**Crysta and Donna - Paint** (FF, exhib, humil)

"Alright, what's your dare?" asked Crysta, her ample breasts puffed out in

a defiant gesture.

"I dare you to go all day wearing just body paint," replied her beautiful

brown-haired roommate, Donna.

"Body paint?" Crysta echoed, stalling for time. When Donna didn't answer

right away, Crysta continued, "Do you mean I should put paint on my body

instead of clothes and go out in public that way?"

"It's not ordinary paint," Donna replied. "It's special paint that colors

completely. You're covered up with color instead of with clothes."

"Is it thick, like clothes?"

"No, it's thin. It has to be thin to let your skin breathe." Seeing

Crysta's doubt, Donna added, "but don't worry: the color covers you.

People will have to look very closely to see it's paint and not

tight-fitting clothes. Let me show you what I mean. Look at this

website." Donna went to the computer at her desk, and logged on to

www.bodypaintart.com, which had an excellent tutorial about body painting.

 It explained the different techniques: oil-based makeup, latex, and

tempera, for example. Then Donna went to another website,

[www.geocities.com/SoHo/Den/1072/BODYPAINTS/bpindex.html](http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Den/1072/BODYPAINTS/bpindex.html)

which had more pictures and links to still other websites.

Crysta sat down at Donna's desk, and spent a lot of time taking in all

this information. It amazed her that the rich vibrant colors and sharp

contrasts can completely obscure facial and body features. Some of the

models in these photos are completely naked under the paint, but their

body parts are indistinguishable from the design overlaid on them. Most

models have their face painted as well as their body. This makes their

face unrecognizable, which many models prefer.

Crysta said, "I like this picture of Yamila Diaz from the 1999

Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Issue." She's wearing a latex bathing

suit that was painted on. "Do you see how it doesn't cover

completely to the bottom of her cheeks?"

Donna leaned closer to the screen. "Oh, yeah. It's just painted

onto the upper part of her cheeks, with nothing at all between her

legs."

Crysta's eyes really lit up when she saw the next picture. It's a

pair of blue jeans, airbrushed on.

"Except this model is wearing a bikini bottom," Donna said. "You

could get a design like this, just without the bikini bottom."

Clicking the mouse, Crysta said, "I like this one, too. It's a

floral design. These pictures show the front and and the back. I

wonder how long she's been wearing this paint. It's starting to

wear off in the front right by her lips, where her left leg joins

her body."

"It still looks OK to me," Donna replied, anxious not to dissuade

Crysta from wearing body paint.. "Do you think you could go in

public dressed only in paint?"

"I think so, Donna. But I would want to be wearing more color on my

body, like this girl with the lobsters painted on her chest."

"Oh, that is pretty," Donna agreed.

Donna said, "If you're not sure about these paintings, maybe there's

something else you can do. Let's talk to Tommy. He'll show us some of

his work, and then you can decide whether you are willing to take the

dare." Tommy was a hair dresser they both knew. His real name is Tamaro,

with the accent on the second syllable, and he owns the salon called Hair

Today Gone. The sign outside the salon reads "Hair Today Gone by Tamaro".

Although Donna made the dare seem spontaneous, she had been planning it

since last week. She had already spoken to Tammy, and together they

agreed to talk Crysta into the barest coverage possible. After the

sprinkler incident on Monday, Donna had come into the salon again, and

Tommy was shocked to see the condition of Donna's dress, and together they

vowed revenge. Tommy even agreed to trick Crysta into taking a very

provocative design. He said he would even use the less durable Tempera

paint, which tends to flake off after it dries. But Crysta didn't know

any of that.

"Will you pay for it?" she asked.

"Yes, if you'll take the dare," Donna replied. Tommy had already agreed

to do it for free, and although Tommy is usually booked months in advance,

he made time for the painting the following Monday at 9:00 AM. Donna

didn't let on that the appointment was already made, saying, "I'll call

Tommy and make the appointment."

Knowing Tommy's popularity, Crysta was pretty sure she had a few months

before she would have to follow through with this dare. So she was

surprised the next day when Donna casually mentioned she had set her up

with an appointment with Tommy the following Monday for the full treatment

-- hair, nails, bikini waxing, and painting. "He also wants to talk to

you ahead of time to get an idea what style you want," Donna said. "He

said to drop in today. Do you have time now?"

