## Infomercial (MF, exhib, humil)

Over the past few weeks, Crysta has been a bundle of nerves.  Now the big day has come.  Today is the day of the shooting -- of the infomercial, that is.  Crysta has had little sleep -- she's been writing and rewriting the script, coordinating the casting, the studio, the production company -- she's been very involved in the whole process.  Donna, meanwhile, has been basically keeping out of Crysta's way.  She's been keeping up with her schoolwork, and her pledge responsibilities with the IFT sorority.  And, of course, she's been learning her lines for the infomercial.  She was grateful to her roommate for the opportunity to break into show business, and Crysta had promised her there wouldn't be any frontal nudity, and she would be allowed to keep her shirt on as well (*although the script is never real clear on that point*, Donna thought nervously as she flipped its pages).

The script called for Donna to wear nothing below the belly-button besides the product being sold on the infomercial -- a pair of strapless knickers.  She had been worried that she would have trouble appearing in public wearing so little, but she has been [practicing](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/RichardHertz/www/StraplessPanties.htm).  For the past two weeks, she's been wearing just a belly shirt and a pair of strapless knickers everywhere she goes -- to class, dining hall, around campus, and even out to restaurants -- in order to desensitize herself to the fact that she's almost naked, and she's been just fine.  For the first few days, she felt awkward because her ass was on display and she was afraid people who saw it would think she was bottomless.  From that angle the strapless knickers are completely hidden.  So she made an effort to keep turning around to show everyone her front -- not so much to hide her naked ass, but to prove she wasn't really naked.  But after the first few days, she became comfortable in her strapless knickers, and just smiled when she felt someone staring at her lovely ass.  She's had to just remember to keep her cheeks together so people didn't see too much.  Now, Donna's ready for the shoot.  Today she is wearing a thin, loose-fitting belly shirt with spaghetti straps, and, of course, strapless knickers, both powder blue.

The strapless knickers were Crysta's ingenious invention.  They consist of a flexible plastic framework around which soft cloth is wrapped.  At one end is a specially shaped ball, which is inserted into the anus, and gripped by the sphincter.  To put them on, a girl simply relaxes her sphincter, and pushes the knickers up from below, and then lets them snap into place.  One of the nice things about these knickers is their inner contour -- they fit snugly between the lips of the vagina, and gently massage the clitoris all day, a little bonus.  After a while, Donna has commented, you even forget you're wearing them.  *But if I need reminding,* Donna thinks fondly*, I just clench my asshole to tighten my knickers, and I get a nice massage.*  During boring classes, Donna has almost brought herself to orgasm just by clenching her sphincter over and over.  Donna's erect nipples betrayed her thoughts as she unconsciously clenched her anus.

"Are you ready?"  Crysta asked.  She looked her roommate up and down, and gave her an approving nod.  "Let's go!" Donna's shirt barely covered her cute little tits, and her knickers barely covered her pussy.  She looked gorgeous as she stepped out of the room and down the hall, her long sleek legs looking all the longer and sleeker -- unbroken skin from her high-heel shoes right up past her smoothly rounded ass to the small of her back.

Crysta looked hot, too.  She was wearing a black micro minidress that just barely covered up a pair of black strapless knickers.  "Come on, I'll drive."  She said.  "Let's go!" she repeated as the girls ran down the stairs.  Crysta was unable to hide her excitement, which was understandable.  This was her big day.

The girls arrived at the studio, which was a beehive of activity.  Beautiful six-foot models were everywhere, along with cameras, lights, technicians, and a whole bunch of people talking into their headsets (to each other, presumably).  The girls were ushered into the makeup room, and made up to look good for the cameras.  Meanwhile, two hundred horny guys were escorted to a seating area consisting of folding chairs.  *Donna doesn't need to know about the studio audience, until it's too late to run away*, Crysta had told the director.  *They might spook her.*  As soon as her makeup was ready, Crysta was escorted to the living room set, where she sat in the middle of the large couch in her black micro minidress.  "Are you ready?"  asked the director.

