## Reality Show (exhib)

"Good morning, Crysta" Donna shook Crysta awake. "You asked me to wake you at eight o'clock. It's eight o'clock. You have an acting job today, remember?" Crysta just rolled over on her right side, so Donna grabbed the bedclothes and yanked them off Crysta. As usual, Crysta slept naked. Donna admired Crysta's body -- not too thin, but very firm and muscular, yet feminine.  She had an all-over tan.  *She's beautiful*, Donna thought, as she sat on the edge of Crysta's bed.  She stroked Crysta's strawberry-blonde hair, and traced a circle around her left nipple.  She rubbed and then pinched the nipple, making it hard.  But Crysta didn't stir.

Was Crysta still sleeping, or was she pretending to sleep?  Donna decided she would find out which.  She gently stroked Crysta's belly with one hand and her buttocks with the other.  As she gently moved her hands between Crysta's legs, her knee leg began to rise in the air, and her foot slid along the sheet.  Donna stroked Crysta's clean-shaven lips.  Crysta made a soft low sound, and rolled onto her back.  Her feet were together, sole-to-sole, and her legs were flat on the sheets.  *She's so limber*, Donna thought.  Donna got up from the side of the bed, and climbed onto the bed so she could kiss Crysta's lower lips.  Her long black hair cascaded onto Crysta's flat belly as she licked that sweet spot between Crysta's lips.  Crysta grabbed onto the bars in the headboard of her bed as Donna thrust her tongue into Crysta's vagina.  Donna gently rubbed one of Crysta's nipples with one hand, and touched herself with the other, as she moved her tongue in and out of her roommates love canal.

"Ooohh, I love it when you give me a wakeup call," Crysta said as she wrapped her legs around Donna's head.  Both girls moaned softly in unison.  Crysta moved her hips rhythmically up and down about a dozen times, then let out a long breath.  Donna could feel Crysta's vagina pulsing as she continued to caress it with her tongue.

After a minute, Crysta relaxed her leg-hold on Donna, and Donna moved back to the edge of the bed with her feet on the floor.  Crysta moved behind Donna, and put her legs outside Donnas, so Crysta's feet were on the floor, too.  She put her arms around Donna, and her head on Donna's shoulder.  Crysta's hands were underneath Donna's minidress, and they were slowly making their way to that place between Donna's legs.  Donna didn't want Crysta to notice her knickers were soaked, so she got up, and said, "Time to get up, Crysta.  You have an important job to do."

It was an acting job she'd heard about from a friend of a friend.  Some new "reality" show they were doing for TV.  The pay was a thousand dollars for just one day.  She didn't know if this was more than the usual pay for an actress, but it sounded like a lot of money to Crysta, so she had agreed to it.

Crysta got up, and started looking through her dresses and tops, which were hung on the bottom section of the closet the girls shared.  Donna enjoyed looking at Crysta's butt, and Crysta knew it, but Donna didn't know Crysta knew.  Crysta stood with her legs slightly apart -- maybe to give Donna a view, or maybe because she just came, and she needed to air out -- and bent forward at the waist to inspect her clothes.  Donna loved looking at Crysta, and she was also curious to see what Crysta would wear to her acting job.

Finally, Donna asked, "What's taking so long?"  She got up, and peered over Crysta's shoulder at her row of clothes, resting her hand casually on Crysta's butt.  Crysta pretended not to notice this, which gave Donna the courage to press an index finger between Crysta's cheeks.  Soft as a feather, Donna touched Crysta's butt-hole.  Crysta didn't flinch.  In fact, she opened up just a little wider.  The girls enjoyed playing the flinching game.  The idea is for one to touch the other in her most intimate places, and try to catch her off-guard.  If she flinches, she loses the game.

"I don't know if I should wear the red belly shirt or the blue minidress." Crysta explained.  "I really like the belly shirt, but if I wear it, I'll need to wear something on my bottom.  On the other hand, if I wear the dress, I don't need to wear anything under it."

"Why don't you wear the belly shirt with a short skirt?" Donna suggested, her hand still wedged between Crysta's cheeks.  She kept her cheeks relaxed, so as not to lose the flinching game, which gave Donna easy access to her roommate's butt-hole and pussy, which was getting slippery again.

