## Prisoner's Dilemma (FF, exhib)

The professor began his lecture, "Here is the story of two petty criminals named..."  He looked up at the students in the lecture hall.  It was his practice to use the names of students in his class to liven up his lectures, and keep the students interested.  They were packed like sardines, over a hundred students in a fairly small room that was steeply sloped.  The rows of seats were so close together that the students were constantly being bumped in the back of their heads by the knees of the students behind them.  As he glanced up, he saw Donna and Crysta seated side by side.  Donna was wearing a cute little tank top and skin-tight white short shorts.  Crysta was wearing a minidress, and sat with her knees up, and her legs slightly separated.  For a moment, he thought Crysta wasn't wearing any knickers, so he looked closer, and saw they were very tiny, and maybe even sheer, as well.  He temporarily forgot what he had been saying.  He cleared his throat, and started over.  "Here is the story of Donna and Crysta," he began again, "Two dangerous criminals accused of the heinous crime of..."  Again he paused, this time to think of a crime for his story.  "the crime of *indecent exposure*."  Everyone in the class turned their heads to look at the two girls, and Donna snapped her legs together, bumping the girl in front of her.  Crysta didn't want to draw attention to herself, so she left her legs as they were, slightly separated, but nonchalantly arranged her dress to cover her lap as much as possible.  Still, everyone in the rows below Crysta looked up, and saw quite a bit. Crysta was embarrassed because her dress just wasn't long enough to cover her, and her knickers were her favorite "microminimus" bikini from the [Wicked Weasel](http://www.wickedweasel.com/).  They just covered the tiny area between her lips, and nothing more.  It was obvious to those neck-craning students that Crysta was clean-shaven.  Even though she was feeling very self-conscious that everyone was looking, she was also a little turned on.  She sat still, and waited for people to stop looking between her legs, while she secretly enjoyed the attention.

The professor waited for most of the heads to turn back in his direction before he continued.  "The two girls were taken into custody, and placed in separate interrogation rooms.  Each was given a chance to confess to their crime.  More to the point, each girl was given a chance to rat out the other.  The prosecutor wanted their confessions because that would allow him to get a conviction for *conspiracy* to commit indecent exposure, which carries a very harsh penalty.  If just one girl confesses to this crime, she would be given immunity from prosecution in return for her testimony, and not be punished at all.  If both girls confess then they would both be convicted, but would be given a lighter sentence in exchange for their cooperation.  If neither girl ratted, then the prosecutor would still be able to get a conviction but only for the lesser charge of *involuntary* indecent exposure, which carries a fairly light penalty."

While the professor had been talking, Crysta was thinking about how everyone had been looking at her crotch, and how embarrassed she had been.  These thoughts had made her very excited.  Soon she became wet and slippery, and her microminimus slipped between her lips.  This was uncomfortable, so she casually reached under her dress to adjust it, which only made her more excited.  She knew she should leave it alone, and just calm down, but she couldn't help herself.  She gently massaged her vulva as the professor droned on.  She was about to come, when she suddenly heard her name.

"Crysta and Donna, please step to the front of the room.  You will participate in a demonstration."  This time it was Crysta's turn to snap her legs together.  The two girls stood up, and made their way along their row to the center aisle.  Crysta's pussy ached from unfulfilled pleasure as she stepped over knees, books, and other items.  Her knees buckled as one boy helped steady her by holding one of her thighs, and she accidentally sat in his lap, and noticed that he, too, was excited to see her.  Finally the girls made it to the front of the room, and reminded everyone why they're so well liked.  As they stepped onto the stage, Crysta's dress just barely covered her behind, and Donna's tight shorts were wedged between her supple cheeks.  The girls both whirled around to face the students, smiled brightly, and hopped on tiptoe like cheerleaders.  They beamed at the students as their clothes covered the bare minimum that must be covered.  Crysta's microminimus was still wedged between her lips, so it helped her to stand "at ease" with her legs apart.  Some of the students in the front row could see the glistening drops of moisture on Crysta's swollen lips, since the stage was raised higher than the first few rows of seats.

The professor said, "Now, we will reenact the prisoner's dilemma.  Girls, be forewarned that the punishments will be real.  This is not a game.  I know you girls are friends, but in this exercise, it's dog eat dog, do you understand?"  He paused for effect.  Both girls stopped smiling, and nodded.  Then the looked at each other, and laughed nervously.  "Crysta, wait in the hallway while I interrogate Donna."  Crysta went out the side door.  Donna looked worried but strikingly beautiful in her skimpy light blue top and way-too-tight short-shorts.  The boys and girls in the class all admired her flat belly, which was nicely displayed by her outfit.  Her excitement showed through her thin top.  The professor continued, "You will be convicted of the crime of indecent exposure, Donna, and your punishment -- the minimum punishment -- will be to remove your top.  If Crysta confesses, then the crime becomes 'conspiracy' which is much worse: you will be stripped naked, and I keep your clothes, so you must leave here stark naked."  Donna turned bright red and covered the front of her shorts with her hands at the thought of being stripped.  She prayed Crysta won't turn her in.  "Now, here's where it gets interesting.  Regardless of your punishment, Donna, and regardless of whether Crysta turns you in, you can benefit by cooperating.  If you cooperate with me, and rat out your friend, then you will be allowed to keep your shirt on."