"Well, OK," Crysta said, not quite over the shock of having to go through

with this dare so soon. The girls walked to the salon.

"Hello Donna," Tommy gushed when the girls walked in. "You must be

Crysta. I've heard so much about you, I'm so glad to finally meet you,"

he continued, the whole time walking in a circle around Crysta. The salon

was very busy. Most of the customers were women, but a few men were

there, too. Some of the women were wearing bikinis. One was wearing just

a bikini bottom, and she was half-painted in some abstract design..

Others were waiting to be painted, Crysta supposed. Body painting was

evidently a big part of Tommy's business. Looking around, Crysta could

see two of the hairdressers were, themselves, body-painted. Both appeared

to be wearing body stockings that were painted in a vibrant style, but on

closer examination, she could see the only thing covering them was paint.

Looking closely at the man's genitals, she was amazed by the degree the

paint disguised the shape of body parts. The man's paint-job was a jungle

scene, with dozens of lions, zebra's, and other creatures running up his

legs, and onto his chest. At the front of the stampede was an elephant,

whose trunk was the man's penis! What a clever job, Crysta thought.

Tommy asked "What kind of style were you looking for?"

Crysta said, "I was hoping for something that people would mistake for

ordinary clothing."

Tommy said, "I know what you mean. You want them to think at first glance

that you're wearing some sort of skin-tight stretchy thing with a floral

print or some such thing, and then maybe they won't stare at you long

enough to see that it's paint."

"Exactly."

Tommy continued, "But they will stare at you. If it looks like a body

suit with a floral print, they'll be interested to look closer at your

curves, and then they'll see it's just paint."

"Then they'll look away," Crysta said, "because they'll be embarrassed for

having looked so closely."

"Maybe so," said Tommy. "Would you want to be wearing a thong? I can

paint right over the top of it, and disguise it with the design. No one

would know what you're wearing until they look very close."

Crysta looked at Donna, who was shaking her head no. "No," Crysta said.

"Nothing but paint."

Tommy suppressed a grin, because he knew the dare required Crysta to be

naked under the paint. "Well, if that's what you want, I can do it. But

you should know about some limitations. I can paint over your nipples,

but I can't paint over your lips or your butt-hole -- we can only paint

regular skin, OK?"

"OK, but can you work these things into a pattern so they won't be so

noticeable?"

"Absolutely. A dark diagonal stripe that goes across both lips, for

example, would hide any shapes underneath it, and draw the eye away.

That's the key to these designs -- to draw the eye away from your private

parts, and toward the focal points of the design."

Crysta nodded, and said, "Could you make it look like I'm wearing one of

those two-piece stretchy work-out sets, you know the ones? The top is

like a sports bra, and the bottom is shorts. Maybe with an abstract

design..."

"Sure, I could do that, but I think you'd be much happier with a floral

design -- more colors, more shading. And I don't want you to be limited

by the outlines imposed by the sports bra and shorts look." Tommy was

starting to get impatient. "Can you trust me to make a good design for

you?"

"I suppose so, I mean yes," Crysta said, not wanting to make Tommy any

madder.

"Good," Tommy said. He reached into a drawer, and pulled out a smock,

folded into a small shape. "Wear this when you come in Monday morning,"

he said as he handed her the smock. "Nothing else. Just the smock. Nine

o'clock. Don't be late."

Having been so abruptly dismissed, Donna and Crysta walked quickly out of

the salon. Once outside, Crysta held up the smock. It was very thin, and

also very short. Crysta held it under her chin. "This is quite a bit

shorter than the dress I have on," she said.

"Don't worry about it," Donna said. "You only have to wear it from our

dorm room to here -- a 10 minute walk." That's what Donna said, but what

she was thinking was Donna's minidress just barely covers her front and

doesn't even fully cover her cheeks as it is. This smock won't cover

anything at all, and Tommy knew it. Donna smiled as she realized Tommy

gave Crysta the smock to help Donna take revenge on Crysta.

