## Blog (FF, MF, exhib)

The girls took their seats in the top row of the cramped creaky wooden lecture hall.  Donna noticed that Crysta sat with her legs apart, and admired her courage.  Then she admired Crysta's shaved pussy, which was on display for anyone who happened to look up.  "Cover up, Crysta," she giggled, as she brushed her hand gently across her roommate's lips.  *They're moist*, she thought, and she touched them again.  Instead of covering up, Crysta lifted her butt off the seat long enough to hike up her micro-minidress around her waist, and then sat back down again.  Donna amused herself by tracing with her finger an imaginary line from Crysta's belly button to her vulva.  When she did this, Crysta spread her legs wider, and Donna could see her roommate was open like a beautiful flower, drenched with desire.

The professor cleared his throat to signal the start of class.  Everyone quieted down, and Crysta pulled the front of her dress down just enough to partially cover her swollen pussy.  With considerable effort, Donna took her eyes off Crysta, and focused them on the little man at the front of the lecture hall.

He picked up a sheet of paper, and said, "I printed this blog last night from the college website, and, well, I don't know what to say.  I'll just read it to you, and then we can have a class discussion about it."

He held the paper up to his beady little eyes, and began reading aloud.

All twelve girls stood in the front of the room, facing the audience. They were all wearing long dresses or skirts.

"Now girls, you will have to take off your dresses to show me and the class that you are not wearing panties. That's the dress code, as you know very well by now."

Donna gasped, then quickly covered her mouth, and looked down.

"What's wrong?" Crysta whispered, stroking Donna's hair.  Crysta loved Donna's long straight brown hair, and continued stroking it while Donna considered her reply.  She stroked its entire length, and brushed her fingers against the front of Donna's shirt, and noticed her nipples were hard.  She wasn't wearing a bra.  "What's wrong?" Crysta repeated.

"Shhh," Donna replied, waving Crysta off.  She had become uncharacteristically fixated on the little man in the front of the room, who was still reading from the school's website.

Some of the girls began unbuttoning, unzipping, and slipping out of their clothes. After a minute or two, most of the girls were completely naked, their dresses strewn over the floor in front of them. Only two girls were wearing any clothing at all. One girl wore a short red sweater that accentuated her breasts nicely, and left her belly button showing. Another wore a thin white blouse. It wasn't "see through" but it was thin enough to tell she wasn't wearing a bra. None of the girls were wearing panties.

The professor looked up from the paper, and said, "Does this writing sound familiar to any of you?"  He gazed up, seeming to look at the back row, where Donna and Crysta sat.  Crysta started to get a little uncomfortable under the little man's stare, so she casually covered her pussy with her hand, and looked over at her hard-nippled friend.  Donna had turned bright red!  As the silence started to get uncomfortable for Crysta and downright unbearable for Donna, people started turning around to look up at the girls.  Crysta wished she hadn't pulled her dress up around her waist, but she didn't want to draw attention to it now by pulling it back down, so she just kept her hand over her pussy.  Donna, meanwhile, covered her bright red face with her hands.

The professor continued reading, and the heads all turned back toward the front of the room.

"I see you are all obeying the dress code today. That's good. Before I let you put your clothes back on, do any of you have any questions about the dress code or the way it is enforced?"

For a moment, all the girls were silent. Then one cleared her throat. She was a very thin Asian girl, with long blue-black hair, which she had pulled forward so it covered her breasts. Her hands were folded in front of her, covering her private parts. "We all wear long dresses now," she began. As she started speaking, she unclasped her hands and used them to gesture, revealing that she was completely shaven. Her legs were together, but they were so thin that a two-inch gap was left between her thighs. This gap between her legs, and her lack of pubic hair allowed everyone in the class to see her private parts in detail. "so the dress code is working, right?"

"Yes," the squinty little professor replied. "By proscribing panties I've gotten all you girls to dress more modestly."