Crysta took the red belly shirt off the hanger, and put it on.  "Because I don't have a short skirt to wear at the moment," Crysta said, "or any shorts or pants, either."  She was way behind in her laundry.

"Then just put on a pair of knickers with the belly shirt.  That'll give you a risqué look."

"I agree.  But I don't own a pair of knickers.  You know that." Crysta thought a minute, and then turned to face Donna, and said, "We're the same size.  Maybe you could lend me a pair."

"Oh, no," Donna said.  "I'm behind in my laundry too.  My only clean knickers are the ones I have on."  Truth was, Donna was embarrassed that her knickers were completely soaked at the moment.  She desperately didn't want Crysta to see her like that.

"Those will do," Crysta said, lifting Donna's dress.  Donna turned bright red, and didn't know what to say.  Not noticing (or maybe pretending not to notice) Donna's embarrassment, Crysta started to pull Donna's knickers down.  Donna pulled herself away and ran to the other side of the room, and Crysta followed.

"Wait a minute," Donna said.  "I have to tell you something."  Donna put her hands over her face, and started to cry.  "You can't borrow my underwear because they're wet."

"Did you pee in them?" Crysta asked, innocently.

"No, I came in them." Donna whispered.

"I knew that," Crysta said.  She patted Donna on the head, and stroked her hair.  "It's OK, really.  How wet could they be?  They'll dry out."  Crysta pulled Donna's knickers down to her ankles.

"It's not that.  It's that...  It's that..." Donna was at a loss for words.

"It's that what?"

"I don't know how to say it."

"Just say it.  I promise it'll be OK."

"OK, it's that I don't want you to think I'm a Lesbian or anything.  I really like boys, and I like you too in a different way.  I admire you, and I would like to be more like you.  I want to do nice things for you like waking you up the way I did this morning, but I don't want you to think it turns me on or anything."  Donna was crying again.

Crysta put her hands on either side of Donna's head and said, "I love you, Donna.  I know you like boys.  I'm just glad you do nice things for me."  Then Crysta kissed Donna, and Donna lost all her inhibitions, and kissed Crysta like she'd never been kissed before.  When their lips parted at last, Crysta wiped the tears off Donna's cheeks, picked up the knickers from the floor, and put them on.  They felt cool.  She saw Donna looking at her knickers, so she did a little spin, like a runway model.  The knickers had a very low rise, hugging Crysta's hips.

Donna laughed, hiccupped, and said, "They're not doing you much good.  I can see right through them because they're so wet."  Playfully, Donna, rubbed the front of the knickers.

"Cut that out," Crysta joked, "or they'll never dry out."

Donna turned, and started rummaging in her dresser.  "I'm looking for my hip-huggers," Donna said, sensing Crysta's question.

"What's wrong with the dress you have on?" Crysta asked.  Donna's black minidress had a tight waist, and a tiny skirt that flared out at the hips.  It covered her front a little past her crotch, and at the back, it covered her cheeks exactly.  Normally, Donna wore knickers, which were visible under the dress when she walked or sat down.  Donna liked showing off her legs with the sexy dress, but hated the idea of anyone seeing her privates.  So she always wore knickers under the minidress.

"I can't wear this without knickers," Donna said, lifting the back of her dress to demonstrate.  Crysta could see Donna's vertical smile, and she smiled herself.  "Here they are," she said, taking the blue jeans out of her drawer.  She took off her dress, and put on the jeans.  These are heavily modified jeans.  Donna had taken an ordinary pair of tight jeans, and cut off the waist one inch above the bottom of the fly, and hemmed them.  The result is a pair of hip-huggers that seem to stay up through pure magic.  They also seem to magically cover Donna's private parts but ever so barely.  The back of the jeans only comes up to Donna's tailbone, and the front just barely covers her "landing strip".

Crysta pointed to it and said, "You should shave that, Donna.  Aren't you afraid it will show?"

Donna found a tiny denim vest in her closet, and put it on.  When she buttoned it, her breasts were pushed up and almost out of it.  She looked gorgeous.  "No, I think it's OK.  The main thing is that I'm covered up.  If people want to stare at a little tuft of my pubic hair, let 'em."

