## Crysta and Donna Job Interview (FF, MF, exhib)

Where was Donna?  She was supposed to meet Crysta at their dorm room for dinner, but she was already half an hour late.  This is the monthly "bottomless feast" at the dining hall, where all the guests arrive bottomless, and a contest is held to see who is wearing the shortest "decent" dress or shirt.  "decent" means it covers at least some part of the sex organ.  The feast and the contest is open to both boys and girls, and it's very popular, so it's hard to find a seat.  It's customary to sit on someone else's lap, though, and groping is allowed.  In fact, it's a good place to go if you want your pussy rubbed or licked (if you're a girl) or your dick sucked (if you're a boy).  Crysta has been disappointed that she never won this competition, so she was wearing her shortest outfit yet -- a belly shirt with fringe that comes down to her clean-shaven pussy to satisfy the requirement that part of it be covered.

Getting fidgety, because her roommate was so tardy, she started picking up things from Donna's desk.  What's this?  Her diary is unlocked.  She called it her "journal", but make no mistake, it's a diary.  Maybe she wanted me to read it, Crysta thought.  Opening it to today's date, she saw a long entry.

Oh look!  Here's an ad for a secretary at an insurance company.  I can do that.

I'm calling this number to get the details.  Interviews held today, must be cheerful, obedient, no experience necessary.  I've got the address, room 101, it's on the first floor, I'm on my way.

On arriving, I enter a busy professional building.  Room 101 has a window facing the hallway, where a receptionist opens a glass window and asks if I'm here for the secretarial job.  I say yes, and she hands me a clipboard with an employment application on it.  She tells me to read it carefully, then fill it out.  I take the clipboard, but she doesn't let go.  She looks at me solemnly and repeats: read it carefully, then fill it out.  She reminds me that cheerfulness and obedience are the two most important characteristics they're looking for, then lets go of the clipboard.  Suddenly I'm embarrassed for her, because I can see she isn't wearing any knickers under her minidress.

I say thanks, take the clipboard, and look for a place to sit.  I notice all four the seats in the hallway are taken by other girls filling out their applications.  I'm shocked to see one of the girls isn't wearing any knickers, and her dress is very short.  I had no idea this was such a popular style nowadays.  Then I notice another girl removing her shirt.  She drapes it over the arm of the chair, and continues filling out the application, topless.  I'll admit I'm more than a little turned on by this, and I want to ask them why they're dressed this way, but I don't want to seem naive, so I don't say anything.  Besides, I need a place to sit.  I go back to the window to ask the receptionist, and she suggests the bench on the sidewalk outside the building.

I think it's a bit odd, but I go out anyway, and sit on the bench.  It's at a bus stop, and it faces the street, but no one is there now.  I sit down, and focus my attention on the job application.  It seems to have all the usual questions.  Name, address, etc.  I fill these out.  End of section 1.  So far, so good.

Now for section 2.  The instructions state that only applicants who answer "yes" to the questions in section 2 can be accepted.  If you are able to answer "yes" to all the questions, you should feel proud, and look forward to the highly likely prospect of working for this company, but if not, you shouldn't feel bad, but you just aren't suited to employment at this company.  OK, I figure I can just answer "yes" to the questions, and move on to the next section.

Am I willing to follow all instructions? Yes.

Am I willing to dress in accordance with company policy? Yes.

Am I willing to undergo a physical exam right now?  Oh, I'm not sure I'm ready for that, but what the heck...  Yes.

Will I remain cheerful no matter what? Yes.

That's the end of page two.  No problems so far.

Now for section 3.  Business attire.  Pants aren't allowed, only dresses.  If you wore pants to the job interview, please remove them now, and place them on the seat beside you, and then check this box.  Your shirt, if you wore one, will serve as a short dress for today's interview.  I look left and right.  No one is looking at me.  My heart is racing.  Do I really want this job?  Yes, I do.  What am I wearing under my jeans?  Knickers.  Should be no problem -- I'll have my shirt and knickers on.  I've worn less to the beach, and no one looked twice.  I look around again, then quickly take off my jeans and lay them over the armrest of the bench.  I hope no one sits down next to me.  I pull my shirt down over my hips as far as it will go, and keep my legs together so the people walking and driving by me won't get too good a view.  I check the box, and turn the page.

