**Carrie Makes Waves**

As her board rose atop the mounting crest of the wave, Carrie felt the surge of adrenaline that matched the rising of her body as she popped up.

The muscles in her legs clenched, tightening as she felt her weight atop the surfboard. Her arms stretched, finding the perfect balance. Her entire body, barely clad by a skimpy yellow bikini, became taut with the effort of riding the wave.

And then the spell of the moment broke. As she rode the wave toward the shore, she caught sight of a suited figure, shoes clutched in his right hand, staring out at her.

Carrie couldn't see for sure from this far out, but she knew he was frowning.

That's when she lost it. Her body pitched forward into the crashing surf and she found herself floundering with a lungful of the Pacific Ocean.

Spluttering, Carrie rose from the surf, careful not to bash her head on her wayward surfboard. She had a strange feeling that something weird (like a jellyfish) was clutching at her neck, and as the top half of her body broke free of the seawater, Carrie was horrified to realise her bikini top had come lose and bared her perky breasts for everyone on the beach to see.

Blushing furiously, Carrie fought to re-tie the recalcitrant swimsuit. The little act of exposure did nothing to endear her in the eyes of her scowling friend, who just happened to be her boyfriend Marcus.

Lugging her board behind her, Carrie made her way back up onto dry land.

"You were supposed to meet me an hour ago," Marcus growled. "We're having dinner with the Eaglestones tonight."

"Sorry," Carrie mumbled. She still hadn't succeeded in getting her bikini top back together, and in desperation she'd resorted to wrapping her arms around her chest to keep her perk boobs covered.

"Hey Carrie," a more friendly voice called out. "Some nice moves out there today. Shame about that last wipeout, tho."

It was Connor, her "surf guru". As he walked up to her and stood next to Marcus, she couldn't've had two more different guys in her life. Marcus, in jacket and tie, clutching his Italian leather shoes in his hand, and Connor, bare-chested in board shorts and sporting a scruffy goatee.

"You've got to get that balance just right. Not just stance, it's the whole internal mindset thing. Once you've got that, you can really ride a wave."

Carrie smiled at him, feeling wonderfully girlish in front of her mentor.

"Come on." With his free hand Marcus grabbed Carrie by the wrist and dragged her along behind him.

They drove home in silence. Marcus was trying to ignore the fact that Carrie was getting sand inside his beloved Volvo. Although she had pulled a t-shirt over her chest, Carrie has was still naked but for her bikini bottoms, and her bare ass was sticking to the leather upholstery.

"It's all very well having a hobby," Marcus at last broke the silence, "but as my girlfriend you've got responsibilities. I shouldn't have to go chasing after you like this."

"I said I'm sorry," Carrie grumped. Sometimes she wondered why she was still with such an uptight asshole like Marcus. But Marcus was a fantastic lover, no man had ever ridden her in bed like he did, and it didn't hurt that Marcus worked for an L.A. brokerage firm and was very, very rich.

"One day we'll be married," (Marcus had already planned their eventual marriage without bothering to ask Carrie about the matter), "and this surfing thing will have to be put aside." He patted her naked thigh affectionately.

Carrie didn't reply. She just stared out of the car window at the receding deep blue sea.

That night Carrie laid awake in bed. Marcus, next to her, snored softly, but that wasn't what was keeping her awake.

She slipped out of bed and into the bathroom. Maybe Marcus was right. Maybe surfing was something that she'd grow out of. If they married, she wouldn't need a job - Marcus wouldn't want her to work.   
Carrie stared at herself glumly in the mirror, then shucked off the UCLA t-shirt that served as her nightie. She was a good looking woman, slim, lithe figure, perky breasts and nipples that always seemed erect. Years of surfing had given her a deep, rich tan that Carrie had managed to even out a little with sunbed sessions, so her boobs weren't saddled with an embarrassing band of white flesh. She kept her pubic hair trimmed to a light patch, not wanting it too thick but at the same time, Carrie didn't want to see her pussy completely bald.

Her mind wandered back to that afternoon, to the moment she had burst free of the surf and found herself half-naked in front of her disapproving boyfriend, her not-so disapproving surf coach, and a bunch of other strangers. Of course, Carrie had seen other girls on the beach meet a similar fate (boogie-boarding with a bikini top was a recipe for cheap thrills), and had always winced in sympathy for the unsuspecting flasher.

