**Crysta and Donna - The Audition** (exhib, humil)

Donna walked into Buxom's -- the hottest ice cream parlor in this college

town -- to visit her friend Crysta, who worked as a waitress. "Hi Donna!"

said Crysta, brightly. "Are you here by yourself?" Crysta looked radiant

in her uniform. The official Buxom's uniform consisted of a skimpy pink

belly shirt with "Buxom's" in red letters and red thong knickers covered by

a little white apron.

"Yes, all by myself today," Donna replied. "Can you chat with me for a few

minutes?" Donna took a seat on one of the stools at the counter. These

stools swivel, and Donna, always playful, couldn't resist taking it for a

spin. Her short dress flared out so anyone who was looking would see her

long legs outstretched, and her cute little cheeks sitting on the stool.

But no one was looking but Crysta. Besides, Donna thought, all anyone

would see would be her knickers, and there's no shame in that.

"Sure," Crysta said, moving behind the counter opposite Donna. "What's

new?"

"I was admiring your uniform," Donna said, not taking her eyes off

Crysta's breasts which were no more than half covered by her little belly

shirt.

"Thank you," Crysta said, as she raised her hands and did a little spin.

Then she pulled her shirt down, just covering her nipples, which had

peaked out under it. Crysta's apron was tied exactly in the center of her

back, and the straps laid gently along her crack.

"I can't see your thong. How did you manage to exactly cover it with your

apron strings?" Donna asked.

"I'll tell you a secret," Crysta said. Lowering her voice, she said "I'm

out of uniform."

Donna laughed, and said "I wish I could feel free like you. But I just

can't bring myself to go out in public without, you know." She couldn't

even say without knickers. "How can I get over my fear?"

Crysta shrugged. "Do you even want to get over it?"

"Yes, I do," Donna said. "I really admire your openness. I wish I could

be more like that."

Crysta thought about Donna's question. "I don't know. Just do it, I

guess. Who's going to stop you?"

Neither girl spoke for several minutes. Crysta was busy making coffee and

cleaning up behind the counter. Donna was admiring the way Crysta moved

so easily and looked so comfortable in her little uniform. "Is this a

good place to work?" asked Donna.

"Absolutely!" Crysta replied without hesitation. "The tips are great --

for me at least, because I play the game."

"The game?"

"Yeah, you know. I lean forward a little more than necessary when taking

orders. I hold trays of food high over my head with both hands, which

causes my shirt to ride up, and then I don't fix it right away. I pretend

to like it when some ugly guy pats me on the butt, that sort of thing."

"Oh." Donna said, suddenly thoughtful. "You have to let them touch you?

Can't that get out of control?"

"Yes, if you're not careful, I suppose it can. I play it light and

innocent, though. I giggle and move out of the area quickly so no pigs can

get ahold of me. And I don't linger around the scary ones."

Donna was silent. After a while, Crysta said, "What are you thinking

about?"

"Hmm? Oh, well, um..." Donna blushed.

"You want a job here, don't you!" Crysta exclaimed. "That's wonderful. You

would be great." Then, after giving it some more thought, she said, "But

you'll have to get over your shyness if you want to get good tips."

Crysta thought it over. "You should go for it. There's going to be an

audition on Friday."

"An audition? Do you mean a job interview?"

"Well, they call it an audition," Crysta said. "Do you have a few minutes?

 I'll tell you about my audition, last year."

"Crysta!" called a heavyset guy in one of the booths.

"Just a minute, Donna," Crysta said as she went to see what the guy

wanted. Donna watched Crysta stand very close to the customer, and lean

close to him as he talked. Crysta didn't move as the man's hand gently

caressed the back of her knee. She barely stiffened as he touched her

inner thigh. Then as he was about to reach the place between her legs, she

backed up just a step. Donna was surprised that Crysta didn't walk away,

but even more surprised by what Crysta did next. She dropped her pen on

the floor, and facing away from Donna as well as away from the customer,

she kept her legs straight, bent over to pick up the pen, and put it back

in her apron. The man was transfixed, getting a real good look between

Crysta's legs. Then, Crysta straightened up, turned around and walked

right past the customer, who swatted her behind. As if nothing had

happened, Crysta returned to the counter.

