

ENF Sports Contest: Winning Streak
by PrinceBuffoon, May 6, 2017, 11:37:57 AM

Literature / Prose / Fiction / Romance / Erotic / Short Stories

Holding the marker pen in my mouth, I tie up my hair, inspecting myself in the mirror. It feels... really strange, dressing like this among a bunch of other girls. I mean, I've practiced of course - practiced both physically, long painful sessions at the track and hours poring over the city map, or scouting out the best routes, but to actually do it... it's something else. I mean, for all those things I wasn't naked.

Popping the cap from the pen, I glance down at the note in my hand. Six. Not nine; I almost made that mistake before I saw the girl with number nine pass me. She's very big-chested, which seems like a disadvantage, the number clearly drawn on each of her breasts. A big, black girl, similarly well-equipped at the back. Shoot - I'll need someone else to do my back, won't I? That alone feels embarrassing; I'm not used to this, not at all.

Concentrating in the mirror not to get it backwards, I put the red pen to my brown bare breast, mercifully small, not prone to bouncing around. Six. It's easier with the other one, now that I've something to copy, though the pen still shakes in my hand. I clear my throat, looking around, a few strands of black hair falling from the bun around my bare shoulders. There's still one more girl in here; she hasn't done the back either. Short. Asian, with a mop of curly hair, sturdily built with wide hips and solid, almost square buttocks. She's stepping out of her panties as I watch and I avert my eyes, not that we won't all see each other naked in some fashion, but it still feels wrong to watch her undress. She notices, seeing me in her mirror.

"Want me to do you?" she asks casually, tossing the panties aside into the little bags they provide us, zipping it up. She's wearing nothing but socks and shoes, not even bothering to tie up her hair. As she turns, I notice her make-up though, and she smiles with ruby-red lips as I blush, giggling slightly. "I don't mean like that. Your number."

"Th- thanks," I manage. "I've never ran before. Professionally, I mean."

She nods. "You'll be alright, if you've studied the routes. Trick is to outsmart the voyeurs. Here," she extends a hand. I give her the pen, and turn back towards the mirror. Her hand on my hip is cold, and I shiver looking at myself again, as she quite unfazed tugs my panties down to reveal my bottom. The pen squeaks against my butt.

"These are water resistant like all hell," she says, "So don't worry about sweating." She moves on to the other cheek, her hand against the small of my back now for stability. The pen squeaks. Then, having finished, she puts the pen aside and yanks down my panties for me.

"Full bush." she notices with a grin, seeing it in the mirror. "Represent."

I haven't looked at hers, but I imagine she's the same, then. I step out of the panties, flexing my toes inside my trainers, the last thing I'm wearing but for the hairband and the socks. I can already feel myself blushing, turn away from the mirror, resisting the urge to cover up. I don't want to seem like the beginner I am. She hands me the pen. "My turn."

I look down. Her number's already across her breasts. 4. She happily gives me a look, sticks out her chest, breasts small and perky like mine, before she turns

around. I bite my lip. This is so strange; I've been preparing for months, but it's nothing like I imagined it would be. I kneel down, draw the number four on one broad, big butt cheek. It's surprisingly firm, almost like a man's. She must work out a lot. Soon the twin "44" glows red from her backside in warm, waterproof red.

"It's easier being in the single digits. Fits better." she says casually, stepping away and kicking her own bag. There are thirteen like it in here, including my own. We're the last to the starter line.

"Good luck, Six." she says with a smirk. Then she does a few hops to warm up, shadowboxes the mirror, and turns to the entrance, jogging out. I've already done my stretching; did most of it while I was dressed. Felt less awkward that way. I jog out after Four, my heart rate already high. I can't believe I'm actually doing this. I could still back out.

The sunlight is almost cold on my flushing-hot skin, but it's strangely bright and I shield my eyes against it. Just a few clouds on the horizon, I shiver despite the heat. The referee is here, fully dressed, the only woman among us who is, holding the starting pistol. She's blond; old. I find myself envying her striped button-down shirt and her figure-hugging pants. My starting place, if course, is between Five and Seven, two white girls, one enormously freckled, the other tall and gangly. I get down on my knees between them, filling the last starting position. The walkie-talkie around the referee's neck crackles and rustles.

"Voyeur Charlie reporting in. I'm in position."

She grabs the walkie-talkie, raises it to her mouth. "Alpha, report. Bravo, report. Charlie, report. Delta, report." Each is followed by a crackling "here". She drops the radio, letting it hang listlessly from her neck again. Almost mechanically, she turns around towards us, thirteen girls waiting, thirteen hearts pounding so loud I can almost hear them.

This is it, then. I'm really doing this. Too late to back out now.

"On your marks."

