**Crysta and Donna - The Amusement Park**

 “It’s Thursday morning, and the sun is shining.  Let’s cut class and have
 some fun!”  Donna always woke up in a good mood.  She was wearing an
 oversize t-shirt and a pair of knickers, which were two articles of
 clothing more than her roommate, Crysta, was wearing.
 “Leave me alone,” said the naked girl, her lovely face in her pillow, and
 her just as lovely ass rumps in the air.
 “Come on baby, baby, goo goo ga ga,” Donna had removed her top, and lay on
 top of her roommate making baby noises in her ear to annoy her awake.
 When that didn’t work, Donna massaged her shoulders and back.  This was
 having an effect.
 As Crysta started to wake up she wasn’t in such a bad mood any more.
 “Mmmm,” she said as Donna massaged her lower back, and then her ass.  “You
 know how to wake a girl up.”  Crysta spread her legs apart as Donna
 continued massaging her roommate, bypassing her most intimate of areas,
 and moving instead to her inner thighs.  This teasing made Crysta spread
 her legs even farther apart.  It was becoming quite obvious that Crysta
 was waking up, and her mood had taken quite a turn for the “wetter”.
 Donna ran her hands from one of Crysta’s knees, along her inner thigh,
 almost all the way up, and then skipped over Crysta’s hairless lips to the
 other thigh.  This was driving Crysta crazy, so she got up on her hands
 and knees.  Donna took advantage of this to rub Crysta’s breasts and
 belly, repeatedly bypassing Crysta’s protruding clitoris.  “Oh, baby,
 don’t tease me,” she said.  “Finish me!”
 “That’s enough fun for now,” Donna replied, smiling.  She got off the bed,
 and grabbed Crysta by the hand.  Crysta got up, and started kissing her
 roommate and pulled her knickers partway down, hoping to entice her to
 finish what she started, but Donna pulled away and said “Let’s go out and
 do something instead of just screwing.”
 Crysta, still dripping with desire, said “You always wanted to learn to be
 a bit less inhibited.  Maybe I should teach you.”  Teach you a lesson, she
 thought to herself.  “Let’s go to a place where hundreds of girls wear
 next to nothing, and do a variety of fun activities.”
 “You’ve got my attention,” Donna coyly traced a line from Crysta’s belly
 button to her still parted lips, “where is this place?”
 “This is the place where your dreams come true,” Crysta said, looking down
 at her pussy.
 “No, I mean where is the place where girls wear skimpy clothes and do fun
 things?”
 “Oh, that.”  Crysta looked up at Donna.  “The amusement park.  There’s a
 water park there, too.  Let’s find something for you to wear.”  She cast
 her eyes back at Donna’s knickers, which were still half-way down her
 thighs, and that gave her an idea.  “You won’t be needing those,” she
 said.
 “Oh?” Donna gulped.  Reluctantly, she stripped naked, and waited for her
 roommate’s next move.  Donna was slim.  Her tits weren’t as big as
 Crysta’s, but they were perky.  Her pussy was framed by a tasteful bush.
 Crysta rummaged through the closet, and came up with a tiny tube top.  It
 was only two inches wide, but that’s enough to cover my nipples, Donna
 thought as she put it on.  Her breasts poked out of the top and bottom.
 Crysta kept rummaging.  “This is it!” she exclaimed, holding a shapeless
 pair of terrycloth shorts with three buttons in front and a drawstring
 around the waist. Crysta removed the drawstring, and handed the shorts to
 Donna, who eagerly tried them on.
 Crysta watched as Donna tucked her muff into the shorts and buttoned them
 up. “They feel too loose.  I think they would just slip off when I walk.”
 She was about to take them off and give them back to Crysta.  “Oh yeah?”
