**Crysta and Donna - The Dare** (F-solo, exhib, humil)

 Donna, the tall, brown-haired, blue-eyed beauty in Bodacious 314, has
 always admired her roommate, Crysta, for her freedom from the constraints
 of knickers.  She’s been with Crysta when she’s gone totally bottomless in
 public, with a dress so short it’s barely a T-shirt, with her shaved pussy
 totally visible to anyone who just looks at her.  Yet, for some reason, no
 one points and stares.  No cops come to arrest her.  In short, nothing bad
 happens.
 Oh, how Donna has longed for the freedom to let her pussy breathe the
 fresh air the way Crysta’s does every day!  Not a day has passed since the
 beginning of the year when Donna wouldn’t beg Crysta for help in this
 regard.  Finally, the time came for Donna to let her girl out of its
 prison, to run free in the great outdoors.  Here’s how it happened, in
 Donna’s own words (and thoughts):
   Here it is, Sunday night already.  I’m dreading tomorrow.  Tomorrow I
   will wear my little white dress, which is no problem by itself.  I
   usually wear it as a top, with blue jeans, and sometimes I wear it as a
   micro-mini dress.  I always wear a thong under it, because the dress
   doesn’t quite cover my cheeks.  I enjoy wearing it because I get a lot
   of looks, maybe because I have nice legs, or maybe people are wondering
   if I have anything on under the dress.  I feel confident wearing it
   because I know it covers the bare (excuse the pun) minimum that needs to
   be covered and if not, I know my thong will cover up the rest.  But
   tomorrow I will have to wear the dress with nothing under it.
   Here’s how I got myself into this trouble.  Last Monday I was wearing
   this same little white dress with just a thong under it, and Crysta
   started teasing me about always wearing a thong.  She called me a wimp,
   and said I would never have the courage to go “natural”.  I said “I have
   plenty of courage,” and she said “Oh, yeah, when?”  I said “next week”.
   She said, “OK, Monday then,” and before I knew it, I had replied, “fine,
   Monday.”
   She tricked me, and I regretted it right away.  At first I thought we
   could both just “forget” about it, and Monday would pass unnoticed.  But
   during the past week I learned that a boy I like, Billy, and Crysta’s
   boyfriend Eric have a bet with each other, and Billy is telling me he
   expects me to win the bet for him.  I really like Billy, and I don’t
   want to let him down, so now I’m really stuck.  I just can’t “forget”
   about it any more.
   So here I am, dreading tomorrow.  Bottomless.  In public. With everybody
   looking at me. Oh, why did I get myself into this fix? I’m really
   scared, but I have to admit I’m a little excited, too.  Just thinking
   about it, my heart is beating faster. There’s something about the danger
   of being exposed that thrills me, and that’s fine as long as I’m really
   not exposed. I feel like I’ll just die if someone sees, you know, the
   real me. I’ll be so embarrassed I won’t know what to do. But I don’t see
   any way out of it now, though, not at this late hour. My fateful day
   starts tomorrow morning.  I need to prepare.
   Let me take a look at this dress, I said to myself as I took it out of
   my closet.  It’s a baby doll style, with elastic stitching under my
   breasts, and it flares down from there.  It’s a really sexy dress
   because it’s so free flowing and so very short.  I sure hope it’s not
   windy tomorrow. Oh, God, I can see my hand right through it! But I wear
   it all the time with no bra, and it’s OK.  I shouldn’t worry so much.
   On the other hand, maybe my nipples have been on display all this time,
   and I didn’t even know it. Take a deep breath, Donna. That’s better.
   Donna, you worry too much.
   I’ll just try it on, I said to myself.  I took off my jeans... my
   knickers... My shirt... Let me see how I look stark naked in this
   full-length mirror. Not bad. My dieting and aerobics are paying off.
   Next I put on the white baby-doll dress to see if it covered me.  Oh oh,
   I can see my nipples through the dress.  Funny, I never noticed that
   before.  I took a closer look. Maybe I’m worried about nothing. They
   might be shadows. When I move my shirt, does the shadow move with it, or
   can I really see the nipples? Just barely, maybe. Hey, this feels good,
   I think as my nipples got hard. Now I can see them clear as day, because
   they’re pressing against my dress. Oh, that’s the whole problem, I
   suddenly realized.  I just have to avoid getting excited, and then my
   nipples don’t stand out so much.  I’ll just avoid getting excited
   tomorrow and everything will be fine. Relax, I told myself. As I
   relaxed, I saw my nipples fade in prominence.  So far so good. Now what
   about my bottom?