But now that she had done it herself, it felt kinda... nice.

Marcus left early the next morning, barely slurping down his coffee and kissing Carrie on the cheek. "Remember, Roger has has invited us to the Club this weekend. Buy yourself something nice to wear. You look gorgeous in red, but nothing too revealing, this is a conservative crowd."

Carrie mouthed a reply. But she had no intention of shopping on a gloriously sunny Californian day like this...

She was at the beach by 10. Conner was there already, he had a beach house over-looking the sea. He greeted her with a friendly shaka-wave, which Carrie returned with a grin. She was feeling good. The sun, the sand, the surf... no, Carrie was feeling better than good. She was feeling frisky.

Today she was wearing a cut-off white t-shirt that left her entire mid-riff bare, and did little to hide her pointy nipples, while her nether regions were not-so demurely clad in a pair of side-tie yellow bikini bottoms that were definitely not meant for surfing in.

Wading out into the water, Carrie straddled her board and snapped the leash to her bare ankle. She was suddenly aware of her bikini bottoms riding up the crack of her ass, and as she lent forward to paddle out, Carrie had the most delicious feeling of her firm backside being exposed to the beach.

Carrie maneuvered herself into a good drop-in position. She felt the ocean beneath her begin to roll, the swelling of a great beast. She matched the rhythm of her breathing to the rhythm of the sea. She found her wave, felt that familiar rush as it picked her and and lifted her forward, and Carrie felt her pulse rising as she popped up onto her board.

She was perched up hide, riding the pocket well forward. Carrie was exhilarated, enjoying the sensation of being propelled forward by the force of the rolling water. She shifted her weight, effortlessly performing a series of sharp carves.

The zig-zag motion caused her body to tremble, and as Carrie rode the wave, she could feel something happening to her perilously-tied bikini bottoms. They were slipping off!

Just then, something odd happened in Carrie's mind, something that had never happened before in all her years of surfing. She simultaneously felt that unbridled joy of the soul that all surfers crave, and something else, a shiver of naughty pleasure as slowly her body unwillingly divested itself of the modest scrap of clothing covering her most private of parts.

She she rapidly approached the beach, Carrie's bikini bottoms slid free, baring her pussy to the world. At that moment, the wave broke, and Carrie pitched forward into the sea. She emerged from the water, the bottom half of her body completely naked, with her wayward bikini-bottoms entangled around the surfboard lanyard.

Carrie tried to play it cool, acting as if she was naked on the beach all the time. There weren't too many people around, but she made an attempt to cover her crotch.

"A variation on yesterday's technique," Connor laughed. "This time less bare-boobed, more bare-assed."

Carrie smirked. His reference to her boobs made her aware of how her little crop t-shirt reacted to the water, making her dark nipples stand out through the paper-thin material.

"It was an accident," she replied. And it was true, she didn't intend to lose her bikini bottoms. Casually, she knelt down and retrieved the sodden mess of her briefs.

"Maybe you should just lose them altogether," Connor suggested.

Carrie's head snapped up in surprise. "Really?"

He shrugged. "Sure."

Carrie glanced up and down the shoreline. She didn't see any cops, or surf lifesavers, but there were a few people, some of who seemed to be staring in her direction.

"You don't think anyone will complain? It is kinda illegal."

"Nah," Connor replied. "No one will care."

Oh they'll care, alright, thought Carrie. They'd enjoy the sight of some half-naked cutie riding the waves.

She thought about it a moment before replying, "OK." She handed her bikini bottoms to Conner who stuffed them in his pocket.

Once again, Carrie mounted her board and paddled out. This time it was different, though. This time her butt really was bare and exposed for all to see. But as she paddled out to where the waves formed, Carrie felt a thrill greater than that she always felt when surfing. Time and time again that day she rode the waves, feeling a peculiar sensation of arousal as surfed naked from the waist (and not too well covered from the waist up). Carrie had never bared her pussy in public before, but the fact that she was doing it while surfing made it feel so good.

Eventually, losing track of time, Carrie headed in, striding confidently out of the water in her bare-assed state to where Connor had been assessing her moves. As she stood before him, he made no attempt to return her bikini bottoms, and Carrie made no attempt to get them back.