"That's the spirit," Crysta said.  Then looking at the clock, she said, "Oh, I'd better get going."

"Break a leg!" Donna replied.

The address was written on a crumpled piece of paper. 5589 3rd Street. This isn't far from campus. She found 5541 3rd Street, and kept walking past a vacant lot. The next building was 5601 3rd Street. So she went back to the vacant lot. When she got there, she noticed some trailers in the vacant lot. She went in the general direction of the trailers, and looked around. She spotted a young guy wearing an earpiece and microphone. She was about to ask him a question when he said "go to the last trailer and check in with the production coordinator."

So Crysta headed in that direction. When she got there, she saw quite a few rough-looking guys and half a dozen girls all wearing stiff-looking dresses down to their knees. Another guy wearing a headset appeared, and handed Crysta a clipboard and a pen. His nametag identified him as "Bill".

He said, "Sign the release, print your name on the envelope, and put your clothes in it." Crysta looked at the release, which had a lot of fine print.  It had phrases like "harmless from liability" which Crysta didn't understand.  Oh well, she thought, and wrote her name on the release and on the envelope.  She kept the envelope and handed the clipboard back to Bill.  Bill looked at her and blinked twice.

Crysta said, "Um, is there some place I can change?"

Bill said, "Right here is fine, and make it snappy." He blinked again.

Crysta looked at the other girls, who giggled and smiled at her. Then she looked back at Bill. Finally, she took off her red top, and put it in the envelope. Bill just stood there, admiring Crysta's full breasts. Crysta had an idea he was waiting for her to strip naked, but she wasn't sure.  Finally, she put her hands on her hips, and slipped them into the waistband of her tiny white knickers. She wiggled her hips as she hooked her thumbs around the waist of her knickers, then let them go with a snap. She danced as she slowly worked the knickers down her thighs. She did a pirouette, and bent over as she took them off. She placed them over Bill's head as she rubbed her chest into his. Bill took the envelope from Crysta, and put the knickers in it. He ushered Crysta to a free-standing dress rack at the back of the trailer. He picked up another one of those stiff-looking dresses -- this one was brown -- and held it up next to her. He said, "put this on." Crysta took the dress and put it on. The dress buttoned down the front. It smelled oily. There were seven buttonholes, but only only the top three buttons were on the dress. The others had been ripped off, the loose threads that once held them still visible. Donna buttoned the dress as well as she could, considering what she had to work with.

Another guy with headphones showed up and said, "Gather 'round, girls. We're going to get started in a few minutes." His nametag identified him as "Joe". The girls made a semicircle around him. "We're going to start filming in a few minutes," he repeated.  "This is a reality show, so there will only be one take. The bad guys here," he gestured to the male actors, "will start chasing you when I'll yell 'run'.  Then you start running.  The cameramen will run after you, and the bad guys are going to run after them, and more cameramen will run after the bad guys." Joe paused. "Any questions?"

"Which way do we run?" one of the girls asked.

"Run away from the bad guys." Joe replied.

"What happens when the bad guys catch us?"

"They will hold you down, beat you, strip you and rape you.  This film is going to be shown on TV, so try to leave your knickers on.  You need to hold onto your knickers for dear life.  That's part of the struggle I need to catch on film.  Try to make this look good for the camera. I want to see a good struggle. If you can break free and run only to be caught again, that would be great. Any questions? No? OK, we'll do this in five minutes."

"But I'm not wearing any underwear," Crysta said.

"You'd better get some then. You have five minutes."

Crysta went back to the trailer, found her envelope, and got the tiny white knickers out of it. She pulled them up under her dress.  She saw Bill, sitting next to the trailer, smirking, and so she stuck out her tongue at him.

Soon everyone was in their starting place. Crysta's heart was beating fast. "Ready on the set," the director yelled. "Action!"