 Crysta said.  “Walk down the hall and back.”  Donna looked in the mirror
 to make sure she was properly covered.  Good enough, she thought.  She
 opened the door, and looked both ways.  The coast was clear.  She walked
 from the girls’ dorm room to the end of the hall while Crysta, naked and
 unabashed, poked her had and shoulders out of the door to watch her
 roommate.  The shorts slide partway down Donna’s tight round ass,
 revealing the top of her butt crack, but they don’t fall any further than
 that.  At the end of the hallway, she turned around, and Crysta could see
 a bit of Donna’s muff, but that’s all.  Crysta stepped into the hallway,
 and escorted her back into the room.  “They’re fine, Donna.  Don’t worry.”

 Donna watched as Crysta picked out a strange object consisting of a
 triangle of fabric with a plastic ball attached to one corner. Along the
 three sides of the fabric were invisible ribs that gave it a curved shape.
 “What the heck is that?”
 Crysta bent her knees, and squatted with her legs slightly apart. She
 licked the ball to get it wet, then pushed it into her asshole, and
 arranged the triangle between her legs so it covered her vagina. Then she
 stood up straight, and as if by magic, the triangle of cloth stayed in
 place.  “Its a pair of strapless knickers.”
 Donna was amazed.  “May I?”  Crysta nodded.  She slipped her fingers under
 the front of it, and pulled it away from Crysta’s pussy. It moved easily,
 but when she let go, it snapped back in place. Then she moved it left and
 right, and like the steering wheel of a car, it centered itself. Donna
 asked, “Does it stay in place no matter what?”
 “As long as I keep my sphincter relaxed,” she replied.
 “Can I take a closer look?” Donna asked, touching Crysta’s beautiful naked
 ass. Crysta spread her legs apart, and let Donna put her fingers between
 Crysta’s cheeks.  She felt the Crysta’s asshole, which was closed around
 the ball, then continued running her hands between Crysta’s legs, and felt
 her pussy through the fabric.  Donna noticed that Crysta was still excited
 as she stood behind her roommate, and kneaded her ample breasts with one
 hand, while rubbing her wet pussy with the other. She slipped her hand
 under the strapless knickers, and kept rubbing while Crysta moaned with
 pleasure. Before long, the ball popped from Crysta’s asshole, and Donna
 felt her roommate’s pussy pulse with pleasure.
 “That always happens when I cum,” she said.  Crysta picked it up off the
 floor, wiped it with a tissue, then in one smooth motion, borne of long
 experience, she wetted it and popped it back in. She put her legs back
 together, and started looking for a top. She found a stretchy sleeveless
 shirt that came down to the middle of her ass in the back, and exactly to
 her crotch in front. She looked gorgeous, so sexily bottomless, yet fully
 clothed. Donna marveled at the effect, lifting the back of Crysta’s dress
 to see her naked ass.  The strapless knickers really did the trick, she
 thought.
 Time to go.  The girls walked down the stairs. Crysta noticed Donna pulled
 up her falling shorts a few times, and asked her not to pull them up
 unless they fell down to her knees.  “It’s for your own good, to become
 less inhibited,” she explained.  Donna agreed, and started walking a
 little more smoothly down the stairs. Still, her shorts slid down below
 the top of her crack in back, and below the faintest wisp of pubic hair in
 front, and although it was killing her, she avoided pulling them up.
 Crysta could see the agony on Donna’s face, and made it just that much
 harder for her by patting her on her lovely belly, now fully visible,
 between her pubic bone and her belly button.
 The girls got in Crysta’s car for the drive to the amusement park. The
 whole way there, Donna was dying to pull up her shorts.  Her discomfort
 was mixed with excitement, because now she was outdoors, with no way to
 get to any better shorts that don’t fall down.  Crysta made it worse by
 gently massaging Donna’s legs, gently stroking the place between Donna’s
 legs, which was easily accessible through the legs of Donna’s fallen
 shorts.  When she got out of the car, she discovered her shorts had slid
 just about completely off her butt, and figured it was just a matter of
 time before they fall to her knees and then she would be allowed to pull
 them up. But she had an inspiration. She sat back down in the car, and
 slid down the back of the seat, and then slid forward to get up, and her
 shorts were once again in their proper place. Crysta tisked in
 disapproval, but as Donna had lived up to the letter of her promise she
 didn’t say anything.