"Ready!" said Crysta.  She flashed a winning smile.

"Quiet!" said the director.  Then, to Crysta, he said, "Go ahead."

"Aren't you going to say 'Action'?"

"No, that's just in the movies.  Trust me, I can do this job.  And I know you can do yours."  He winked at her, and she felt more at ease.  "Just start whenever you're ready."

Without hesitation, Crysta flashed her winning smile at the center camera, and started saying her lines.  "Hello girls, have I got a treat for you!  This is a product that will revolutionize your wardrobe.  Let me ask you a question: do you worry about panty lines?  Of course you do.  Everyone does.  So you wear a thong, right?  But thongs have straps -- so you *still* have lines to worry about."  Then, leaning forward and speaking in a soft conspiratorial tone, she continued, "I bet you've done what I did -- you stopped wearing underwear altogether, but that limits your freedom in a minidress, doesn't it, girls?"  Offstage, Donna watched in a monitor as Crysta leaned back again, her legs slightly parted, revealing her knickers.  She continued, "But now there's something entirely new that solves all these problems: strapless knickers!"  She looked into the left camera and continued, "And now, let's meet my good friend, Donna, who will give us a first look at this marvelous product."

On cue, wearing an off-white silk robe, Donna walked onto the set.  A handheld camera, low to the floor, followed her to the couch, where she sat next to Crysta.  She kept her legs together, and put her hands in her lap.  She was startled by a catcall from the audience, and looked up to see the audience for the first time.  Crysta seized the moment to bring Donna back to the script, saying,  "Don't be bashful, Donna.  Show us your knickers!"  Donna looked nervously at her friend, then took a deep breath.  *Now or never*, she thought.  She stood up, opened her robe, and smiled at the center camera.

"Cut!" yelled the director.  "Donna, honey, the shirt isn't working.  Can you take it off please?"  He took a step back and yelled, "Let's take it from Donna's entrance."  To Donna, he said, "Whenever you're ready, darling."  The studio audience hooted and yelled, embarrassing Donna.

Donna turned to Crysta and whispered,  "You said I wouldn't have to be topless."

"Sorry," said Crysta.  "He's the director.  What can I do?"

Donna hesitated, considering her options.  She visualized herself storming off the set in protest.  Then she visualized some other actress playing her part in the infomercial -- that wouldn't do -- and she reconsidered.  She started to take off her top, but the hooting and catcalls from the studio audience made her very nervous.  Crysta pulled the boom mike toward her, and said into it, "Please, boys, be nice.  Donna is very shy."  Crysta helped her friend off with her shirt, and gave her a quick kiss to ease her tension.  Donna donned her robe to cover her breasts, and went back to her spot, offstage.  Whether it was the kiss or just the fact she was nearly naked in front of 200 horny men, she didn't know, but she was getting very excited.

"Whenever you're ready, sweetie."  The director repeated.

Donna put on a big smile, and came out once again to greet her friend, her hard nipples clearly visible through her robe.  Crysta said her line as Donna sat next to her: "Don't be bashful, Donna.  Show us your knickers!"  Donna stood up, opened her robe, and smiled at the center camera just as sweetly as before.  She took it off, and handed it to a stagehand as the low-flying handheld camera circled her.  What a beauty!  The studio audience was quiet for a few seconds, then burst into spontaneous applause.  Donna's smile broadened as she sat down.  It's just as well that Donna didn't see the "APPLAUSE" sign flashing.

Donna flipped her hair over her breasts, covering them as well as possible, and said her lines: "Crysta, I've gotta tell you, these strapless knickers are the greatest invention.  They cover me where I need covering, but nowhere else.  They fit perfectly."

"How do you *feel* when you're wearing them, Donna?"

