**Crysta and Donna - VPL Roundup** (exhib)

One of the most eagerly anticipated (or dreaded, depending on your

mindset) campus events every spring is the Annual VPL Roundup. VPL, which

stands for "Visible Panty Lines" is not expressly mentioned in the

Official Dress Code, which is very long and complex. The first few

paragraphs read as follows:

1.1.1 Purpose

 The main purpose of the Code is to provide standards of modest dress for

 students who attend the College, so they can have a learning environment

 characterized by modesty, decency, and dignity. The main emphasis of

 the Code is to spell out the two main coverage standards. First, and

 most important, underwear must be covered at all times, and may never be

 seen. Second, the "private areas" must be covered while the student is

 in a standing position. Taken together, the main effect of these two

 coverage standards is to encourage decency.

1.1.2 Motivation

 A paradoxically immodest consequence of the two rules, each of which

 encourages modesty, is to prohibit wearing underwear under very short

 dresses. On balance, though, the effect of these standards is to

 encourage students to wear clothes with better coverage, for two

 reasons. First, most students prefer to wear underwear, and the first

 coverage rule requires wearing clothes robust enough to cover the

 underwear at all times and from all angles of view. Second, if a

 student is not inclined to wear underwear, the fear of exposing one's

 privates will encourage the wearing of clothes with an extra margin of

 decency beyond the minimum required by the Code, so they will feel

 confident their privates are covered adequately.

The "panty rule" as it is called, has a lofty objective, to encourage

decency. Before it was added to the dress code, many girls wore

micro-miniskirts and baby doll dresses, and relied on their underwear to

cover their privates. Since the rule was passed, fewer girls wear the

very short dresses, but paradoxically, more girls go without knickers, so

the overall effect of the rule as regards decency is mixed.

The dress code goes on at some length, describing various combinations of

clothing, alternatives such as body paint, and exceptions for bathing

suits, etc. But one part of the dress code that is not explicitly

mentioned is VPL - Visible Panty Lines. It comes close to outlawing VPL

where it says that underwear may not be seen. But opinions differ as to

whether VPL constitutes "seeing".

During the VPL roundup, which traditionally runs from Mardi Gras to

Easter, the Campus Patrol cracks down on certain dress code violations on

campus. This is just the time of year when the weather starts to warm up,

and girls like to wear lighter clothing. The crackdown, say the Campus

Patrol, is to stop girls from going to far in their clothing. In

particular, they look for violations of the panty rule while completely

overlooking most other violations.

Stories of abuse by the Campus Patrol abound. In a typical scenario, a

girl will get into her car, and is approached by a patrolman. She says,

"What's wrong, officer," and he says "I saw your knickers as you got into

your car. That's a violation of the dress code." If she argues, and says

she isn't in violation, either because she isn't wearing knickers or

because her dress is plenty long enough, he will ask her to remove her

dress as part of a "voluntary inspection". The alternative is to be cited

for an assumed violation of the code, stripped naked (the clothes are

evidence of the violation) and given a summons for a hearing to be held a

few weeks later. Neither alternative is very pleasant, so often the girl

will comply with the inspection. As a crowd gathers, she removes her

dress, and hands it to the officer. If she's not wearing knickers, the

officer will ask her to put her hands on the hood of her car, and "spread

'em". Regardless of how far she spreads her legs, the officer typically

kick her legs further apart. He'll tell her not to move while he "checks

her for priors". Then he leaves her there to draw a bigger and bigger

crowd while he ducks into his patrol car and masturbates. After she's been

on display for a few minutes, he'll thank her for complying with the dress

code, give her back her dress and send her on her way. On the other hand,

if she is wearing knickers, it's much worse for her. He'll write her a

ticket for violating the dress code, and keep the dress and the knickers as

evidence before humiliating her and sending her on her way completely

naked.

Then, at the hearing, the girl can defend herself only by humiliating

herself further in front of a packed courtroom. The girl is required to

appear naked in court. The prosecutor will call the Campus Cop to

identify the defendant as the one he saw that day. The cop will feign

difficulty recognizing the girl with her legs together. She will be

forced to spread her legs apart, parade herself in front of the court, and

bend over, and even let members of the jury spread her lips apart for a

better view of her vagina. At that point, the cop says he recognizes the

girl, and she's allowed to sit down, but the humiliation is far from over.