 As the girls entered the park they noticed a sign that explains the dress
 code.  Girls must wear a top and bottom (no dresses) at the water park,
 and must wear a shirt and shorts (no bathing suits) on amusement rides.
 Donna lifted the front of Crysta’s shirt, and asked, “What do you think
 this is, a bathing suit?”  Both girls laughed.
 Crysta put her arm around Donna and said, “Let’s talk about the challenges
 you’ll need to overcome.”
 Donna turned to face her friend, and put both her arms around her waist,
 lifting Crysta’s shirt high enough for passers-by to see her naked butt
 and think she wasn’t wearing any bottoms.  Crysta knew her butt was on
 display, but made no move to cover up.  “OK, Crysta,” she said, their lips
 touching.  “Tell me about my challenges.”
 “Today you will have three challenges.  The objective of these challenges
 is to provide opportunities for you to become freer and less inhibited.
 For this, you will have to take risks, and maybe have one or two people
 see your privates.”
 “I hope I don’t get embarrassed,” Donna said, and kissed her roommate as
 she lifted her shirt even higher.
 “You will.  But by taking risks and accomplishing the challenges, you will
 gain confidence.”
 “I’ll be ready to begin my first challenge... right after you get your
 shirt back.”  With that, Donna, who had been lifting Crysta’s shirt higher
 and higher, lifted it right off, and started running with it.  From the
 back, Crysta looked completely naked.  She shrieked and ran, tits
 bouncing, after Donna yelling over and over, “Give me back my shirt!”
 Donna stopped running, and held out the shirt to the nearly naked girl,
 saying, “I’ll agree to your three challenges if I’m allowed to refuse
 them.”  Crysta grabbed for her shirt, but Donna pulled it away, like a
 bullfighter with his cape.
 Crysta put her hands on her naked hips.  “Alright, but every challenge you
 refuse will cost you a button from the front of your shorts.”
 “No way!  My shorts will fall down if I lose just one button”
 “Not true.  Unbutton one button and you’ll see.”  Anxious to prove Crysta
 wrong, Donna unbuttoned a button, and wiggled her hips as she walked up
 and down the sidewalk, hoping her shorts would fall to the ground.  They
 slipped to a dangerous level, exposing Donna’s muff, and they barely clung
 to the middle of her tight little ass.  With each step, Donna could feel
 them slipping lower, and she knew her next step would be her last step
 before becoming bottomless.  All of a sudden Donna was torn between
 proving herself right, which would happen if she took one more step, and
 her dignity, which she could keep if she stood perfectly still.
 Dignity won.  “You’re right, Crysta.  Here’s your shirt”  She held it out
 for her friend, praying her shorts wouldn’t take the final plunge.  They
 were already more than half way down her ass, and her pussy was just about
 exposed as well, providing plenty of enjoyment to the onlookers.  Crysta
 took her shirt back, and did a pirouette for the crowd before putting it
 back on.  Donna was glad the attention had turned to her roommate, and
 took advantage of the relative privacy to rebutton the top button, but the
 shorts had slipped down so far she can’t do it.  And she already agreed
 not to pull them up unless they fall to her knees.  Then a light bulb went
 on inside Donna’s head.  I never agreed not to pull my shorts down.  With
 her heart beating fast, she pulled them down to her knees.  Then, before
 too many people got an eyeful, she pulled them back up again.
 Crysta admired Donna’s ingenuity, but she had to put a stop to it.  “New
 rule, Donna: No pulling your shorts down or up, or touching them in any
 way, unless they fall below your knees.  And even then, you must ask for
 permission first.  This is for your own good, Donna.  You must be forced
 to become comfortable with whatever you’re wearing, even if people are
 staring at your nudity—especially then.”
 Reluctantly Donna agreed to all of Crysta’s rules: There will be three
 challenges which she can decline only by losing a button, and she has to
 keep her hands off her shorts, letting gravity do its work.
 As the girls walked, they came to an attraction which consisted of a rope
 stretched across a swimming pool, and kids were crossing the water by
 hanging onto the rope.  “Here’s your first challenge, Donna.  Cross the
 water on that rope.”