The professor looked up to find Donna still blushing, and said "Donna, come here."  Donna started to step down the narrow steps toward the front of the room while the professor turned back to the paper in his hand.  He skimmed the rest of the page.  Yes, the Asian girl agreed...  Can we please wear panties...  The professor this, the professor that...  Looking up at Donna, he said "Oh, here it is.  We're getting to the good part."

"Where was I? Oh yes, I will allow the girls wearing long dresses to wear panties but only if you all wear panties under your long dresses."

"What if some of us wear panties, but others don't?" asked the girl wearing the red sweater.

Skimming the rest of the page, the professor said, "Well, it goes on for a bit more, but essentially here's the deal the professor is offering the girls in his class:  They can wear panties under long dresses and not under short dresses, as long as all the girls obey the dress code.  If a single girl violates the dress code, then they will all be forced to strip in front of the class.  Also, the girls in long dresses will be stripped down to their panties.  Basically, only the girls in the shortest dresses with no panties underneath will escape being stripped in front of the class."  Turning to Donna, he asked, "Does this turn you on, honey?"

Donna, who was already blushing, turned a lovely shade of fuchsia, and she put her hands over her face again.  "No," she replied sheepishly.

"I can't hear you, Donna.  Please raise both your hands in the air, to keep them from accidentally covering your face.  Leave them up until I say to let them down.  Now tell me you didn't post this to the College website."

"I didn't!" Donna protested.

"Whoever wrote this gets turned on by the prospect of being stripped in front of a classroom full of your friends, right Donna?"

"I suppose so," she agreed reluctantly.

 "So if you wrote this, and you were forced to strip right now in front of this classroom, you would be turned on by that, don't you agree?"

"Can I put my arms down now?  I'm getting tired."

"If you admit you wrote this blog, you can put your arms down."

"I admit no such thing!"  She bent one arm behind her head and used it to hold up the other.

"Well then, we'll have to put it to the test.  If you pass the test, you have nothing to worry about.  But if not..."  The professor left the rest of it to everyone's imagination.

"What kind of test?" Donna asked innocently.

"Billy, will you please come down here, and remove Donna's shirt?"  Immediately, Billy started down the steps, surreptitiously adjusting his pants to disguise his hard-on.

"That's not fair!" Donna said.

"Be as gentle with her as possible," the professor said.

Billy secretly loved Donna, so he had no problem treating her with the utmost gentleness.  He knelt next to her and caressed her sides as he began lifting her thin t-shirt.  He reached under it, and gave her back a gentle rub, and then he slowly raised it.  As Billy stood up, he kissed her bare skin softly.  Before revealing her breasts to the class, he massaged them, making her nipples stand up.  He touched his lips to hers, and Donna responded.  He kissed her passionately, and thrust his tongue into her mouth as she thrust hers into his mouth.  He pulled her shirt up around her neck, letting her breasts flop out of it, but she was too overcome with passion to even notice.  After a while, Billy broke free, and whipped the shirt off.  Billy stepped back to admire Donna's beautiful naked breasts.  Her nipples were still hard.

"Keep your hands up," said the professor, as Donna's arms started to sag.  She was obviously getting tired.

"Professor?" Donna pleaded, "can I go back to my seat now if I promise to be a good girl?"  She blinked her beautiful blue eyes at him, and he almost melted.

"Sorry, Donna, the test isn't over.  I want you to keep your arms raised while Crysta comes down here and checks you for moisture.  Then, if she doesn't find any, it means you're not turned on by being stripped like this, and that means someone else posted this blog on the school's website."

Hearing her name, Crysta stood up, and began walking down the steps.  She was so caught up in the drama of Donna being stripped, she forgot her dress was hiked up around her waist, and being so tight, it stayed up that way.  When she arrived in front of the classroom, she noticed her pussy and ass were on display, and so she started to fiddle with her dress.  The professor cut her short, saying "No need to adjust your dress, Crysta, if you don't want to be in the same boat with your friend here, that is."

Crysta didn't want to risk raising the professor's ire, so she lifted hiked her dress up the way it was, around her waist, with her naked ass in full view of the class.