"Nice technique. Yknow, I honestly think you surf better with fewer clothes."

"Yeah," Carrie nodded, "I think you're right. I just... enjoy it more."

"You should enter the Classic this weekend, it's not too late to register."

"No, I mean I'm not that good a surfer. Besides I have this thing this weekend..."

"CARRIE!"

Her head snapped round. There, standing gingerly in the sand with his eyes popping out, was Marcus.

"What the hell is going on? Why are you naked?"

His yelling attracted more attention than Carrie's casual surfing had, and now everyone on the beach was aware of the nude surfer chick.

"I just lost my bikini bottoms, that's all," Carrie sheepishly replied. "Connor was nice enough to hold on to them for me."

He reached into his pocket and produced the scrap of cloth, which Carrie retrieved and began to tie around her bare body.

"Oh, great, yeah. Just tie your bikini bottoms back on on the middle of the FREAKING BEACH!!!" Marcus was practically screaming with rage. Carrie blushed. Connor stared distantly out to sea.

"Get in the car," Marcus snarled. Glumly, Carrie obeyed. His face was red. Jeeze, Carrie thought. What's his problem? I was the one naked in public, not him.

Marcus was so angry he didn't say another word to her for the rest of the day. They ate dinner, went to bed, all in complete silence.

The next morning Marcus muttered "goodbye," as he left for work, but nothing else. Carrie went online and registered for the Surf Classic.

"Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls to the 12th Annual Little Sur Classic!"

The grating metallic cry of the tannoy brought a wave of applause from the people on the beach, but all it did to Carrie was give her butterflies.

She'd slipped out early that morning, grabbing her board and sneaking out of the apartment before Marcus had even woken up.

Carrie'd already checked in and had been assigned a number and place in the line-up (far down the order, unfortunately). She didn't recognise the name of the girl she'd be competing with.

As the day grew on, and Carrie watched the other competitors, she began to get nervous. No way was she as good as them! Even though the Little Sur Classic was strictly for amateurs only, Carrie had the sinking feeling that out there on the waves, she was going to look even more amateur.

Sitting on the veranda of Conner's beach house watching the start of the women's heats, Carrie was so gloomy that her normally laid-back friend could tell what was going on.

"Yknow, there is a way you can surf better. You've discovered that over the past few days."

Carrie gaped in him in shock. "You mean... ? Look, surfing nude on weekdays is one thing, doing it here, in the middle of the Classic..."

"Surfing's about catching a high, about experiencing the ultimate thrill. You've gotten pretty damn close to that, now this is your chance to really hit that high note and show everyone just how good a surfer you are."

"I'll be showing them alot more than just my surfing skills," Carrie replied.

"It's not about them, it's about you, doing what makes you feel good. If they enjoy the show, well good for them. If they've got a problem with a beautiful naked babe ridin' the waves, then they should get off the beach, strap on a tie and go back to the city."

Carrie nodded. Conner was right. The Classic was about being the best surfer you could be, and the only way that Carrie could do that was to shed her clothes along with her inhibitions.

It would soon be time. Carrie stood up from her deck chair and disappeared into the beach house. She reappeared wearing a very skimpy Antonio Barudi blue bikini. The bottoms were little more than a g-string, side-ties, that not only failed to cover her ass, didn't do a great job of covering her pussy, while the top was a slim bandeau that stretched across her chest and tied precariously between her shoulder blades.

"OK," she breathed. "I'm ready."

Conner grinned.

As her name was called, Carrie sauntered her way down the beach. Carrying her board concealed most of her body, and it wasn't until she reached the edge of the sea and dropped her surfboard that the audience got a good look at her body.

Carrie could feel the murmur of appreciation ripple through the crowd of on-lookers. Her competitor, a tall, dark-haired girl in boardshorts and t-shirt, gave her a nasty look. Carrie just smiled, and couldn't resist giving them a teasing pose. Soon, they would be getting an even better look at her body.

She cruised out into the sea, again aware of her nearly-bare backside being exposed, this time to a considerably larger audience. The beach was packed, rows upon rows of men and women, some crowded under umbrellas, others baking in the sun. As with any beach there were plenty of sunbunnies stretched out in the sand, but none of them were wearing a bikini as skimpy as Carrie.

