**Crysta and Donna - Method Acting**

Call me "Bruce", said the drama teacher. He was listed as "Professor

Thomas" in the catalog, Donna noticed. He seemed too young to be a full

professor. He was tan and very fit. This will be a fun class, Donna

predicted.

Bruce went around the class, and learned everyone's name. There were just

eight girls and four boys in the class. After the introductions were

over, Bruce began the day's topic. "You all want to be actors," he began,

"but you can't be an actor unless you're willing to bare your soul. You

must reveal everything; hide nothing. Most people aren't cut out for

this, including, perhaps, some of you." Donna gulped. She didn't know if

she was ready for this. Bruce pointed and said "You." Donna pointed at

her chest and raised her eyebrows, then breathed a sigh of relief when

Bruce continued, "Crysta, come on up here."

Crysta walked up onto the stage, which was lit with a spotlight. She was

starting to feel exposed already when Bruce said, "Crysta, I want you to

relive the most embarrassing moment of your life. Tell us all the

details. Hold nothing back." Without hesitating, Crysta told the story

of her audition at Buxom's. She captivated her audience with the story,

and took a good ten or fifteen minutes to tell it. At the end, everyone

applauded. "That was terrific, Crysta. With some more training practice,

you'll learn to free your inhibitions, and become an actress." Crysta is

pretty free from inhibitions as it is, Donna thought. As she was

thinking, she heard her name.

"Break a leg," Crysta said, as she sat down next to Donna.

Donna got up, and went to the stage. Her heart was pounding in her ears,

and the spotlight was blinding her. She knew what she had to do. There

was only one time in her life that she was embarrassed almost to the point

of passing out. This is the story she had to tell; not just tell, but

relive.

"I wasn't feeling so well that day," Donna began, timidly. "My stomach

was a bit queasy. But I had to go to class; it was my Organic Chemistry

final. Now, I have to tell you what I wore, because it's important to the

story: a tight sweater and white cotton short-shorts. These shorts are

my favorite -- they look really cute on me." Donna blushed as she

continued. "They didn't quite cover my cheeks, you see. And the sweater

was long enough that it almost covered the shorts, and sometimes people do

a double-take because they think maybe I'm not wearing anything under the

sweater. I loved those shorts, and the attention they drew, but it was

hard to wear them. I mean, it took a lot of preparation. They were so

thin and tight that I couldn't wear knickers under them, or the panty-lines

would show." Donna was getting embarrassed all over again just telling

about her shorts, but she felt she had to press on. "Since I didn't wear

knickers, then you could see my..." She paused to search for the right

word, "...my bush. I have dark features, you see. So I had to shave

completely. So this is the outfit I wore to my Organic final. I didn't

feel sick when I started to take the test, but then after a little bit, I

started to feel a kind of rumbling in my belly. There I was with my skin

tight sweater and shorts when it happened." Donna covered her face with

her hands as she continued, "I had to go to the bathroom, number 2, really

bad. I didn't even ask permission, I just jumped out of my seat and ran

to the door. I barged through it and felt my bowels start to let go as I

ran down the hall. You know how things move in slow motion when a

disaster is taking place? That's how I felt as I was running for the

bathroom. As I was shitting in my pants I had the sense to lift my

sweater so it wouldn't get dirty. I finally got to the bathroom, but it

was too late. My shorts were totaled. I cleaned myself up, and tried to

rinse my shorts in the sink, but it was no use. They were a brown mess.

I couldn't wear them." Donna looked like she was in a daze as she relived

the moment. "I just couldn't," she repeated. "So I threw them in the

trash. There I was, standing in the john, wearing just a sweater, and I

still had an Organic final to take. I looked at myself in the mirror.

Oh, shit, the sweater is shorter than I thought. It didn't cover nearly

enough. I was clearly bottomless. My, um..." She paused, trying to

think of a different word for it. "My pussy was totally visible from the

front, and when I turned around and looked over my shoulder I could see my

whole butt-crack in the mirror. I considered my options. I could run

back to my dorm and change, but then I wouldn't get back in time to finish

the exam. Or I could fish the shitty knickers out of the garbage, put them

on, and finish the exam, but I would stink up the place, and people would

laugh at me. Or I could pull my sweater down and hope it covered just

enough. Another look in the mirror, and oh, who am I kidding? I'm

completely bottomless. Let me narrow down my choices. I have to go back

and finish the exam, so the question is shitty knickers or bottomless. I

made a decision. I went back into the room bottomless. I opened the door

with one hand, and held the sweater taught with the other, hoping it would

cover my clean-shaven pussy. When I stepped into the room, every head in

the room popped up and saw me. Suddenly the room was alive with whispers.

 I was mortified, but I held onto my sweater with all my strength, and

headed for my seat. I was about to sit down when the proctor spoke.

'Where do you think you're going, young lady?', he said.

'Um, to my seat?' I replied tentatively, pulling at the bottom of my

sweater in an effort to stay covered up. Everyone was looking at me, and

I noticed I was starting to lubricate. Even though I felt humiliated, I

was getting excited at the same time.

'Sorry, but once you leave the room, you're done. You can't leave and

come back,' he said.

'But I had an emergency.' I insisted.

The proctor paused. I thought maybe he would change his mind and let me

finish my test. But it wasn't that easy. He said, 'I see you pulling

your sweater down. I think you're hiding something.' I sure am, I

thought. I'm hiding the fact that I'm completely bottomless! The proctor

continued, 'How do I know you didn't write some notes upside down on your

belly so you could cheat?'

I just gaped at him. I couldn't believe what he was suggesting. Then he

smiled, and I thought, oh good, he's just kidding. But he wasn't kidding.

