## Bookstore (exhib)

Crysta was relaxing on her bed in the dorm room she shared with Donna, wearing her most comfortable shirt -- a pale blue number with spaghetti straps.  She liked it because it was very soft and comfortable.  It covered her breasts and belly button, but wasn't quite long enough to cover her naked bottom or her hairless pussy.  She looked at the clock.  *Ten o'clock already.  Where was Donna?*

As if answering Crysta's thoughts, Donna walked into the room and flopped onto her bed.  "Whew!" she said, "What a day I had!"

Crysta looked up and noticed Donna was naked, which was unusual for her.  "Did you lose your clothes?" she asked.

As if she suddenly noticed she was naked, Donna quickly got up, and found a T-shirt, and put it on.  She felt the hem of the T-shirt, and realized it didn't quite cover her pussy, and, unlike Crysta, she didn't feel comfortable being bottomless.  So she started rummaging in her drawer.  Crysta looked at her asshole, and admired her beautiful pussy from behind as she bent over to find her knickers.  Her pussy seemed to be pinker and more swollen than usual.  *I wonder what Donna has been up to*, she thought.  When it seemed to be taking a considerable time for Donna to locate her knickers, Crysta finally said, "Donna, you don't need to put on any bottoms, you're so beautiful just as you are."

"Thanks, Crysta, but I'd just as soon cover up my little girl."  That's what Donna calls her pussy.  (Crysta thinks that's cute.)  "She's had quite a workout today!"  Donna finally found a pair of knickers, and put them on.  Crysta sighed with mild disappointment.

Crysta sat up on her bed, and crossed her legs, Indian style.  "So, tell me about your day, Donna."

Donna looked at her roommate's clean-shaven pussy.  She realized that without any pubic hair, there was really nothing that made the skin around Crysta's pussy any different from the skin around, say, her belly button, so she was fairly decent when you think of it that way.  Crysta's nonchalant way of lounging about without a stitch of clothing below her waist reinforces this view.  Donna secretly wished she could feel so comfortable wearing just a top, too.

"Well, you remember I started a new job at the bookstore on Monday, right?"  Donna began.

That was just two days ago.  "Sure, I remember.  What's it like?"

"You should come by and see me.  It's hard work, but I think I'm starting to catch on now.  The store is very narrow, so the shelves have to be very to hold all the books.  There are ladders on rails on both sides of the bookstore, and the workers -- me, especially, since I'm the new girl -- have to climb the ladders to get books down for the customers.  It's hard work"

"Yeah, I can imagine.  So do you wear a dress to work?"  Crysta casually stroked her pussy as she imagined Donna in a short dress, climbing the ladder.

"That's the thing, Crysta.  I knew about the ladders before I started, so on my first day, I wore a nice blouse and my tan Capri pants, you know the ones?"

"Yes, that's a good choice.  You fit into them like a glove."  Crysta was getting even wetter imagining Donna's cute little rumps shoehorned into those tight pants.

"Thanks.  I thought it was a good choice, too.  But my boss -- a nasty witch named Matilda -- told me doesn't want her girls to wear pants.  She said it's more ladylike, but I think she gets off on making us show more skin than we're comfortable with."

"So did she make you change?"

"She told me to take my pants off, but I didn't want to.  She asked me why not.  She said I shouldn't feel shy about wearing just a shirt and knickers, and then I told her I wasn't wearing any knickers.  She didn't believe me, and she made me unzip my pants and let her feel inside to verify I wasn't wearing any knickers.  It was awful.  Then she sent me off to borrow a pair of knickers from one of the other girls, and told me this would be my only hope, because she was going to take away my pants in any case.  I was desperate.  I begged each girl in the store, but none of them were willing to part with their knickers.  With each rejection, I felt my pussy getting wetter -- I couldn't help it, because I was thinking about having to finish the day bottomless.  Before long, my pussy was so wet that it had soaked through my pants, making a wet spot between my legs.  In defeat, I returned to my evil boss, and told her the humiliating news -- that no one would lend me their knickers.  She just looked at me.  I assumed she was waiting for me to take off my pants, so I started unzipping them, and then I slowly started to pull them down when she stopped me and said she would take pity on me.  She let me keep my pants on."

"What a relief!" Crysta said, still touching herself and imagining Donna's naked bottom.