The surf was good, rising from 2-foot to 5-foot. Carrie could feel the excitement growing inside her. She was aware of her nubile body, barely covered by her swimsuit. The beach receded from view, and the gorgeous young surfer felt her cares evaporating. The sun, the sea, the wind, caressed her naked skin.

Carrie picked her wave. The swell rose beneath her, the Pacific Ocean rearing up beneath her. Carrie popped up, feeling the ties on her bikini bottoms bounce against her hips, kneeling on her board and it began to slide forward.

Instantly, Carrie knew there was something special about this wave. It wasn't just that it was big, a massive 6-foot fall of blue-green liquid glass that rose up behind her. It was almost as if this massive beast was playing with her, time slowing to let her bend the elements to her will.

The lip of the wave bent forward, Carrie felt the sun wink out, and she was rocketing across the surf as a near-perfect tube formed around her. She ended her run with an elegant flick that brought her rushing out of the barrel. Suddenly, Carrie found herself staring the beach, the entire crowd on their feet cheering her as she glided toward them. But her giant wave wasn't finished with her, and Carrie glanced over her shoulder as the monster pounded down on her, engulfing her in a fury of white foam.

For several moments Carrie was floundering in space, arms and legs floundering. She was suspended in nothing, the ocean grappling at her body. Then the water rushed over, and Carrie burst forth. Only, somewhere in the wipeout she'd lost something.

For a moment, Carrie was totally unaware of what has happened. And then she realised: her bikini had been ripped from her body. Both top and bottom were gone, and Carrie was standing completely naked before the entire Little Sur Surf Classic audience.

All she go do was stare. It kinda occurred to her she should try and recover her suit, but it was long gone.

The crowd surged forward, still cheering. Carrie wondering if they were cheering her nudity or the amazing tube ride she'd just pulled off.

A couple of the Classic security staff rushed forward, grabbed her by the arms, and hustled the naked beauty along.

Marcus was in his element, enfolded within the warm bosom of the serene luxury that was the Bracklewood Country Club, listening to the sonorously droning voice of Roger Eaglestone as he explained the benefits the club members enjoyed.

His wife, the elegant matron Martha Eaglestone gliding toward them. "Such a shame your fiancee couldn't join us today," she beamed.

"No," Marcus replied, with practiced patience. "A family emergency came up."

A waiter hovered. Marcus waved his fingers and the flunky silently bowed and vanished.

"This is our grandson, Jeremy."

Marcus eyed up the surly teenager, glaring out from behind the flop of dark hair that hung over his forehead.

"Hello Jeremy," Marcus said politely. The boy grunted and turned his back.

"Walk with me," Roger Eaglestone commanded. Marcus fell in behind. The waiter reappeared and a high-ball materialised in Marcus's waiting hand.

"You're bringing a substantial amount of business into the firm, my boy. Keep it up and I'll see to it you get club membership."

Marcus smiled.

A shout and a roar of cheering caught their attention. In one of the side rooms some of the younger (and less enthusiastic) club members such as Jeremy had snuck off to watch TV, specifically the live coverage of that afternoon's Little Sur Surf Classic.

The boys were cheering as a gorgeous young surfbunny with a slightly befuddled look on her pretty face walked bare-naked out of the surf.

Marcus spluttered on his cocktail.

"Really," muttered Martha Eaglestone with a sour expression. "Can you even show that on television?"

It was such an exhilarating blur that Carrie barely knew what she was doing. She was surrounded by people, cameras were flashing, and she could swear that a few hands her even reached out to pat her ass and squeeze her boobs. The security detail were used to the big name surfers being mobbed, but this was a little new to them.

All Carrie did was smile and try and take it all in.

Next she knew, a TV camera was pointed at her direction and presenter Jodie Locke thrust a stick-mike toward her bare chest.

"We're going to try and shoot you from the neck up," Jodie laughed, "but the cameraman's enjoying the view just a little too much."

Carrie laughed too. She reached up and flicked her sodden hair from her face.

"Carrie, tell us how long you've been surfing nude?"

"Uh, I surf nude?" she stammered.

"Well, I guess you do now," Jodie quipped. "That was an amazing 3-second tube ride, a first for the amateur Classic. And you were pretty much naked in that bikini. Do you think that helped your technique?"

Like struggling in the breakers, Carrie began to find her feet. "Well, I guess the fewer clothes I wear, the better I surf. I certainly feel more comfortable."

