**Crysta and Donna - Strapless Knickers** (FF, exhib)

Crysta was positively giddy as she skipped down the stairs, taking two or

three steps, then jumping to the bottom of each landing. Her babydoll

dress flared out and hovered above her hips with each jump, affording

Donna a nice view of her roommate's butt with each jump.

"Don't you think you should be a little more careful?" Donna asked, while

smoothing the back of Crysta's dress against her naked ass. Donna was

dressed in a more conservative, yet still sexy, style: low-rider denim

cut-off shorts and a thin white T-shirt.

"What do you mean?" Crysta asked innocently.

"I mean you passed a bunch of people with your dress billowed out and your

whole, you know, out in the open like that. It's not decent to go jumping

down the stairs when you're obviously not wearing any knickers."

"Oh, but you're wrong," Crysta countered as they walked into the quad

between the dorms. She lifted her dress and said, "See?"

Students hurried to their classes, pausing to look at this beautiful girl

lifting her dress. At first, Donna thought Crysta was lying. It sure

looked like Crysta was bottomless. Crysta held her dress even higher, and

spread her legs apart defiantly as Donna walked a full circle around her.

No knickers could be seen from any angle except the front, where a tiny

white triangle of cloth barely covered Crysta's lips. "That's amazing!"

Donna said at last.

"I think so, too!" Crysta exclaimed, as she let her dress fall, almost --

but not quite -- covering her gorgeous ass. As she skipped gaily along

the path, the back of her dress bounced up and down, giving Donna, who

trotted behind her roommate, a wonderful view of her roommate's sexy

bottom. The only thing holding the knickers in place was a little knob

that was inserted into Crysta's asshole. A rigid, but flexible, framework

held everything else in place.

"What's got you so excited?" Donna asked, noting to herself that her own

knickers were getting pretty wet from Crysta's audacious display.

"I'm going to the Crappo to check my mail," she said. "Crappo" was what

just about everybody called the campus mailboxes. The real name was CRPO,

which stood for Campus Regional Post Office, so the nickname is

understandable.

Soon, the girls arrived at the Crappo. Being freshmen -- the lowest on

the totem pole -- the girls had mailboxes that were similarly low to the

ground. In fact, the two girls' boxes were next to each other on the very

bottom row. Donna bent her knees demurely and rested her denim-clad butt

on her ankles as she worked the combination to her box. Crysta,

meanwhile, bent at the waist, causing her dress to fall up over her head.

She wanted everyone to see her strapless knickers, and as near as Donna

could tell, just about everyone did.

"Anything?" Donna asked as she dumped her junk mail in the garbage can.

"Yes!" Crysta said, jumping up and down, holding a letter.

"What is it?" Donna looked over her roommate's shoulder as she hurriedly

opened the letter.

Crysta scanned the letter, and repeated "Yes! The Future Up and Coming

Kids have accepted my application!"

Donna repeated, "The Future Up and Coming Kids? Who are they?" Crysta

didn't answer right away, because she was reading and rereading the

letter. Then, all of a sudden, Donna laughed as she realized that the

acronym for this organization spelled a dirty word.

Crysta looked up from the letter. "What?" she asked, blankly.

"Who are the Future Up and Coming Kids?" she repeated, still smiling.

"Oh," Crysta said. "The FUCK are an agency that helps inventors, like

myself," she stuck out her chest and smiled coyly, "market their

inventions."

"Your strapless knickers." Donna said.

"Yes! My strapless knickers!" Crysta yelled. Everyone in the Crappo

looked at the girls screaming about their knickers. Who could resist?

They were making quite a spectacle of themselves.

"So how are you going to market this invention?" Donna asked.

"We're gonna make an infomercial!" Crysta replied.

"What do you mean, 'we'?" Donna asked, suspiciously.

"Don't you want to be in it?" Crysta looked heartbroken.

"I'm embarrassed. I don't want to be filmed wearing such a thing. My

parents will see it."

"What if I promise it'll be done very tastefully?"

Donna thought it over.

"Please?" Crysta begged.

"I just don't think I would be comfortable being seen wearing just a pair

of strapless knickers."

"You can keep your shirt on the whole time," Crysta said.

"A shirt and a pair of strapless knickers. On national television." Donna

paused to think about it some more. "I don't know."

"Why don't you try it out right now, and see if it suits you?"

"Right now?" Donna looked doubtful.

"Sure. I think you'll feel comfortable wearing just a shirt and knickers

around campus, and that'll give you the confidence you'll need to appear

that way on national TV. Come on." Crysta took Donna by the hand, and

the two girls ducked into the ladies' room.

"Give me your shorts." Crysta ordered. Two girls who were fixing their

makeup at the mirror paused to look at Donna, and then went back to their

business. Donna looked around as if, somehow, someone would come to her

rescue and get her out of this situation. Finally, Donna decided she

would play along. She took off her shorts and handed them to Crysta, who

set them aside.

"Oh, that won't do." Crysta said, looking at Donna's muff. "The knickers

are too small to cover your hair." Luckily, there was a vending machine

with disposable razors in the ladies' room. Crysta fed it some money, and

out came a razor and some shaving gel. Crysta lathered up her friend, and

started shaving, while the two girls pretended not to watch. Soon, Donna

was clean as a whistle.

"Do you have the knickers for me to wear?" Donna asked, looking around.