I can't believe I'm naked, outdoors. Just that thought alone is petrifying me, my heartbeat everywhere - in my throat, my stomach, my groin.

"Get set."

I swallow. Close my eyes. Focus. Remember the map. Avoid being seen. Don't go for the obvious low-populated areas. Shame and excitement mingling inside me. Use this.

"GO!"

Seven jostles me. I stumble aside and she pushes ahead, her long blond ponytail fluttering in the wind. Me and Five almost crash into each other but we make it out without falling, and Seven isn't pacing herself - she's taking off at a sprint. Sprinting at the early race, she's got a good route - or at least she thinks she does. Around me, the group of runners explodes in all directions. I see Four skip off past Seven, ducking into a copse of trees, but Seven goes down the road toward the suburbs, and I follow her. It was my plan too; they'll be mostly empty by this time of day.

My skin feels hot as I dash down the steep asphalt road, out of the secluded woods at the starting line. The little picturesque houses spread out beneath us, and Seven jumps over a metal railing in one move, sliding down an earthy slope towards a back yard. Gutsy move. I grab the railing, swing under it, follow her. She looks

around, probably angry she didn't shake me. In one jump she clears a hedge, flying into someone's back yard, and I follow, praying nobody's home.

Nobody is. Life goes on as usual, the city unaware of our risky competition - but as soon as anyone's spotted, the game becomes a lot more dangerous for all of us. No time to stop. I split off from Seven, cutting across a small street into another yard.

My heart pounds as I slip behind a large bush, drawing a breath. Pace yourself. Sprinting at full speed the entire way is too dangerous - I need to preserve my strength. Don't be seen. Don't be seen.

Ahead of me, Seven bursts out from a yard, she didn't think to take my shortcut. I see her skinny ass go over another railing, heading down a flight of stairs for the empty storm canal. She's still sprinting. I weigh my options for a moment, going over the map in my head. Finally I go for it. Bursting out from the bush, I cross the street and-

A car!

I stop right where I am, leaping back inside the bush before it turns, and my pulse is hammering in my ears as I feel myself blushing, almost choking from surprise - extremely aware of the twigs and leaves all over my sensitive naked skin, touching me, caressing me, tickling me. The car rolls past where I squat under the shade of vegetation, and I don't think anyone saw. Adrenaline surges through me. So close to being spotted, so close to showing off everything to a total stranger... Me, such a good girl, Papa's little athlete. Papa wouldn't like this. I bite my lip as I play with the thought of being caught, being outed. But no. Use this, I tell myself as my pulse hammers, as my breath speeds up. I look around. No cars. No people.

I burst from the bush in a cloud of leaves and twigs, throwing myself over the railing, heading down the stairs - only to see a moped coming through the storm drain, and Seven stopping dead in her tracks, far ahead of me. She's helpless, there's nowhere to hide. She turns, trying to run back, but she can't outrun a moped, and Voyeur Bravo, the B clearly visible on his motorcycle helmet, catches up to her, hefting a camera. Seven shrieks the moped slides around her, covering herself with her hands, one over her breasts, one between her perfect, silky-smooth thighs. She's blushing crimson - caught in the open with nowhere to hide, the moped circling her.

For a moment I'm distracted, hypnotized at the thought of the shame surging through her, shame and anger at herself, probably. "Please!" she cries, but Bravo ignores her. He gets a good shot of her buttocks, and she tries to run but slips in a puddle, coming down on all fours. Getting up she jogs back towards the stairs - back towards me! I turn back up the stairs, dashing towards a lone bicycle path going above the drain, hoping that Bravo will be too distracted by Seven to see me. He chases her all the way back to the stairs, and I sprint as fast as I can, putting them behind me.

The wind rushes all over my tingling, naked body, and I can't shake Seven's encounter from my mind. A video like that will dock her points severely - she's basically out of the race. And her zippered bag stays under lock and key until the whole thing is finished. She'll be nude and embarrassed for a while, and helpless to do anything about it. What if it were me? I can't stop thinking about it, Bravo's cruel camera sticking in my mind.

I slow my pace to a jog; the bicycle path is long, straight, and empty. Bravo will probably come back through the storm drain now, trying to catch those who ran along it, so I can't stay here forever. The sight of a bicycle in the distance turns me

from the path, and I take a right, into the yards of a small apartment building complex. Ugly tarmac underfoot, I'm surrounded by tall, grey buildings, each window an eye gazing down on me. I feel very small.

"Hey lady!" someone shouts, and I jump - it's from the other side of the building. I don't stop to find out if it were addressed to me. Legs pumping, heart racing, I dash over the tarmac and into an open shed, slamming the door behind me. It seems to be a bicycle storage. Everything goes dark, and I lean down on my knees, catching my breath. That was close. Too close.

