**Workout**

By Carrie

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This is a little story about a workout I had the other day.  As I’ve told everyone I’ve been in training for this mini triathlon that my boyfriend Bob challenged me to enter.  I complain all the time about the training but it really is tremendous exercise and for all of you that want to eat those fancy deserts and keep your figure boy is this the answer.  I can’t believe how much I eat and I’ve actually still lost weight. My low ride jeans are getting even more dangerous to wear.  My housemates want me to chip in more towards of food pole.

This post isn’t really in response to a dare or anything. The idea for this got started when this guy asked me if he could use Lisa and I in a story he was writing.  It really sounded interesting and after a few back and forth emails exchanging ideas he told me a little more about the story.  He suggested that I take the same basic story line and write about it from my perspective.  I told him I’d give it a try if I it was good.  I’m still waiting for the rest of the story.

To make it a little easier for me he is including some ideas that I could relate to like my triathlon training which he is making the central part of my characters part in the story.  He has Lisa and I at this resort where my cloths mysteriously get locked in the trunk of the car.  I end up training in my bikini and sometimes less.

Well the other day while running in the god awful heat that we’ve been having, I started to fanaticize about myself in the scenes in the story.  Probably hallucinating from the heat actually but I couldn’t get the story out of my mind.  Ok, the next day in order to make my workout a little more interesting, I decided to try acting out something from the story.  No. I didn’t go running naked. What I did was the next best thing. I did my whole workout in my bikini.  I figured if the real athletes can run in those skimpy little two-piece outfits I could take it one step further.  It was like 90 degrees so it actually seemed fairly appropriate to wear as little as possible so I decided to live out part of the story.

I waited for it too cool down a bit before starting.  I stripped down in my room and picked one of my more modest bikini, not that any are very modest.  I picked this one because it actually did provide some support and the bottom wouldn’t slide up my butt with each step.  I tried it on and found that it was a little loose around the hip so I tried another one.  This one was the one I wore last summer rollerblading. It was dark blue and fit really well and tended to stay on fairly well possible because it fit like a second skin since it didn’t have any lining.   I got excited thinking about wearing it but got concerned about how much I’d showing through after I started to sweat a little.  It looked fine right now but I knew that once it got wet you would be able to make out my dark areolas through the material not to mention my nipples.  The bottom was a Brazilian cut with nice side ties to keep it from slipping.  I was worried about how it would do while biking but by then I was really turned on by the whole thing and my practicality was fading fast.

I pulled on my sneakers, grabbed my helmet and headed for the door.  I stopped to check myself out in the mirror as I headed out.  I looked like one of those women from that show gladiator but with even less on.  I found it ironic that my head and feet were better covered than the whole rest of my body.   Lisa and Sue had often commented about my choice in work out outfits so I wondered what they would have thought about my current one.

I usually do the swimming part either at the Y or at this friend’s pool but today I though I ride my bike down to the ocean and swim there.  I could do the running along the boardwalk and street and then bike back.  I hadn’t done that route before so I didn’t know exactly how long it was but I was really out for the workout and not the time.

I walked outside and I pulled my bike out.  The heat was unbelievable even at 6:00 at night.  I could feel the sun against my bare skin and thought about putting on some sun block but figured the sun was low enough in the sky that I didn’t need any.  I jumped on the bike and did the mandatory bikini adjustment trying my best to stretch the tiny bit of material as best I could to provide some measure of coverage. I looked at myself propped up on the bike in my tiny bikini and was wondering if this was such a good idea.  I hadn’t ridden a bike in my bikini since I was in high school and then I didn’t have as much to hide and was probably wearing a bikini that covered more of me than the one I currently had on.  When I leaned over to grab the handle bars my breasts practically fell out of my top. The old gravity test was providing my neck ties with a significant challenge to keep my breasts contained.  I wasn’t sure how successful they’d be if I hit a bump in this position. I straighten up and it felt like I was sitting naked on the bike seat.  The bikini didn’t provide much covering back there not to mention not providing any padding like my bike shorts did.

I peddled around in a couple of circles in my driveway before getting up the nerve to head out to the street. I stopped at he end of the driveway to check if anyone was around as if to think they would be the only ones I’d encounter.  No one was out probably because of the heat so I toughed my suite in place once again and headed off to the bike trail enjoying the warm air flowing over my bare skin. The sun was still warm enough that it made a difference between the shade and sun. I was already felling hot as I entered the bike trail.  I was a little concerned about dehydration since the air was simple evaporating any perspiration before it formed on my body.