When Monday morning finally came, Crysta put on the smock. Besides being

way too short, it had only one button in the front, at waist level. So

whenever the breeze blew, the smock opened up completely. Crysta thought,

I might as well be naked, but she said "OK, I'm ready to go."

Donna said, "There's time for breakfast. Would you like to stop at the

dining hall?"

"Like this?" Crysta asked, posing with her legs apart and arms out in a

sweeping gesture. As she did this, her smock opened up in the front,

revealing everything.

"Well, yes," said Donna, moistening at the sight of her beautiful roommate

being forced to wear less than usual. "but you could try to keep your

legs together. And take off your shoes. Remember what Tommy said. The

smock and nothing else."

Crysta put her legs together, took off her shoes, and stood in front of

the mirror. Donna stood behind Crysta, and together, the girls admired

Crysta's figure in the mirror. The smock barely covered Crysta's front,

but it did cover it. Donna could see the bottom half of each of Crysta's

cheeks, but she didn't say anything.

"OK," Crysta said. "we can stop for breakfast. But could you take off

your shoes, too? I don't want to be the only barefoot girl in the dining

hall."

To Donna this seemed an odd request, but she took off her shoes anyway,

and walked out of the dorm room. Crysta hesitated. Donna assumed Crysta

was shy, wearing so little, or maybe because she was worried about the

painting. Little did she know what was in store for her, Donna thought.

After a bit, Crysta came along, Donna closed the door, and they started

walking barefoot toward the dining hall.

Donna admired Crysta for being so comfortable wearing so little. If Donna

had been required to wear this smock, she couldn't have done it. She

would have hid in her room, or something. There's no way Donna would

willingly go out in public with her butt cheeks hanging out like this.

But Crysta was different. Maybe she didn't know her butt was on display,

but more likely she knew and didn't care. Or she knew and liked the way

it teased the guys who look at her. In any case, Crysta looked totally

comfortable as she walked with Donna to the cafeteria. "Tommy seems to be

leaning towards a floral design," Crysta said. It was a bit breezy as

they walked across the open space in front of the cafeteria, and the front

of Crysta's smock blew up on both sides, the flaps of thin cloth pinned to

her belly by the wind. Crysta did nothing to try to correct the

situation. Some boys were just leaving the cafeteria, and they got a good

look at Crysta's front, but Crysta pretended not to notice. As they

neared the cafeteria, the wind shifted, and blew up the back of Crysta's

smock just as the boys passed, and got another good look. Crysta didn't

even put her arms down to keep the smock in place. "Don't you think,

Donna?"

"What?" Donna said. She hadn't been listening. She was too busy being

amazed at how open Crysta is, and wishing she could be the same way.

"I said, maybe I should just let Tommy paint what he wants on me, because

he seems to get annoyed when I give him suggestions. Don't you think?"

"Oh, yeah," Donna said, remembering Tommy was going to try to paint the

most provocative design he could. Donna seized the opportunity to

encourage Crysta to let Tommy do his thing. "He's a temperamental

artist."

As they entered the cafeteria, the guy at the desk held out his hands for

the girls' meal tickets. "Oops," Crysta said. I forgot my meal ticket.

"and there's no time to go back for it now, we're running late as it is.

You go ahead, Donna. I'll just skip breakfast."

The guy said. "You can leave something as collateral, and bring me your

meal ticket later."

"What do you mean, collateral?" Crysta asked.

"Anything," the guy answered.

Crysta looked at her hands. No rings, no watch. Nothing for collateral.

"I have nothing to give you, except the smock I'm wearing."

"That'll do," said the guy, eagerly. Crysta had already unbuttoned it

when Donna stopped her.

"No, you can't, Crystal," Donna said. "You need to give that to Tommy."

Crystal stopped undressing, and just stood there with her smock wide open,

and faced Donna. "What else can we do?"

"Maybe I have something for collateral," Donna said. She thought

carefully. I'm wearing just two items of clothing, my knickers and my sun

dress. I hate to go without knickers, but I hate to go without breakfast

even more, so I'll just take them off, and offer them as collateral, she

thought.