Donna wasn't prepared at all for this.  The thought of being stripped naked in front of the whole class was too much to think about right now.  Anyway, that part was up to Crysta.  Donna's nipples were hardening now as she struggled with the thing that *was* under her control, which was her shirt.  She massaged her supple breasts as she contemplated the very thin fabric that hid those golden orbs from view.  She asked, "If I cooperate, to keep my shirt, will you tell Crysta?  I mean, if she finds out, then she might rat me out, too."

"No, you needn't worry about that.  If you rat her out, she won't know until it's too late.  You can trust that Crysta's decision whether to betray you will not be based in any way on what you decide.  So no matter what she decides, you are better off if you turn her in."

"Let me see if I understand the rules," said Donna, her voice a little shaky.  Her shirt was taught across her firm nipples as she spoke.  "If Crysta confesses, then my situation is this: I lose my shorts no matter what I do, but if I confess too, then I at least get to keep my shirt."

"That's right," said the professor.

"And if Crysta *doesn't* confess, then my situation is this:  I get to keep my shorts no matter what I do, but if I show solidarity with my friend I will lose my top.  But if I betray her, then I keep all my clothes on."

"Yes, but she'll be stark naked."

"Forget about her nudity for a minute -- I want to understand what's at stake for *me*.  As I understand it, no matter what Crysta does, I get to keep more of my clothes by confessing."  Donna couldn't believe this was really true.

"Yes, but remember.  If you confess, the punishment will be much worse for Crysta."

"OK, I've made a decision," Donna said.

"Write it down," said the professor as he handed her some paper and a pen.  Donna wrote it down.  The professor looked at it, and smiled.  He folded it, and put it in his pocket.  "Now go out the other door, and wait in the other hallway while we interrogate Crysta."

As Donna exited one side of the classroom, the professor went to the door where Crysta was waiting, and motioned for her to come in.  "Crysta, I will explain the rules to you just as I did to Donna.  If Donna is a good friend to you, and doesn't rat you out, then your punishment will be light.  You will just have to give up your little knickers."  He lifted her minidress, and said, "They don't cover much anyway, so it's no big loss."  He let her dress fall back in place.  "But if she confesses, you will be stripped naked, and you'll have to stay naked until tomorrow's class." Crysta grimly prepared herself for the worst, as the professor continued.  "But there's a way for you to avoid losing all your clothes, or maybe you can even avoid losing any clothes: Confess.  If you confess, you will be allowed to keep your little knickers, regardless of whether Donna turns you in."

Crysta asked, "Does Donna get the same deal?"

The professor said, "Well, she's dressed differently.  But she gets a similar deal.  She gets to keep a small item of clothing in return for confessing."

"So did she confess?"

"She has made a decision, but I can't tell you yet what it was.  Why do you want to know?"

Donna said, "Because if Donna didn't confess, then I keep my dress, so I can safely lose my knickers.  But if she did confess, I lose my dress, which would leave my knickers as the only thing saving me from being totally naked.  In that case, I would have to rat on Donna to keep them -- I need to have at least a shred of clothing, don't you think?"

The professor countered, "But Donna's decision has already been made.  Regardless what she decided, you have the opportunity now to keep your knickers by confessing.  It's that simple.  Any more questions?"  He handed Crysta a piece of paper and a pen.  "Write down your choice."

Crysta scribbled on the paper, and handed to the professor.  He took it and smiled.  "Now I'll tell you Donna's choice..."

Now, dear reader, it is your turn to direct the path of this story...

Remember, of Donna confesses, she gets to keep her shirt, but Crysta loses her shirt, which is a bigger loss for Crysta, since it's just about the only thing covering Crysta up.  On the other hand, if Donna doesn't confess, she runs the risk of being stripped completely naked.

What was Donna's choice?

### Crysta Confesses (as did Donna)

The two topless girls stood facing each other.  As their breasts gently touched, Crysta massaged her friend's back, working lower and lower.  She wanted to put off telling Donna the bad news as long as possible.  Donna put her arms around Crysta, and let out a groan of pleasure.  Crysta worked her hands lower, and so did Donna, who gently fingered Crysta's tight little asshole.  Crysta, enjoying this, spread her legs apart and relaxed her cheeks to give Donna better access.  Crysta moved up and down in obvious pleasure, rubbing her breasts against Donna's, and at the same time managed to undo Donna's pants.  Donna didn't seem to notice until Crysta pulled them down a few inches.  Then, Donna broke free, and said, "What are you doing, Crysta?"