I was speeding along the bike path when I came across the first people to see me.   I was getting excited again as I approached them from behind.  They were only leisurely peddling along so they did see me approach until I had passed.  I never looked back but could imagine their expressions as this bikini clad biker speed past. I wasn’t sure how much of my butt was hanging out but I imagined there must have been a quite a bit  I got some other odd looks from people coming the other way.  I looked down before they got too close to make sure my nipples were still covered.

I was thinking how wild it was to be biking alone almost naked but I was still legal.  Just then I looked down the flank of my body and noticed my nipples trying to escape my top. I struggled to adjust my top while not crashing my bike off the path.  Looking further down I notice that my bottom had nearly disappeared from view.   I stopped briefly to readjust my bottom so it covered as much as possible before exiting the bike path for the road.

I biked along the road paralleling the ocean until I got to this section that never got many people because there is no where to park.  I stopped and parked my bike in this spot where it would be safe and caught my breath for a second. All in all the bike ride was uneventful except for some a bunch of odd looks and cat calls from some of the guys.  I had only stopped a second when my entire body was covered with sweet.  The wind had kept me cool relatively speaking while riding but now that I had stopped my overheated body did its best at compensating for the heat.  My suite note being lined was starting to show my feature pretty clearly despite its dark color.

I slowly walk towards the beach were I was going to do my swimming segment.  With all the sweating you could make out everything through my suite.  Luckily there was no one at all on the beach.  Again I’ll blame it on the heat because that’s when I got my next  crazy idea.  In the story they had me swimming naked so I though I’d give it a try.  I’ve always love the feeling so I though I’d give it a try. Maybe it would improve my time even though I didn’t exactly know the distance.  I double checked that there was no one in site and decided to go for it.

I untied the back tie on my top and slipped it over my head.  My breasts popped free seemingly relieved to be given the chance to breath.  I looked around again and decided to go all the way and slid my bikini bottom off as well.  I didn’t want to just stand there naked on a public beach so I quickly hid my bikini amongst one of the big rocks that make up this long jetty and ran towards the water.

The water felt really cold compare hot air so it took my breath away as I dove in. My nipples hardened up right away like little eraser. I swam out past the rough surf but not too far out.  I was a really strong swimmer but I didn’t want to be too far away from shore in case I got a cramp or something.  I don’t know about you guys but for women swimming naked without worrying if your suite is slipping off is one of the best feelings around. That the one think I don’t like about bikinis.  I swam like I was a different person. The feeling was tremendous and it kind of inspired me on to swim even faster.  As I came back to reality, I started to think through what I was doing.  Here I was about 100 feet of shore, swimming along a public beach, completely naked.  I’ve swum naked in pools and at the nude beach and in the Caribbean but never along a public beach. And each stoke took me further away from my only covering.  I knew there was no one in site when I went in but I didn’t know who would come along or who might be there when I came out.  I slowed up to take a look around and still didn’t see anyone so I calmed down a bit.

After a bit I tuned around and headed back to where I started.  As I tuned I noticed someone walking around back were I went in.  All sort of things rushed through my head.  I thought, what if he saw where I hid my bikini and took it?  What happened if he was waiting for me to come out?  Why had I done such a stupid thing?  If he took my suite I be stuck there completely naked miles from home.  Oh Shit.

I stopped and looked around to collect myself and see how much trouble I has gotten my self into.  It was hard to tell but it looked like the guy was just walking along the beach.  I couldn’t tell whether he had passed were my stuff was hidden or still approaching it.  Even if he didn’t take my bikini, he was walking in my direction and we would pass at some point.  I tried to concentrate on my swimming as we closed.  I looked up again and was sure he had passed were I came in.  But had he already found and taken my suite.  I guess I wouldn’t know until I got there.  The next thing was would he notice that I was swimming naked or would he just think I had on an incredible small bikini.  I though about stopping and just wading in the water but decided to keep swimming.  The sooner I got back to my suite the better I’d be.  I swam extra hard as I passed the guy walking on sure.  Once I passed him and he didn’t turn to follow I figured I was out of the woods so long as my suite was still hidden there in the rocks.