"What was that all about?" Donna asked.

"That was about a big tip. He's a regular." Crysta replied as she grabbed

the coffee. She poured it in the man's cup, then paused again while he

gave her left cheek a little pinch. She giggled and returned behind the

counter. "Where was I? Oh, the audition. I probably shouldn't tell you

this, because you're supposed to go into the audition without knowing what

will happen. But since we're such good friends, I'll tell you. There was a

'Help Wanted' sign in the window, so I walked inside to see the manager

about the job. I had never been inside Buxom's before, so I was surprised

-- and a little excited, I have to admit -- to see the tiny outfits

everyone was wearing. The girl at the podium asked me 'one?' so I said

'no, I'm looking for a job'. Then she smiled and said 'follow me'. I

walked behind her, staring at her red thong knickers and wondering if I had

what it took to work here."

"You do," Donna said.

"I suppose so, but I wasn't so sure back then. So the girl brought me to

see the manager, who was a beautiful girl. Still is. That's her there,"

she said gesturing to a tall blonde wearing a plain long white dress that

fit her like a glove. "Her name is Andy. Andy sat me down and asked me if

I could be naked in public. I said, 'you mean stripping?' but Andy didn't

answer right away. A waitress walked by so Andy said, 'Would you like

something? Coffee? Soda?' I said 'Sure. A coke would be fine.'"

"'Coke', Andy repeated to the waitress. Then to me, she said 'Yes'. It

took me a minute to remember the question, so I asked, 'So the waitresses

strip?' and she said, 'Oh no, nothing like that, but they wear skimpy

clothes. I don't want to hire anyone who is uncomfortable with that.' I

looked around and saw what she meant. It was pretty busy. It must have

been lunch time. All the waitresses were taking orders and delivering

food, and they all wore the Buxom's uniform, complete with red thong

knickers. 'Do you have to take off more than that?' I asked, and she said

'no, that's the uniform.' So I said 'OK, I'll take the job'. 'It's not as

easy as that,' Andy said. 'You will need to pass an audition. Come back on

Friday at two o'clock.' She took my phone number, and said 'This is very

important: dress comfortably for the audition. Wear a t-shirt, bra, short

skirt, and knickers.' 'Will I need to strip for the audition?' I asked.

'No, not at all. Well not all the way,' Andy corrected herself. 'You can

stay covered up the whole time, I promise.'

"That evening, I got a phone call from the waitress who had brought me the

glass of coke. She said she had seen me talking to Andy and wanted to give

me some friendly advice."

"How did she get your number?", Donna asked.

"Exactly what I was wondering. She said she got it from Andy's office, on

the application I filled out. Maybe I should have been suspicious, but I

didn't give it a second thought at the time. Anyway, she said, 'You can't

let anyone know I called, especially not Andy.' I promised not to tell

anyone. She said, 'There will be a lot of girls at the audition, and

there's only one job opening. So the competition will be fierce. The one

who shows up in the sexiest outfit will probably get the job, so forget

the bra and knickers. Instead, wear the shortest mini-dress you can, and

nothing underneath.' I thanked her for looking out for me, and hung up

the phone. Then I got to thinking. Maybe it's a trick. I should ask Andy.

But I can't -- I promised. I thought, 'What if I arrive all dressed up as

Andy asked, and another girl gets the job?' Then I thought 'What if I show

up half-dressed and Andy gets mad because I didn't follow her

instructions.' What a dilemma."

"So what did you do?" asked Donna.

"I split the difference. I wore my see-through baby doll dress, bra and a

thong. I figured I could keep the bra and thong on, and stay covered up

that way."

"So did you?" Donna wanted to know.

