**Crysta and Donna - The Lunch Line** (MF cunnilingus, exhib)

Donna spotted Eric as she approached the dining hall, and waved. "Hi

Eric," she said, brightly. She was wearing her standard issue IFT pink

minidress. IFT is the sorority she was pledging, and she was following

its strict requirements: to wear this official uniform and only the

official uniform. The uniform includes knickers, but today she wasn't

allowed to wear them because her pledge mistress had confiscated them.

That means no bra, no knickers, nothing at all under the dress, which made

Donna very self-conscious, but she was thankful her mistress had

confiscated the knickers, and not the dress. She was completely unused to

going "natural", and especially with a dress so short as this one. She

smoothed the back of her dress with her hand to make sure her ass was

covered, just as she had done a hundred times already that day. She

discovered, again, that her ass was covered, but just barely. At least

it's a pretty dress, she thought. It was tight-fitting on top, and flared

out at the hips, which was a style that had advantages and disadvantages.

She was glad it didn't ride up, the way tight dresses sometimes do, but

she has to be careful not to spin around too fast or bend at the waist.

Eric had been waiting outside the dining hall. "Hi Donna," Eric replied,

as he surreptitiously glanced up and down at Donna's tiny pink dress. Did

I see her muff? Donna saw Eric's eyes wander, so she pulled her arm down

suddenly, and tugged on the hem of her dress to make sure she was covered.

 Eric's jogging shorts had a bulge in front that hadn't been there a

minute ago. I bet he saw my pussy she thought.

Upon entering the dining hall they saw the long lunch line. "Oh, crap!"

Donna said. The building had unusual architecture -- Frank Lloyd Wrong,

Donna calls it. It has two tiny spiral staircases -- poles with steps

around them -- connected by a catwalk. The catwalk is framed by glass on

all sides, including its floor, so girls with short dresses run the risk

their knickers will be seen by the diners below. Girls without any knickers

under their short dresses, well, they have to cup their hands over their

privates the whole way over the catwalk. Unfortunately for the IFT

pledges, covering their privates is not allowed, and to make matters

worse, everybody knows it. The pink pledge minidress is an advertisement

that screams "I'm not wearing any knickers, and I'm not allowed to cover

myself, so look at my pussy!" It's all part of the systematic humiliation

of sorority pledges that makes all the more rewarding for the girls who

finally make it into the sorority.

Eric understood right away that Donna would be a sitting duck here, so he

offered to go somewhere else for lunch. Donna thanked him, but said she

would tough it out, because there really wasn't time to go anywhere else.

They took their places at the bottom of the first spiral staircase.

"Where's Crysta?" asked Donna. Eric was Crysta's boyfriend, and they

usually came together. To lunch, that is.

"I don't know, I thought I'd see her here. Maybe she'll show up later.

Where's Billy?" Billy was Donna's boyfriend, though she just calls him a

"friend".

"Billy has a class now. He usually skips lunch on Tuesdays." Donna leaned

close to Eric, her lips gently touching his ear. Her hot breath caressed

him as she said, "Eric, will you do me a big favor?"

Whether it was Donna's moist lips on his ear or her soft breasts pressing

against him, something made Eric's dick push at the front of his jogging

shorts. "Sure, Donna, what is it?"

"Could you stand close behind me, and keep me covered as we go up the

stairs?" She put her hands on his head to draw him even closer. She was

almost tonguing his ear as she added, "I'm not wearing any knickers, and I

don't want people to see."

Eric adjusted his pants. He pretended he didn't already know she was

bottomless. "Oh, you aren't? Sure, Donna, I'll protect you." Donna

started up the stairs, taking the very tall short steps on the inside,

next to the pole. Eric followed her but the stairs were so narrow he had

to stay two steps below her. But he did as she asked, staying right behind

her to shield her ass from view as much as possible. He wrapped his arms

around her hips, and covered her pussy with his hands, just as she asked.

He felt her neatly trimmed muff, and was surprised that it was a bit

moist. He rubbed it, just a little, and it got wetter. Surprisingly,

Donna didn't seem to mind that, so he gently inserted a finger into her

vagina. He looked at Donna's face, expecting to see a reaction, but she

just appeared to be staring into space, cool as a cucumber. She took a

step with her left leg, rotating her body a bit to the right, parting her

legs. Eric put a second finger into Donna's vagina, and began rubbing her

asshole with his other hand as discretely as he could. Donna moaned, and

grabbed the central pole of the staircase with both hands. Her asshole

relaxed, and he put his finger in, and kept wiggling both hands very

gently and discretely. His dick was rock hard. He took special pleasure

in trying to make Donna cum in public where she had to keep up an utterly

calm outward appearance. He knew she was very excited because she was

sopping wet, but she was standing as still as a statue.

At this point, Donna was dripping wet, but she was maintaining a semblance

of modesty. Eric moved both his hands to Donna's front, massaging her

lips and clit with one hand and her vagina with the other while he began

probing her asshole with his tongue. "Yes!" Donna said, forgetting for the

first time to be quiet. Seconds later, Eric felt Donna's asshole and

vagina pulse rhythmically. "Yes!" Donna said again, completely oblivious

to having suddenly attracted an audience. Girl cum streamed down Donna's

legs.

"Look," Eric said, pointing to the gap in the line in front of Donna,

wiping his face with his hand. The line had advanced to the top of the

stairs and halfway down the catwalk. Donna trotted forward as if nothing

had happened. She pretended to ignore everyone who was looking at her,

and before long, everyone did stop looking at her. A trick Crysta taught

me, she thought, thinking fondly of the way her roommate traipses about,

completely bottomless.

Donna pushed her hot, wet mouth against Eric's ear again. "Cover my

bottom," she said.

Eric looked down, and saw that people were looking up at Donna, and then

he got her meaning. People were looking at her asshole and pussy, and

pledges aren't allowed by her sorority to cover themselves. So Eric

hugged Donna from behind, goosing her with his erection, and grabbed her

pussy with both hands. Donna leaned her head back on Eric's shoulders, and

licked his ear, saying "I like that, Eric." Eric's kneecaps were nestled

inside Donna's knees, and Eric's dick was nestled between her cheeks. He

gently stroked her pussy as they walked slowly in lockstep along the

catwalk. No one below them got a chance to see anything.

When they got to the second circular staircase, Donna gently moved Eric's

head closer, and said into his ear, "You go first, and I'll follow. We'll

face each other. I want you to hide my pussy from view, OK?" Eric nodded.

He stepped down the stairs, and turned to face Donna. Donna lifted her

dress over Eric's head, and pushed his head between her legs. He got the

picture right away, and set his long tongue to work while he gently rubbed

her cheeks with both his hands. All eight fingertips took turns caressing

Donna's tight little asshole while he rubbed his tongue up and down

between her lips. Every time he touched her clit an electric current

surged through her. But she kept her mouth shut. When Eric reached the

bottom step, and Donna was still on the second step, she came again.

"Mmmm," she said, and caressed his hair. Without missing a beat, Donna

stepped down, grabbed a napkin, and passed it to her friend. He wiped his

mouth, then set the napkin on his tray. This has been quite a lunch line,

he thought, and smiled to himself over his pun. Donna smiled back at him

sweetly. He lifted her dress, and put his hand around her waist under it,

and she didn't try to stop him, even though it exposed her ass to public

view as they loaded their trays with food. He's earned it, she thought.