"Uh. Hey. Who closed the door?"

The room is windowless; it's pitch black. I feel myself go hot and cold all over. Someone is in here, a man, fiddling with a bicycle. Of course. That's why the door was open.

"Open the door again, please? Or at least hit the light."

I say nothing, fumbling for the door handle behind me.

"Hey! This isn't funny!"

I hear him coming towards me - the bicycle rattling - and I fumble to get the door open, I've got to escape now, before-

Click.

The lights come on. I must have somehow hit the switch. Blinking, I stare right into the face of a man about my own age, deep brown eyes, long eyelashes, slick black hair. He gapes, inhaling, and stares at my body - and my painted breasts. I feel myself blushing beetroot red, caught stark-naked so close to him, and he steps backwards, fiddling with a backpack.

"A stalker!" he cries out. "A real pro stalker! There's a championship in town!"

I look behind me, find the handle. I've no intention of stopping to inform him that she's right, that the secret is out. The door slips open, and I force my buckling knees to carry me backwards, out of the room, away before he retrieves the camera in his backpack. At least that's what I guess it is - I don't stop to check, have no intention of giving him the pleasure. There's a street up ahead and I cross it, ducking into an alleyway behind a store of some kind. Behind me, I hear a bell ring. Damn! Why did I have to go and be spotted by a man with a bike, of all things? And judging from his reaction, a fan of the sport. I look around, heart pounding, legs quivering, chest heaving. I'm sweating all over now, feeling like a deer in headlights, as helpless as poor Seven in the storm drain. There has to be a way out - some place to hide - but there isn't, all I see is another alley. I have no choice - I go barging down it, hearing the guy catch up behind me. He's not hefting the camera, but he can see me, his eyes on my flexing butt as I run. Shit shit shit shit.

I'm not far now, I think, the map flashing inside my mind. But I don't know this area, never planned on going here. Just before he catches up, I turn a corner - out across another street, into a park. I turn, take a left past an abandoned toy stand, my pursuer speeding up, his legs pumping fast on the pedals. For a moment I'm out of sight, but it'll be just a moment, and then-

Someone tackles into me, hard. I feel the air knocked out of me, tumbling to the ground, rolling in under long, sweeping cloth. The toy stand. I'm under the tablecloth of the toy stand. A hand on my mouth muffles me. Outside, the bicycle

comes around the corner, then slows down.

"Shit, where'd she go?"

I feel a silent breath against my face. In the darkness, all I see is an outline, but I feel naked skin against mine, a pair of bare thighs straddling me, soft hands pressing down on my body. A heavy, stocky form, petite breasts inches from mine. The mop of curly hair around the silhouette of a head.

Four!

She raises her other hand, making sure I'm calm. Then she leans down, whispering.

"Charlie. Keep quiet."

She removes the hand from my mouth, and we stay like that, pressed together. I feel the hairs of her proud full bush tickle my stomach, her breath silent, her eyes intense, searching. My entire skin feels on fire from shame and excitement, and to be pressed up against Four like this is like nothing I've ever experienced. My pulse is so loud I'm sure the whole park must be able to hear it.

"Hey! You seen something?"

It's another voice, unfamiliar. A woman's, this time. I hear the guy on the bicycle turn, pedal a few more steps.

"Yeah! A stalker. Number six, brown girl, looked kinda Pakistani? Small boobs, very, what's the word- athletic? Hair in a bun."

"Thanks, yeah. I know her. She's new."

"Charlie, right? Can I sign up to volunteer? Man, I've always wanted to be a voyeur!"

Charlie snickers. "Sure, I could use a hand. I know Four and Eleven are around here somewhere too. Finish line's just on the other side from the park. I hoped some of 'em would come through here."

"How's it going? You guys winning?"

"Nobody through to the finish line yet, far as I know. Of course, I'm not allowed to go any closer than this. Enough chit-chat, you wanna help, go check the hedges. I'll be by the pond."

The guy doesn't answer. I'm guessing it's a nod. They leave, Charlie on foot, the guy on his bicycle, pedaling over to... God knows where. I didn't brush up on the park; I was sure the voyeurs would be expecting it, and I was right.

Four bites her lip, her voice still a whisper.

"You're welcome. Dumbass, why'd you go to the park for? I told you to avoid the voyeurs."

"I was chased. You?"

"I had a plan. Doesn't matter. Didn't work out. Gotta improvise. Way I see it, we just have to leg it from here."

I look into her big, brown eyes. Somehow, even in the dark under the table, they

seem to glitter.

"Why are you helping me?"

Four shrugs slightly, her hair bobbing. "Seemed the decent thing to do. You were running right in on Charlie's position. Come on - we just gotta wait for an opportunity."