Now for section 4.  The physical exam.  Due to a large number of applicants, and the lack of changing rooms, it is necessary for girls to remove their knickers while they are filling out the application.  Check here if this is OK, then continue filling out this form.  I have to remove my knickers right here, on the street?  Let me see if my shirt covers me if I pull it down.  Yes, I suppose it does.  Again I look around, and quickly remove my knickers, and lay them on top of my jeans.  I cross my legs to hide my pussy from view, and check the box.  Since I'm completely shaven, no one will see anything except my bare belly as long as I keep my legs crossed.   Just then, a man wearing a lab coat comes out to check on me.  He looks at me and says he can tell I'm not ready for the physical yet, but he'll be back in five minutes or so to check on me again.  He says it's very important that I stay on the bench.  I say thanks, and before I know it, he's taken my jeans and knickers, and fled the scene.

Now I'm sitting on a public bench wearing just a very short shirt that doesn't cover any of my butt, and just barely covers my crotch while I'm leaning forward and holding it in place.  I feel so exposed.  I hope this ordeal is over soon.  Deep breath.  Next question.  Please be prepared to indicate your willingness to participate in the physical exam by sitting with your knees apart.  Check here if this is OK.  No, this is NOT OK, if I spread my knees apart then everyone and his brother will see my pussy.  This is a public street!  That's it.  I don't need this job that bad.  I get up, and go back into the building.  I hand the clip board to the receptionist, and tell her I've decided against applying for the job.  I'm so mad I don't even notice my shirt covers my breasts and my belly button and not much more than that.  She takes the clipboard, and says thank you anyway for considering employment with our company.  Then I remember I need my clothes, but the receptionist won't talk to me any more.

I look around, and I see all the girls waiting for interviews are now bottomless, and in fact two of them are naked.  What's more, three of them are sitting with their legs over the arms of their chairs, their pussies wide open and on display.  The other girl is rubbing her pussy, and I can see she's ready to cum.  Curious, I go over to her, and ask her why she's masturbating in public.  She says it's for the physical exam.  You have to cum once and then sit with your legs apart before they can see you.  It's right here on page five of the application form.  I realize I didn't read that far.  But I'm having trouble cumming, and I'm afraid I won't get the job.  I hate to ask you, but could you help me?

You want me to rub your pussy?  The girl was very beautiful, and her pussy was pink and wet.  It was very attractive.

No, lick it.  Can you do that?

Well I suppose so, I say.  The girl leaned back, and relaxed her legs, allowing her pussy to open up even further.  The pink folds of her flesh were really very attractive, I must admit.  I started licking it, and noticed how sweet it tasted.  Harder she says.  So I lick a bit harder.  She pulls on my shirt, which bothers me at first because the shirt was my only item of clothing, and I needed to be covered up.  But then it dawns on me that my ass has been totally on display to anyone who walks by, so I just let her pull.  She's got it bunched around my armpits, which is uncomfortable, so I just raise my arms and let her pull it off me while I keep licking.  Harder she says again.  I lick her harder, and rub her belly and breasts.  Oh, oh, she says, lick me everywhere.  She slides forward on the chair, and spreads her legs apart even wider, presenting her clean, pink asshole to me.  I get the idea, and lick in circles around her asshole, and the strip of skin between it and her pussy.  That's perfect, she says, keep doing that.  Suddenly I feel someone else's tongue on *my* asshole.  But I don't stop licking, because I can tell she's about to cum.  Oh, that feels good.  I spread my legs apart a bit more, and I feel the licking slurp down to my pussy, and back up to my asshole.  It felt sooo good, I relaxed my pussy and my asshole, to let the unknown tongue penetrate both regions as it alternated from one to the other.  Oh, Oh, we both say, in unison.  A wave of excitement washes over me as I cum.  I hold onto my new girlfriend to brace myself as my muscles melt under the pressure of one orgasm after another, and I find that she's feeling the same way.  I finish with four or five long slurps from asshole to vagina, and feel her quiver under me.  Thank you, she says.  I turn around to see a beautiful redhead in a minidress was the one who got me off.  Thank you I say to her, and then I realize it's the receptionist.  She hands me the clip board, and says I should go to room 104 for my interview.  What about my physical exam, I ask.  I just performed it, says the receptionist, now go to room 104.  Can I have my clothes back?  After the interview, she insists, pushing me in the direction of room 104.

Still clutching the clip board, I head in the direction she pointed.  The door is open, so I go in.  The room is empty, save for a desk and a chair.  I sit in the chair, my hands in my lap, and wait.  Within about a minute, a man dressed in a suit enters the room, and sits behind the desk.  He reaches over the desk, and offers me a handshake.  I stand to shake his hand, and I notice he's looking at my pussy.  He says I did a nice job shaving, and it's almost like I'm not naked, because with my legs together, he can't see anything.  I think this is a test of my cheerfulness or something, so I spread my legs apart to let him see my pussy.  I just came, so it is still bright pink and dripping wet.  Oh, that's OK, he says, can your legs together if you feel more comfortable.  In fact, you could have kept your clothes on, if you wanted to, he says.  Not according to this form, I say, holding out the clip board.  Then he asks me if I remember the instructions the receptionist gave me.  I think back, and say yes, I remember.  She said to read the form carefully, then fill it out.