"That would be OK, too," said the guy, looking disappointedly at Crysta's

pussy, which was fully exposed, as her smock hung loosely at her sides.

Donna said, "I'll give you my knickers, OK?" and slipped them off. She was

quick about it, because she didn't want to attract too much attention from

the people behind them in line. She handed over the knickers, and the guy

took them and held them up to his nose and smiled as he breathed in. He

seemed satisfied, but said, "Sorry, knickers aren't good enough." He

pointed to a box behind him that was full of various kinds of underwear.

"People don't come back for 'em. You'll need to give me something else in

addition."

"I'll promise I'll come back with the meal card," Donna begged. But the

guy wouldn't budge. Meanwhile, the line of students forming behind the

girls was starting to act restless. "OK, give me back my knickers, and

I'll give you my dress," Donna said.

"No, I said in addition." They guy was firm -- very firm by this point.

"If I had offered my dress first, would you have asked for my knickers,

too?"

"Probably not," said the guy.

By this time, the line of hungry students had grown longer and much more

restless. Donna continued, undaunted by their catcalls, "Well then give

me my knickers back, and I'll give you my dress."

"You give me your dress first," the guy replied, "and then maybe I'll give

you back your knickers."

"Come on, let's just forget it," Crysta said as she started to leave.

"No, I really want my breakfast," Donna said. Without waiting for Crysta

to respond, Donna pulled her dress over her head, and handed it to the

guy, who took it and threw it in the box behind him. "May I have my

knickers back?" Donna asked. She was mad now. She stood naked in front of

the desk, legs slightly parted, left hand on her hip, and right hand out,

waiting for her knickers.

"Let's just have our breakfast, Donna," Crysta said. "You can get your

knickers later, OK?" Crysta felt there was no way to win this argument,

and that the girls might as well just cut their losses.

"That's a good idea," the guy said. Have your breakfast, and get your

clothes later." But Donna didn't move. After a tense moment, one of the

students on line said, "Give the girl her damn knickers." The guy started

to hand them to Donna, but when Donna reached for them, he pulled them

back. On the second try, Donna was faster. She snatched them out of the

guy's hand, and put them on. The crowd cheered. By this point, Donna was

furious, but felt satisfied she won a minor victory. As the girls got to

the food line, Donna became aware of being topless now that she had calmed

down. She covered her breasts with her hands.

Crysta's smock had been open all this time, and now Donna noticed it had

slipped off her shoulders, and Crysta was wearing it around her hips.

Only her arms were holding it in place, and it was covering nothing except

her behind. "Here," she said, slipping the smock off the rest of the way.

 "Take the smock. You can walk with me to Tommy's, and return it to him

there."

Donna said, "But then you'll be naked. I'm fine wearing just knickers,

really." She really didn't feel fine, but she didn't want Crysta to go

naked, so she pretended the knickers were all she needed. She took her

hands off her breasts, and pulled her shoulders back.

"That's OK, Donna. It's my fault I forgot my meal card." Crysta held out

the smock for Donna.

Donna really wanted to cover herself up, so she thought about this, and

finally realized it still won't help. "But then when I get to Tommy's

he'll want his smock, and I would have to walk home topless. I would be

better off going back to our room in the dorm, and putting on another

dress. You should keep the smock."

"But I was hoping you would walk with me to Tommy's," Crysta said.

Donna though about it some more. "I know. We'll have a quick breakfast,

go back to the room, get your meal card, come back here," and Donna

realized this was already too much running around. "oh that won't work,

either."

The girls got to the front of the food line with Crysta still holding her

smock in one hand, and Donna wishing she could cover up her exposed

breasts somehow. She felt herself becoming excited by the partial nudity,

and fought a strong urge to rub her wet pussy through her knickers.

Finally, she couldn't fight the urge, and massaged herself through her

knickers. The thrill of nudity was so strong that Donna pulled her knickers

down, just a little, so she could rub her clitoris directly, and hoping no

one would see her do this. The girls got their trays, picked out their

food, and soon reached the end of the line. The girls went to the drink

area next, Crysta stark naked and Donna wearing just her wet knickers,

pulled slightly down. Then they sat down.

"At least put on this smock while we think about what to do," Crysta said,

holding it out.