"I'll tell you, Donna, if you stop interrupting." Donna made a zipper

motion on her lips, and mimed throwing away the key. "There were six girls

there, including me. We waited in the lobby." Crysta gestured toward the

front door. "We started talking before Andy showed up. One other girl was

wearing a mini-dress with nothing under it, but the other four seemed to

be dressed just as Andy had ordered. I wanted to ask the girl in the

mini-dress if she, too, had received a mysterious phone call, but just

then Andy appeared. The four fully-dressed girls started complaining all

at once that we had taken unfair advantage by not following Andy's orders,

but Andy didn't want to hear any of it. She sent us to the dressing room,

and told us to follow the instructions there.

In the dressing room there were six cubicles, set up like the fitting room

of a department store. Each one had a mirror. In my cubicle, a piece of

paper was taped to the mirror that read, 'strip to your bra and knickers,

and return to the front of the restaurant.' So I took off my dress, which

was sheer anyway, no big deal. I felt sexy in my thong but still felt

reasonably decent as I walked to the front of the restaurant and sat down.

After all, I was wearing more clothes than I normally wear to the beach,

and there were plenty of skimpy outfits for anyone to look at besides

mine. Nobody noticed me. Four of the other girls soon followed. Two of

them were dressed in bra and knickers, and one wore just knickers, and the

other wore just a thong. The last girl was nowhere to be seen. Then I

remembered, she had been wearing only a mini-dress, no bra or knickers. I

figured she was trying to build up the courage to come out naked. What

else could she do?

Andy didn't seem to care about this, or that two of the girls were

topless. She sent each of us to a different table to take customers' drink

orders. Four men sat at my table. One of them was a real pain in the

ass. He kept trying to 'pants' me, but I got the order. When I came back I

saw the girl who had been hiding. She still had her mini-dress on, and she

was talking to Andy. The girl had been crying. She told Andy she couldn't

do it, and she left in tears."

"That's sad," Donna said.

"I suppose so, but by this time I was so caught up in the competition that

I didn't have time to feel sorry for her. Besides, Andy didn't give me any

time to think about it. She sent us back to the changing room for some

more instructions. This time the instructions read, 'just wear this

outfit' but I couldn't find any outfit at first. There was nothing in the

cubicle except a tiny table of with one locked drawer fastened to the

corner. On it was a tiny patch of cloth with two strings attached to it.

The cloth was about the size of an eye patch. It might have been an eye

patch, for all I knew. I thought, 'Could this be the outfit I'm supposed

to wear? Where does it go?' I tried it on over my eye, and then I realized

what it's for -- to cover my privates. I tried it on over my knickers, and

looked at myself in the mirror. It looked dumb, so I took off my knickers.

That looked better, but it was so small it barely covered my lips. If

anything it drew attention to my pussy. I didn't want to be seen this

way, but I wouldn't quit or hide like that other girl. I was determined to

see this through. I was about to open the door and venture out into

public, when it occurred to me that my bra wasn't part of the 'outfit'. I

knew two of the other girls weren't wearing bras, and I didn't want them

to beat me out of this job. So I took off my bra, admired myself one more

time in the mirror. I always stay neatly groomed, and when I positioned

it very carefully, it covered me.

I opened the door, and walked slowly to the front of the restaurant. Each

time I took a step, I could feel the string ride up higher on my waist. I

looked down and saw the patch was out of place. I didn't want to attract

attention to myself by adjusting it then, so I waited until I sat down

before moving it back into place. This time I felt self-conscious sitting

there. I felt the customers in the restaurant all looking at me. I felt,

well, naked. I repositioned the patch so it exactly covered me, and folded

my arms in an effort to cover up the rest of me. I was hoping the other

girls would show up soon so at least I wouldn't be alone. I was looking

forward to seeing them all wearing their little patches. When they

finally showed up, I was disappointed to see they were wearing regular

clothes. They all had on pink belly shirts, you know, from the Buxom's

uniform, and none of them had removed their knickers. I felt cheated

because I was the only one that was practically naked. The girls saw me

sitting there, and started laughing. I asked them what was so funny, and

one of them said, 'Let me see that thing around your waist.' I didn't

want to take it off, because it was the only thing between me and total

nudity, so I hesitated. Before I had time to decide what to do, we were

once again sent to tables, this time to deliver drinks. The girl said

'I'll tell you later.'