I stopped were I though I came and looked around to make sure no one was in site.  There was a couple of people off to my right but they were pretty much out of site.  At least the wouldn’t be able to make out that I was naked from where they were.  I waded in through the surf and all but ran up the beach to were my suite was hidden. At first I didn’t see it an I almost panicked.  But then I realized I was looking in the wrong place.  I was at the wrong jetty.  I though about running back to the water but was afraid the people down the beach would decide to walk down in my direction to investigate before I recovered my suite.  I figured even I was better of just running across the beach and recovering my bikini in the quickest possible time.  So that’s what I did.  It was only about a hundred yards but it felt like a mile.  Luckily when I reached the jetty my bikini was where I left it.  I pulled it on as quickly as I could still tugging the bottom into place as I headed back to where my bike was.  Once I had my bikini back I felt like I was fully dressed by comparison so my confidence returned and I felt like I was ready for anything.

I decided to leave my bike were it was and start my run from there.  I sat on the curb and pulled my socks and sneakers back on.  After a long drink from my bottle I stood up and pulled my bikini back in place as best I could before heading off.  I carried my water bottle as I went knowing I would need a lot of liquids as I ran in the heat.  There I was running along the sidewalk in nothing but my sneakers and bikini.  Again my top really struggled to keep my breasts contained as they bounced but at least they were staying in. I had to double-check them every couple of seconds because there wasn’t much margin for error.  My bottom actually stayed in place fairly well despite not being made for such strenuous activity.   Several cars honked and a couple of guys yelled wise cracks as they passed but that was about it.

I only had a short run before coming up on the boardwalk.  It wasn’t much of a boardwalk but there were quite a few people out walking, rollerblading and biking despite the heat.  I was sweating pretty good by that point so I was quite a site.

I stopped at a public fountain and filled my bottle again.  I gave my top a big tug and I think I gave this group of guys that were hanging out on one of the benches a pretty good show without even trying because the immediately came over and started to chat.  They asked me why I was working out when it was so hot out.  I was starting to tell them about my triathlon training when I noticed the budges in their pants.  Apparently my sweat soaked body and matted down hair wasn’t detracting to much from their interest.  I guess I wasn’t exactly leaving much to their imagination dressed the way I was.   One complemented me on being in such good shape.  I thanked him and excused myself before it went any further.

I made it to my tuning point and headed back.  It probably wasn’t as far as I had been running because I still felt pretty good.  Normally I’m really dragging by now and the last part of the run is hell.    On the way back I started to fantasize about the story again and how it would feel to be running along here completely naked like the scene in the story. It may have been the heat but I actually thought about just pulling the strings on my back and hips and running down the boardwalk stark naked.  It would be so quick and easy and then it would be done.  I was getting really excited by the thought and started to run even faster despite being exhausted and hot.  I had streaked a couple of time in college and even the last two block home the other week and never got in trouble so I was actually thinking about giving it a try but just then someone on a bike came out from behind a bathhouse and bumped me.  It wasn’t much of a bump but it snapped me out of my fantasy.  I decided to stop and refill my water bottle.  The guy on the bike was more stunned than I was and apologies profusely.  All I know was if he hadn’t seen me before he was making up for it now.   He continued to apologies while scanning me up and down several times. I kept telling him I was alright and eventually I just left him and ran off.

A couple dozen bikini adjustments later I made it back to my bike.   I jumped on it and  headed off toward the bike path again.  I remember thinking if this was all I wore the transitions during the triathlon would be really quick but I’d probably loose more time trying to keep it on.

The bike back was much like the trip out except I was more tied and significantly over heated.  My normally tan skin was looking more sun burnt than tan.  I wanted to stop for a drink at the snack stand but didn’t have any money.  I probably could have gotten someone to buy me something but didn’t want to get into a conversation or anything right then.

I finally made it home and ran to the refrigerator and got a cold drink I then stripped of my soaked bikini grabbed a towel to lay on and stretched out on a chair.  I don’t know how long it was but I just laid there until Sue walked in.

I told her what I did and again she told me how crazy I was.  All in all it really livened up my workout but the heat took the edge off the normal excitement of doing something like that.

Now after telling someone of this outing they dared me to wear my bikini to the gym for a workout. They even want me to do aerobics with a set of Ben Wa Balls inside me.  I told him I wasn’t ready for something like that  but what I did do was bring my bikini with me to the gym and after my workout I changed into it to wear home but that’s another story.

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