"Crysta, I feel..."  She had practiced this line over and over, but she still had trouble with it.  "Crysta, I feel..."  *Come on, say it!*  Crysta thought.  Donna started rubbing herself, especially her hips, belly and breasts.  She didn't even know she was doing it, but it felt right, somehow.  "Crysta, I feel *sexy*."  Donna's hesitation had whipped the studio audience into a frenzy.  They  hooted in agreement, and Donna smiled at them even though she wished they would shut up.  The rehearsals had been so calm and quiet, she was unprepared for this distraction.  But she pressed on.  "I know from the back I look naked, but I'm really not, so I have the best of both worlds"  She stood up, and faced away from the audience with her legs and cheeks pressed together, so they could see how naked she looks.

"How so?"  Crysta asked as Donna sat down again.

"I'm basically a shy person, very modest.  So I need to be covered up."  Donna coyly curled her hair around her finger as she continued, "But, like any girl, I also like attention, and when people see my bare butt they think I'm not wearing anything, so they give me that attention."  She giggled, and the audience hooted.

"That's wonderful, Donna.  Now I'm going to ask you the question I think we're all wondering:  What holds them up?"

"Crysta, that's the magical thing.  They fit perfectly, and conform to my body."  Donna leaned to her left to pick up one of the many colored strapless knickers arrayed on an end table.  The camera caught the line of her body, endless beautiful skin from shoulder to ankle as she picked up Crysta's amazing product and demonstrated it to the camera.  "This ball fits snugly in my -- can I say it?"  She paused while the camera zoomed in on her head, shoulders, and perky breasts. "It fits in my butt," she continued, "and the body of the knickers just snap into place."  She flexed the knickers as she spoke.

Looking directly into the middle camera, Crysta said, "You can order a package of six, in assorted colors, as you see here.  Here's how."  In post production, a voice over will give the details.  "But wait, there's more."

"There's more?" Donna said, quite innocently.  She didn't know that Crysta had a surprise in store.

"Yes, there's more.  Let's bring out our next guest."

Donna gasped and covered her breasts when she saw who it was: Billy, her friend (*and if I play my cards right, he'll be my boyfriend*, she thought).  *But what is that he's wearing?*

As if answering the question in Donna's mind, Crysta said, "Billy is wearing Penisock, the latest fashion statement for boys."  Apart from a sock, covering his penis and his balls, he was completely naked.  Billy's hairless body was well muscled, and sported not an ounce of fat.  As Billy approached the couch, Crysta moved to her right, leaving room for Billy to sit between the two girls.  Billy looked very relaxed and comfortable as he leaned back, and put one arm around each of the girls.  But there was one thing that worried Billy: he was afraid he would get a hard-on during the interview, and this would be very embarrassing for him.

"What have you got there, Billy?"  Crysta lifted his dick, and let it fall back between his legs.  Donna covered her face in embarrassment.  Billy felt a swelling in his dick and began to panic.  But the swelling subsided, maybe as a result of the panic itself.

"This is called a Penisock, Crysta.  It's the latest fashion for boys."  The camera zoomed in for a close look.  Billy had shaved completely.  The Penisock conformed to his balls and penis.

"Is it comfortable?" Crysta asked.

"It sure is, Crysta.  It's made of a special form-fitting soft fabric that expands when needed."  The audience laughed at that comment.

"Expands when needed," Crysta repeated, as if in deep thought.  She deviated from the script:  "What do you mean by that?"

It was Billy's turn to be embarrassed.  He said, "Well, um, --"

Crysta interrupted him.  "Donna, help me test the Penisock.  Give Billy a little kiss."

Donna had wanted to kiss Billy from the first day she met him, so she took every advantage of this opportunity.  She started by rubbing his well developed chest, and then she lunged at him, and planted her mouth hard on his.  She moved her hand lower, rubbing his belly and his thighs as she kept kissing him.  It wasn't long before she got a reaction out of him.  She was breathing hard through her nose by the time he was at full attention.  Billy was torn between utter embarrassment over his hard-on and excitement from having Donna throw her (nearly-naked) self at him like this.