Some of the girls ran, but Crysta didn't move.  She was waiting for the word "run".  Crysta didn't know it right away, but one of the bad guys lit Crysta's dress on fire.  It went up like a torch. A cameraman started running backwards in front of Crysta, filming Crysta's dress.  Then Crysta started running as the flames raced up her dress. She ripped it open in the front, popping the three buttons off, and kept running. She dropped the flaming dress as one of the bad guys wrestled her to the ground and three more grabbed her. Hey, they were supposed to be just acting, Crysta thought, but these guys were really hurting her. One bad guy had ahold of each of her shoulders, and a third was trying to hold her legs. A cameraman told him to let go of one of Crysta's legs because he was getting in the way of the shot. As soon as let go of Crysta's left leg, she kicked him as hard as she could, hitting him squarely in the back. He doubled over in pain, but kept his grip on Crysta's right leg. A fourth bad guy tried to pull Crysta's knickers down, but she was pinned to the ground by the weight of the two guys holding her shoulders. He tried to turn her over, but she was still pinned. He kicked Crysta hard in her side. She let out a piercing scream, and brought one knee to her chest in pain. The force of the kick knocked Crysta on her side, and pulled her shoulders out from under the two guys who had been holding them down. The guy who kicked her grabbed one leg, and pulled her knickers down to her knees. In a burst of strength, Crysta kicked out with both her feet, breaking the grip the guys had on her. Before they could gather their forces, Crysta managed to get to her feet and start running. But since her knickers were down to her knees, she immediately tripped over her them, and fell hard to the ground again, badly scraping her right side. She was tempted to take off her knickers and throw them away, but somehow she remembered the director's instructions: Hold onto your knickers for dear life, so she pulled them up as she stumbled to her feet.

This acting job had turned into a struggle for survival as Crysta was running for her life. She darted into Third Street. A car screeched to a stop, and Crysta fell onto its hood. With her breasts pressed against the windshield, Crysta begged the driver, "help me". The driver didn't react, and then Crysta saw the bad guys chasing her. She tried to run but she couldn't get free of the car. Her knickers were hooked onto its hood ornament. She grabbed the hood ornament and gave it a strong yank, and it broke free. She ran across three more lanes of traffic, screaming, incoherent, narrowly missing several honking cars. She was closely followed by several cameramen and three bad guys. When she got to the other side of the street she first ran left, then saw one bad guy coming toward her, so she ran right, but it was too late. Two of them pinned her against the side of a building while the third tried to take off her knickers. He got them partway down, so Crysta struggled go try to pull her knickers back up.  Her arms were pinned against the wall, so the only way to keep her knickers was to spread her legs apart. As she did so, the bad guy lost his grip on her.  Gathering all her strength, Crysta kicked him as hard as she could, and he fell back.

One of the cameramen knelt directly in front of Crysta. "Help me," pleaded with the cameraman, but he didn't help her. Maybe he thought Crysta was still acting. Her knickers about halfway down to her knees, and her legs were apart to keep them up. The camera saw everything. The two bad guys holding Crysta's arms were strong. She couldn't wrestle free. She tried kicking them but the jumped out of the way. Finally she was able to kick one of them right in the balls, and he went down. Then she pulled free of the other one, and tried to pull her knickers back in place as she ran toward the street corner. Before she got to the corner, one of the bad guys made a flying leap, grabbed her knickers, and pulled them down to her ankles, tripping her. This time, she took off her knickers, and kept them in her hand. She kept running, across the street and down the next block. Soon she realized only the cameraman was following her. She turned to the cameraman and said "Help me" in a weak and pitiful voice. But the cameraman did nothing except focus his camera on her nakedness.

After a while, Crysta stopped running. All traffic on Third Street had stopped, and quite a few people were looking at Crysta, who was panting and bleeding, and still holding her tattered knickers in her hand. She sat down on the curb, put her arms over her knees, rested her forehead on her arms, and started to cry.

The cameraman finally spoke to her. "Come on," he said, "put on your knickers, and let's get back to camp." She looked up to see the cameraman kneeling in the street, his camera focused between her legs.  She put one hand between her legs, and looked at the knickers that were crumpled up in her other hand. She slipped on the bloody and tattered knickers, and soon discovered the waistband had stretched, so they wouldn't stay up. She stood up, holding her knickers in place. Then she remembered her red top was by the trailer across the street. She crossed the street, and started to limp back to the trailers. The cameraman followed behind her. When she got back to the trailer, she found the manila envelope with her name on it. Other cameramen joined in the filming. Crysta needed both hands to open the envelope, but she couldn't let go of her knickers for fear they would fall down, so she spread her legs apart to keep them up. Even so, they fell partway down her thighs as the cameras watched. She pulled up her knickers, and squatted with her legs apart, and the knickers stayed up. She opened the envelope, took out her top, and put it on.

