**Crysta and Donna - Shoe Shopping**

 It was only the second day Crysta and Donna had known each other, and
 already they were close friends.  But they were as different as night and
 day.  Donna liked to flirt, and wear sexy clothes—she looked like a
 model—but she never flashed. When she wore a short dress, people might
 peek between her legs once in a while, and Donna didn’t mind that because
 they never saw her without her knickers on.
 Crysta, on the other hand, had developed a whole philosophy of human
 nature through experimenting with different forms of exhibitionism.  For
 years, she had been studying the psychological aspects of flashing.  She
 hardly ever wore knickers, and she had the worlds biggest collection of
 micro-mini dresses, some no bigger than a T-shirt.  In fact, many of her
 “dresses” were, in fact, T-shirts that were just barely long enough to
 cover, as long as she kept her arms at her sides.  Crysta reveled in the
 freedom of the college environment.  At last, there was no one in her life
 to tell her how to dress. With her newfound freedom, Crysta wore such
 revealing outfits that flashing was not only inevitable but nearly
 continuous.
 Our story begins on the second day after the girls met.  As soon as they
 woke up, naked, in Donna’s bed, they both wanted to dress up and explore
 campus and the surrounding city. Crysta woke up first, and without
 bothering to put on any clothes, went to the girls’ bathroom down the hall
 to do her morning routine.  Donna rubbed her eyes because she couldn’t
 believe she saw Crysta’s naked ass walking out the door of their dorm
 room.  She found her bathrobe, and followed her roommate to the bathroom,
 where, sure enough, she was brushing her teeth, naked.  Donna laughed and
 said, “You’re something else, Crysta.”
 “What.” Crysta said, indignantly.  But she knew what Donna meant.  She
 lifted Donna’s robe and patted her on her bare ass.  “You’re something
 else, too.” she said.  “Thanks for letting me sleep in your bed last
 night.”
 Donna blushed at the recollection of last night, and then patted Crysta on
 her hairless lips.  “We should do it again sometime.”
 On the way back to the room, the girls passed a sleepy-headed boy who
 suddenly jerked awake when he saw Crysta was naked.  After they passed,
 Crysta looked over her shoulder at him, and caught him looking at her ass.
 Once in the room, Crysta put on a T-shirt, and looked at herself in the
 mirror, front and back.  The T-shirt covered her front, but the bottom
 half of her ass was left uncovered.  “OK, let’s go!” she said, and started
 to open the door.
 “Wait a minute!” Donna said. You’re not wearing any bottom. She was amazed
 at Crysta’s forgetfulness.
 Crysta picked up the hem of her shirt, and let if fall back into place.
 “This will cover all the important things,” she said. Seeing the look of
 disbelief on Donna’s face, she asked, “Can you see my pussy?”
 Donna said, “No, but—“ she was going to point out that Crysta’s pussy
 wasn’t covered from all points of view, when Crysta interrupted.
 “Let’s go then!” As Crysta whipped around, Donna did see Crysta’s pussy,
 which was clean-shaven, and then when Crysta picked up her handbag, Donna
 saw her ass, too, asshole, pussy, and everything.
 “Um, Crysta,” Donna said, “You can’t...” She didn’t know how to put this.
 “I can’t...”
 Crysta understood what Donna was trying to say. “Don’t worry, Donna,” she
 said, very sweetly, “I’ll be good. Look. I’ll bend at the knees, not the
 waist.” She demonstrated for Donna by squatted demurely. “I’ll keep my
 legs together. I’ll be a perfect lady.” Donna saw that as long as Crysta
 was very careful, she could stay covered up in that tiny shirt she calls a
 dress.
 “OK, Crysta, if you say so,” Donna said, doubtfully as she picked out her
 own clothes.  She took off her robe, and put on a low-cut blue shirt with
 spaghetti straps.  She looked at herself in the mirror as Crysta looked on
 approvingly.  The shirt covered the bare minimum a shirt needs to cover,
 leaving plenty of cleavage and her belly button still visible.  Next, she
 selected a pair of white short shorts made of extremely thin cotton
 material.  Knickers would show, so she put on the shorts without any
 knickers.  They were “low-riders”, leaving plenty of belly visible, and
 even the top part of her butt crack.
 “Can I make a suggestion?” Crysta asked.  “You want to learn to be free,
 to let your ‘girl’ out to play, right?”
 Donna loved the way Crysta calls her pussy her ‘girl’.  “Yes, Crysta, I
 would love to be free like you, but I’m afraid I’ll get caught.”
 “I know, Donna.  Listen to my suggestion.  There’s a way to let your girl
 out to play without getting caught.  The secret is that it can’t be your
 fault if your girl sees the light of day.  The best thing is for it to be
 someone else’s fault, but it’s almost as good if it’s no one’s fault.”