Finally, her intense need for modesty got the better of her. Donna took

the smock, and put it on. It was quite a relief for Donna to be covered

up once again. Meanwhile, Crysta turned quite a few heads as she ate her

breakfast naked. The most amazing thing, Donna thought, is that she

didn't act like she was naked. For example, when she finished her orange

juice, she just got up, and got some more. As it happened, when she

pressed the button of the orange juice machine, nothing came out, so she

turned around and called out to the worker. When he didn't hear her, she

waved at him with both hands in the air, jumped up and down a little, and

yelled again. Donna thought Crysta was drawing more attention to herself

than necessary. Could it be that Crysta likes people to see her naked?

The worker came over, and as he fiddled with the machine, Crysta stood

with her back to the audience that had now gathered, and her legs were

slightly parted. The worker hunched over the machine, and Crysta seemed

curious about something. She leaned forward slightly, bending at the

waist to get a better look, and said something to the worker. As she did,

she separated her legs just a bit more, giving the whole audience got a

good look at Crysta's butt-hole and lips. That couldn't have been

accidental, Donna thought. Crysta must be showing off on purpose. Just

then, the worker closed the door of the O.J. machine, and Crysta

straightened up, and got her orange juice. As she turned around, the

whole audience dispersed instantly as if it had never been there. She

returned with it to the table, apparently oblivious to the attention she

had been receiving, and sat down. "Have you figured out what we'll do?"

she asked.

"About what?" Donna asked. Donna had been so interested in Crysta's

little show she had forgotten what they were talking about. Actually,

Donna had been more than just interested. She had gotten even more

excited, and still had her hand in her knickers, rubbing herself absently.

"About getting your dress back, and returning my smock to Tommy."

"Oh, that. I guess I'll just wear your smock to Tommy's, then I'll walk

back without it."

"That's very nice of you, Donna. I really appreciate it."

As Donna got up, she realized her knickers were wet. She hoped it wasn't

obvious, but they were clinging to her, and that was uncomfortable. The

girls bussed their trays, and went out the exit into the bright sunshine.

Donna was a bit taller than Crysta, so the smock covered much less on

Donna than it had on Crysta. Donna's knickers were visible, both front and

back. After they had walked for a while, Crysta said, "I can see through

your knickers, Donna."

Donna looked down and saw that the wet front of her knickers had made them

transparent. She blushed, and put one hand over them. Crysta said,

"Don't do that. It just draws more attention. Act natural."

So Donna relaxed a bit, but couldn't help thinking about how everyone

could see her. The more she tried not to think about it, the more she

thought about it. Worse, these thoughts were exciting. Donna was

dripping wet.

Crysta said, "Don't be embarrassed. I'm excited, too. See?" Crysta

stepped into a doorway and faced Donna. Crysta's nipples were protruding

from her beautiful breasts, but Donna couldn't see any more evidence that

Crysta was excited. Crysta opened her legs, and said again, "See?" When

Donna still didn't see, Crysta took Donna's hand, and placed it over her

own vulva, and said, "Now do you see?". Donna understood at once.

Crysta's vulva was dripping wet. Crysta placed her hand over Donna's, and

Donna's middle finger slipped inside her friend.

"What got you so excited?" Donna asked, innocently.

"You did," Crysta replied. "That argument with the guy in the dining hall

turned me on. Seeing your knickers, soaked as they are turns me on even

more." Crysta then put her free hand around Donna's head, and pulled her

in. She put her tongue in Donna's mouth, and Donna surrendered. Time

stopped while they kissed. Donna felt Crysta's vagina pulse, and knew her

friend came.

After a minute, Crysta let go of Donna's hand, and Donna slowly pulled her

hand away. She said, "We'd better hurry," although she was thinking let's

do that again.

"Yes. Let's get going," Crysta said, and they started walking again.

Donna's knickers were completely soaked. After they passed two guys on the

sidewalk, Donna waited a second, then suddenly turned around to catch them

looking at the girls' backsides. Donna just got more embarrassed and also

more excited.

As they neared the Hair Today salon, Crysta stopped and said, "You'd

better give me the smock now."

