## Crysta and Donna - Stage Fright (exhib)

"I have one!" It was Vicky, with one arm in the air, practically jumping out of her seat.

"OK, Vicky," said the professor. "What's your story?"  The drama professor was leading a class discussion, with the goal of eliciting the most humiliating moments in the students' lives.  Today's objective is to try to eliminate inhibitions by discussing embarrassing topics openly and honestly in front of the whole class.

"Well, somebody played a mean trick on me, and I never found out who."

"Did they take your clothes while you were in the shower?" Donna asked, as she winked at Crysta.

"No," said Vicky, slowly, thinking back to be sure.

"Did they drug you, then carry your naked body to the big lawn between the dorms, and let you wake up there?" Crysta asked, winking back at Donna.

"No!" said Vicky. "Can I just tell my story?"

Hearing no objection, she started, "I was reading the paper, and wishing I weren't so poor, when my eye caught an ad. It said 'participate in a research study, and earn a hundred dollars'. And there was a phone number to call. So I called the number, and the lady told me it was a study of 'anal leakage'."

Several people laughed at this. Vicky insisted, "Really, it's a big problem." More laughter. Vicky decided there was no point in defending the importance of studying anal leakage. "It's dirtying undies all over the country," she joked. Continuing with her story, she said, "So the lady said all I have to do to earn $100 is write down everything I eat for seven days, and then come in to the lab on the seventh day for some tests. She said it was very important that I wear a short dress and no knickers, because otherwise the anal leakage measurements would be messed up or something.  How short does the dress need to be?  I asked.  She said it shouldn't cover any part of my legs, and if I didn't have a dress short enough, I could just wear a T-shirt instead.  I never questioned it.  We made an appointment for the following Tuesday morning."

"So I write all my foods down in my journal, and on Tuesday, I put on a little pink dress, white shoes, and nothing else, and walked to the lab carrying my journal. I got a lot of looks from people I passed on the way because my dress was so short.  But it wasn't too windy, so I don't think they could tell I wasn't wearing anything under it. Anyway, the walk to the lab went well, and I arrived in plenty of time.

"The receptionist asked me if I was here for the something-or-other study, but I didn't quite catch what she said, and I just said 'yes'. She asked me to have a seat, so I sat down, and at first I tried to keep my legs together like a good little lady.  When I first sat down, I felt very self conscious about being bottomless.  Even with my legs together, the front of the dress just didn't cover me, and the room was so brightly lit I felt very exposed.

"Most of the time it was just me and the receptionist, and I figure she's seen all the bottomless girls for this study, so it wouldn't phase her if she saw, you know, between my legs.  So as time passed I got a little more relaxed, and let my legs drift apart.  All of a sudden the door opened. A young man in a lab coat came over to me, and I noticed my legs were about as wide apart as they can get, so I got all embarrassed, and snapped my legs together.  I felt a lightning bolt of excitement surge from my pussy to my asshole as I thought about the view he just saw.  'You can call me Joe,' he said.  He made it seem as if he didn't see my pussy, which I thought was very polite of him.  I followed Joe back through the door and down a hallway. As we reached an examining room, he asked me if I had read all the materials, and if I had any questions, and gestured for me to sit down. I didn't remember reading any materials, but I didn't want to seem like an idiot, so I told Joe I read them. There was a pause in the conversation. Maybe he's waiting for me to ask a question, I thought. So I said, 'am I dressed OK?' as I lifted the hem of my dress. I wanted him to see that I followed the instructions I had been given on the phone, and wasn't wearing anything under the dress.  He didn't even look under my dress. He said, 'you're wearing knickers, right?' I was pretty sure he was kidding, so I said, 'yeah, right.' Then he said, 'well, this is a study of stage-fright, so you should  be dressed as comfortably as possible.'  *That's odd*, I thought.  Joe continued, 'the main objective is to find out whether showing your belly-button to the audience, the way Britney Spears does, reduces the level of stage-fright.'  Now I was really confused.

He gave me a necklace and said, 'This looks like an ordinary chain, but it contains sophisticated monitoring equipment.  Your heart, respiration, perspiration, the whole works.  Just put it over your neck.'  Then he produced an ear-plug, and said, 'put this in your right ear, and I'll do a sound check.' Speaking into a microphone, he said 'test, test, test.' I said, 'yes, I can hear you.' Then he said, 'It's really important you follow my instructions perfectly. Are you ready?' I finally admitted I wasn't understanding everything. 'Ready for what?' I asked. 'I thought this was a study of anal leakage.' At that, he burst out laughing, handed me a microphone, pulled me out the door, and pushed me onto a big stage. The curtain was down, but I could hear the murmur of a big audience beyond it. Just then the curtain rose, and the lights shone in my face.

