahead.  They were up by one when all at once, Tanya crashed into Carrie, in the air, and they came down in a heap.
Tanya’s face landed right on Carrie’s still sore breasts.

They called time once more, as both girls were slow to get to their feet.  Once again they cleaned up and went back to work.  Carrie was on fire now, finishing off the other team with a monstrous spike to end the game.

Carrie grabbed Tanya and lifted her up high with her sex-induced strength.  Tanya was expecting Carrie to climax right then and there, but before she could, Millie Wood and her camera crew rushed over, sticking a microphone in Carrie’s face.

Carrie was literally gasping for air as she put Tanya down, being right on the edge of a mind blowing orgasm, just as Millie started asking her questions.  “OMG, not now.”Carrie thought.  Her body was literally on its own, desperate for relief.

Carrie tried to listen but her body and mind had different objectives. She could hear Millie talking and see the camera aimed right at her aroused and naked body.  She had succeeded at holding her body at bay for almost an hour now, and it was desperate for release.  The camera, being aimed straight at her, just made it worse.  The bright light on top not only made it hard for Carrie to see, but it shined brightly off of Carrie’s sweat soaked body, making it even more of an erotic site.  Every curve and muscle was highlighted by the light.  Carrie just hoped that they had her boobs and pussy blocked because between her rock hard nipples and swollen pussy, anyone watching could see that she was highly aroused.
It took all she could muster to fight the urge to reach down and finish herself off, even with so many people watching.

Tanya answered for Carrie as she desperately tried to regain her composure.  She was still breathing fast and her heart was beating like it was ready to leap out of her chest when Millie came back to her.

“Those dives of yours are amazing, but being a woman myself, I have to ask, how do you keep doing it?  Doesn’t it hurt when those boobs of yours land in the sand?”  Millie asked

Carrie nodded in the affirmative, trying to answer.  “Oh My God,….yes.”  Carrie gasped, inadvertently rubbing her right breast before recovering.

Carrie and Tanya were a sweaty mess as Carrie struggled to get a coherent response out.  As excited as she was, Carrie fidgeted and couldn’t stand still.  At one point Millie seemed to lose her own train of thought as she saw that a bead of sweat stood poised to drop from Carrie’s protruding right nipple.   A sight that probably wouldn’t be seen by those forced to watch on regular TV.

“Um,  Carrie,  um, …. You’ve seem to have ,   um …. really stepped up your game since you’ve adopted this um, ….  new uniform look.   Do you think that has um, …. influencedyour performance?”  Millie asked awkwardly.

“Oh God.  gasp,  Well,  it’s a little crazy playing like this, gasp.”  Carrie struggled to get out as she inadvertently lowered her arms to her side, palms out, as if indicating, ~look at me, I’m naked.~  Unfortunately, that little gesture only brought more attention to her bare body.

“It’s really hard at the beginning of the game, gasp, but once I get going I seem to forget that I’m,  um, … naked, gasp, well….at least until I dive for a ball or get hit by a spike.”  Carrie continued, seeming to find her voice.

“That really hurts.” She added.

“I guess those little bikinis provide more protection that we give them credit for.” Millie said.

Millie was starting to ask another question just as some overly enthusiastic fans came up behind Carrie, reenacting a Gatorade plunge.  They dumped the remains of the ice water from the tub used to keep their drinks cool all over her.   The ice cubes and water came crashing over Carrie’s bare flesh, causing her to jump and let out a loud scream.

The freezing cold water was a shock to Carrie’s overheated body, but like taking a cold shower, it helped calm her overloaded body.  It also served to rinse most of the remaining sand and sweat from Carrie, leaving her looking much better.

After Carrie’s unexpected ice shower, Tanya jumped in.

“Well, it certainly has boosted her popularity since she started going au natural.”  Tanya answered.

“It has been an experience, that’s for sure,” Carrie added, as her body shuddered from the unexpected shower.

“It seems to have done wonders for your tan, too.” Millie added.

“How do you keep your skin so soft and moist with all the time you spend in the sun,and what about those sensitive areas?  I mean you have everything out there.” Millie asked.

“Well, I have to thank Sun Touch for that.”  Carrie added, giving them a plug.