"I'm taking off your shorts, Donna."  Crysta kept pulling them down until they were around Donna's ankles.  Donna, stunned by this development, simply stood like a deer in headlights, naked, facing the students.  She had a neatly trimmed muff, which suited her nicely.

"But, why?" Donna asked, wide eyed and blinking.

"Because I ratted you out, too, Donna."

"You bitch!" Donna yelled.  She picked up her shorts and proceeded to beat Crysta over the head with them.

The professor said, "I'll take those," pointing to the shorts, as he handed Donna her top.  "You can keep this," he said.

Donna exchanged her shorts for her top, and continued beating Crysta over the head, now with her top.  The professor broke up the catfight, saying, "Just a minute, girls.  I want to review the lesson we just learned."  Donna stood naked for a minute, then realized she could cover up her boobs, at least, and put on her top.

The professor addressed the students as Donna and Crysta stood, each half naked, next to him at the front of the room.  "Each girl was offered a choice.  The best choice for both of them together would have been not to confess.  If they had taken that choice, then Crysta, would still be wearing her dress instead of this tiny, sheer thong, that hardly covers her at all.  Similarly, Donna would be topless instead of bottomless, as you see here.  So the best choice for both of them together was not to confess.  But the best choice for each of them independently was to confess, and so each did.  The result was devastating: Crysta might as well be naked for all the good that little thong does her, and Donna is naked from her belly button to her toes.  Yet, each girl made a choice that was right for them individually."

Then to the girls he said, "Thank you girls.  I'll give you back your clothes tomorrow.  I want you to arrive dressed just like this so you can put on your clothes when I give them to you."  All eyes were on them as the girls went back to their seats.  Donna, now resigned to her plight, sat with her legs apart, and licked Crysta's hard nipples.  Crysta, for her part, rubbed Donna's wetness all over her inner thighs.  Both girls came before the class was over.

The end.

### Crysta doesn't confess (but Donna does)

The two topless girls stood facing each other.  "I could never betray you, Donna," Crysta said.  Both girls knew what had to happen, and they both dreaded it.  What little shred of dignity Crysta had left would be gone in a minute, and it would be all Donna's fault.

Crysta moved to the center of the stage and faced her fellow students.  She felt if she had to expose her pussy to the world, she might as well start here and now, and get it over with.  She stood with her legs apart, and started to work the straps of her micro down her sides.  But somehow she couldn't get any farther than that.  She whispered to Donna, "I'm scared."

Donna said, "It should be me, I betrayed you.  Take my shorts instead."  Donna unzipped her shorts and started to pull them down, exposing her muff, when the professor interrupted.

"No, Donna, you can't give her your shorts.  Crysta has to get naked now.  Since she's having trouble, you can help her if you like."

Donna, in a mixture of grief and self-pity, forgot all about her own shorts, which were about to fall down, and went instead to center stage to join her friend.  "Do you want me to pull your knickers down?"

"Yes, please." Crysta whimpered.  She couldn't bring herself to do it.

Donna stood behind Crysta, and said, "Ill pull the back down first, so your front will be covered up as long as possible."

"Thank you," sobbed Crysta.

All eyes were on the girls as Donna put a finger on Crysta's pussy to hold the tiny triangle of fabric in place while she gently pulled the string between Crysta's cheeks.  "I need you to relax, Crysta," said Donna.  With Donna's nose no more than an inch from Crysta's asshole, Crysta relaxed her cheeks, and spread her legs, giving Donna a perfect view between Crysta's cheeks, where the string of her micro was nestled against her sphincter.  With a finger of her right hand still on Crysta's clitoris, she used her left hand to remove the string ever so gently and slowly.  "You have a little piece of lint on you from your micro.  I'll get that," Donna said as she licked Crysta's asshole.  There wasn't really any lint.  Its just that Donna felt bad for betraying Crysta, and wanted to make it up to her.  She wiggled her finger over Crysta's clitoris while she worked her tongue around Crysta's asshole, then shoved it in with such force Crysta's knees buckled, and she came again.

"Please keep me covered up for a few seconds longer," begged Crysta as her vagina pulsed with the last throes of excitement.

"OK," Donna said.  With her left hand, she reached up and massaged Crysta's erect left nipple, as she kept a finger of her other hand pressed against Crysta's sopping wet pussy, massaging it as she very slowly lowered the front of Crysta's thong.  Donna kept her hand on Crysta's hairless pussy, still stroking it, while she kept probing Crysta's throbbing asshole with her tongue.  Crysta came again as Donna let the thong drop to the ground.