"In my earpiece, Joe said, 'Now sing your song.' I put the microphone to my lips, and asked, 'What song?' My words boomed throughout the auditorium, "WHAT SONG?"  That seemed to clear the air.  I was suddenly able to see the huge audience, maybe a thousand people, all dressed up in suits and gowns.  They waited politely for me to begin. Begin what, I wondered. Joe repeated in my ear, 'Sing your song!' I thought, *this couldn't be happening*. I came here for a study of anal leakage, and now I'm on stage in front of a thousand people and I have to sing a song. The audience started laughing.  I turned around to see what they were laughing at, and they laughed even harder. Then I realized I was not just thinking but talking out loud about anal leakage, and that's what they were laughing at. Joe was talking again: 'If you don't sing, my experiment will be ruined! This is costing me big bucks! Sing!'

"All of a sudden every song I ever knew flew right out of my head. I felt like I was five years old again. I couldn't think of anything except 'I'm a Little Teapot', which I sang in front of an audience when I was in kindergarten. So I started to sing, 'I'm a little teapot, short and stout.' I did all the gestures just as I did 15 years ago for a first grade talent show. 'Here is my handle, here is my spout. When I get all steamed up, then I shout, tip me over and pour me out.' To my surprise, the audience burst into enthusiastic applause.

"Then Joe said in my ear, 'Now expose your belly, and recite your speech.' The only way I could expose my belly would be to lift up the dress from the bottom, or take it off from the top.  Either way, I would be exposing a good deal more of myself than just my belly.  I said, 'I can't...' My voice boomed throughout the auditorium, so I lowered the microphone, and turned around to face Joe backstage, and started again, 'I can't...'  As I was thinking of a way to explain that there just wasn't any good way to expose just my belly, Joe interrupted me, 'My God!  You're not wearing any knickers!  I'm done for!  My goose is cooked!'

"I was thinking about my own goose -- my hundred dollar goose.  If I didn't finish this study, whether of anal leakage or of stage-fright, I wouldn't get paid.  I knew what I had to do -- lift my dress, and show my Full Monty to a thousand people.  I took a deep breath, and tried to visualize what must be done.  To my surprise, the thought of a thousand people taking in my womanhood got me a little excited.  I spread my legs apart a bit as my lips swelled.  As I reached for the bottom of my dress, my fingers "accidentally" brushed against my clitoris, and it felt good -- really good.  I grabbed the hem of my dress, right in front, with my left hand.  With my right hand I held the microphone.

"As in a trance, I began.  'Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.'

"My left hand faltered, and my knees almost buckled as I prepared to bare my front to the world.  I thought maybe I should just rip it off like a band-aid.  I rubbed my clit again, for courage.  'Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.  We are met on a great battle-field of that war.  We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.'  I finally got up the courage to lift my left hand, and show my pussy.  'It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.'

"Joe was in my ear, saying 'your belly, Vicky, your belly!'  I took a deep breath and moved my left hand ever higher..  'But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate -- we can not consecrate -- we can not hallow -- this ground.  The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor poser to add or detract.'

"Finally, my belly button was visible, with my now dripping pussy below it.  My nipples were hard with excitement.  My pussy ached with unfulfilled pleasure, but I couldn't touch it without dropping either my dress or the microphone. 'The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.  My pussy aches.' Oops, I didn't mean to say that out loud.  By this point my pussy is swollen and dripping wet, and I can't touch it.  That's it, I thought.  I can't stand it any more.  I lifted my dress higher -- right over my face -- as I continued the speech.

"'It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.'  I dropped my dress on the ground as my asshole and pussy were both pulsating with my heartbeat.  Finally, my left hand was free, and I could touch my throbbing clit.  It sent a shiver throughout my body, but somehow I managed to continue talking as I masturbated.  'It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us -- that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion -- that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain -- that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom -- and that government of the people, by the people, for the people,...'  By the time I reached the end of the speech, I was squatting on the ground, massaging both my pussy and my asshole with my left hand while still managing to hold the microphone with my right hand.  '...shall not perish from the earth.'  At that, I climaxed a thousand climaxes, one for every man and woman in the audience that night.  When it was over, I collapsed in a heap on the floor, and said 'Abraham Lincoln, November 19, 1863.'

"At first, there was no reaction from the audience.  They were stunned, I guess.  Then after a few seconds, one solitary person in the back row began clapping.  Then others joined in, and finally the whole audience was on its feet -- I received a one-thousand-person standing ovation that night, and a one hundred dollar check."