Eventually the interview ended, and after Carrie’s little ice bath, it seemed to calm her down enough to regain control and forget that she was standing in the middle of all those people bare-assed naked.  Actually, a little confidence started to show as she smiled when she joked about not having to wash her uniform any more.

Eventually the questioning ended, and the girls tried to make their way through the crowd of fans back to the locker room.  Unfortunately, as soon as the interview ended the crowd converged around the girls again, making it even more difficult for them to move.

Now lots of people were asking for their autographs, and Carrie felt numerous people’s hands on her sides and butt and other places as she held the papers to write.  It was hard to fend off the fan’s overly enthusiastic hands when she was signing autographs at the same time.

Some of Carrie’s over-enthusiastic fans seemed to want to feel for themselves how well that Sun Touch lotion kept Carrie’s skin so soft and inviting.  Most of their actions were limited to stroking Carrie’s sides and back, but a couple would rub her ass, with the really aggressive ones giving a good squeeze as Carrie was preoccupied.   As Carrie turned sideways towards the locker room, a couple of girls surrounded her.  One handed Carrie a poster for her to sign, and while Carrie was signing it she reached in and stroked Carrie’s tight tummy.  While she was doing that, her friend grabbed her right breast, and asked her if they were real.

Carrie looked shocked and abruptly said.  “yeah.”

They continued to try to get to the locker room, away from the crowded court, and Carrie once again saw Jerry, the guy who asked her for coffee.

“Carrie, you guys did great.  You were amazing as always.”  Jerry yelled from a distance.

“Thanks.  Hey, does that offer still stand?”

A big smile came across Jerry’s face, and he yelled.  “Yeah, sure.”

Tanya heard the exchange and jumped in.  “Hey, why don’t you join us for the sponsor’s party?  You could be Carrie’s date.”

“Wow, that would be awesome,” he answered, before Carrie could get a word in.

The girls finally made it to the safety of the locker room, when Carrie yelled at Tanya.

“What are you doing, inviting Jerry to come with us to the dinner.  Remember, I have to wear my uniform.”

 “But he’s cute, and I didn’t want you to miss this opportunity to see him.”

“But, I’ll be naked for this thing.”

“What are you worried about?  I think he knows what you look like naked by now.” Tanya Answered.

“That’s not it.  I just wanted a quiet get-together outside of volleyball, and where I actually had some clothes on, for a change.” Carrie added.

Carrie and Tanya chatted as they got cleaned up, and it seemed like Carrie had forgotten her naked state as she walked around.  Then, just as she pulled her street clothes out of the locker, she joked, “I wonder if they’ll make me walk to the car naked, or if I can actually get dressed now.”

“You have such a hot bod, what do you need clothes for?  You should stay just as you are.” Tanya laughed.

Covering up for the first time since mid morning, Carried pulled her tight-fitting shorts up her long legs, remaining naked from the waist up while she gathered her things.

“Now there’s a look that’s very becoming of you.” Tanya said

“You like it?”  Carrie teased, as she jiggled her tight breasts in Tanya’s direction.

“It’s pretty hot out, and plenty of people are walking around without shirts”

“Yeah, but they’re all guys.”  I don’t think they have these.” Carrie laughed, giving her boobs a bit of a lift even closer towards Tanya, who just looked on lustfully.

“Um,  …  but …. everyone has … um … breasts.” Tanya stuttered, obviously distracted by Carrie’s tempting treats.

“But I wouldn’t want to distract you.” Carrie teased.

“I,  …. um …. won’t be … um …be distracted.”  Tanya said as she reached out and gently caressed Carrie’s left breast.

“Won’t be distracted, huh?” Carrie snickered, but not pulling away.

Tanya continued with a couple more gently circles then started kneading Carrie’s beautiful globes before Carrie stopped her.

“OK, we have to stop this before it gets out of control.” Carrie said gently.

“Why?” was all Tanya could say, as Carrie pulled away.

“Look, we have to get back to the hotel and get changed.   Well….you have to get changed.
I guess I know what I’m wearing.”

“I hear the natural look is in.” Tanya laughed.

“Maybe, but not this kind of natural.”

And with that, Carrie slipped her light tank top over her bra-less breasts, covering them for the first time since earlier this morning.

“You don’t bother with underwear anymore, do you?”  Tanya joked.

“I figure, why bother?”  Carrie answered.