If she chooses to defend herself, she must get into "The Seat". This is a

test to see if the clothing worn that day was decent. In this ordeal, she

must put on the knickers she was allegedly wearing that day (the ones that

were introduced into evidence), and the dress. Then, she must face the

jury, and get into The Seat. It's a fairly high seat that looks like a car

seat. In fact, it is a car seat, bolted to a platform where the girl is

supposed to rest her feet. It's notoriously difficult to get into the seat

without flashing the jury, though many girls succeed, and are ultimately

found "decent" by the jury. But surviving The Seat is just the beginning

of the humiliation.

By taking the stand, the girl opens herself up for cross-examination. The

prosecutor will typically ask the girl to remove her clothes, which are,

after all, evidence. If she covers her breasts and keeps her knees

together while she's sitting in the witness chair, he will point out to

the jury how the girl is covering herself up, indicating that she is

ashamed of what she has done. If she leaves her breasts uncovered or her

legs apart, even slightly, he will tell the jury she has no modesty, and

they should find her indecent.

The best thing a defendant can do at this point is to break down and cry.

The jury will feel that she was probably guilty of something but that

she's already suffered enough, and let her go. If the girl remains defiant

in the face of this humiliation, the jury will often find her indecent,

even if she's able to get in The Seat without flashing her knickers. When

the jury comes back, the defendant, still naked, is asked to stand and

face the jury. If the verdict is "indecent", the defense attorney will ask

for the jury to be polled while the defendant sobs into her hands, leaving

her legs slightly apart so she appears as vulnerable as she can. Often,

this tactic will cause a juror to recant, and then the defendant will be

let go. But if each juror repeats, "indecent", then the worst is yet to

come.

The judge has extraordinary leeway in setting the sentence, and judges

have been known to be creative in their effort to humiliate guilty little

girls. Judges are even allowed to sentence a girl to be gang raped, as

long as she is offered a non-violent alternative. About half the girls

sentenced this way actually choose to be raped, only because the

alternative is worse, sometimes involving many days of humiliation.

Once, in passing sentence, the judge said to the girl, "you have been so

eager to let people see your twat, you will be bottomless for 30 days."

The judge even went to the girl's apartment and confiscated almost all her

clothes, leaving her just a few short shirts. This was reported in the

local newspaper, with a photo of the bottomless girl (with her legs spread

apart, even!) on the front page. Apparently, the censors permit full

frontal nudity under the guise of "news". After her story was published,

people came from far away to see the bottomless girl around campus.

More often, the sentence will be no underwear for six months to a year,

and for a certain number of random dress code inspections to be performed

over the course of the sentence. In one famous case, the random dress code

inspection took place at a major league baseball game. The girl's live

picture was displayed on the scoreboard as the inspector asked her

girlfriend to check for a bra. The friend patted the girl's chest, and

said no bra. The inspector told the friend to reach under the dress to be

sure. The friend reluctantly felt under the top of the dress, and said, no

bra. The inspector said, the friend had to reach under the bottom of the

dress. The friend hesitated, but finally got down on her knees, and

reached up underneath the girl's dress and pushed her arms up until she

was able to grasp both of the girl's breasts. The inspector paused while

the whole stadium took in the spectacle. The girl was standing with her

friend's head under her dress, and her friend's hands on her breasts.

Finally the inspector said, "now I want you to use your tongue to verify

that the girl is not wearing any knickers." Again, a long pause. Finally,

the large lump in the girl's dress started to move upward, but the dress

was too tight. Meanwhile a lump was forming in the pants of every guy in

the stadium as a hush fell over the crowd. The friend, not knowing what

else to do, apologized, took her hands off the girl's breasts, and used

them to lift the girl's dress, revealing everything to the packed stadium.

The friend extended her tongue hesitantly, and touched it to the girl's

vulva. The stadium erupted in a loud roar as the inspector waved to the

crowd and departed. It is reported that even after the baseball game

resumed, the girls kept at it until they were both satisfied.