   I turned around and looked over my shoulder at the mirror to see if the
   bottom of the dress covered my butt.  When I hold the dress against my
   butt like this, I said to myself, I can see my cheeks and the crack that
   separates them, clear as day. Gosh, the dress is sheer! But when I let
   it go, it’s OK. The dress flares out quite a bit, and it’s crinkly, so
   there’s enough fabric that it doubles up. Although I can see my skin
   through one layer of the dress, wherever there are two or more layers,
   the dress becomes more opaque. From where I’m looking, it looks like the
   dress covers my whole butt, but my viewpoint is higher than my hemline.
   I started to worry that my pussy was hanging out under the bottom of the
   dress, and I just couldn’t see it in the mirror.  What if I get lower
   like this? With my butt facing the mirror, I leaned forward to get a
   lower vantage point.  Oh crap!  I can see everything—lips and all --
   in the mirror from behind.  I grabbed my cheeks and spread them with my
   hands as I continued to lean forward, looking over my shoulder.  I don’t
   need to lean much farther forward to see my butt-hole in the mirror.
   Worse yet, my front is all open when I bend forward, even a little bit.
   Regardless of whether my pussy is visible under this dress, I will have
   to be very, very careful not to bend over, that’s for sure.
   After long deliberation, I came to this conclusion: The hem of this
   dress was almost exactly even with my crotch, so as long as I don’t lean
   forward, and as long as the wind isn’t blowing, I’m pretty safe from
   anyone who is looking at me from hem level or above.  Besides, what
   could I do about it anyway, at this late date?  Que sera sera, I thought
   to myself, singing the Doris Day song, and feeling my pussy from behind
   to see if it’s just higher or just lower than my hemline.
   I can’t stand it.  I really need to know: is my pussy visible from
   hem-level or not?  Even though there’s nothing I can do about it, I just
   need to know.  So I got my vanity mirror from the drawer, and set it on
   the chair.  I tilted it up and stood back.  I adjusted it so I could
   stand up straight and still get an idea whether my butt is covered when
   it is viewed from chair-height. Whew!  It’s covered, though just barely.
   Legs apart. Still OK, I can only see my legs and the very bottom of my
   cheeks under the dress. Nothing else.  I felt how much the dress
   covered.  It feels like the hem is only an inch lower than my butt-hole.
   I will have to be very careful to stand straight, and I’ll be OK.
   Next, I faced front.  Damn, I look great in this dress—so sexy!
   Looking in the small mirror I see I’m covered at least an inch, maybe
   two inches below my crotch.  I stood tall and smoothed the front of my
   dress. Oh oh, the dress gets almost transparent when I do that. I can
   see my “landing strip”. I don’t want people focusing on that, so I’ll
   try to remember to shave it off.
   Now from the side, let’s see.  I looked in the mirror on the chair.
   When I lean forward just a little bit, the whole dress opens up in the
   front. Anyone with a low vantage point will be able to see my whole
   front when I do that. No leaning, Donna, I reminded myself.
   What if I raise my arms like this, oh my gosh! I can’t even raise them a
   little bit, or I’m completely on display.  The whole dress moved. What
   if I reach for something, like this... No good. I’ll have to keep my
   shoulders down and elbows at my sides at all times.  I realize I’ve
   never taken the time to investigate how exposed I am.  I suppose now
   that people have been able to see my thong when I’ve worn this dress
   before, but I never thought about it. I guess it’s good that I’m finally
   investigating this, so I’ll know to be more careful, even when I’m
   wearing underwear.
   Now, let me try sitting. As I sit, I’ll smooth the dress against my
   bottom, and tuck it under me. No good, it makes the dress transparent in
   back, and you can see my whole crack. I’ll just let the dress fall
   around me when I sit. Yes, that works fine. Legs together, good. Now
   cross them. OK, I suppose. Oh yeah, I still have to shave.
   My thorough investigation now completed, I hung my dress in the closet
   and grabbed my towel, and wrapped it around me. A quick look in the
   mirror to see if I’m decent—I’m covered up better than in the dress,
   I noticed. I Grabbed my other stuff, and headed for the shower. I hope
   Crysta doesn’t take my towel like she did one other time. Once in the
   shower, I began to relax.  The water felt good. I like to get myself
   clean all under... The soap is slippery... Ohhh that feels good... A
   little shaving cream, and very carefully... That’s perfect. Dry off.