 He said, 'Why don't you come up to the front of the room, and unbutton

your sweater and let me see if you've written anything on your belly.'

I thought, Because I'm naked under this sweater, that's why. Instead, I

said, 'I didn't write anything on my belly.'

No one was taking their test now. Everyone was focused one hundred

percent on my conversation with the proctor. He said, 'Either you let me

see your belly or you fail. Which is it?'

By this time I was literally dripping with a horrible mixture of sexual

excitement and humiliation. I was pretty sure I wouldn't have to bare my

whole belly, just part of it. But I didn't know whether to start at the

top of my sweater or the bottom. Finally, I decided I might as well show

the proctor the real reason I was pulling my sweater down. I walked up to

the front of the room, and with my back to the class, I relaxed my grip on

the sweater, causing it to rise up, completely uncovering my ass. Then I

unbuttoned the bottom button, and held my sweater open for him to see my

pussy and the lower part of my belly. The students craned their necks to

get a better view. He said, 'One more button, please.'

I figured I'd come this far, so I might as well do one more button. I

just wanted to get this inspection over with, so I could finish my test.

I unbuttoned the second button, and held my sweater open, flashing him my

whole belly. He didn't say anything, so I turned around, and started

toward my seat. I had taken two steps, when he said 'Just a minute, young

lady. How do I know you didn't write the answers on your breasts?'

That's when I got really mad, and said, 'If I strip naked will you let me

take my test?' I didn't really have any intention of stripping, I was

frustrated is all.

He acted like he was really hurt by this remark, and said, 'Don't get

upset, young lady. I need to check for cheating is all.' Then he

answered my question. 'Yes, if you take off your sweater then I'll let

you finish the test.'

He called my bluff. I said, 'I will not strip just to finish my test.

You have to let me wear something.' I felt my pussy lips swell at the

thought of stripping stark naked before the whole class, and a new surge

of wetness moistened the special place between my legs. My nipples

hardened as well, as if they were yearning to be free of my sweater.

'You offered to strip. Now strip!' he said.

'I wasn't serious.' I replied, pressing my wrists against my hard nipples

as I fingered the third and final button of my sweater. When the proctor

didn't reply, I figured I might as well show him my breasts. I felt like

I was about to have an orgasm as I unbuttoned the last button. I just let

the sweater slip off my shoulders, and onto the floor. I stood in front

of the proctor, stark naked. My vagina was dripping wet, and I felt like

I couldn't keep my legs together, so I separated them slightly. I stood

there as he looked at me very closely, up and down. I felt so exposed

because my pussy was shaved. Everyone in the class must have noticed my

swollen pussy, which felt like it was begging to be touched.

The proctor seemed somehow disappointed that he didn't catch me cheating,

so he asked me to raise my arms, and spread my legs farther apart. He

cupped my left breast in his hand, and massaged it as he gently lifted it.

 I guess he needed to inspect under it. My nipples got even harder as he

touched me. Then he did the same thing with my right breast, stroking my

hard nipple as he lived it. Then he ran his fingers along my belly,

tracing a gentle path to my quivering pussy. Why did he have to do that?

I felt totally violated by this inspection. But it got worse -- much

worse. He spread my pussy lips apart, and looked closely at the pink

flesh between them, and even commented at how wet my pussy was. He spread

my ass cheeks apart, too. I hoped he would just look to satisfy himself

that I hadn't written anything on my buttocks, but for some reason he felt

the need to touch my asshole. It was horrible.

Finally, he was done checking me over. 'OK, you may take your seat,' he

said. I thought about picking my sweater up off the floor, but I was

worried this would touch off a whole new set of negotiations, so I left it

there, and returned to my seat naked. As soon as my wet pussy touched my

seat I came. I don't remember this, but Crysta told me later that I

closed my eyes, spread my legs apart, and slid forwards and backwards on

my seat while I rubbed my nipples. Spontaneous applause broke out in the

classroom, she told me, but I didn't hear it. When reality returned to

me, I felt eyes on me. I looked around, but everyone was bent over their

test. After a minute, I did the same. I finished the test, and brought

it up to the proctor. He held out my sweater, and I took it as I left the

room, but I didn't put it on until I got outside the room, I was in too

much of a hurry to put that whole experience behind me.

As I left the building I saw Crysta waiting for me. She asked me to go to

lunch, but I said I had to put on some clothes first. She took a step

back from me, and looked at me and said, 'your fine like that, don't

worry.' I buttoned the sweater, and then asked her if my pussy was

covered up, because it sure felt to me like it wasn't, but she said it

was, and my big fat butt, too."

"I was kidding," Crysta said from her seat in the audience.

"Well, she made me feel comfortable, anyway, and less self-conscious. I

told Crysta that I felt naked, but she reassured me that I was just

imagining that I was bottomless. She insisted that the sweater came down

plenty far enough to cover everything. I kept tugging on my sweater the

rest of the day, out of habit, I guess, but I did stay bottomless. Only

much later did I realize that Crysta was lying, to make me feel better and

protect me from embarrassment. My ass and pussy were really on display

all day, and I didn't even know it."

Bruce said, "Very good, Donna," and started clapping. The class followed

suit and applauded. "Who wants to go next?" he asked. One by one, the

members of the class stood up and told their most embarrassing stories.

When everyone was finished, Bruce called for a vote to see which story was

the best. Crysta's got quite a few votes, but the overwhelming majority

liked Donna's story the most. "Now I have some wonderful news for you:

This class will rewrite Donna's story as a play, and then perform it for

the whole school. Who wants to play the lead?" No one moved for several

seconds as Bruce eagerly scanned the faces of the twelve students. Donna,

fearing she would be chosen for the part, covered her face. "Thank you,

Donna. I think you'll be great in that part!"