 “I’m not sure I get you, Crysta.  How does fault figure into it?”
 “Just listen, Donna.  You should take the waistband off your shorts.”
 “I can’t do that,” Donna said.  “They might fall down.”
 “Exactly!” Crysta said, “And it won’t be your fault, so you won’t get in
 any trouble.”
 The light turned on.  “Oh, I get it.  I’ll just ‘accidentally’ let my
 shorts slip off my ass, blush, and pull them up again, and no one will
 blame me for it, so I won’t get in any trouble.  But the waistband isn’t
 removable.”
 “Yes it is,” Crysta said as she pulled a miniature sewing machine from her
 desk.  “Let me see them.”
 Donna was intrigued, so she took off her shorts and handed them over.
 Crysta slipped the waistband into the little sewing machine, and pressed a
 button.  In one fluid motion, the shorts turned in a full circle, and the
 waistband fell off.  The machine had hemmed the other side with white
 thread—a very professional-looking job.  Then, she sheared off the
 seams around the legs the same way.  Crysta handed the shorts back to her
 roommate, who put them on.  The thin, soft shorts gently caressed every
 part of Donna’s beautifully rounded ass.  The slightest hint of scalloping
 adorned every edge of the fabric as it lay softly in place.
 “I can’t feel them,” Donna said.  “It feels like I have nothing on.  This
 is weird.”  They covered her pussy so gently, it was like they weren’t
 even there.  The top of the shorts were no longer snug against her body,
 and the cotton fabric was a little stretchy, so the edges shrunk down just
 a bit from where they were supposed to be.  The top inch of her butt crack
 was visible, but Donna resisted the temptation to pull them up.
 The girls both looked at Donna in the mirror.  “You look great,” Crysta
 said.  She really did.
 “I don’t know if I can go out in public like this,” Donna said.
 “You can do it,” Crysta replied as she took Donna by the hand and coaxed
 her out the door.  “I’ll help you.  First, put on your sunglasses.” She
 donned her own as they emerged into the bright sunlight. Donna was going
 to wear them anyway, but she wondered why Crysta made a point of it.
 Reading Donna’s mind, Crysta explained. “Check out the people checking us
 out,” she said. “Pretend you’re talking to me, but look at the people
 around us.” Donna did, and saw a lot of people looking in their direction.
 “Now, take off your sunglasses, and try to catch somebody’s eye.” Donna
 shrugged, and did as Crysta suggested. She was surprised to see that no
 one looked any more. “See?” Crysta said. “Other people are more afraid
 than you are me. They’re afraid to look at us because we might catch them
 looking.”
 This was Donna’s introduction to Crysta’s philosophy of flashing. As the
 girls walked and talked, Donna started to understand why Crysta wore
 micro-mini dresses without any knickers. She realized that if she looked at
 a witness—that’s what Crysta called anyone who saw her flash or checked
 out her skimpy clothing—then bad things might happen.  If it was a
 person of authority—a security guard or cop, shopkeeper, etc.—then
 she might be asked to leave. Other people might become embarrassed and
 look away suddenly. In any case, looking at a witness made the witness
 uneasy, and that, in turn, made Crysta uneasy.  Hence the need for
 sunglasses.
 The sunglasses didn’t completely solve the problem, either. Crysta found
 that witnesses remained uneasy even when they couldn’t see her looking at
 them.  As Crysta experimented with different modes of behavior, she
 finally found the best way to deal with witnesses, and these became her
 cardinal rules. (1) Smile. If you’re happy and easy-going, others will
 feel that way, too. It didn’t hurt that Crysta was pretty all the time,
 and downright gorgeous when she smiled. (2) Avoid eye-contact.  Look up
 and away, either left or right.  Feel the witness looking, and enjoy that
 feeling. (3) If you would like to talk to a person, give him a chance to
 look fully before catching his eye.  As you approach, he will avert his
 eyes.  That’s when you look at him, and catch his eyes; Catch his eyes
 while he’s looking into yours, and give him that big smile.
 As she gained experience, Crysta had grown bolder, sometimes leaving her
 top off for brief periods of time, and sometimes sitting “Indian style”,
 or with her knees up, in public places where people could easily see her
 “everything”.  But there was much more, Crysta explained.  She had
 aspirations to take exhibitionism to the next level, to “cut the
 lifeline”,  leaving her clothes behind.  She wanted to become involved in
 humiliating situations where she would be forced to expose herself to
 prevent even greater humiliation.
 “I’m beginning to understand,” said Donna, who was also becoming quite
 aroused by the conversation, her lips slipping back and forth with each
 step she took.  “I want to help you reach the next level, Crysta, even as
 I’m struggling to get over my embarrassment to just start the first
 level.”
 “Then we’ll help each other,” Crysta said as she reached for Donna’s hand.