A "panty rights" group has charged that the capricious enforcement of the

panty rule actually encourages the wearing of much more provocative

clothing. They claim the Campus Cops target girls wearing long dresses

and pants for embarrassing inspections, and that they conduct such checks

in the most public places to discourage girls from wearing decent

clothing. A Panty Rights spokesgirl said, "It's bad enough that knickers

are outlawed in the spring, but the way the rule is enforced makes it

impossible for girls to wear a dress or pants. Girls are pretty much

forced to go bottomless during the spring." A Campus Patrol spokesman

acknowledges that short dresses are the norm in the spring, but denies the

VPL roundup has anything to do with it. He says that girls who would

otherwise wear knickers are simply going without knickers to comply with the

rules, and this should encourage them to wear more decent clothes, since

they won't be able to rely on knickers to always shield their privates from

view.

It was now March, and the VPL roundup was due to begin. The Campus Cops

were patrolling everywhere, looking for violators...

Donna had heard all these stories about the VPL roundup, and she was smart

enough not to get snared by any of the cheap traps she had heard about.

During this season she wore a blouse and long pants or else a long dress,

and nothing else. No bra, no knickers, nothing to get her caught by the

Campus Patrol. Although she loved to wear very thin clothes, and she loved

them skin-tight, she was also well aware there was nothing underneath, so

she made sure they weren't too sheer. After all, Donna was a modest girl.

On this day, she woke up in an especially good mood. The sun shone into

her dorm room, and felt warm on her face. She closed the curtain, then

stripped off her pajamas and admired her body in the full-length mirror

while her roommate, Crysta, slept. She kept the light off, because she

didn't want to wake Crysta. She eyed a bright floral chiffon dress hanging

in her closet. In the past, she had always worn this dress with a slip and

underwear. There wasn't any absolute requirement to wear the underwear,

though. Sure, the bra provided some support, but her breasts were

medium-sized and very perky, so they didn't really need a bra. The slip

was there just to hide the underwear, which could otherwise be seen

through the thin dress. But if she didn't wear any underwear, then she

wouldn't need the slip, either. Her skin was uniformly tan, so there would

be no "white bits" to show up under the dress. Well, it's worth a try, she

thought, and put the dress on. Gosh, it looks great, she thought as she

admired herself in the mirror. She smoothed the front of her dress over

her breasts, and thought she might be able to see her nipple in the dim

light of the room. She turned around, and looked over her shoulder in the

mirror. My figure looks terrific, she thought. This dress is perfect!

Donna couldn't wait to start the day, so she woke Crysta, and said, "Wake

up, sleepyhead, it's a new day!" Crysta wasn't a morning person, so she

moaned, rolled over, and went back to sleep. Donna opened the curtain,

then whipped Crysta's covers off, and paused to admire her naked body as

she sleepily reached in vain for her blanket and simultaneously curled

into a fetal position.

Finally, Crysta woke up. "You can't wear that," she said, rubbing the

sleep from her eyes. She could see right through Donna's dress. She could

not only tell Donna wasn't wearing any knickers, she could also tell she

had shaved all but a cute little strip of pubic hair less than an inch

wide and no longer than two inches long, extending from the top of her

vulva.

"I can wear whatever I want," Donna said petulantly, and put her hands on

her hips. The sun was shining through Donna's dress, casting the shadow of

her beautifully curved ass on the front of her dress.

"But, but..." Crysta was trying to think of how to phrase this. She didn't

want to hurt Donna's feelings, and the dress really did look nice, but,

come on! This dress was just too thin, and really needed a slip under it.

"Guess what?" Donna interrupted. Without waiting for Crysta to reply, she

continued, leaning closer to Crysta as she spoke quietly, "I'm not wearing

any knickers!"

Crysta was stunned. Not because Donna wasn't wearing any knickers -- that

she could see plainly -- but that Donna didn't realize how obviously

pantiless she was! How could Donna not know she was almost naked? Heck,

she was naked! Did she get dressed in the dark? Oh yeah, Crysta realized.