When I got to the table I took a deep breath, and paused. I felt so

vulnerable, because the only thing between me and total nakedness was a

tiny patch of cloth. I knew I had to smile and flirt with the customers. I

closed my eyes and relaxed my stance. I visualized the cloth covering me,

caressing me, enveloping me, protecting me. A warm feeling came over me as

I did this, and I became more relaxed, and even a little excited. I didn't

mean to get excited, and I couldn't let this get in my way now. I used the

feeling to my advantage. It helped me lean forward and be sexy. As I

started setting the glasses down on the table, one of the men in the booth

began tugging on my little patch of cloth. Not only was that annoying, but

his fingers kept touching my lips. Against my will I got much more

excited, which bugged me more than anything. I wanted to slap his hand

away, but I couldn't because I had the tray of drinks in my hands. So

instead, I squirmed and pulled away but he wouldn't cut it out. I kept in

mind that this was an audition, so I had to play along. I parted my legs

further, pretending to enjoy the attention, but I was really getting mad.

Now that my legs were apart, he started touching between my lips, and that

made me both more excited and madder. Finally I got so mad I untied the

string and gave him the patch, and then he stopped touching me. By this

time I was dripping wet and throbbing. I didn't know what to do. I widened

my stance a little more so I could cool down and dry off, took a deep

breath, and I set down the last glass. As I did, the obnoxious guy said

'you did great, kid,' and patted me on my belly, sending shivers all over

my naked body. I felt explosions of excitement all over me -- my thighs,

breasts, butt, and most of all between my legs. When it subsided, I

realized I was not only completely naked but wide open and obviously

excited. Every part of me was throbbing. I lost track of where I was. I

found myself rubbing my nipples, and found they were rock-hard. Gradually

the room came back into focus. One of the men was saying something to me,

but I couldn't hear any words coming out of his mouth. I knew I had to

regain my composure if I had any chance of getting this job, so I thanked

the customers, and started walking in a trance toward the front of the

restaurant.

"When I got back to my place at the front of the restaurant, I had snapped

out of the dreamy feeling, and saw that I had attracted an undue amount of

attention. All of a sudden, I felt very self-conscious. Apparently, I had

made quite a spectacle. All eyes were on me. Before I could think what to

do, Andy handed me a Buxom's top, and said 'try it on'. I put it on right

away, and felt a huge relief as my top was covered up. It sounds odd, I

know, but at that moment I felt complete and utter love for the shirt, and

hugged myself in it. Even though it didn't cover my bottom, the shirt was

enough to make me feel all covered up and warm again. Andy said, 'When

can you start?' 'Right away,' I said. Andy held out an apron and said

'That's great, but there's a problem. I don't have a thong for you. Are

you sure you want to start today?' I said I was sure. Then the other

four girls shook my hand, and I said I was sorry they didn't get the job

when they said 'We already have jobs. We all work here.'

"Suddenly I realized they were all shills, just to test me and make me try

harder. All the girls patted me on the butt for good luck, and one of them

handed me a napkin so I could dry off. I didn't know whether to thank them

or kill them."

"Did you ever find out what that girl was trying to tell you about the

eye-patch?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that part. She didn't have the heart to tell me

that day, but a few days later we were on the same shift, and she told me.

 It wasn't an eye-patch at all, it was a key holder. Inside, there was a

key that opened the locked drawer in the dressing room. In the drawer was

the Buxom's shirt. It was a test to see if I would take off my knickers.

Since the instructions say to 'just wear this outfit', it's considered an

error to wear anything else, even knickers."

"Oh, so the word 'just' meant nothing else but the outfit, I get it. So

you didn't really follow the instructions, did you," Donna said.

"I guess I came close enough," Crysta replied, and both girls laughed at

the pun.