"OK, OK, that's enough!" Crysta said as she broke them apart like a referee at a prize fight.  Billy's dick was huge.  He covered his face with his hands, but that was off-camera.  Then, to the camera, Crysta continued, "as you see, the Penisock still fits perfectly."  She ran her finger the length of his shaft, from balls to tip, as she spoke.  "Billy, can you explain how it works?"

Billy leaned back, and put his arms around the girls' shoulders, and tried to act natural, as if there wasn't a foot-long sausage sticking straight up from his lap.  He  looked into the camera and explained that a special type of elastic was used at the mouth of the Penisock, which held it in place snugly, but without pinching.  And a special fabric was used that allowed it to always fit.  As he spoke, his dick shrank back to its normal shape, and the Penisock conformed to it without wrinkling.

"Now, Billy, I must ask you this."  Crysta gently stroked Billy's penis.  "Do you feel comfortable wearing just the Penisock in public?"

"Yes, Crysta, I do.  Just like Donna's knickers, my sock covers what needs covering, and nothing else."  His penis started to grow again as Crysta moved in for the climax, so to speak, of the infomercial.

"There's just one more thing we need to know, Billy and Donna."  The nearly naked models turned to Crysta with interest, eager to hear it.  "How easy is it to take these little clothes on and off?"

Donna looked worried for just a second, but she shook it off and replied, "Crysta, it's very easy.  Since there are no straps to deal with, the knickers can be removed in any position, even while sitting, like in a restaurant or movie theater, for some quick fun, and then they can be put back on just as easily."

Billy replied in kind, "And mine is just like a sock.  Even if I'm wearing pants over it, I can take it right off through the zipper.  Couldn't be easier."

"Can you show us, Billy?"

For a split second, Billy hesitated, but then he decided to play along.  He whipped off his Penisock.

"Now, Donna, it's your turn."

Donna wasn't so quick to strip. She said as quietly as she could, "We had a deal, Crysta -- no frontal nudity, remember?"

The audience heard this, and hooted mercilessly.  Donna turned bright red.

Crysta said, "I know you don't want to strip, Donna, but it's important for our viewers to see just how easy it is to take the knickers off.  It's a selling point."

Donna didn't move.

Crysta sighed, and said, "I know you're shy, Donna, but this is important.  Look, I won't make you take them off.  Just stand with your legs apart and your hands on your hips."

Donna did as she was told.

Crysta nodded at Billy, who grabbed Donna's knickers and yanked.  Donna yelped as her knickers came off with a popping sound, leaving her visibly excited.  Then, without warning, Billy lifted Donna off her feet, and hugged her body to his.  This happened so suddenly, Donna didn't know how to react.  Instinctively, Donna wrapped her legs around Billy's body.  He lowered her body onto his penis, which easily found its way into Donna's wet pussy.  It felt so good, she didn't resist.  Billy grabbed one of Donna's ass-cheeks with each hand, and spread her ass open for the audience to see.  The audience cheered as Donna and Billy made love.  Billy lifted the beautiful girl three or four times, and then they held each other tight as they both came together.

Crysta continued, "then when you're finished making love, it's just as easy to put your clothes back on."  She handed the underwear to the actors, who quickly put them on.

Billy and Donna held hands as Crysta turned to the camera, and said, "Well, that's our show.  I sure hope you enjoyed it."  The audience clapped and cheered.  "Now's your chance to order your Penisock or strapless knickers."  All three of them took a bow, and smiled at the camera until the director gave the "all clear".

Then Donna turned to her roommate, and said, "I'll get you back for this, just you wait!"  Then, to Billy, she said, "Can you take me home?"

"I would be delighted," he said.  *Billy is sooo cute,* Donna thought.  They walked, hand in hand, wearing just one tiny article of clothing apiece.  They both glared at Crysta until they were out of her sight, and then they both broke down laughing.