 Donna looked at the kids hanging on the rope, and thought about her own
 loose shorts.  I won’t make it half way across before my shorts fall in
 the water.  She said “No”.
 “OK, give me your top button.”  Donna unbuttoned the top button, but
 Crysta said, “No give it to me.”  Donna, uncomprehending, gaped at her
 friend.  Crysta grabbed the button and yanked hard. Before she knew it,
 Donna’s shorts were around her ankles, and Crysta had the button in her
 hand. Donna was so stunned she just stood there for a split second. Then
 she bent at the waist and knees, and started to pull up her shorts.
 “Wait!” Crysta said, drawing even more eyes in their direction. Donna
 stopped. She was in a crouching position with her legs together for
 modesty.  “New rule:  No bending at the knees.”  Donna knew this was for
 her own good, and her privates now quite public also felt strangely warm
 and tingly, so she stood up straight again, and then bent over at the
 waist to pull her shorts up.  Donna’s legs were so thin, the crowd of
 onlookers behind her could see her whole pussy, which was poking between
 the tops of her long legs.  Knowing this will help her with her education,
 she pulled her shorts up very slowly, finally ending the view from behind
 as her shorts covered her now glistening pussy.  Crysta threw the button
 into the nearest garbage can.
 Donna was afraid to take even a step because her shorts were barely
 clinging for dear life. But Crysta began walking very slowly, so Donna
 felt compelled to move.  With each step, her now looser shorts slid down a
 fraction of an inch.  It wouldn’t be long before she would be fully
 exposed at this rate, unless there was some point where they would
 “catch”.  Donna hoped against hope they would stop falling soon.  She
 looked down, and saw to her dismay that wisps of pubic hair were now
 popping out of her shorts, and she was desperately afraid her pussy would
 be visible soon.
 Donna stopped walking, and stood awkwardly with her knees together.  She
 began trembling, and said, “Crysta, I can’t do it.  I feel my shorts
 slipping down, and I’m so afraid I can’t move.”  She put her hands over
 her eyes and began crying.
 Crysta put her arm around her friend to console her.  “It’s OK, honey.  We
 can stop here for a minute while I tell you about your second challenge.
 I’ll even help you a little by pulling your shorts up.”  With one hand
 Crysta reached into Donna’s shorts to check her level of excitement, and
 found her quite moist.  With the other, Crysta pulled the shorts up, just
 a bit.
 “Thank you,” Donna sobbed.
 “For your second challenge, cross the water on that rope.”
 “Hey! That’s the same as my first challenge.”
 “Do you want to lose another button?”
 “Please, no.”  She covered her front with her hands. Crysta grabbed the
 second button, and started pulling when Donna relented.  “OK, I’ll do it.”
 She stood in line for the rope. When her time came, she reached up with
 both hands and held onto the rope. As she reached up, her shorts started
 slipping faster, and now all eyes were on her. Hand over hand, she moved
 along the rope, her legs writhing in the air.  As she neared the middle of
 the pool something happened that she hadn’t thought of.  She had been
 worried so much about her shorts that she hadn’t considered her top at
 all.  But then it happened: she slipped out of her tube top.  There she
 hung, all by herself in mid-span, her tube top around her neck, breasts
 jiggling as she continued to move hand over hand along the rope. Concerned
 as she was with her breasts in such full view, something else was
 bothering her even more. Her shorts had slipped down as far as the middle
 of her butt, and had reached the point where they were about to fall.  Her
 butt crack was now more than half visible, and her bush was completely in
 view.  Being on display this way gave her a strange kind of excitement,
 which was making her pussy wet, and terrifying her at the same time.  She
 prayed her excitement didn’t show, and that thought just made her more
 excited.  She tried to stop wiggling her legs so much, but it was too
 late. All of a sudden, her shorts slipped off her butt. At the last
 minute, she spread her legs apart to keep them from falling completely off
 and into the water below, but, alas, she didn’t move fast enough to keep
 her swollen pink pussy from view.  Second after agonizing second, she
 clung to the rope.  Her breasts were exposed, and her pink pussy was
 exposed.  This is the most horrible humiliation, she thought.  I wish I
 could cover my breasts or my pussy with my hands, but I can’t because I
 have to hang onto this rope.  And I wish I could put my legs together, but
 I have to keep them apart or else I’ll lose my shorts.  Damn Crysta for
 thinking of this challenge.  Finally, somehow, she reached the other side
 of the rope, with her shorts around her knees. When she reached solid
 ground, heaved a great sigh of relief as she pulled her tube top back
 around her breasts. Still standing with her legs apart, she asked Crysta
 permission to pull up her shorts. Crysta appeared to think it over as she
 stood behind Donna and rubbed Donna’s belly.  I just want to put my legs
 together.  “Please?” Donna begged, as Crysta’s hand started to stroke
 Donna’s muff. Bypassing Donna’s soaking wet clit, Crysta stroked Donna’s
 inner thighs, just above the place where her shorts were trapped by
 Donna’s wide-apart legs. Reaching to the back of Donna’s thighs, Crysta
 stroked the lower part of Donna’s cheeks, and massaged her asshole for
 just a second before plunging two fingers into Donna’s quivering cunt.