Donna hesitated, because it was the only thing between her and total

nudity now that her knickers were see-through. "Why?" she asked.

"Because Tommy will get mad if I'm not dressed exactly as he requested."

Donna started to say that she didn't want to be naked, but then she felt

silly because Crysta really was naked. Donna unbuttoned the smock, and

slipped it off. She tried to act casual, as if exposing her breasts in

public was the most natural thing to her. She straightened her back and

even puffed out her chest a little. For one thing, my tits might distract

people from my wet pussy, she thought.

The girls started walking again as Crysta slipped the smock on. She

didn't even have time to button it by the time they were at Tommy's.

Crysta went in first, followed by Donna. "What happened, Donna? Did you

lose a game of strip poker?" Seeing Donna's knickers, Tommy said, "Let me

dry those off for you," and he held out his hand.

At first, Donna didn't understand what Tommy wanted. Then she realized he

wanted her to take off her knickers. Donna didn't know what to do. It

would be nice to have dry knickers again, these were really starting to

annoy her -- so cold in the air conditioned salon. But she was already

topless, and without her knickers, she would be naked. After a moment's

hesitation, Donna removed her only item of clothing, and looked around the

room to see no one was paying any attention to her. "Crysta," Tommy

continued, "could you give Donna your smock, please?" Crysta obediently

slipped out of the smock, and gave it to Donna. Donna put it on, and

buttoned it. It only covered down to her belly button, leaving her bottom

exposed. "Donna, have a seat, while we get Crysta ready."

"Well, actually, I can't stay," Donna said. I have a class this morning.

Donna turned to leave, then remembered the smock belonged to Tommy. "Oh,

your smock," she said as she unbuttoned it.

"That's OK, give it to me later," Tommy said.

"Thanks," Donna said as she turned to leave. As she absently smoothed the

back of the smock with her hand, feeling her bare backside, Donna realized

she didn't know what Tommy did with her knickers, but they were probably

not dry by now anyway, so they wouldn't do her much good. I might as well

just wear this smock as a top, and go home bottomless, she thought. Maybe

I'll have time to go home and put on some clothes before my class.

Tommy watched Donna's nice round ass walk out the door, and then

remembered her knickers. Before the door closed, he called "Donna!" but

Donna didn't hear him. Tommy got the knickers from under a hair dryer,

where they were now not only dry but toasty warm. Tommy looked to see if

Donna came back, but she wasn't in the store. He went to the door, and

called again, "Donna!"

Donna had already reached the end of the block. She turned around when

she heard Tommy call, and as she did, the wind blew the little smock

almost right off her, since she still hadn't bothered to button it. She

walked back to the salon with the smock hanging behind her like a Superman

cape. "What is it?" she asked.

Tommy held out her knickers on one finger while he put his hand on his

other hip. "Forget something?" he asked.

"I didn't think they would be dry yet, and I'm in a hurry."

"They're dry. And if you put them on now, they'll still be warm from the

dryer."

Donna took the knickers, but didn't put them on. She wanted to air-dry a

little more before putting them on again. "Thank you, Tommy," she said as

she put her arms around him and kissed him on his cheek.

Donna didn't see Tommy blush because she had already turned back to

campus. I'd better hurry, or I'll be late, she thought. She walked back

to the end of the block, carrying her knickers, and having still not

buttoned her smock. She just missed the "Walk" signal, so she pressed the

button, and waited with her legs apart to dry off. There were several

near-crashes at the intersection as drivers focused on Donna instead of

the road. By the time the "Walk" signal appeared, and Donna crossed the

road, she felt dry enough to put on her knickers, but she didn't want to do

it in the middle of the sidewalk. She ducked into the same doorway where

she and Crysta had kissed, put on her knickers, and resumed her trip back

to campus. She passed half a dozen people on the sidewalk before she

remembered to button the smock. Even so, it showed a lot of cleavage.

She tried not to get herself excited again, although she couldn't help

wondering what was happening to Crysta.