She did get dressed in the dark. When would Donna suddenly realize she was

naked? Maybe not until they got outside. That would be fun, Crysta

thought. She and Donna would be outside, maybe on their way to the dining

hall for breakfast, when Donna would suddenly realize she's naked, and run

back to the dorm to change clothes. Better yet, Crysta thought, I'll just

bring some knickers for her to put on when she finally realizes her

mistake.

Crysta caught Donna's reflection in the mirror and quickly threw some

clothes over it. She didn't want Donna to see herself and realize too soon

that she was naked. She wanted to get Donna outside as quickly as

possible. Crysta threw on a little black minidress that was one or two

sizes too small for her, grabbed Donna by the hand, and hurried out the

door. "I'm hungry," she said in an effort to cover the real reason for her

hurry.

"OK," Donna said. Standing behind Crysta as she locked the door, Donna

said, "but you might want to pull your dress down to cover your pussy." As

she said this, she stroked Crysta's front, and was surprised to find her

pussy all wet and open. Crysta turned around to face her friend. "What are

you so excited about?" Donna asked, and reached down for another feel.

At that moment, Crysta reached orgasm, and her knees buckled. Donna caught

her in her arms, and hugged her tight to keep her from falling. When

Crysta finally righted herself, her dress was pushed up higher than her

belly button, but she was so excited she didn't notice. Donna pulled

Crysta's dress down, barely covering her beautiful ass. Donna stroked the

soft skin between Crysta's legs and around her butt hole as she asked

again, "Are you going to tell me what's got you so hot?" It's you, Donna,

who's making me so hot, Crysta thought, but she didn't say anything..

They began walking, Donna on the left, Crysta on the right, as Donna kept

a hand on Crysta's ass, moving her wet fingers up and down alternately

between Crysta's cheeks then between her legs to soak up some more of

Crysta's love juice. "I don't know," Crysta lied, "maybe I had a sexy

dream."

As the two girls walked, boys and girls alike stared at them. Donna

noticed the staring, but didn't guess that it was because Donna was

practically naked. Instead, she assumed they were looking at Crysta,

whose dress was extremely short and tight, and who was clearly getting a

nice hand job as the girls walked. Crysta shuddered as she came again.

Finally, the girls arrived at the dining hall. It was decorated nicely

inside, with plants hanging from the ceiling, and mirrors on the wall,

which made the entrance hall feel roomy and comfortable. After the girls

paid, they waited in line for their food. Crysta tried to distract Donna's

attention from the mirrors to no avail. Donna ran her hands along the

curves of her body, and admired herself in one of the mirrors, then all of

a sudden she gasped, and covered her breasts with her hands. "I'm naked"

she said, a little louder than she meant to. Heads turned in her

direction. She put one leg in front of the other to hide most of her

vulva, and continued staring into the mirror. "How could you let me go out

this way?" she asked. Her squirming attracted more attention.

"You look great to me, right down to your landing strip" Crysta replied,

and she touched her own wet, hairless vulva as if to demonstrate, causing

an involuntary contraction of her vagina. She was still very excited.

"I have to change out of this dress, but then I'll miss breakfast. What

can I do?"

"I just happen to have a pair of knickers with me. Here, take 'em." Crysta

stood close to Donna, and surreptitiously handed them to her. "Act

natural," Crysta said. "Put them on once we sit down, and no one will

notice."

Donna tried to act as naturally as she could under the circumstances. When

she got her food she felt all the food servers looking at her landing

strip, but she didn't want to draw further attention to herself by making

any move to cover up. She just wanted to get her food as fast as she could

and then sit down and put on her knickers.

As soon as she sat down, Donna felt all the eyes in the room on her. She

began eating as if nothing were out of the ordinary. One by one,

conversations started up, and people seemed to lose interest in her.

Finally, Donna unfolded the knickers, and slipped them over her feet. She

worked them up to her thighs, then realized she would need to stand up

briefly to finish the job. She looked around, and saw people mostly

minding their own business, so she stood up, and pulled her knickers up the

rest of the way. Then she sat down, and checked the room again. No one was

paying any attention.