   Towel? Still there. Crysta isn’t up to her old tricks, I was glad to
   see.
   Back in my room. I hung up my towel. What’s that smell? “Crysta, are you
   here?” No response. What’s that smell? Hair spray? No, not exactly. Nail
   polish? Oh well, never mind. Maybe I should do my nails, though.
   Anything to take attention away from the tiny dress I’ll have to wear.
   Shiny red. This will look good. First my fingers. That’s good. Now my
   toes. Now my fingers are dry. I’ll put on my sheer baby-doll nightgown,
   and then I’ll put on some knickers in a few minutes, but not until my
   toes are good and dry—I don’t want to mess them up.
   “Oh, there you are, Donna” It was Crysta, grabbing my arm and dragging
   me into the hallway, where people were gathering for the usual evening
   activities, such as conversation and wall-climbing. “Wait a minute” I
   said.  I wanted to tell her I need to put on my knickers.  I can’t say
   that or she’ll make a big deal of it, and announce it to everyone in the
   hall.  Then she might start blabbing about how I have to go bottomless
   tomorrow, and then everyone will be staring at me all day. So I thought
   it was better to just come along peacefully.  I figure I’ll find a time
   to make a graceful exit, and just put on some knickers before it’s too
   late.  Crysta sat down with her legs crossed Indian-style on the floor,
   her back against a wall.  Apparently she’s comfortable with people
   knowing she doesn’t wear knickers, and none of the other kids seem to
   make a big deal of it.  But I’m still not comfortable spreading my pussy
   for everyone to see.  I hope to get over that some day, but not today.
   I’m still standing because I don’t want everyone to see I’m not wearing
   any knickers. Everyone seems to be staring at me. I just hope they’re
   looking at my breasts, which can be seen pretty clearly through the
   sheer nightgown.  They’re pretty perky, if I do say so myself.  That’s
   it, I told myself; They probably haven’t noticed I’m not wearing any
   knickers.
   “Have a seat,” Crystal said.
   “No thanks, I’ll stand.”
   Andy said, “Come on, join our conversation” and pulled my hand down.  At
   this point I was bending forward, and I’m afraid I’m about to expose
   myself.
   “OK, fine” I said.  My heart was racing as I tried desperately to avoid
   letting anyone see up my nightgown. Somehow I made it to my knees, and
   then onto my butt with my legs still together. Did anyone hear my sigh
   of relief?  It’s OK, they’ll just think it’s a sigh of relaxation upon
   sitting down. Time passes. People are talking. All I could think is this
   isn’t comfortable. I’ll just put my knees in the air, and cross my
   ankles in front of my butt. No one will notice, will they?
   My heart was racing. Conversation was continuing around me. “Donna?”
   someone said. Andy is talking to me. Everyone is looking at me. I pushed
   the front of my nightgown between my upstretched legs.
   “What?” was all I could think to say in response.
   Andy repeated, “Crysta says she doesn’t like to wear any underwear. What
   about you?” I shot Crysta a look as I felt myself turning bright red.
   What did she say? Did she tell everyone about what I have to do
   tomorrow? The jig was up, I thought. I couldn’t think of any way out of
   it. I just lifted my nightgown to show Andy and the others that I wasn’t
   wearing any knickers.  My face was burning up.  I felt like the world
   would end.  But I felt strangely excited, just the same.  Then the
   conversation went on, as if nothing happened. Crysta put her hand on my
   knee, and winked at me, as if to say see, that wasn’t so hard, was it?
   Then I woke up.  The whole nightgown thing had been just a dream—what
   a relief!  But then I remembered what I have to do tomorrow—or had
   that day arrived already?  I was in my bed, wearing my nightgown and
   knickers.  As I slowly realized the nightgown dream never happened in
   real life, I’m glad I didn’t expose myself in public (yet).  Crysta was
   sleeping in her bed next to mine, naked as usual.  Back to sleep.  Then
   all of a sudden: Ringggggggg! The alarm. Damn.
   Crysta got up and said, “Today’s your big day, Donna”.  Then as I
   reached for the light switch, she added, “No, don’t turn on the light --
   I’m not awake yet.”  So I took my hand off the switch.