"And the view's alot better! Was the bikini-loss on that wipeout planned or unplanned?"

That was a good question. Carrie didn't entirely expect to be stripped in public (and on TV!), but then again when you wear a skimpy bikini to go surfing, what else can you expect?

"Ah, planned, I guess..." Carrie answered with a sheepishly smile.

"And there you have it, guys, a very memorable moment here at the 12th Annual Little Sur Surfing Classic: the gorgeous nude surfing chick who can actually surf."

The interview over, Carrie turned to leave. Somewhere in the crowd was Conner. She almost stumbled into a 13-year old boy who was staring at her with absolute awe.

"Can I have your autograph?" he breathed, clutching a black marker and a Hurley cap.

Carrie smiled. It was such a surreal moment, first being interviewed on TV nude, and now being asked for her autograph by a teenage boy who'd probably never been this close to a naked woman before. She scrawled her signature and was hustled away.

"I don't believe it," she shook her head in disbelief. "I... I don't know what to say."

Carrie was sitting in the living room of Conner's beach house. It was late in the day, the sun was beginning to dip across the great blue arc of the Pacific Ocean. She was still naked, although there was now a towel draped across her shoulders.

"You did great," Conner laughed. "I've never seen you surf as well before. And it didn't hurt that you looked hot doing it."

"I was completely nude on TV... and no-one seemed to care."

"I wouldn't say they didn't care."

Carrie flashed her big blue eyes at her mentor. "That's not what I mean."

There came a knocking at the door. Thumping, in fact. Carrie started, afraid it was the police come to arrest her for public exposure. But, when Conner answered it, it was just a guy in a suit. He settled his beaming gaze upon the young beach bunny.

"Dick Oberstreet, Magna Public Relations." He stretched out a well-manicured hand toward Carrie. A little in awe (and forgetting she was still naked), Carrie stood up and accepted the handshake. Her handsome guest took the opportunity to cast his eyes across Carrie's perfect, well-tanned body.

"That was quite a show you put on out there," Oberstreet grinned.

"Quite a show you're putting on now," Conner added. Carrie blushed, and studiously fought to keep her hands at her sides.

"Magna would be very interested in taking you on as client, to help you in your professional surfer career."

"Oh, I'm not a professional surfer," Carrie shook her head.

"Then let Magna help you become one. Miss, you're the best thing to hit surfing since the word 'gnarly'. You're good, you look hot, and you're happy to show it off."

Could she do it, Carrie asked herself. Could she become a pro surfer? Or rather, a pro naked surfer?

"I'll think about it," she replied. Mr. Oberstreet handed her a card. "Don't take too long. You're real hot right now, so it's a good time to launch your career. Don't wait too long, or tomorrow no-one will remember your name."

As he left, Carrie sighed. "Conner, do you mind if I crash here tonight? I really don't feel like going back to Marcus."

"Hey, me casa, eh? You take the bed, I'll sleep on the couch."

Carrie spent another sleepless night, listless in Conner's bed. What did she want to do? Did she want to go back to Marcus, apologise and live the life he wanted her to live? Or would she be follow her heart, naked and carefree upon the foaming crests of the waves?

Carrie was modestly dressed in a pair of white shorts and a t-shirt when she entered the offices of Magna PR, but still the cute secretary flashed her a warm grin of recognition.

"I caught your little show on TV the other day. You were awesome!"

"Thank-you," Carrie blushed. She'd expected interest from men, but not other women.

"I wish I had the courage to show off like that," the girl said with a melancholy smile.

Dick Oberstreet burst out of the conference room. "Carrie, my dear! So glad you decided to meet with me!"

The handsome man threw his arms around her and hugged her close. Carrie returned the "friendly" embrace, trying to ignore his hands patting her shapely behind.

"Come into my office! Suzy, hold my calls."

The door slammed shut behind them, and Carrie was alone behind closed doors with the somewhat lecherous PR man.

"So?" Dick beamed. "You're going to join our little family?"

"I want you to know," Carrie began, "that I'm not really some kind of exhibitionist. I'm not always taking my clothes off in public."

"I know! It's part of your charm. Slightly shy, a little coy, that's our Carrie."

"And I'm a surfer first and foremost."

