**Crysta and Donna - The Banana Game** (MF, exhib)

After Eric (Crysta's boyfriend) and Donna got their food, they found seats

opposite each other. Donna sat first while Eric watched. Out of habit,

Donna brushed the back of her dress under her butt to sit on it, but that

had no effect today, because she was wearing her IFT pledge dress which

was just too short -- it barely touched the seat. She just sat her naked

butt on the seat. Her pussy still tingled from the attention it had

received while she waited in line, so she sat with her legs slightly

apart, and rested her left hand in her lap. Her dress, short as it was,

provided no buffer between her fingertips and her clitoris, so she

casually rubbed herself as she ate. She was becoming used to the short

dress, and the casual access it afforded.

After the two had finished half their lunch in silence, Eric pointed to

the banana on Donna's tray. "I dare you to insert that between your legs,

and walk over to the soda machine, and get yourself a refill." He didn't

think she would do it; he just wanted to see her reaction.

"I'll do it if you agree to a dare, too," she said.

"What is it?" Eric wanted to know.

"First agree, then I'll tell you what it is."

"No, first you do my dare with the banana, and then I'll agree to your dare."

Without another word, she took the banana, and pushed it as far up her

twat as it would go, with just the stem hanging below the bottom of her

dress. Not too noticeable, she thought. But she thought wrong. As she

waddled over to the soda machine, Eric laughed at the yellow fruit

dangling below the hem of her dress. Others heard Eric, saw Donna, and

started laughing, too. Donna filled her glass, and waddled back to her

seat, her face now bright red. She unplugged her pussy, and dropped the

glistening fruit on Eric's tray. Before long, the bystanders returned

their attention to their own affairs.

"Now it's your turn," Donna said. "All I want you to do is get me a new

banana -- while I hold your blue jeans as bail."

"Sorry, I can't give up my pants," Eric said. Leaning in and lowering his

voice, he explained, "I'm not wearing any underwear."

"I know," Donna said. "But your shirt is as long as my dress. It will

cover you."

"No it won't!" Eric stood up to show his friend how short his shirt is.

But soon he realized she was right. In front, it covered his crotch, and

in back, it covered his butt.

"See?" Donna said. It covers you right down to the exact place where your

legs come together, just like my dress covers me.

"You're forgetting an anatomical fact," Eric said. "My dick will hang

down. My shirt isn't long enough to cover it."

"Does it have to hang down?" Donna asked, smiling.

Eric just stared at her as if he had no idea what she meant. But, in

fact, he knew quite well. His dick was already expanding, not only from

seeing Donna, but also from the thought of his own bottomless adventure.

Finally, he said, "No."

"What do you mean, 'no'?"

"I mean, no, I won't take off my pants in public."

"You said you would agree to a dare after I did your dare -- my walk with

the banana, that is."

"No, I said I would consider it. I've considered it, and I say no."

"You didn't say you would consider, you said you would agree. Those are

two different things."

"Consider and agree mean the same thing: they mean consider. How could I

agree to something without knowing in advance what it is?"

"I was wondering the same thing when you agreed so quickly. You should

count yourself lucky I'm not making you strip altogether!"

Eric realized she had him dead to rights. He had agreed to her dare

before even knowing what it was. How could he have been so stupid? He

couldn't think what else to do, so he resigned himself to the humiliating

task Donna had set for him. "Donna, If I get you a banana, will you eat

it? I mean, I don't want to embarrass myself for nothing, you know what I

mean?"

"Sure," Donna said, savoring her victory, and anticipating Eric's naked

ass as he will take that long shameful walk for her banana. "If you bring

it to me, I'll eat it."

Eric leaned closer to Donna, so she leaned in, too. He looked over his

shoulders and then whispered, "I'm a little shy about stripping in public.

 I don't want it to be too noticeable, so will you get under the table and

slip my pants off?"

"OK," Donna said, and started to slide off her chair. But before she slid

under the table, he touched her hand and looked into her eyes in a

pleading way.

"Could you..." he began. He didn't know how to ask the question.

"You want me to give you a hard-on so your dick won't hang down for

everyone to see?"

"Could you?" he asked again, now smiling from embarrassment. This was a

rare occasion in which it was less embarrassing for him to have a hard-on

in public.

"No problem," she said as she slid under the table. While Eric tried to

look nonchalant, she pulled the legs of his pants. Eric had undone them,

and he lifted his firm, hairless butt off the chair to make it easy for

her. When the cool air hit his legs, his dick started to get bigger.

When Donna began licking his balls, it stood up straight. Without

warning, Eric pushed his chair back. Another two seconds of this and I'll

cum, he thought. He pulled his shirt over his erect penis, and walked

quickly but as calmly as possible to the fruit bowl in the lunch line.

Donna watched him, and saw that the shirt covered his butt completely.

From the back it looked like he might be wearing soccer shorts under his

shirt. As Eric disappeared into the lunch line, Donna looked around to

see if anyone else was watching him the way they had watched her, but she

was disappointed to see Eric wasn't attracting much attention. Soon he

emerged, and walked toward Donna. She saw the distinct outline of his

erect penis against the front of his shirt, and a little dot of wetness

where the tip was rubbing the shirt. Donna waited for him to sit, but he

remained standing.