"Now, don't you feel better?" Crysta asked as she sat down. Crysta's pussy

was dripping wet. She didn't want to wet the back of her tiny dress, so

she had pulled it up out of the way when she sat, her dress was around her

hips. Many girls went bottomless during the VPL roundup, so no one paid

much attention to Crysta's naked ass.

Donna thought about the question. She had been so wrapped up in the

logistics of covering up her landing strip, she hadn't had time to just

relax and enjoy her breakfast. Now she breathed a sigh of relief, and

said, "Yes, Crysta, I do. Thank you."

"No, thank you," Crysta said as she absently massaged herself under the

table with her left hand, then she continued eating with the right.

When the girls had finished, Crysta stood up, and she saw Donna's eyes go

to her naked and hairless pussy, so she pulled her dress down again,

barely covering herself. "We're late," she said. "Let's get going."

With that, the two girls bussed their trays, and headed out the door. The

weather was warm, birds were chirping, and the sun was shining. Although

Donna's breasts were bouncing clear as day under her dress, she felt warm

and snug in her knickers, and all was right with the world. They hadn't

walked but a few steps when they were interrupted by a Campus Cop yelling

through a bullhorn, "STOP! VPL Violation!" Everyone started looking around

to see if they could spot the violator.

Donna almost pooped in her knickers when she suddenly remembered the VPL

Roundup had started. Now she was embarrassed again, but this time for

wearing knickers instead of not wearing them. Involuntarily, she covered

herself with her hands, but it was no use. She had been spotted. She

removed her hands, and waited for the cop to come over to her and begin

the humiliating "inspection". It seemed to take forever as the cop moved

toward her in apparent slow motion. Closer and closer he came. Then,

surprise, he kept right on walking past Donna, and came to a stop in front

of another girl who was wearing tight hip-hugger pants. Everyone stood

still in frozen anticipation. Was this girl the violator the cop spotted?

Donna thought about reaching under her dress and removing her knickers, but

she was afraid that would attract too much attention. Now all eyes were on

the girl in tight pants, who was trying to smooth the wrinkles in her

pants to no avail. Her pants clearly had lines in them, but were they

panty lines or just wrinkles? It was hard to tell. Donna tried to work her

own knickers down as the crowd backed up to form a circle around the girl

in the tight pants.

The cop said, "I need to inspect you for a possible Code Violation."

"I couldn't possibly be violating the Code," she insisted.

"And why not?" asked the cop.

"Because I'm not wearing any knickers," said the girl proudly, hooking her

thumb in the waistband of her pants, pulling them down a tiny bit. Donna

thought she's probably telling the truth. The pants were cut so low Donna

could swear she could see part of the girl's vulva. And they only covered

a small part of the girl's ass.

"Take off your shirt," said the cop.

"No," said the girl. "I don't have to."

"You're right. You don't have to. But then I'll have to cite you for a

violation, and you don't want that, do you?"

He was right. The girl didn't want that. So she slowly unbuttoned her

shirt. As she undid each button, more and more of her ample breasts showed

until she undid the last button. At this point, the shirt hung open,

revealing a strip of skin from her neck to her belly button, but her

breasts were still covered. She heaved a great sigh, and pushed the shirt

off one shoulder, revealing one beautifully round and plump breast. She

slowly worked her arms out of the shirt, and shrugged her shoulders, and

let the shirt fall. She picked up the shirt, and handed it to the cop.

"Now, since you're such a good sport," said the cop, "I'll let you keep

your knickers on. Just take off your pants."

"I keep telling you," said the girl, "I'm not wearing any knickers!"

"Well, then, you have nothing to worry about. Just give me your pants, and

I'll let you be on your way."

"You'll give my clothes back to me?"

"No, I'll need to keep them for evidence."

"Evidence of what? If I'm not wearing any knickers then I'm not guilty of

anything."

"You're guilty of failing to comply with the field dress code check."

"Let me see if I understand this," the topless girl said. "I have to

strip naked so you can verify I'm not wearing knickers, then you keep my

clothes for evidence that I'm not complying with your little check, is

that it?"

:"Now you understand."

"Then I'll be naked."