"Of course. You're an athlete, not a stripper. But an athlete with a great body and a willingness to show off her form."

A contract and a gold-plated pen hovered in front of Carrie, tempting her with a new life of fame, surfing, and public nudity.

Carrie steeled herself. She bit her lip. It wasn't too late. Marcus would take her back, everything would be forgiven. Like Dick had said yesterday, her naked surfing would soon be forgotten, and the public's attention would fasten onto someone else: a topless weathergirl, or a reporter who enters a wet t-shirt contest, or an actress who follows up an Oscar-win with some titty-flick.

On the other hand, Carrie saw a very different life. Being her own person and doing what she loved. A life in the sun. Of fame and possibly fortune. A life of very little clothing.

She took the pen and scribbled her signature.

"Ata girl! I knew you'd come around."

"You did?" Carrie asked. She hadn't even been sure herself until a moment ago.

Dick nodded. "I was so sure I went ahead and set up your first Press conference." He marched across to the other side of his room, and threw open the doors the conference room. Carrie gasped in surprise, on the other side was a room full of people.

"Come along, my dear! Your new audience awaits."

Carrie was swept along by his wave of unflagging enthusiasm. Every man and woman rose to greet her with a hubbub of excitement and clapping. Flash-bulbs popped, a couple of TV cameras eagerly panned toward her. Carrie smiled nervously at her new-found admirers, as Dick escorted her toward a rather cheesy beach set, complete with plastic palm-trees, blue-sky backdrop, and a cheap longboard Carrie would never be seen dead using.

Jodie Locke was there again, with her ever-present stick mike, camera man, and unbearably pleasant smile.

"Ladies and gentleman," Dick called over the noise of her reception, "Magna Public Relations is proud to present our newest client, the winner of yesterday's Little Sur Surf Classic women's division, the one and only, Miss Carrie."

Everyone was on their feet, cheering, applauding. It was all Carrie could do but stare back at them, smiling stupidly.

"Carrie is going to redefine women's surfing, as she throws her hat - and few other items of clothing - into the ring of the pro surfing circuit."

Dick's joke was met by a wave of laughter, and no-one was laughing more than Carrie, although in her case it was more to do with nervousness than the actual quality of the humour.

Jodie stepped forward, brandishing her mike like a dildo. It might've been Carrie's imagination, but the TV babe seemed to be showing alot more cleavage today than she was yesterday on the beach. Maybe Carrie had inspired her network bosses into getting their female talent to show a little more skin themselves?

"Carrie, since your amazing performance yesterday, we've been swamped by calls from excited viewers who want to know more about you, who you are, where you came from."

"Well, Jodie, there's not too much to tell. I'm a local girl, born and bred in California, grew up with the sand and the sea on Little Sur."

"You've sure got our male viewers hot under the collar. Some guys can't resist a surfbunny, especially when she's naked. So, is there a special guy in your life right now?"

Carrie gave a slight smirk. "I guess not, Jodie."

She turned back to the camera and gave a salacious wink. "There you have it guys, she's single and very much available. Well, Carrie before we continue this interview, I can't help but notice you're not dressed in your trademark surfing attire. Perhaps you'd like to treat us all to the full Carrie experience?"

Carrie gaped at the gorgeous TV presenter. "Huh?"

"We'd like to see you strip, honey. You're Carrie the nude surf babe, after all. Why, I bet even some of our viewers don't even recognise you with your clothes on." Jodie punctuated this with a salacious wink.

Another ripple of laughter splattered across the room. This time, Carrie's only laugh really was flustered.

"You - you - you want me to take my clothes off, here, on this stage, right now?"

Wide-eyed, she threw a glance over at Dick, who nodded eagerly back. He was as anxious to see Carrie nude as everyone else in the room. "Come on, Carrie. Your fans are waiting."

The room descended into awkward silence. Although it was only awkward for Carrie, everyone else was waiting with bated breath, staring at her.

Carrie grasped the bottom of her t-shirt and slowly began to raise it up and over her head. As the shirt rose up revealing her bare torso and breasts clad in a lacy little bra, a rustle of excitement ripple through the room. Carrie's heart was pounding in her rib cage. Beneath her tan she was blushing.

Somehow, her shirt got stuck over her head, and her a moment she was left, in her bra, thrashing around.