 As the girls walked, hand in hand, they passed several people.  Donna
 relaxed as she saw they didn’t pay any attention to the girls.  She looked
 down and saw her bush peeking out of the top of the shorts, which had
 slipped another inch or so, but resisted the temptation to pull them up.
 Not my fault, she thought, and was immediately rewarded by a surge of
 excitement.  As they walked, Crysta gently rubbed the back of Donna’s
 shorts, causing them to slide down, just a bit, exposing more of Donna’s
 butt crack to any curious eyes who might happen to be following the girls.

 “How far do I have to let you pull down my pants?” asked Donna.
 “As far as you feel comfortable, and then just a little farther,” Crysta
 said.  “You need to become desensitized to having your privates exposed in
 public.  We’ll do it gradually.”
 “That sounds like fun.”  Donna was already getting juicy at the thought of
 it.  “Now I have one for you.  We’ll go shoe shopping.”
 “I love shoe shopping!” Crysta said.
 “OK, but it’ll be hard for you, because the store clerk will see up your
 dress,” Donna said.  “and to make it interesting, I have this additional
 challenge for you:  With each pair of shoes he brings out, I want you to
 lift your dress higher and higher, until he finally says something about
 your nudity, OK?”
 Crysta replied, “OK, but I’m not going to be in this alone.  Every time I
 lift my dress higher, you have to pull your shorts lower.”
 “I’ll agree to that,” Donna said, “and the game ends when the clerk says
 something about either one of us.”
 As the girls walked arm in arm, they soon came upon a shoe store.
 Glancing at each other knowingly, they went in.  Crysta picked a shoe off
 the wall, and sat down.  The clerk was a middle-aged man.  “May I help
 you?” he asked.
 Crysta gave him the shoe, and said, “I’d like to see this in a size six.”
 The clerk took the shoe and disappeared into the back room.  While he was
 gone, Crysta pushed up her minidress an inch higher than it was, almost
 uncovering her pussy.
 The clerk came back, and said, “Let me help you on with these.”  He moved
 his stool closer to Crysta, took her foot in his hands, looked up at
 Crysta, and then turned bright red.  The girls exchanged glances.  Would
 the clerk say something?  Donna hoped he would, just so she wouldn’t have
 to pull her shorts down any further.  But he didn’t say anything.  So
 Donna stretched the top of her shorts so they would fall down faster on
 their own, and started walking about the store.  As she walked, her shorts
 started a gradual slide down her body.  She pretended to be engrossed in
 her shopping, and not to notice the shorts were slipping.  By the time she
 walked back to Crysta and the clerk, several wisps of  her bush were
 clearly visible, and Donna had to stand with her legs apart to keep the
 shorts from slipping any further.  The clerk looked at her, then quickly
 back at Crysta, averting his eyes from her naked crotch.
 “No, these won’t do,” Crysta said.  “Do they come in white?”
 “Just a minute, I’ll see.” The clerk got up, and went into the back room
 again.
 Donna said, “Crysta, I don’t want to have to pull my shorts down any
 further, so you’d better show some skin now, enough for the clerk to make
 some mention of it.”
 “OK, Donna,” said Crysta, smiling.  She stood up, pulled her dress up
 above her belly button, and then sat down again, and spread her legs as
 far apart as they would go.  “Is this good enough?”
 Donna laughed, “That should get some sort of comment out of the guy!”
 Crysta was still sitting with her legs apart when the clerk returned with
 a pair of white shoes.  Upon seeing her gaping pussy he turned even
 brighter red than before, but said nothing.  With trembling hands, he
 gently took her feet and slipped on the white shoes.  Crysta shot Donna a
 look, which meant she had to lower her shorts once again.  Donna resumed
 her perambulations, and with every step her shorts fell another fraction
 of an inch.  She was dying to pull them up, it felt so weird just letting
 them slip off, but she just pretended not to notice.  After a minute, her
 shorts had slipped down to her thighs.  She stood next to Crysta as if
 nothing were wrong, and said, “Do you like these shoes, dear?”
 Crysta appeared to think it over, then said, “No, I’m not happy with
 these.  Maybe they’re too big.”
 “Just a minute,” said the clerk.  He glanced at Donna’s pussy, then at
 Crysta’s as he disappeared again.
 The girls burst out laughing.  “Your turn,” Donna said.
 “OK, but after this if he doesn’t say anything then you have to get
 completely naked, OK?”  Crysta lifted her dress right up to her neck,
 completely exposing her large breasts.
 “Well I guess so,” Donna said.  She really expected the clerk to say
 something this time, because Crysta was just about naked.
 The clerk came back with some more shoes, saw Crysta, and then disappeared
 into the back room again.  Perhaps he needed to compose himself.  A few
 seconds later, he reappeared, and helped Crysta on with the shoes.
 “Donna?” Crysta said, smiling at her.  Donna had made a promise, which now
 had to be kept.