   “Yeah,” I said, without enthusiasm as I took off my nightgown and
   knickers.  I took a deep breath, and grabbed my little white dress, and
   it seems somehow even smaller and lighter than I expected.  My heart
   raced as I wondered if the tiny dress will cover me adequately today.
   “Crysta, has this dress shrunk since yesterday?”
   “Maybe you’ve grown,” Crysta joked. The dress seems smaller, somehow.
   Or lighter.  Maybe it’s just that I’m beginning to panic.  I had hoped
   this day would never come, that somehow I would be spared the
   humiliation.  I put the dress on, and ran my hand over my naked thighs
   and the lower parts of my exposed cheeks.  Self-consciously, I tug on
   the dress, absent-mindedly trying in vain to stretch it to cover me just
   a little more completely, when I heard a tiny ripping sound.  The dress
   is very thin and very fragile.  Although it was still dark, I could make
   out my shadowy figure in the mirror.  It looks like I’m pretty much
   covered up.  I’ll just have to avoid tugging on the dress.
   As I put on a pair of high-heel shoes—I love to show off my legs --
   Crysta said “Let’s go to breakfast”.  This is unusual. Crysta isn’t a
   morning person, and rarely joins me for breakfast.
   But I thought she wants to see how I do on my first bottomless sortie,
   so I mustered all my confidence and said “OK, Let’s go.”  Crysta put on
   a mini-dress and a pair of sneakers, that’s all, and walked outside with
   me.  (God I admire her confidence!  No checking in the mirror to see if
   the dress covers her pussy; she just throws it on and goes.)
   Now we were outside, and people were going back and forth to the dining
   hall, and to early classes. I was very self-conscious, so I looked
   around to see if people were looking at me. I’m getting a lot of
   glances, but I always get those when I wear this dress. I’m not
   attracting any more attention than usual, am I?  “How are you doing?”
   Crysta asked.
   “Just fine,” I replied without conviction.
   “You look good, Donna”, Crysta said.  I turned to face her to see if she
   was smirking, but she wasn’t.  “I mean it, you look good.”  When I
   didn’t say anything, she looked into my eyes and said, “You’ll be fine.
   No one will know you’re not wearing knickers except me and you.”
   “And our boyfriends,” I added.
   When we reached the cafeteria, I handed my meal ticket to the guy at the
   door.  As I looked down, I caught sight of my own breasts in the morning
   light, and they seemed not be covered at all.  The top of my dress has
   become a thin gauze. Instinctively, I covered my breasts with my hands
   and whisper to Crysta, “This dress was never so transparent!”
   “Don’t worry about it, Donna,” Crysta replied. “You’re just self
   conscious, that’s all. The dress is fine.”  The guy handed me back my
   meal ticket, so I had to uncover one of my breasts to take it from him.
   “I suppose you’re right, Crysta.” I relaxed a bit as I went through the
   breakfast line. Scrambled eggs. I looked at the servers. They’re not
   giving me a second look.  If my tits were so much on display as they
   seemed, people would react, wouldn’t they?  I relaxed a bit more. I was
   overreacting. Toast. Jelly for my toast. Some orange juice.
   “Let’s sit outside,” Crysta said.
   “OK,” I said as I follow her out the door. It was cold this morning, but
   the sun was warm. As I sat down, I felt the cold bench against my butt.
   I reached behind me to smooth my dress, and I was shocked to find the
   back of my dress didn’t completely cover my butt.  I tried sitting down
   yesterday in front of the mirror, didn’t I?  I turned around to see if
   anyone was looking at me.  No one.  I sat up straight, and arched my
   back slightly so that the dress covered my backside.  I must remember my
   posture—it’s very important today.  As I parted my legs slightly I
   felt the cold bench against my lips, too, prompting me to snap my legs
   shut again.
   I had an early class, so I said bye to Crysta, and headed for the class.
   Shoulders back, head up. I feel every breeze. Is my backside covered? I
   feel like I must be attracting a lot of attention, but whenever I think
   I see someone looking at me, they’re looking somewhere else. Casually,
   so as not to attract too much attention, I reached my hand behind me to
   feel the height of the hem. It seems a good two inches higher than it
   was last night. My cheeks and crack feel completely exposed. Could this
   be my imagination?  Must be.  I tried to shake it off.