The professor addressed Donna.  "Here's what we'll do.  As you know, the author of this blog gets turned on by being stripped in public, and we need to find out if you, too, get turned on that way.  So Crysta will strip you."  Donna gasped.  "No one wants to embarrass you in front of your classmates, Donna, and I'm sure it would be embarrassing for you to become sexually excited so if that happens, I want you to lower your arms in surrender, and Crysta will stop stripping you.  Is that clear?"

Donna nodded, and left her arms up, one holding the other.  The professor nodded at Crysta to start the slow stripping process.  Crysta stepped toward Donna, whispered "Hang in there, Donna, I'll be gentle with you" and began unbuttoning her jeans.  Donna quivered with -- what?  Crysta thought fear maybe, so she caressed Donna, rubbing her shoulders and back.  She kissed Donna's breasts, and her belly button.  This calmed her down, so Crysta returned to the task at hand.  She pulled the zipper down, and slowly eased her hands into Donna's pants.  She noticed that Donna had goose bumps on her ass, so she gently smoothed them under Donna's jeans.  Donna spread her legs apart, just a little, to give Crysta better access to the fullness of her cheeks.  Crysta gently stroked both her cheeks all the way to her asshole, until the goose bumps went away.  Donna closed her eyes and enjoyed the moment.

"I think Donna needs a kiss," the professor said.

Crysta realized he was right, so she stood up, and took her face in her hands, and kissed her.  She massaged Donna's breasts, back, and buttocks while she held her good friend in a tight lip-lock.  While Crysta continued to kiss her friend and rub her buttocks, her pants began to slide down just an inch or two.  When a tuft of hair appeared through the V of Donna's zipper, it became obvious she wasn't wearing any panties.  After a minute of heavy kissing and petting, Crysta had lowered Donna's jeans another inch.  In a minute she would cum.

Donna felt her pussy pulsing in a pre-orgasmic spasm of excitement. when the professor interrupted the girl-party.  "Stop for a minute, Crysta."  Crysta pulled her lips off Donna's, and stepped back, leaving her friend longing for love, topless, and just barely covered down below.  Donna's pussy pulsed one more time as the professor addressed her.  "Are you feeling the least bit excited, darlin'?"

Donna considered her options.  At this point, her pussy was dripping wet but almost completely covered by her pants, so she didn't think her excitement was visible.  She looked at Crysta, who was shaking her head.  Taking her cue from Crysta, she said, "No, I'm not excited."

The professor cupped one of Donna's breasts, and then ran his fingers across her rock-hard nipple, then said, "Being stripped in public doesn't bother you then?"  Donna shook her head.  "Well then maybe you didn't write that article after all, because the girl who wrote it would definitely be bothered and excited to be stripped almost naked in front of her classmates."

Donna's pussy pulsed one more time as she breathed a sigh of relief.  Maybe he would let her put her clothes back on, and return to her seat.  But instead he motioned Crysta to continue, saying "Since it doesn't bother you to be stripped, I see no reason to stop now."  Donna's hopes were dashed.  She felt like covering her face, but she left her arms up in the air.  She started to cry when she realized there was less than an inch of her jeans covering her pussy.  Her breasts jiggled with each sob.

Crysta kissed her softly on the lips, and gave her a gentle front rub, massaging each of her breasts, and slowly moving her hands down into her pants, and working them gently around the waist, lowering them a fraction of an inch with each pass.  Soon, Donna's pussy was fully exposed, but she didn't know it, because her eyes were closed.  "I'll try to keep you covered as long as I can," Crysta whispered as she kissed Donna one more time.  It was a lie, to keep Donna's hopes up that she would be able to remain decent for a few more minutes.  Donna thanked her friend, but she knew it was a lie, because she couldn't feel the jeans around her hips any more.

After Donna's jeans were down around her knees, Crysta tried to distract Donna from her horrible embarrassment of being fully frontally exposed by kissing her deeply on the mouth, and massaging her breasts.  The professor and the entire class watched, transfixed, for a few minutes.  "I'm gonna cum," Donna whispered to her friend.