Crysta was standing naked in the front of the salon. She still felt wet,

and so she didn't want to sit down and leave a spot. So she asked the

receptionist if there was a restroom. "Yes," she said, "but it's in the

restaurant next door. Let me give you something to wear." Feeling very

grateful, Crysta held out her hand, but the receptionist gave her nothing

more than a pair of flip-flops. Crysta put them on, then tried to ask if

she could wear a robe or something, but the receptionist was busy. So

Crysta started for the door wearing only her flip-flops. "Come back,"

said the receptionist, standing up. Now Crysta could see she was wearing

a fuzzy pink sweater on top, and a pair of hot-pants that were only

painted on her bottom. "Don't you have any clothes to wear?" she asked.

Crysta said no. She took off her sweater, and gave it to Crysta, saying,

"This is all I have." Crysta thanked her and put on the sweater. It

covered her breasts, but nothing else. Not even her belly button. Oh

well, Crysta thought. Better than nothing. And she walked out the door.

When she came back, Crysta handed the flip-flops and sweater back to the

receptionist. "Have a seat, Crysta," she said, pointing to waiting area

by the front door. There was a couch there, along with a wooden chair,

and two wooden stools. There was already a man sitting in the middle seat

of the couch, and Crysta didn't want to sit next to him since she was

naked. She thought the chair looked best, but as she started toward it, a

girl sat in it. So she sat on one of the stools. She tried to maintain a

semblance of modesty by keeping her legs together. Soon it became

uncomfortable, though, because she couldn't keep her feet on the rungs of

the stool while her legs were together. So she eventually relaxed her

legs, and put her hands between them so people wouldn't see anything. It

seemed to Crysta that a lot of time passed. She got off the stool, and

paced. The couch was empty, so she sat there until a teenage boy sat next

to her and couldn't take his eyes off her. At this point, Crysta would

settle for any paint job or even no paint at all. She was just starting

to think about leaving, naked, when Tommy called her.

"Sorry for the wait, Crysta, we've been very busy. Walk this way."

Crysta imitated Tommy's swishy way of walking. It was her little joke.

Soon they were in an out-of-the-way nook near the back of the salon.

Crysta noticed two ropes hanging from the ceiling, each one ending in a

loop at about eye-level. Tommy crouched to take a close look at Crysta's

lips. "You're nicely shaved, thank you."

"Yes, I shaved this morning," Crysta said, hoping Tommy would find

something else to look at soon.

Tommy straightened up, and said, stand up straight now, with your legs

apart, and slip your arms through the ropes. Crysta did as she was told.

As if reading her mind, Tommy said, "Don't worry, this won't take long.

The ropes are to keep you from accidentally scratching or touching

yourself while I paint. I'm going to draw the design on you lightly, then

you can lie down while I do the actual painting. I just need you standing

up in one position so I can draw a single design that goes around your

belly, and between your legs."

"I understand," Crysta said. Then she couldn't help giggling as he began

his work. "It tickles," she said. Tommy worked quickly, lightly touching

her thighs, belly, buttocks, lips, and breasts.

"Now lie on the table with your legs apart. I'll put the paint on your

front side." Tommy worked quickly, painting one color after another on

Crysta. They were deep, rich colors. Crysta was pleased, because these

rich colors would certainly cover up her nudity, and she wouldn't have any

trouble spending the rest of the day wearing just paint. This dare was

starting to look too easy. Crysta was even starting to feel a little

guilty for leaving her meal card in the room on purpose this morning so

Donna would have to strip.

Soon, Tommy said, "Your front is done, Crysta. Now stand up, and I'll do

your back." Crysta stood, and put her arms in the ropes again. Tommy

painted between Crysta's legs, on her buttocks, and the top part of her

thighs, and said, "You're done. Take a look." He brought her to the

three-way mirror, and she stood there, stunned.

There was a bright flower covering each nipple, and vines and leaves

growing up along her sides. Another bright flower exactly covered her

vulva, and not even a fraction of an inch more. On each cheek of her

buttocks were a few more leaves and vines, which don't come anywhere close

to her crack. The overall effect was to draw attention to Crysta's

nakedness, rather than to disguise it. Crysta wasn't at all pleased by

this. "I wanted you to cover me more," said Crysta. "More like I was

wearing clothes, I mean."

"This is one of my finest works," said Tommy. "You're covered where it

matters, aren't you? Your front, your breasts..."