   Soon I was sitting in my class.  Is it my imagination or is my dress
   shrinking? When I sat with my usual bad posture, the back of my dress
   didn’t cover anything. When I sat up straight and put my shoulders back,
   the front didn’t even touch my thighs. I hope the professor doesn’t call
   on me. Just then, the worst happened. He not only called on me, but
   asked me to come to the board and write my answer to a problem. I
   grabbed the marker, and then as I reached up to begin writing, I felt my
   dress lift, completely exposing my backside.  My ass is completely bare,
   the whole crack.  I must keep my legs and cheeks together to hide as
   much of my pussy and asshole as I can while I write this problem, I
   thought to myself as I felt the eyes of the class on my bare ass.
   There’s nothing I can do about it now.  I’ll just pretend nothing is
   wrong. The professor said good job, and I went back to my seat. No
   comments were made, no one is staring at me.  I guess nothing is wrong.
   Relieved, I realized I must have been exaggerating the problem.  Maybe
   my ass wasn’t fully exposed.  It must have just felt that way.  Maybe
   they don’t even know I’m not wearing any knickers. That’s it, I tell
   myself.  I should just relax, and act natural, and no one will suspect a
   thing.
   I met Billy, Crysta, and Eric for lunch. “Hi everyone,” I said as I saw
   them.
   “Hi, Donna,” they say back to me. Billy put his hand on my waist, and
   gave me a little kiss. Billy’s hands are under my dress, so I pulled
   away.  It’s bad enough going bottomless without Billy hiking my dress up
   for everyone to see. We went through the line together, and I felt that
   people were looking at me, but by now I realized it was just my
   imagination.
   When we got our food, we went outside and looked for a table, but all
   the tables were taken.  “Let’s have a picnic,” Crysta suggested, and she
   and the two boys immediately sat on the low wall at the edge of the
   eating area. As Crysta crossed her legs I could see she wasn’t ashamed
   of not wearing any underwear, and apparently she wasn’t worried about
   people seeing her womanhood.  Though I was starting to feel more
   comfortable being bottomless, I still envied her for just being so
   natural.  I thought, what the heck, and sat on the wall with my friends.

   In the company of friends, I was really enjoying myself, and starting to
   feel less self conscious. As we finished our lunch, I saw it was two
   o’clock already.  Time for my last class. “I’ll meet you at six for
   dinner, OK?” and everyone said OK.  My next class is across the campus,
   so I’ll have to take the bus.  The nearest bus stop is on the other side
   of the grassy area, so I waved good bye and started walking.  My friends
   kept looking at me, because they’re worried about me, I suppose, so I
   waved again, and they waved back, again.  Little did I realize they were
   looking at me because they were about to pull the worst trick on me that
   anyone has ever pulled.
   When I was almost half-way across the field, the sprinklers came on --
   all of them.  One sprinkler caught me directly in my stomach, and
   another one soaked my back.  I started to run toward the bus stop, but
   then I saw the cafeteria was closer, so I changed direction and start to
   run toward my friends near the cafeteria.  But then I saw my “friends”
   all laughing, and suddenly realized they set me up to be soaked.   I
   didn’t want to give them any more satisfaction, so I turned tail (which
   was quite visible, now) and ran to the bus stop, through the sprinklers
   all the way.  By the time I got there, I was completely soaked.  The
   dress was stuck to me, and completely transparent.  Worse yet, it was
   hiked up in the back, and when I tried to adjust it, I couldn’t find the
   hem.  Somehow my dress got tangled as I ran back and forth.  Just as I
   pulled on the dress to cover my naked ass, the bus came.  As walked onto
   the bus, I pulled harder on the dress to try to cover up, and it ripped.
    A long shred of fabric came off in my hands.  The dress was
   disintegrating before my very eyes—and worse yet, before the eyes of
   50 enthusiastic fellow students.  The bus was jammed full—no empty
   seats—and here I was with my seat completely out in the open.  I
   covered my butt with my hands, but that didn’t do anything about my
   front which was just as visible.  Oh, what a pickle I’m in.  The bus
   lurched, and I had to reach up to hold on to the handrails with both
   hands to keep my balance.  I am so naked, with my pussy shaved like
   this, and my hands up on the rails, and everyone looking at me.  And to
   make matters worse, if that were possible, my nakedness is exciting me,
   and swelling my lips.  I feel my clit bulging out between my lips for
   everyone to see.  Still holding on with one hand, I reached down with
   the other to try to push my clit back between its lips, but that only
   made me more excited.  Suddenly I felt a hand grabbing my naked butt
   cheeks, and instinctively swatted it away.  Looking down, I  saw a boy
   who must have been getting quite a view—my legs were apart to keep my
   balance, and his head was at the same height as my private parts (which
   weren’t so private today).  He offered me his seat, and started to get
   up when the bus lurched again, and I accidentally sat on his lap,
   collapsing his tent.  I’m so sorry!  Somehow he got out from underneath
   me, and I was seated.  “Thank you,” I said.  At least I can sit on my
   exposed ass while I figure out what to do next.