"Great job, great job."  It was Bill, shaking her hand, and patting her on the back.  "We have some great footage.  It'll be on the network tonight.  I'm very proud of you.  Now there's just one more thing, and that's the news interview.  I want you to play up how horrible it was to be beaten and raped, and that you want to see the bad guys caught, and where are the police, all that."

"But I wasn't raped."

Bill turned to an assistant and conferred with him for a minute.  "We have some footage of you across the street.  You were raped, OK?"

"I just want to go home," Crysta pleaded.

"Listen," Bill said, "You'll be paid right after the interview.  No more complaining, OK?"

Just then an elderly woman showed up with a toolbox.  "I have to paint the bruises on you now," she said.  "Stand still."  The woman pulled down Crysta's knickers, looked at them, and threw them on the ground, where they landed in a puddle of muddy water.  She put her hands on Crysta's inner thighs, motioning for her to spread her legs apart, and began applying makeup.  "Arms up," she said as she took off Crysta's top, and painted more bruises on her.  When she was done, the woman gave Crysta her top, which she put on over the bruises.  Then Crysta picked up her knickers, which were caked with mud.

As Crysta was picking mud out of her knickers, a news crew showed up.  An Asian woman wearing a bright yellow pants suit asked "what happened here?" then pushed a microphone in Crysta's bruised face. So many thoughts ran through her head at once, that Crysta didn't know what to say. This was supposed to be an acting job, but the bad guys really beaten her up. Who was at fault? The producer? The director? The bad guys? Crysta answered the reporter's questions as well as she could, and gave a good interview, although it was all a blur at the time.

Somehow, Crysta made it home. When she got there, Donna asked "What happened? Are you OK? What did you do with my knickers?" At that last question, Crysta looked down and saw she was bottomless. She didn't remember when she had lost them. She told Donna she would be OK after she took a shower. She took off her top, and stumbled to the bathroom, forgetting to bring a towel. She didn't notice the looks she got along the way.

After her shower, she looked and felt much better.  She put on a semi-sheer baby doll top, and went with Donna to the rec room to watch TV. A lot of the kids from the dorm hang out there every evening.  The news was on. The lead story was about a gang of hoodlums who terrorized a group of girls following a concert.

Donna said, "Hey, this is your show, Crysta!"  Suddenly, conversation ceased, and everyone's attention was focused on the TV.  Donna found the remote and turned up the volume.  The first image was of three or four girls who had been set on fire.  They were running and ripping off their dresses.  The reporter, off camera, was saying that as many as twenty young girls were brutalized in this attack, which happened as a concert was ending in some stadium downtown.

The camera zoomed in as one girl took off her burning dress, revealing she was naked except for her sneakers.  She was savagely tackled by one man, and then three others quickly pinned her to the ground while the first man raped her.  Donna was wondering if this was Crysta, but soon a close-up of her face showed it was some other girl.  "Are you in this scene, Crysta?" Donna asked.

"Were you attacked at this concert?" someone asked.

"There was no concert," Crysta replied.  "It's all just made up.  I was acting."

"But this is being reported as news."

"Yeah, you didn't know?" Crysta replied.  "The news is augmented with this kind of staged action.  They do it for ratings."

"So no one was raped?"

"Shhh!" said Donna.  "Here's Crysta's part."

Crysta is running toward the camera, on fire.  She rips off her dress, and her large breasts bounce up and down.

"I didn't think they could show that on regular TV," said one person.

Three of the hoodlums wrestled Crysta to the ground, and pinned her hands and feet.  The screen shows a close-up of Crysta's breasts and face.  Crysta's face is contorted with rage.  She's yelling but the words are not audible.

"They can if it's news," said another.

"But I had to keep my knickers on," said Crysta.  "They can show breasts and asses, but no frontal nudity."

"So those guys are just pretending to pull your knickers down?" Someone asked.

