# Charity Day

Donna was already sitting in the hallway, chatting with the other third floor girls, when Crysta came back from her last class.  "I'm so glad to see you," she said, addressing all the girls, but she was especially glad to see Donna.  This semester, the girls didn't share any classes, so they didn't have as much time to share together.

Donna stood up to greet her sexy roommate, and they kissed.  She tasted sweet.  "I'm glad to see you, too," said Donna, stroking Crysta's blonde hair.  Crysta rubbed Donna's back beneath her t-shirt, making Donna melt into her girlfriend's chest and purr.

"What's this?" asked Crysta, snapping the waistband of Donna's panties.  "I thought you gave up wearing panties!" she said as she took off her dress.

Donna blushed, and followed Crysta into their room.  She watched Crysta fold her dress -- it was really just a t-shirt, but she used it as a dress -- and bend over to put it away in her dresser.  "I was just practicing," Donna said, finally.

Crysta was done changing, and returned to the hallway.  Although all the other girls wore at least some clothing, they took Crysta's nudity in stride, and just asked her about her day.  But all Crysta could think about were Donna's panties.  "Why is Donna wearing panties?" she asked to no one in particular?

"Will you leave the poor girl alone?"  It was Judy.  There was a momentary stunned silence, then everyone laughed, because Judy rarely spoke up.  Judy laughed too, and then laughed again at the way her little tits jiggled under her half-shirt.  Then she snorted, and laughed again.

When the girls were done laughing, Karen stood over Judy, and gave the order: "Hand it over!"

"What?" said Judy, folding her arms over her little chest.

"We had a bet that you wouldn't snort, remember?"  Judy blanched.  Oh, she remembered alright.  "Did you hear Judy snort?"

The other girls joined in a chorus.  "Hand it over, hand it over"

"Hand what over?" Donna whispered to Crysta, but Judy heard her.

"I have to hand over my skirt, and then go bottomless with everyone to the ice cream store."

Donna stroked Judy's soft, smooth thighs, and told her it would be OK.  As Judy seemed to distraught, Donna helped her out of her skirt, and handed it to Karen.  "Listen," she said.  "I'll take off my top, so you won't be the only girl showing some skin, OK."  With one fluid motion, Donna threw off her top.  Judy half-cried half-laughed at the sight of Donna's cute little boobs flopping out.

"Thank you," said Judy, kneeling astride Donna's legs.  She kissed Donna deeply, and kneaded Donna's bare back, so intense was her kiss.  For her part, Donna stroked Judy's bare bottom, and shared in her slippery joy.

"Shall we go?" Crysta asked, standing up.  There was a murmur of agreement as the girls all stood up and adjusted what little clothing they had on.  On a dare, Crysta would have remained naked, but to be honest, she preferred to wear at least some clothing, even though it was a warm night.  She ducked into her room, and put on a baby-doll dress that was long enough to cover her, but still sheer enough for her to feel sexy.

The girls were all gorgeous, each one prettier than the next.  Donna's breasts were the perfect size, and she was rightly proud of them.  Crysta was dressed perfectly in her sheer pink baby-doll dress, the hem of which came to a point exactly half-way down her butt crack, which was a perfect balance of decency and sexiness for the buxom beauty.  Linda wore a man-tailored shirt, unbuttoned to the waist, and Mary wore a wife-beater that she had to keep stretching over her butt because it rode up as she walked.  Judy was feeling the most vulnerable, wearing only a half-shirt, and though she took some comfort in her friends' semi-nudity, she still tried to stay in the middle of the pack so passers by wouldn't see her naked bottom.

"Judy's predicament reminds me what happened to me when I was in High School," said Mary.  "It was Charity Day, and all the kids had to bring in something to auction off, and then we all bid our parents' money on these things.  Some of us decided at the last minute to auction off our clothes.  I don't know how we got the principle to agree to it, but he gave us the go-ahead, as long as we promised we would remain decent."

"Did he define decent?"

"No," Mary laughed, "and that was a big part of the problem.  One of the braver girls got the bidding started with her bra.  She sold it for five dollars.  Another girl sold her blue jeans for 25 dollars."

"Did she have any panties under her jeans?"

"Yes, but she sold them, too, for another 25 dollars."

"Was she still decent, then?"

"Yeah, she was, because she was wearing one of those long tops with the frilly skirt, which more or less kept her covered.  Then it was my turn" Mary gulped, reliving the moment.  "All I had on was a miniskirt and a t-shirt, and I really needed both of them to stay decent.   The principle introduced me and asked me what I was putting up for bid.  I stuttered and stammered for a while, and then just put my hands over my face.  What about your bra, he suggested.  I shook my head.  Your panties, then?  I shook my head again.  It was horrible.  You see, my miniskirt was really tiny, can you picture it?  I liked to wear them short like that, and you know you can't wear panties under a skirt like that.  I liked to leave most of my cheeks out, because I always felt sexy that way.  Under a skirt that short, even a thong strap might show, so I didn't risk it."