"You're right, it's not fair." The cop eyed the topless girl, and

continued, "OK, I'll make a deal with you. Are you clean shaven?"

The girl blushed, and said in a small voice, "Yes."

"If you're not wearing any knickers, and you are clean shaven, then I'll

let you have something to wear so you won't be naked."

The girl figured this would be the best deal she would get today, so she

pulled on the legs of her pants and wiggled her hips. The pants were so

low, they didn't even have a zipper or button. By the time she had

lowered her pants just an inch, it was easy to tell there were no knickers.

 Another inch, and she was in full view, and no hair to be seen. She

pulled her pants down, revealing a completely hairless pussy. She stepped

out of her pants, and handed them to the cop. He excused himself, and

brought the girl's clothes to his squad car, and locked them in the trunk.

When he returned, he just stood at the edge of the circle of spectators,

admiring the girl. She stood, legs apart, hands on hips. Her beautifully

rounded ass glistened in the morning light. Her smooth pussy peeked

between her legs. Her firm breasts stood out from her firm body.

Finally, she said, "Aren't you going to give me something to wear?"

"Oh, sure," he said, resting his chin in his hand as if he was thinking.

"You can wear the clothes of the first person here who resists your sexual

advances."

The girl spun around and surveyed the crowd that had gathered. One boy in

the back decided he had seen enough, and started to leave.

"Seize him!" said the cop. Others grabbed the boy and forced him to come

back. No one else dared try to leave.

The girl smiled. Now the shoe is on the other foot, so to speak, she

thought. She ran her finger across the chest of one boy, and up the leg of

one girl. Then she came to Donna, who by this time had removed her knickers

and tossed them somewhere. She grabbed Donna's breasts, one in each hand,

and rubbed them hard. Donna didn't resist. The girl lifted Donna's flimsy

dress, and massaged Donna's pussy. Donna spread her legs apart farther.

Donna said, "I won't resist you. Have your way with me."

"I don't want your dress, anyway," the girl said. "Too thin."

Then she turned her attention to Crysta. She ran one finger of each hand

along the inside of Crysta's legs, starting at each ankle, then her

thighs, and finally meeting at the wet place between her legs. "You seem

happy to see me," said the girl, as Crysta repositioned her legs to give

the girl better access. The girl moved her hands along Crysta's front,

lifting her dress, exposing Crysta's clean-shaved pussy. Crysta made no

move to resist as her firm belly came into view. Crysta raised her arms as

the girl as she continued lifting the dress, exposing Crysta's breasts.

The girl removed Crysta's little black miniskirt, and put it on herself.

It fit her very snugly.

The cop said, "Uh uh uh, you can't have that dress unless your sexual

advances are refused."

The girl pouted, took off the dress, and handed it back to Crysta, saying

"Put this on, but only as far as it settles by itself; don't pull it down.

In fact, I want you to promise me you won't pull it down all day, do you

promise?" Crysta nodded, and let the dress fall about her hips, leaving

her pussy and her ass fully exposed. To avoid any appearance of resisting

this order, and also because it felt good to do so, Crysta spread her legs

apart, exposing her excitement to full view.

Emboldened by this, the girl turned next to a beautiful blonde wearing a

t-shirt and blue jeans. "Are you wearing knickers?" she asked the girl.

When the girl didn't answer right away, the naked girl kissed the blonde

full on the lips, and thrust her tongue into the blonde's mouth. Rather

than resisting this advance, the blonde put her arms around the naked

girl, and kissed back. The naked girl unzipped the blonde's pants, and

thrust her hands into them, one in front, the other in back. She pushed

the jeans down, revealing a complete lack of knickers. The blonde responded

by spreading her legs apart as far as they would go with the jeans around

her knees, and continuing to kiss the naked girl.

"Could you remove the buttons from your shirt, please?" asked the naked

girl. The blonde complied, pulling the buttons off, one by one, and

throwing them on the ground. When she had finished, she moved her shirt

flaps aside so everyone could see her breasts. Addressing Crysta, she

said, "Bottomless girl, will you come here and lick the blonde's pussy,

please?" Crysta knelt by the blonde and started licking. "No, bottomless.