Then she noticed his hands were empty. "Where's the banana?" She asked.

He grinned from ear to ear.

"What?" Donna asked. She said it more like a statement than a question.

Instead of answering her, he turned around to show her his ass. Poking

out of his tight asshole was the end of a banana! He had peeled it and

somehow sucked it -- whole -- into his asshole.

"Start eating, Donna," he said, still grinning.

Donna was speechless.

"You said you would eat the banana if I brought it to you, remember?"

She recovered her power of speech enough to say, "Yeah, but..."

"Butt is the operative word, my dear," said Eric. "Start eating. Here,

I'll help you get started." He grunted and pushed, and the banana started

coming out of his asshole. Donna was stunned. How had the tables turned

against her? She thought she had been so clever to trick Eric into taking

his pants off, but now the whole cafeteria was waiting for her to start

eating Eric's asshole. She touched her lips to the banana, and sort of

kissed it. Then she licked her lips, and tasted the banana. She was

surprised that it tasted good, like a banana.

At this point, she saw only one way to get out of this dilemma -- to eat

the banana. But if she was going to be humiliated by eating the banana,

she would make Eric suffer, too. No more shirt to cover up, she thought.

She grabbed the shirt with both hands, and ripped it open. Then, before

he could react, she whipped it over his head. He raised his arms

involuntarily, and the shirt was gone. She threw it to the eager crowd.

Now Eric was standing with his ass to the crowd, legs apart, and

completely naked. Everyone was impressed by his completely hairless body,

and beautifully muscled ass. Just as impressive, but not as easily seen,

was Eric's rock hard penis, which he was trying to cover with his hands.

He never expected to be so naked, but still, the spotlight was on Donna --

this was going to be more humiliating for her than for him.

Donna set to work. She knelt on the seat, and leaned forward, bringing

her face closer to his asshole. She felt a breeze on her asshole and

pussy lips, which were now completely on display. She tried to pull the

back of her dress over her ass, but it was no use -- her dress was too

short. Oh well, she thought. She grabbed one of his cheeks in each hand,

and spread them apart. Then she lunged between them with gusto, and bit

off the end of the banana. His sphincter immediately closed over the

banana, sealing her meal inside.

"Hey, open up!" she pleaded.

"You'll have to pry it open with your tongue," he responded.

She licked his asshole, pulled his cheeks apart, and licked some more.

His sphincter relaxed a little bit, and she could see some light brown goo

coming out of it. She licked it clean, and it tasted mostly like banana,

with just a little smelly flavor mixed in. She swallowed it, and jammed

her tongue into his asshole as hard as she could. Finally, he opened up

and shit out some more banana for her to eat. She gobbled it up eagerly,

then he closed the door again.

"Is that enough?" Donna pleaded.

"Nope, you're only about half done. Keep eating."

The banana wasn't coming out so yellow now, more brownish. A deal was a

deal, much as she regretted it, but maybe she could take an opportunity to

embarrass Eric a little bit. "Could you turn around, Eric? I'm getting

tired in this position."

Eric thought it over, and decided to go along with Donna's request. With

his hands still covering his dick, he turned around and faced the audience

of diners. He gave them a sheepish smile. Suddenly, Donna yanked his

legs back, sliding his feet backwards on the floor, and almost making him

lose his balance. This forced him to let go of his dick and hold onto the

table for support. From the sudden surprise, he lost his erection, which

was just as well, he thought. He was less embarrassed if he didn't have a

hard-on. With the whole cafeteria looking at his dangling manhood, Donna

set about reopening the door to her lunch. As she licked, his dick got

hard again. Then she licked his balls, and it got even harder. She

rubbed his inner thighs, and his belly as she licked all up and down his

ass and his balls. "Wait a minute!" he cried as he sensed he was about

to cum. But it was too late. The whole audience scooted back as he

squirted, and squirted again and again. The white goo landed on the table

where he and Donna had been sitting. At the same time, he lost control of

his sphincter, and let out the rest of the banana into Donna's waiting

mouth. She swallowed it, and then licked his asshole until it was

spotlessly clean. Then she cleaned his penis, swallowing the last of his

cum.

Quietly, the daring duo resumed their seats. "Do you think anyone

noticed?" he asked softly as he shifted his naked butt on the seat, and

started looking around for his clothes.

"I don't think so," she laughed.

"Good. Now give me back my pants."

Donna made a great show of looking around for them. "I don't see them,"

she said, keeping a straight face. "Are you sure you gave them to me?"

"YES, I GAVE THEM TO YOU!" he yelled. He blushed when he realized people

were staring.

"OK, OK!" Donna laughed. "Here they are." She had been sitting on them.

Just then, Donna's phone rang. She looked at it and saw it was Crysta

calling. "Hi, Crysta, I thought you were going to have lunch -- " Crysta

interrupted her, and something in her voice sounded wrong. "what's the

matter?"

Crysta was crying. "I've been kidnapped!"