 Still, Donna wanted to give the clerk one more chance to comment on the
 girls’ attire.  She turned to the clerk, and said, “Don’t you think it’s
 odd that—“
 “Donna!” Crysta interrupted.
 “Fine,” Donna said.  Her shorts were already halfway down to her knees, so
 she figured it was no big deal to just walk them the rest of the way off.
 So with her heart beating a mile a minute, she started walking again, and
 the shorts slipped to her knees, and then to her ankles.  She couldn’t
 believe she was doing this, in public!  All of a sudden Donna tripped over
 her shorts, and want sprawling on the floor.
 Crysta ran over to her.  “Are you OK?”
 Recovering her composure, Donna saw that her shorts had ripped completely
 in two.  “Yes, I’m fine.  But it looks like my shorts are a total loss.”
 Crysta helped Donna to her feet, and back to the chair next to Crysta’s.
 Crysta spread her legs apart again, and stared at Donna.  The clerk, too,
 stared at Donna.  “What?” Donna said, covering her pussy with her hand.
 She was ashamed to be bottomless in public, especially with these two
 staring at her.
 “Come on, Donna,” said Crysta, “we’re waiting.”
 Isn’t that enough? Donna thought.  Isn’t it enough that I’m bottomless and
 humiliated in a public place?  Do I have to keep stripping?  After a
 horribly awkward minute, Donna stood up, and started to take off her
 shirt, ever so slowly peeling it off her gorgeous body.  Just then another
 customer entered the store.  Donna held her shirt over the front of her
 naked body so the other customer wouldn’t see she was naked.  But then she
 realized a deal is a deal, customer or no customer, so she placed it next
 to her ruined shorts on the floor, and sat down, stark naked.
 “Do they come in red?” Crysta said to the stunned clerk, her legs still
 akimbo.  Recovering his composure to some extent, the clerk cleared his
 throat and said he would check.
 “Now it’s your turn, Crysta.”  Without wasting a second she took the dress
 off her shoulders and put it on the floor on top of Donna’s clothes.  When
 the clerk came back with some more shoes, Crysta held out her foot, and
 the clerk helped her on with the shoes.
 “I like them,” Crysta said.  She stood up wearing nothing but a pair of
 red high-heel shoes, and walked all around the store, with three pairs of
 eyes following every step.  “I’ll take these,” she said.
 The two naked girls walked with the clerk to the front of the store, where
 Crysta paid for her purchase.  “Crysta, can I ask a favor of you?” Donna
 said as the girls picked up their shirts from the floor.
 “Sure, Donna, you have done wonderfully on your first day flashing in
 public.  I never expected you to get fully naked in a store on your first
 day.”
 “Well, that’s the thing, Crysta, I’m not all that comfortable yet, and my
 shorts are gone, so I was wondering...”
 “Oh, you want to wear my shirt, don’t you.”
 “Yes,” Donna said.  “It’s much bigger than mine, and if I wear it I can be
 fully covered for the walk home.  Do you mind very much?”
 “Not at all, Donna.  I understand fully.”  Crysta picked up Donna’s little
 blue shirt, and put it on.  It covered her breasts, and nothing else.  She
 wore her new red high-heel shoes, and proudly walked her bare ass out of
 the store.  Donna put on Crysta’s T-shirt, and felt relieved to be fully
 covered again, and followed her roommate out of the store.
 “Wait up, Crysta!”  Crysta’s eyes were immediately drawn to Donna’s pussy
 as she approached.  The shirt, which had covered Crysta’s pussy, didn’t
 come close to covering Donna’s, because Donna was so much taller than her
 roommate.  Wow, Donna’s sure getting bold in a hurry, Crysta thought.
 Crysta stood, mesmerized by Donna’s glorious womanhood totally out there
 for all to see, while Donna kept walking.  Once again, Crysta was bowled
 over by the sight of Donna’s fully naked ass, so firm and round, as she
 swept past.  “Come on, what are you waiting for?” she said.  Crysta was
 just amazed by Donna’s newfound boldness.
 As Crysta caught up, Donna said, “I’m just so happy it’s over, and I’m so
 grateful to you for letting me wear your shirt, and now I’m covered up.  I
 don’t think I could have stood another minute of having my pussy on
 display like that, not on my first day.  I’ll let the girl out for a walk
 another day, but for now I’m glad to have her under wraps.”
 Crysta was confused.  Donna’s girl wasn’t under any kind of wraps; she was
 totally on display.  Then it slowly dawned on her.  Donna has forgotten
 that she is much taller than me, so she thinks the T-shirt covers her like
 it does me!.  Should I tell her?  Crysta thought as she looked at her
 proud, beautiful roommate strutting down the street with her pussy out for
 all to see.  No, not just yet.  Let the girl breathe a little more fresh
 air first.