"I sure do." Crysta reached between her legs, and pulled straight down on

her knickers, and handed them to Donna. By now the two girls at the mirror

had given up any pretense of doing their makeup, and were unabashedly

watching Crysta and Donna.

"You want me to put on your knickers?!" Donna asked, incredulously.

"They've been in your ass!"

"So has your tongue, my dear," Crysta replied. The two onlookers giggled,

then quickly put their hands over their mouths, and pretended to mind

their own business.

"Oh, OK." Donna said, just a little embarrassed when she remembered having

tasted Crysta's asshole. She spread her legs apart, and held the

strapless knickers between her legs with the knob back, and snapped them

into position. Her sphincter closed smoothly over the knob. "Wow, it's

easier than I thought it would be." Donna looked down at herself and saw

her pussy was fully, if barely, covered by Crysta's knickers. It was a

cute look -- her shirt was short, leaving her belly button uncovered, and

her strapless knickers covered the bare minimum in front. Her nipples were

clearly visible through the thin shirt. Donna felt very sexy, but also

sufficiently covered-up to venture outside the ladies room.

She paused to look at herself in the mirror, and thought, I've worn

considerably less at the beach. "OK, I'm ready to venture out," she said.

Crysta led the way out of the bathroom, with Donna in tow. Donna was so

concerned about her own appearance she didn't even notice that Crysta was

completely bottomless, and her babydoll dress didn't really cover much at all.

Heads turned as the girls walked through the hallway of the Crappo. Donna

turned the most heads, because her shirt was short enough that it was

obvious she wasn't wearing even a thong. People who saw her from the back

assumed she was naked below the belly button, and people who saw her from

the front wondered how the little triangle of white cloth stayed in place.

"Are you OK?" Crysta asked.

Donna held her head up, and kept her shoulders back so that her nipples

pressed against the front of her shirt. She strode confidently on her

long legs. "Sure," she said, even though she didn't feel as confident as

she looked. She resisted the urge to cover herself with her hands, and

even started to enjoy the warm feeling in her pussy that always seems to

come from being on display.

"Let's take a walk around campus," Crysta suggested. "and see if we can

feel comfortable half naked."

If we can feel comfortable? Donna thought. Then she suddenly realized

that Crysta was half naked, too. "Are you OK?" she asked.

Crysta looked puzzled. "Oh, you mean 'cause I'm not wearing any knickers?"

Maybe Crysta shouldn't have said that so loud, Donna thought. Half a

dozen heads turned to look at Crysta. "I do it all the time. I'm used to

it." Just then, a gust of wind blew the front of Crysta's babydoll dress

up, confirming for all the onlookers that Crysta was telling the truth.

Crysta enjoyed the breeze and knowing people were looking at her, but she

didn't react. She just enjoyed the warm, moist feeling in her pussy.

After their walk around campus, Donna started to feel more comfortable.

Her long legs and beautiful naked cheeks still caused as much a stir as

ever. But she began ignoring all the looks she was getting as she passed

by. By this point, Donna was feeling more hungry than embarrassed. She

pointed to a hot dog vendor, and said, "Let's eat." The girls each got a

hot dog, loaded with kraut, relish, and mustard.

"Be careful, Donna," Crysta said. "If you drip any mustard on your shirt,

it could leave a stain."

As if on cue, Donna dripped a big glob of mustard on her shirt. "Oh my

gosh!" she said.

Crysta, thinking quickly, said, "Give me your hotdog, and then raise your

arms." She put the two hotdogs down on a napkin on the bench. She

whisked Donna's shirt off, and ran with it to the nearest drinking

fountain, and washed away the mustard. Donna, meanwhile, was left almost

completely naked, except for a tiny triangle of white cloth. Her instinct

was to cover her breasts, but she resisted the temptation. Instead, she

opted for nonchalance, walking quietly toward Crysta, who was working to

clean her friend's shirt. There, from the rear, it really looked like

Donna was naked -- not a stitch of clothing was visible from the rear.

Finally, Crysta was done washing Donna's shirt. "I think I got it in

time," she said. Donna put on the shirt, which was still so wet it was

almost completely transparent. She thanked her roommate for her quick

thinking, and then sat down with her on the bench to finish -- more

carefully this time -- their lunch. Passers-by enjoyed Crysta's pussy as

she sat with her legs slightly apart, and Donna's wet shirt, clinging to

her beautiful little breasts.

When they finished eating, Donna said, "OK, I'll do it."

"You'll do the infomercial?" Crysta was beside herself with joy. She

kissed her roommate with such sudden passion, she caught her by surprise.

Within a few seconds, though, surprise was overtaken by lust, and she

kissed back with equal passion. The girls pressed their breasts together,

and plunged their tongues forward. Each one stroked the other in a

wonderful mixture of girl-girl love and passion. Donna was surprised when

she came, and her knickers popped out, and fell to the ground.

Crysta said "Hmm, hmm, hmm," because she was cumming, too. When she could

talk again, she said, "I forgot to tell you about that, Donna. When you

come, your knickers pop off -- just a little flaw in the design I haven't

worked out yet."

The knickers were covered with dirt, and it would be unhealthy to put them

back on, so Donna just picked them up, and walked the rest of the way

completely bottomless. Having proved herself today, she was oblivious to

all the looks she was getting. Her pussy was still swollen and pink when

the girls arrived back in their room. "I enjoyed that," she said, a

classic understatement.