"But this design draws attention to these parts. What ever happened to

drawing attention away with diagonal lines and focal points?" Just then,

some of the paint flaked off Crysta's left breast. Crysta rubbed it

lightly, and more paint flaked off. "What kind of paint did you use,

anyway?"

Tommy was starting to get impatient now. "This is my design. If you

don't like it, don't wear it. I'll wash it off. You can lose your dare

with Donna."

Crysta wheeled around to face Tommy. "You know about my dare with Donna?"

 Crysta was really mad now.

"I don't know, I mean, I was just saying..."

Crysta interrupted Tommy's stammering to say "You will wash this off, and

you'll paint a good design on me, or else I'll tell Donna you betrayed her

confidence."

Tommy thought it over, and said, "OK, what do you want? I'll do a good

job. Just don't tell Donna." He was clearly nervous.

After another hour, Crysta was done. This time, it really was a

masterpiece. Tommy had painted fishnet stockings on Crysta, along with

high-heel shoes and a bright red and black garter belt that is just low

enough that it seems to cover her privates. In fact, Tommy had

incorporated the shape of Crysta's lips into the design of the garter belt

so it really looked like she was -- just barely -- covered by it. Tommy

made the garter belt red, he explained, so even if Crysta separated her

legs, the pink color between her lips would still look like part of the

garter belt. He even added a tiny bit of red food coloring between her

lips to improve the effect. In back, the garter is pulled up a little

higher so it rides above Crysta's butt-crack. This way, it appears to be

a complete piece of fabric, and also it doesn't cover her butt-hole. You

won't have any problem going to the bathroom, or wiping, Tommy explained.

On top, Tommy had painted a man-tailored shirt, cut off and tied just

under her breasts with only the top button done up. The creases and folds

in the shirt look so real! He had even painted a bow-tie, with a shadow

under it, giving it a real 3-D effect.

Crysta was stunning. When she walked into the main waiting area, everyone

clapped, including Donna, who had been expecting something completely

different. Later, Tommy would explain to Donna that he just couldn't go

through with the plan because it was too mean to Crysta. But now this is

Crysta's time to shine. The waiting room was packed with people who were

waiting to see Crysta's first moments of glory. As if to demonstrate the

cleverness of Tommy's design, Crysta set her legs far apart, and stood on

her toes as if the painted-on shoes were real, and in this pose, even with

her legs apart it was almost impossible to see that her shirt, stockings,

and even garter belt were all just paint. Even Donna was impressed. Then

Crysta took a deep bow. Those standing behind her could now see the

paint for what it was, and that Crysta was completely naked. Crysta knew

very well she was giving an eyeful to the people behind her. To make sure

no one was disappointed, Crysta turned about-face, and did another deep

bow. Everyone applauded. The elephant stretched out his trunk in

appreciation.

Donna and Crysta went out to a club, and danced with their boyfriends to

celebrate the paint job. A lot of girls wear wild outfits to the club,

but Crysta's turned the most heads. Even though they got back late, quite

a few of the guys and girls in the dorm were up, sitting in the hallway as

usual. The paint job was so good, Crysta felt comfortable sitting in the

hall with the other people in the dorm, legs crossed, Indian style, as she

usually did. That night, Crysta slept in her paint. The next morning,

the paint was still in good shape, so she spent another day wearing just

paint.

By Wednesday morning, some of the paint had peeled a bit, so she decided

to take a shower. She probably needed one anyway, she figured. In the

shower, she was very gentle, because she was still hoping at least some of

the paint job could be saved. Amazingly, most of the paint stayed on her

through the shower, though the garter belt was looking a bit worn in

places. So on Wednesday, Crysta had been planning to wear a miniskirt

over the paint, but still leave her top out. But Donna convinced her to

give the paint one more day's use. By dinner time, her nipples and vulva

weren't very well covered any more. By the end of the day, most of her

shirt had been rubbed away, and her stockings had a few runs. So by

Thursday she was back in regular clothes again.

This had been a fun way to start the week. But now, Crysta's thoughts

returned to this: How to get back at Donna for trying to turn Tommy

against her.