The girls stopped walking, because Mary's story was getting really good.  "It got worse," Mary said.  "The principle said you *are* wearing panties, aren't you?  I didn't move.  I just pressed my hands against my face, so I didn't realize the principle had come over to where I was standing, and he actually lifted the front of my skirt!  I slapped his hand away as soon as I felt the breeze, but it wasn't fast enough to prevent the whole school from sharing my humiliation."

"The principle went back to his place by the microphone, and started lecturing me about decency in front of everyone.  He asked me how I could possibly wear a miniskirt without panties and consider myself decent.  I tried to defend myself,  but what could I say?  Until he showed everyone my pussy, that no one even knew I wasn't wearing panties?  It was no use.  He had the microphone.  He was saying he would teach me a lesson about decency I wouldn't soon forget.  He would make me pick one of my clothes to auction off to the highest bidder -- either my top or my skirt.  Either way, I would learn an important lesson, he said."

"Wow, that was a tough decision," said Crysta.  "What did you do?"

"In a split second, I tried to imagine the rest of my day," Mary said.  "If I wore just the miniskirt, then my breasts would be totally out in the open.  And the skirt was so tiny, it didn't cover much.  I might as well be naked, I reasoned.  On the other hand, if I wore just the top, then most of the time I would be pretty decent.  I would just sit at my desk with my legs crossed, and to the casual observer, I would be reasonably decent.  So that's what I told the did.  I told the principle I would auction off my little skirt."

"Excellent choice, he said.  He started the bidding at $25, and it immediately went up to 50 then 75.  As the bidding subsided, I resigned myself to taking off my skirt and handing it over, and then I would get on with the rest of my day as well as possible under the circumstances.  But the principle wanted to get more money for the charity.  He told me to take off my top so people could see the skirt a little better.  Take off my top?  It's all I have left, I wanted to say, but when I opened my mouth, nothing came out.  I felt like a numb.  I lifted my top over my tits, and my friends told me afterwards that everyone cheered, but I didn't hear them.  It was all a blur, but I remember standing in the center of the stage wearing only my micro-miniskirt.  I can't tell you how comforting it was at that moment to be wearing that thin piece of fabric.  The bidding frenzy was renewed.  I heard 100, then 200.  My nipples were hard.  I'm ashamed to say it, but my pussy was wet, too.  It was my naked body that was being auctioned, and I knew it.  In case anyone doubted it, the principle made it crystal clear with his next offer to the winning bidder.  That lucky person would be given the opportunity to come up on stage and claim the article of clothing in person!  Finally, the bidding ended.  Five hundred dollars.  The winner was a really cute boy named Jerry.  The principle ordered me to hold my arms up so Jerry would have easy access to claim his prize.  I stood there, my high beams glaring at the crowd, and Jerry took his sweet time getting to me.  I stood with my legs apart, my pussy aching.  Get it over with, please, Jerry, was all I could think."

"But Jerry had other ideas.  He stroked my legs, from the ankles on up, and then he kissed one of my cheeks.  He stroked the cloth of my skirt, lifting it up, and then he let it drop as he stroked the rest of my naked body.  I almost came when he massaged my tits, and then I did come when he kissed me.  He didn't just give me a peck   It was deep and passionate.  I had no idea Jerry had it in him.  He was very good with his hands, too.  As he was kissing me, his hands were all over me, tickling me and exciting me.  I didn't realize it at the time, but I was standing on stage with my back to the audience, stark naked, for several minutes just kissing him while he continued to feel me up.  I can't remember if I came twice or three times by the time he was done.  And do you know what he said after he finished with me?"

"What?"

"Thank you.  That's all he said.  Thank you, and then he walked off with my skirt.  And there I stood, my trembling legs apart, my bare ass to the audience.  Afraid to turn around.  Eventually, the principle handed my top back to me, and helped me off the stage.  I sat down in the audience, too stunned even to put my top back on.  My girlfriends helped me into it as the principle thanked everyone for participating in the auction."

"Mmmm," said Judy.  Mary suddenly pulled her hand away from Judy's crotch.  "I'm so sorry--" Mary began, but Judy put her hand over Mary's and whispered, "It's OK.  I know exactly how you felt that day in High School.  It's how I feel this evening -- both excited and humiliated at the same time."  Lowering her voice even more, she admitted, "I came when you got to the part where Jerry kissed you and stripped you at the same time."  Judy put an arm around Mary as they resumed their walk to the ice cream parlor.  Mary put a hand on Judy's beautiful round ass, unaware that Judy was cumming for the second time at that very moment.