 “Ohhhh, Pleeaase,” Donna said as she came. Crysta said OK, and let Donna
 lick her own cum off Crysta’s hands as she pulled up her shorts.
 Crysta said, “Now you declined the first challenge, to cross the rope, and
 you did the second challenge, crossing the same rope, so there remains one
 challenge left for you. Are you ready?”  Donna nodded.  “The third
 challenge is to climb the rock wall.”  This game was in the amusement
 section of the park.  As they walked there, they passed a sign that said a
 shirt and shorts were required for all amusement rides.
 Donna saw the sign, and then looked at herself and Crysta.  “I guess I
 won’t be doing the climbing, because my tube top isn’t a shirt.”
 “Take it off then,” Crysta said.
 “What? Right here? No!”
 “Then I get to take a button from your shorts.”
 Donna was about to object (that wasn’t part of our deal, you can only take
 a button if I decline a challenge) when Crysta yanked the button right off
 Donna’s shorts. Once again, the shorts were around Donna’s ankles, and
 Donna was really embarrassed this time because her pussy was all swollen,
 pink, and sopping wet.  But Donna remembered her training, and asked
 permission to pull up her shorts.  It seemed to take Crysta forever to
 decide, while several people walked past, but she finally said OK.  Donna
 bent only at the waist to pull up her shorts. It was hard for her to keep
 her legs together because she was so excited, but she did as well as she
 could. Even so, a large number of people saw the rear view of her asshole
 and pussy as she pulled up the shorts. Donna rebuttoned her one remaining
 button, and stood still. Her shorts were caressing her beautifully rounded
 ass, and the front, though open, was still able to cover her throbbing
 pink pussy as long as she didn’t make any moves.
 “You still haven’t taken off your top. Do you want to lose your last
 button?”
 “No, but I still don’t see why I should have to take it off. Here, let me
 explain it to you,” said Crysta. Quick as a flash, she pulled Donna’s
 shorts off.  “Donna, people are watching you, and you are bottomless, and
 your pussy looks like it’s ready for action, if you get my drift. You must
 hide your embarrassment from them by spreading your legs apart and
 removing your top.  Show them you aren’t afraid.  I want you to do a naked
 spread eagle for all to see, and then I’ll give you back your shorts.”
 Knowing it was for the best, and desperate to get her shorts back, she did
 as she was told. Her bright pink pussy was opened up like a flower for
 everyone to see. It glistened in the sunshine as she handed over her tube
 top. As promised, Crysta gave her friend back her shorts, but said “Don’t
 button that one remaining button.” She left Donna’s top on the ground.
 Donna pulled up her shorts again, bending only at the waist, and left the
 button undone as ordered. She started walking, but in a strange way. The
 only way for Donna to keep her shorts from slipping to her ankles was to
 keep her legs three feet apart, and walk like a lumberjack. After laughing
 at her, Crysta said “OK, you can hold your pants up.”
 “Thank you, Crysta,” she said as she resumed her normal stride.