"Please, Donna, cover my pussy just a little while longer", Crysta whispered.  Crysta stepped out of her micro, and stood with her legs wide apart, her pussy still pulsing with each heartbeat.

The professor interrupted her reverie, saying, "I'll take those," pointing to the thong between Crysta's legs.  Donna finally removed her hand from Crysta's juicy, swollen pussy, leaving it exposed for all to see.  She picked up the thong, and as she walked over to the professor, she almost tripped over her shorts, which had fallen to the ground some time ago.  To regain her balance, she jumped out of her shorts, and was about to go back for them when she changed her mind and just left them on the floor.  She handed Crysta's thong to the professor, who said, "You can get dressed any time you like, Donna."

"I suppose so," Donna said, "But I feel bad that I betrayed my friend.  It's all the worse that she stood by me, and now she has to suffer for it.  I'll get dressed later."

The professor addressed the students as Donna and Crysta stood, both completely naked, next to him at the front of the room.  "Each girl was offered a choice.  The best choice for both of them together would have been not to confess.  If Donna had taken that choice, then Crysta, now naked, would still be wearing her dress.  Crysta did the best thing for both girls by not confessing, and now Donna benefits from Crysta's decision; She can get dressed any time, and walk out of here unscathed."

Then to the girls he said, "Thank you girls.  Donna, take your clothes now, and Crysta, I'll give you back your clothes tomorrow.  Please show up naked for class tomorrow so you can put on the clothes I give you."  All eyes were on them as the girls went back to their seats.  Donna packed her clothes in her purse to show solidarity with her friend.  In fact, Donna stayed naked for the rest of the day, she felt so bad.  But the next day, when Crysta was forced to remain naked, Donna got dressed.  Solidarity only goes so far, after all.

The end.

### Donna doesn't confess

"Now I have wonderful news for you," said the professor to Crysta.  "Donna was a true friend, and did not betray you.

The professor saw Donna peeking through the door to the classroom, and motioned for her to come in.  "Donna," he said, "I told Crysta and the whole class what a good friend you were.  But now you must pay the price for that good deed, and that price is your shirt.

Donna knew this would be the price, but still dreaded taking off her shirt.  Donna clutched her breasts, and felt her heart beating fast.  She hesitated before taking off her top, because she was a little embarrassed at the size of her breasts, which weren't as big as Crysta's.  She took a deep breath.  *I might as well get this over with*, she thought as she crossed her arms in the air, and grabbed the left side of her top with her right hand and vice versa.  Then, in one smooth motion, she removed her top, and covered her breasts as she handed it over.  She stood, topless, before the class, with her arms crossed in front of her.  One hand was covering each breast.

Crysta thought Donna's efforts at modesty were very funny. "Are you going to keep your hands over your breasts all day and night?" she laughed.

"If necessary, yes." Donna pouted.

"What if you need to use both hands to do something, like hold a tray at the cafeteria?" Crysta asked.

Donna said, "I just won't load up the tray.  I can hold it with one hand, and stay modest with the other."

The professor enjoyed this discussion as much as the class did, so he let it continue a little longer.

"What if someone unzips your pants?"

"What?" Donna said.  Just then, Crysta unexpectedly unzipped Donna's pants, exposing to view a few wisps of Donna's muff.  Donna covered both breasts with one arm, and tried to zip up, but she couldn't get a purchase on the zipper with just one hand.

"What if someone pulls your pants down after they unzip them?"

"You wouldn't!" Donna said, but no sooner did she finish saying that than Crysta pantsed her.

"Hey, is this the way you thank me for letting you keep your dress on?" Donna asked, indignantly, turning her back to the class in an effort at modesty.  Then, no longer needing her hands to cover up, she bent at the waist to pull up her shorts.  She didn't realize it at the time, but this gave the class an excellent rear view of her asshole and pussy.  She pulled her shorts up with both hands, but before she could zip them, the professor spun her around to face the class again.  She instinctively covered her breasts, not realizing her pussy could be seen between the flaps of her shorts.

"That's a good question, Donna.  Let's see how Crysta thanks you for your friendship to her," he said.  Then, to the class, he continued, "Did she confess, which would leave Donna naked, or did she return Donna's favor, allowing Donna to at least keep her pants on?  Crysta, face Donna and tell her the news."

Remember, the Donna is topless now, a consequence of her abiding friendship with Crysta -- Donna felt it was worth sacrificing her top so Crysta could keep her dress.   But Crysta made the decision to confess or not to confess before she knew she would be allowed to keep her dress.  At stake for Crysta: her tiny sheer thong.  If she confesses, she gets to keep it, but Donna will lose her shorts.  If she doesn't confess, she loses her thong (not a problem, since she still has her dress) and Donna keeps her shorts.