"Here, let me help you," Jodie said cheerfully. She grasped Carrie's shirt and yanked it up and over her head, tossing it somewhere to the back of their cheap beach set.

Wide-eyed Carrie smiled as the cameras flashed. She didn't quite know what to do with her arms, and it never occurred to her to try and cover her chest. But, obviously, she wasn't done yet.

"Come, one, darling," Jodie encouraged her. "You're still pretty decent."

They laughed, and Carrie laughed as well, as she began to tug her shorts down. Jodie was obviously dissatisfied by the pace of her strip, and so the busty brunette sports-reported leaned forward and again helped her out by hauling her pants down her her ankles.

"I like a good tease as much as anymore, but Carrie, sweetie, I gotta cut this thing together for the late news and they're only gonna give me a 2 minute slug," Jodie whispered as she helped the surfbunny out of her shorts.

Next was the bra. Carrie tried to look confident and sexy and she faced the crowd with her hands fumbling behind her back for the clasp. Jodie's fingers found it easily and it snapped off, sliding down Carrie's arms and revealing her pert breasts to the collective gasp of her audience. Jodie's keen reporter's eye noted that Carrie's nipples were erect.

"Either it's waaay too cold in here, or our little surfbunny really enjoys strutting her stuff for the fans."

She playfully tugged on Carrie's teat, eliciting an adorable squeal of surprise, but to her credit she made no attempt to cover her boobs from Jodie's frisky assaults, while the cameras snapped all the action.

There was only one thing left now - Carrie's panties. She hadn't been expecting to make her public debut, and so her choice of underwear had been pretty much limited to whatever Connor could rustle up on short notice. In this case, it had been a set of Kmart white cotton briefs: functional, but when on display like this, as sexy as hell.

Carrie was amazed that now that she was wearing much fewer clothes, everyone was crowding even closer to her. She could've sworn that when she came in, everyone was sitting much further away from the stage that where they were now. And Jodie Locke was standing so close to her, she was practically pushing her fully clothed body against Carrie's near-nude. And Dick Oberstreet, standing behind her on the other side, seemed to have firmly planted his hand on her ass cheek and had no intention of removing it.

And the cameras! The TV camera leering at her from over Jodie's shoulder, and the dozens of still cameras all the people in the audience had. Carrie had never posed nude before, but she was sure making up for lost time today.

"Just the panties left now," Jodie announced to the gathered crowd. As if to emphasise the point, she slipped the tip of her index finger into Carrie's waistband, and snapped it back with a crack against Carrie's bottom.

Carrie wriggled her butt. Slowly, the panties slid down. The rear slid down first, Carrie being reluctant to flash her pussy straight off. She paused for a moment, panties at half-mast, the tops of her perfect ass cheeks and crack mooning the back of the stupid set. But with everyone staring at her, expectantly, there wasn't too much delaying she could do.

Jodie realised Carrie was playing for time and giving a show only their cheap dressing could enjoy. She craned her neck behind Carrie and let out a low whistle. "Only a half-moon out tonight folks, how about we give Carrie a little encouragement and maybe we'll get to see her in all her glory?"

The reporter started off a low chant, "Off! Off! Off!", which the grinning Dick Oberstreet quickly picked up. It spread quickly to the audience, and rose in pitch till everyone was yelling, "Off! Off! Off! Off!"

Carrie blinked. Were all press conferences like this?

If she was reluctant to pull her panties off, Jodie had no such problems, and she rolled the palm of her hand down Carrie's thigh, tugging her underwear down at the same time. Before she knew, Carrie was now naked except for her sneakers, and a deep blush that covered her entire body.

A sigh of happiness went up from her adoring crowd. As foggy as Carrie's mind was with the odd mixture of sexual excitement and extreme embarrassment, she had the presence of mind to be relieved she had trimmed her bush the other day, leaving her with just enough pubic hair of cover her pussy lips.

As the cameras snapped, Jodie and Dick Oberstreet both leaned in close, wrapping an arm around Carrie's naked waist, and grinning in the many, many pictures that would doubtless grace many of tomorrow's papers.

"Stick with us, sweetheart," Jodie whispered, "and you'll be a star for sure."

Carrie smiled nervously. She had a feeling that stripping nude for a bunch of photographers was only the beginning of her pro surfing career!

END