So did you read it carefully first?  Yes, I say.  All of it?  Well, I never got past page 4, because that's when I got fed up with it, and I came back here for my clothes.  Read it now, then he says.  I turn to the last page, and read: After you've read this form, please answer all the questions, but do not remove any clothing.  Apparently you didn't follow those instructions, he says.

Shock!  Here I am naked, and this is totally unnecessary!  He laughs and hands me the shirt that was ripped off my back by that girl as I made her cum.  I feel so embarrassed as I put on my shirt.  My embarrassment causes my pussy to puff up and open, and he can see that reaction.  He says, I see embarrassment excites you.  I try to pull the front of my shirt over my wet, swollen pussy, then when that fails, I change the subject.

Do I still get the job?  Yes, on three conditions, he says.  Anything, just name them.  First, he says, you will go out there and help at least one other applicant achieve orgasm.  I did it once, and I can do it again.  I like to help people, so no problem.  Second, we keep your jeans and knickers, which means you must go home bottomless.  OK, I can do that, I can pull the front of my shirt over my lap when I'm sitting, and I'm so smooth shaven that you can't see anything from the front when I have my legs together.  I should be able to do that.  What's the third thing?  And third, he says, you agree to work bottomless, like you are now.  Well, I've come this far without my bottom, I think I can get used to it, especially if it's expected of me.  As I leave the room, I'm aware my shirt has ruffles at the bottom that caress my butt crack, teasing anyone who sees me from behind.  To be nice to my new boss, I part my legs and lean forward just enough so he can see my pussy tongue poking out between my lips, and I blow him a kiss.

When I get back into the hallway, I see a naked boy with his hands over his face.  What's the matter, I ask him, stroking his head gently.  He takes his hands off his face, and looks up at me.  When he sees I'm bottomless his dick stiffens noticeably.  I spread my legs apart, and get closer to him.  Without any prompting, he reaches under my shirt, lifting it over my tits, and massages my nipples to full firmness.  Within a few seconds, his dick is fully firm, too.  I massage his muscly chest, and kneel on the chair facing him.  He moves his hands around to my back, and massages my back and ass, poking a finger in my asshole, which really turns me on.  My pussy is so wet now, and aching for more stimulation.  He puts the tip of his long dick in my pussy, but I lift myself off it, move it back a notch, and let him enter my asshole.  It's too dry to go in, so I take his whole dick in my pussy to get it wet, then put it back in my asshole, and let it slide in and out as I rub my pussy against his abdomen.  Mmmm that feels good, sliding up and down, leaving a glistening trail of my love juice from his balls to belly button.  I rub my breasts hard into his chest and grab him and push.  I relax my asshole completely to allow me to take all of him.  I let out a scream as I cum, and I can feel him pulsing at the same time.  I squeeze him out of my asshole, and press my moist pussy into his semi-firm dick one last time, feeling the warm afterglow of our love.  I leave him with a tender kiss on the lips, and a pat on his buff chest, before I turn tail and exit the building.  Now back in the sunshine, I'm aware of some odd looks from passers-by, and I realize my shirt is still hiked up over my breasts.  I pull it down, so it almost covers my bright pink pussy and tingling asshole.  It's a nice day so I walk home, and who cares if anyone sees that I'm bottomless?  I'm so happy I got the job!

When Donna came in the door, Crysta dropped the book on her desk.  Donna looked stunning in a black micro-minidress.

"What are you doing?" Donna asked, looking at Crysta's pussy, which was swollen and red.

"Nothing," she lied.

"You were reading my journal!" Donna lunged at her roommate, and swiped it out of her hands.  She closed the lock, and laid it on her desk.

"No, I was about to, I admit, but I didn't read anything, I swear," she lied again.  Like Pinocchio's nose, Crysta's pussy became more swollen every time she lied.

Donna let it pass.  She took off her thong knickers, and threw them on the floor.  She took a deep breath as she felt the breeze between her legs.  She pushed the hem of her dress against her pussy to gauge the coverage -- it came down exactly even with her pussy.  "Let's go," she said, and started for the door before she lost her nerve.  She knew the back of her dress came down exactly even with her butt hole, leaving the bottoms of her cheeks exposed.  And if she forgot to keep her legs together, her pussy would be clearly visible from the back.  These thoughts made her feel both horribly exposed and very excited, and she took comfort from the knowledge that she would be in the company of many bottomless boys and girls this evening.  Together, the two beautiful girls left their room, ready and primed for another adventure.