Stand up, legs apart, and lick." Crysta stood up, put her legs apart,

leaned at the waist, and continued licking. "Sheer dress girl, come here

please, and lick the asshole of bottomless." Donna came over to Crysta's

backside, and spread her cheeks apart, and started licking Crysta's

asshole. "Sheer, I want you to leave bottomless with the cleanest asshole

in the whole state," said the naked girl. Crysta helped by spreading her

legs apart as far as possible. Donna started giving Crysta a rim job she

would not soon forget. She rubbed Crysta's pussy with one hand, and

rubbed her breasts with the other as she licked her asshole. Donna could

feel Crysta's asshole pulse as wave after wave of orgasm swept Crysta.

Donna responded by thrusting her tongue in and out of Crysta's asshole

with each contraction. Crysta's orgasms were piling one on top of the

other, each one starting before the previous one had ended. She was in

such a state, she didn't know her own strength, and ripped the blonde's

blue jeans completely in half between the legs while continuing to thrust

her powerful tongue deep into the blonde's pussy. The naked girl pushed

the blonde's legs farther apart, now that they weren't encumbered by the

jeans, and from behind, she licked the downy soft hairs between the

blonde's pussy and her asshole. The naked girl slobbered and licked, her

tongue sometimes touching Crysta's who was working on the blonde's other

side. She licked in long strokes all the way from the blonde's vagina past

her asshole, to the top of her butt crack. The blonde moaned, but she

didn't resist. She relaxed her sphincter allowing the naked girl to

penetrate her asshole slightly with each lick. The blonde bent forward and

fell upon Crysta as she reached orgasm, pushing Crysta to her knees. The

naked girl kept pushing her tongue into the blonde's asshole, and felt the

blonde's pleasure as her asshole pulsated. The blonde stroked Crysta's

breasts as she heaved with orgasm after orgasm. Eventually, the girls

collapsed in a heap of satisfaction, each having come multiple times.

The blonde asked, "May I zip up my pants?"

The naked girl thought about this request, and finally said, "No one has

cleaned my asshole yet, and I'm afraid it might be dirty. If you follow me

around like a dog, and lick my asshole whenever I spread my legs apart,

then I will allow you to zip up what's left of your pants." The blonde,

eager to comply, ran to the naked girl, and knelt behind her. She began

licking the naked girl's butt crack to show eagerness. The naked girl

spread her legs apart, and leaned slightly forward to show she was ready

for a cleaning. The blonde seized the opportunity, and slobbered a great

stroke all around the naked girl's asshole.

"I'm still naked." She stated the obvious, and paused to be licked from

pussy to asshole and beyond. It was such a pleasurable feeling, she spread

her legs farther apart and allowed herself to be licked again. I need one

of you to resist me so I can have your clothes.

"You!" said the naked girl to a quiet girl in blue shorts and a t-shirt.

"Take off your clothes and lick my pussy." She immediately did as she was

requested, even as the blond continued to follow behind the naked girl.

While it was fun to have everyone not only comply but so eagerly, it was

getting late, and she was still quite naked. Unless she got someone to

argue with her, she would be going home naked. In desperation the naked

girl said to the cop, "Take off your pants, and push your hard cock into

my nice clean asshole."

The cop said, "No, not me."

All at once, all the naked and half-naked girls said "he resisted!" They

surrounded him, ripped at his clothes, and stripped him naked. They left

him on the ground, and gave his nice blue uniform to the naked girl. They

all put on their clothes, as well as they could. The naked girl was now

wearing the cop's pants and shirt which were way too big for her. The

blonde had to leave her shirt open because it had no buttons, and her

pants were so badly ripped she had to hold them up, or they would just

fall down. Anyway, it didn't matter much because her ass was completely

exposed. The naked cop got in his squad car and drove off. Donna lost her

knickers, but kept her dress, and wore it proudly the rest of the day. And

Crysta left her dress up around her waist because she'd promised, and a

promise is a promise. Besides, she still felt so warm about her pussy and

asshole she liked the feel of the cool breeze against her bottom parts.