"Break it up, you two," said the professor, pulling the two girls apart.  "I'll take these, now," he said to Donna as he took her jeans.  Now, Donna, I want you to thank your friend, who has been stripping you in the kindest way I've ever seen anyone stripped.  And she's done it all while being bottomless herself, without a thought of embarrassment as everyone here has been admiring Crysta's beautiful ass and hairless pussy.

"Thank you, Crysta," said Donna.

"No," said the professor, "I mean really thank her."

Realizing what the professor meant, Donna got to her knees and started licking the back of Crysta's legs.  As if by reflex, Crysta spread her legs apart and bent forward.  Donna used her tongue to take long swipes from the top of Crysta's pussy all the way up to her asshole.  After the first lick, Crysta doubled over with pleasure.  After the second lick, she spread her legs wide to give Donna better access.  It just took half a dozen licks, and she felt her friend begin pulsing.  Crysta's orgasm seemed to last a whole minute as Donna kept licking from vagina to anus, and plunging her tongue alternately in each hole.

Seeing this, the professor commented to Crysta, "I bet your dress that was the best orgasm you've ever had!"

Without skipping a beat, Crysta removed her tiny dress, and handed it to the professor.  "Now, Donna, we're still not done with you.  There's the little matter of whether you wrote the article I found posted to the school's website.  If you find it exciting to be stripped in public, then you were probably the one who wrote that article, so we'll do a little test to see if you are now excited.  Eric, will you please come to the front of the room?"  Eric adjusted his pants, and came trotting to the front of the room.  The professor pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, and tied it around Eric's head.  Then he spun Eric around, and said "Now, check each of these girls to see which one is more excited, and if it's Donna, then she's guilty, but if it's Crysta, then Donna is innocent."

Eric put his hands out in front of him, and started to walk forward.  "Wait a minute!" said the professor.  You can't use your hands, because you might recognize the girls.  You must use only your face to determine which girl is more excited.

The professor guided Eric toward Crysta's ass.  He got down on his knees and nuzzled her ass, and found his nose wedged between her cheeks.  Realizing with great embarrassment that he was at her backside, he ducked between her legs, making her spread them far apart, and then began nuzzling her pussy.  He moved his face from side to side, feeling her wetness.  Just when Crysta was about to cum again, the professor pulled him away, and directed him toward Donna.  *I won't be tricked again*, he thought as he moved around to the second girl's other side.  There, he stuck out his tongue, and touched it to the girl.  He moved it back and forth, and realized he'd been tricked again.  It was the girl's ass.  He licked it anyway, and worked down between her legs.  She spread her legs far apart, and Eric slid between them.  He kept licking between her legs, and pushing his tongue into her vagina.  He ran his tongue up and down her slit to try to gauge her moisture level, but he had trouble because it kept increasing.  Before he got a fix on her level of excitement, she came.  He felt her pussy pulsing around his tongue, which he thrust again and again into her love canal.  Forgetting not to use his hands, Eric grabbed the girl's butt cheeks so he would be able to push his tongue harder.  He pulled her cheeks apart, and thrust his fingers into her pulsing asshole as he continued to probe her pussy with his tongue.  Donna forgot to leave her arms in the air, grabbing Eric's head and holding it against her feminine softness.  She came again and again, gyrating her hips in time with the contractions of her orgasms.  Finally, when they subsided, she let go of Eric's head, and he stood up.

The professor asked, "So, Eric, which girl seemed more excited?"

In Eric's experience, no one but his girlfriend, Crysta, ever came with such exuberance, so he was sure he had just tongue-fucked his girlfriend.  He said, "The second girl seemed a little more excited than the first."  He removed his blindfold to see Donna still basking in his afterglow, and Crysta glaring at him with her hands on her naked hips.

Sensing trouble, the professor said, "Class dismissed!"  Eric took that opportunity to grab Crysta's dress and run out the door with it.  Crysta ran after him, naked, through the campus while Billy helped Donna on with her pants and shirt.

"Did you write that blog, Donna?" Billy asked.

"I'll never tell," said Donna, with a seductive smile and a wink.