   My last class of the day was conversational French.  I enjoy the class,
   but there’s one problem. The seats are arranged in a circle—the
   better for conversation I guess—so I usually have to be extra careful
   not to flash my knickers.  Today will be much worse.  Although my dress
   had dried off quite a bit, it was still slightly wet by the time I
   arrived at class, and I hadn’t managed to completely straighten out the
   back of it.  It barely covered any of my butt any more because it shrank
   when it got wet.  There was nothing that could be done at this point
   except just sit my naked body down in the chair, and let everyone just
   look at my swollen and hairless pussy.  I was so disgusted (and,
   paradoxically, excited) by this point, I didn’t even bother to keep my
   legs together.  When it was my turn to say something, I felt everyone
   looking at me, so I covered my pussy with my hand.  Mmm, it feels good
   to rest my fingertips on my lips.  I slowly rubbed the moist pink skin.
   I hope no one notices me touching myself, but it feels soooo good.  The
   class seemed to go on forever, but finally, it was over.  I got back on
   the bus to meet my friends for dinner.
   “I see you made it through the day bottomless,” Crysta said when she saw
   me.  By now my dress had dried off enough that it was nearly opaque
   again.
   “Yes,” I replied.  “I made it. I keep thinking there’s something wrong
   with my dress, like it’s shrinking or evaporating or something, but then
   I realize it’s my imagination.”
   “Maybe not,” Crysta replied, grinning.
   “What do you mean?” Before she could answer, Billy came up behind me,
   and I felt his arms around my waist, skin on skin, so I slapped his
   hand.  “Stop reaching under my dress, Billy,” I giggled.  Then I twisted
   around and saw he wasn’t reaching under my dress at all.  He was
   reaching through a gaping rip in the back of my dress.  It was ripped
   all the way to the high waistband in the middle of my back—I guess
   that must have happened when I pulled too hard on it right after it got
   wet.  Crysta was laughing now.
   “You’ve been practically naked since lunch,” Crysta said, still
   laughing.
   “Tell her what you did, Crysta,” Billy said.
   “WHAT DID YOU DO??” I yelled at Crysta
   “OK, I’ll tell you, if you promise not to hit me.”  She paused, waiting
   for me to promise.  When I didn’t say anything, she continued anyway.
   “I sprayed your dress with hair gel last night.  It made your dress
   shrink, and it made it a little more transparent, especially after it
   got wet.  Maybe I overdid it a little.”
   Eric said, “And maybe I should have resisted the temptation to turn on
   the sprinklers.”
   “Yes, maybe you should have, you bad boy!”  I wasn’t mad any more,
   though.  I was more hungry than mad.  “Billy, will you come with me to
   the salad bar?”
   Billy went with me, and when both my hands were occupied holding a
   plate, he put his hand on my butt.  This time I didn’t pull away.  I was
   so happy with my accomplishment—even more so in the face of Crysta
   and Eric’s dirty tricks—I decided to give the people in the
   restaurant an eyeful if they wanted to see it.  I spread my legs apart
   as Billy begins to massage my inner thighs.  Since my dress was open in
   the back, Billy had easy access to my ass.  His fingers traced a path up
   my legs, and then between my cheeks.  “I’m about to come,” I whispered
   to him as he fingered my asshole.  As I started to lose control, I
   leaned forward and spread my legs even further apart.  My dress fell
   against the sneeze-guard as Billy rubbed my juicy clit from behind.  I’m
   coming!  Oooh—Oooh—Oooooooooh!  Mmmmm, that felt good, Billy.
   Thank you.  I hugged him, and felt his hardness through his pants.
   Mmmmm, thank you.  Regaining my composure, I somehow managed to fill up
   my dish with food.  Billy told me later that everyone in the restaurant
   cheered when I came, but I didn’t even notice at the time.
   “You owe me a little mini-dress, Crysta,” I said as I return to the
   table with my salad.
   “Deal,” she replied.  We sat down to a great dinner made even greater by
   the satisfaction of knowing I had lived up to the dare.