"Just watch.  You'll see I'm able to hang onto my knickers pretty well," Crysta said as the bad guys on the TV pulled her knickers partway down.  Crysta lifted her butt off the ground to get in a good kick, and you could see her knickers were down to her knees, but the camera somehow misses getting a good shot of her front.  All of a sudden, Crysta is up and running with her knickers down at her knees.  She's trying to pull them up and run at the same time while a gang of hoodlums chase her.

The reporter is narrating, "In a disgraceful spectacle, this poor girl was chased through traffic, then beaten as witnesses look on helplessly."  Crysta is shown up against a wall, her arms pinned by two thugs.

"I guess that one got by the censors," someone said as her knickers were pulled down again, and Crysta spread her legs apart.  This time her front was fully in view and fully open.

The reporter is narrating, "This poor girl was forced to spread her legs apart and submit to rape."

"That wasn't the reason I spread my legs," Crysta said, defending herself.  "That was the only way I could keep the bad guys from taking my knickers."   The scene changed, depicting Crysta sitting naked on the curb, crying.  Once again, the censors must have been asleep, because the camera is looking directly between Crysta's legs.  Crysta puts her hand over her vulva but not before several seconds of complete frontal nudity hit the airwaves.  Maybe they can get away with that nudity because it's a crime scene, Donna thought.

A moment later, the reporter was on camera, with Crysta standing next to her, looking badly bruised and battered.

"You got a lot of airtime," Donna said.

"Wait.  It gets weirder," Crysta said.  "I hope they air this part."

Crysta is crying, and wearing her red top.  The camera comes in for a close-up of Crysta's face.  One of her eyes is swollen shut, and she has numerous gashes and bruises on her face.  The reporter asks Crysta about her injuries, letting the camera take in the terrible damage to her pretty face.  Crysta describes how one man punched her again and again.

"Are you injured anywhere else on your body?" the reporter wants to know.

"Yes, I was beaten all over my body," Crysta replies.  The camera pulls back to show Crysta wearing her red top and knickers.

"I know this is hard for you," said the reporter, "but I wonder if you could show us your injuries."

"Should I strip?" Crysta asked.

The reporter winced at the expression, and said, "You may disrobe if you feel that's absolutely necessary."

Crysta turned her back, parted her legs, and let her knickers fall to the ground as she took off her top.  She stood that way for several seconds as the camera panned slowly up her legs, past her butt, and then up to her back, which was covered in bruises and cuts.

"You were badly hurt, Crysta," someone said.

"It's all makeup," Crysta replied.  Not *all* makeup though, she thought.  Her ribs still hurt where she was kicked.

The reporter said, "Please face the camera now, and this is the most delicate part of the interview.  Because some viewers might be offended, I would ask you to put your hand over your private parts while we continue this interview.  Is that alright?"

Crysta turned around, then put her right hand next to her vulva, with the fingertips just covering her right lip.

"That's no way to cover up," Donna said.

"I know," Crysta replied.  "They told me to do it that way.  They told me the censors needed just one lip covered.  Good for ratings, they said."

"Now I have to ask you the hardest question of all," said the reporter.  "Look at this scene with me, and tell me what was happening here."

The screen showed Crysta again, with her back to the wall of a building, and her knickers down to her knees.  Then one of the bad guys gets in front of her, and it looks like he's raping her.

Then the scene changes back to the reporter with Crysta.  Crysta begins crying hysterically.  She puts both her hands to her face, and begins to wobble.  She loses her balance and almost falls.  She recovers to a squatting position.  Her legs spread far apart as she sobs.  The camera zooms in on the naked girl, showing her breaking down in tears.  It manages to get right between her knees with a wide-angle lens.  Crysta sobs for a full minute before slowly rising to her feet.  Then, remembering she should cover up, she puts her hand on her vulva again.

The reporter says, "I know this was difficult for you, and on behalf of everyone in this city, I hope the people who did this to you are brought to justice."  The reporter picks up Crysta's red top, and hands it to her.  Crysta stops covering herself momentarily to put it on.  "Back to you, Jim," the reporter says.  The camera follows Crysta as she starts walking home.

"Good show, Crysta," someone said.  Everyone else agreed.

"So *that's* where you lost my knickers," Donna said, laughing.