She lifts the tablecloth, peeks out. She's still straddling me, and my blood feels like it's rushing to my skin, the slightest movement unbearably distracting. Her hairs are tickling my stomach again. I don't know what to do with myself, emotion crashing through me, skin tingling, breath bated, cunt pounding. I want to stay in here with Four, want to do things in the dark with her, just to get an outlet for it all, but we'd be spotted and... and... the thought of being spotted doing things with Four sets me even more on fire. I hold my breath. Cautiously, slowly, I reach out a hand towards those tickling hairs between her legs, wondering if I can sneak a touch, just a brush...

"Now!" she barks, and rolls out from under the cloth. I'm snapped back to reality by her command, roll out behind her, set off at a sprint in whatever direction she's going. I don't even know - my eyes are on Four, her big broad bottom, her bobbing hair, as she dashes across the grass, cutting right past some students on the lawn. I feel their eyes almost physically on me, their gazes burning, and my body's starting to betray me now, but I keep going, keep following Four. Across to my right, I hear a shriek.

It's Nine. The big busty black girl rushing into the pond to escape from Charlie, her arms clutching her jiggling breasts, her long legs shooting out as she jumps into the water, helpless to escape the camera in Charlie's hand. I see a big splash, and realize the poor girl is now naked and soaking wet, still without any escape route. There's nothing to hide behind anywhere near her.

Four steps up on a bench and clears the hedge around the park in a single leap. I follow suit, coming down on the pavement on the other side - we're almost there. Now just the hardest part remains. Four dashes headlong across the quiet street and into the big double doors of the last remaining challenge - the finishing stretch.

The mall.

A handful of surprised shoppers step out of the way at the sight of us, and I blush hard, feeling like they can see my excitement, feeling like I'm brazenly, visibly turned on, but of course they only catch us for a handful of seconds. I speed up on Four, gaining on her, my legs are longer, I can sprint a lot faster. We turn a corner past the big central fountain. A security guard steps aside, informed of the contest, one of the few they let in on it.

Down a shopping lane to the left another sprinting girl. Slender, long-haired, olive skin shining with sweat, her long black hair trailing free behind her. The number 2 on each of her breasts. She comes up fast, dodging an older couple, pushing up ahead of us. No - no, I won't let her beat me, not after all this! The fire in my skin, the hammer in my heart, they turn somehow to iron in my legs, and I push forward, leaving Four in the dust. I can see the finish line. The clothes store. Two doesn't look back at me - she just picks it up, dodging her way through the crowd, and I don't have the energy to feel embarrassed right now, push it away even as the eyes of the shoppers burn on my skin. Use this, I tell myself. Use this.

I'm gaining on her. The finish line is just meters away now. She jumps, twisting through the air, and I do the same - three long leaps -

We cross the doors at almost the exact same time, crashing into each other in the air, helpless to stop, stumbling into a stand of dresses. Fumbling as we come down, I feel cloth and woman and floor all around me, my leg around hers, my hand desperately grasping for something to wear. Crudely, I tug down a dress. I roll away from Two, pulling on the garment as quickly as I can, in full view of the gaping crowd outside. It's wine red, short, barely covers me, but it's infinitely better than what I wore coming in.

Sudden shame hits me like a hammer as the knowledge of what I've done sets in. I feel my skin on fire, feel my heart racing and blood rushing, feel helpless, as helpless as poor Seven, but it's over now. I'm at the goal. My whole body burns and pound and screams and I've never felt so alive.

Two is calmer, pulling on her dress, and I see Four come in behind us, not crashing like we did, stopping before the dresses, her cheeks crimson, the blush having spread all the way to her breasts. She doesn't waste a moment in snagging something for herself, pulling it on, and then she grabs my hand, tugging me further into the store, away from the crowd's prying eyes. I follow her like a puppy.

"How was it?" she asks. "Not bad, getting second place."

I can't answer. My heart is in my throat, and my mind is racing. How many people saw me? Were there any pictures? I can't believe I did it, I can't believe I'm dressed again, and something inside me objects to it, wants to pull the dress clean off, but I resist. The shame is like a drug.

"Streaker's high?" Four asks gently. "Yeah, I've been there. You stole my silver medal, you ass."

"Sorry." I manage.

"My own damn fault for saving you. If not for me, Charlie would be critiquing your pussy hair by now, you know that right?"

I nodded.

"Well," Four grins. "Congratulations on the medal. You can pay me back later."

Her hand comes down on my bottom, goes up under the dress, thumbing my starting number.

"I can think of a few ways."

I blush, biting my lip, surging with pleasure all over. I'm done, I reflect, I don't have to use this for anything.

So I might as well indulge.