 Soon they reached the climbing wall. In a surprise move, Crysta took off
 her shirt, and gave it to her friend. “You’ll need this to climb the wall.
 Get in line now.”
 Donna, still holding up her gaping shorts, but now wearing a shirt, looked
 back at her nearly naked friend with renewed gratitude and admiration.
 Gratitude for the gift of her shirt, and admiration because Crysta was
 standing as naturally as anyone in the world with her enormous breasts
 fully exposed, and her bottom covered only by a pair of strapless knickers.
 What a clever invention! Crysta’s legs were slightly parted, and Donna
 guessed Crysta was getting excited by what was about to happen. When it
 was Donna’s turn to climb she strapped the safety harness around her
 waist, and approached the wall, still holding up her shorts, which were
 now completely unbuttoned. She picked a foothold that was about three feet
 off the ground, allowing her to spread her legs apart. With her legs apart
 this way, and facing the wall, her shorts stayed up on their own, and she
 was able to leg go of them, and hold onto the wall. Then with her other
 leg, she found another foothold, and climbed up. At this point, Donna hit
 a snag. There were no footholds that could be reached with her right leg,
 so she would have to shift to the left, but that involved putting her legs
 together. So she leaned into the wall, hoping to pin her shorts between
 herself and the wall as she adjusted her footing. Unfortunately, she
 couldn’t get her legs across without leaving a gap between herself and the
 wall, so all of a sudden her shorts slipped halfway off her ass. She was
 thankful to be facing the wall, because although her pussy was completely
 uncovered from the front, no one could see it. She found new handholds,
 and then took another step. Uh oh, the shorts slipped further, now onto
 her thighs, nearly down to her knees. She was nearly at the top now, and
 she just had to keep her shorts from slipping any further. Her ass was
 fully exposed, and everyone was watching her.  She remembered Crysta’s
 words.  Show them you aren’t afraid.  She fought back her embarrassment
 enough to look at the crowd. Seeing them all looking at her pussy, which
 was clearly visible from behind, she felt even more embarrassed. She
 needed to cover it, so she hung onto the wall with one hand, and used the
 other to cover herself. Her pussy was so wet and slippery and her clit was
 now fully extended, so she “accidentally” rubbed her clit as she tried to
 cover herself, and to her surprise it felt really good. Dangling thirty
 feet above the crowd she rubbed herself gently, pretending all the while
 to be covering her nudity. Her legs were spread so wide by the requirement
 of her footholds that her asshole was as open as her pussy lips. She
 rubbed them both as she pretended to be shielding them from view. It felt
 so good, she soon forgot all about shielding them, and rubbed her asshole
 and pussy until she came.  Her asshole and pussy pulsed, and girl cum
 streamed down her legs.  Soon she realized she had to continue climbing,
 so she took her hand away from her throbbing bottom, revealing a cunt that
 was wetter and pinker than ever.  She wiped her wet fingers on her shirt.
 Must keep climbing, she told herself.  The only foothold was quite a
 stretch, though, and when she tried to reach it she found her shorts,
 still at her knees, really limited her range of motion. She tried harder,
 and was just about to reach her foothold when she heard a loud ripping
 sound, and her shorts broke free. They had ripped from crotch to
 waistband, but were still in one piece, just barely. She reached the top
 of the wall, and rang the bell before rappelling down. Her shorts landed
 before she did, but she didn’t even notice. She was so happy to have
 completed her mission. Without even stopping to pick up her mangled
 shorts, she ran to her friend and hugged her. Crysta, looking ravishing
 wearing only her strapless knickers, hugged Donna back, and then kissed
 her, too. Their tongues probed and caressed each other as they shared this
 moment of joy.  Donna, who was still bottomless, didn’t seem to care when
 her friend lifted her shirt to rub her back as they embraced. Their naked
 breasts rubbed against one another, raising four little erections. Then
 plunk! The sound of Crysta’s strapless knickers as they hit the ground.
 Donna smiled when she realized why Crysta lost her strapless knickers,
 remembering Crysta’s words.  That always happens when I cum.