"Then the next day I wore a sundress and bikini knickers, having learned my lesson.  I didn't like to do it, but I went up and down the ladder all day, with the customers looking up my dress the whole time.  At first, I looked down at the customers, and saw them staring at my knickers, and that made me feel self-conscious.  Then, after a while, I stopped looking at the customers, but I still knew they were starting at my knickers."

"How did it make you feel, knowing they were looking at you?"

Donna lowered her voice, and leaned toward her roommate.  "It made me feel horny, actually.  I don't know why, but it excites me to be on display for people.  My knickers actually got wet, and they're thin to begin with, so I think they could see my pussy.  And the thought of that only made it worse.  I almost came I was so horny!"

Crysta was getting horny, too.  Donna noticed her pussy was more open now, so she stopped talking about her wet knickers.  "Finally, by the afternoon, I was used to going up the ladder, and I didn't think about the customers looking at me any more, which was good.  But I was getting tired, too.  It's hard work going up and down the ladder all day.  I knew I was the new girl and all, but I resented the fact that some of the other girls didn't do so much hard work.  One of them, Yvonne, a cute little girl, manned the cash register all day and never went up the ladder."

"How do you think she was able to get away with that?"

"That's just what I wanted to know.  So I asked her.  She lifted up the front of her dress and said, 'see?'  I looked and saw she wasn't wearing any knickers.  She told the boss she just couldn't wear knickers, but she still made her go up the ladder -- until customers complained.  Now she's not even allowed to climb the ladder if she wants to.  She told me I should remove my knickers, and then I won't have to climb the ladder, either."

"You didn't take them off, did you?" Crysta asked.  She knew Donna would rather die than go bottomless in public.

"I did!"  Crysta covered her mouth in surprise.  "I went in the back room and took them off.  I looked at myself in the mirror, and saw I was covered from the front, and just the bottoms of my rumps were visible from behind.  I figured anyone who saw my ass would think I was wearing thong knickers, so no one would know I was bottomless."

"But what if you have to climb the ladder?  Weren't you worried that people would see your pussy?"

"Well, yes, but I wanted to get out of climbing the ladder even more.  Before long I was feeling so sexy without my knickers that I was in quite a state of excitement.  My pussy was swollen and my lips were opened up like a flower.  I normally feel self-conscious without knickers, but with my pussy puffed out like that, I felt even more self-conscious.  And that made me even hornier.  It was a vicious cycle.  I prayed my pussy would return to normal before I had to go up the ladder, but the more I thought about it, the more excited I got.  I was so horny I even touched myself to try to get some relief, but I never got that relief because I was afraid someone would see me with my fingers up my twat."

"You poor dear," Crysta said.  She came over to Donna's bed, and stroked her hair.  Donna was glad Crysta was so sympathetic.  She leaned her head on Crysta's shoulder, and put her hand on Crysta's soft thigh, and continued her story.

"So I was in this horny condition when a customer came up to me and asked for a book on the top shelf.  I looked around to see if one of the other girls could climb the ladder, but they were all busy.  I didn't know what else to do, so I said OK, and started climbing the ladder.  After I climbed two steps, I looked at him and saw my ass was exactly even with his eye level.  God, I thought, if he hasn't seen my pussy yet, he'll see it when I take one more step.  I felt so ashamed, I tried to cover myself.  I put one hand under my bottom to hide my pussy from his unblinking gaze while I used my other hand to guide my climb.  When I got to the top, I saw the book he needed.  I knew I would need two hands now, so I uncovered my bottom, took the book, and started my climb down the ladder.  On the one hand I was mortified to be seen in this way, but on the other hand I was hoping the man would complain, so then I wouldn't have to climb the ladder any more -- that was my plan, after all."

"So did the man complain?"

Donna sighed.  "No," she said.  "And neither did the next customer or the one after that.  In fact, I think customers were seeking me out just to watch me climb the ladder.  Yvonne was laughing, and I told her to shut up.  It wasn't very funny to me."

"I'm so sorry your plan didn't work, and you had to parade your wet pussy up and down the ladder all day," Crysta said.  Donna was grateful for the sympathy, and stroked the softest parts of Crysta's thigh.  Crysta leaned back, spread her legs wide, seeming not to care that both her pussy and asshole were exposed to anyone who might pass the girls' room, because their door was wide open.  She enjoyed the gentle stroking while Donna continued her story."

"Eventually I realized no one would complain, so I had to do something -- I was getting very tired of going up and down the ladder.  So I went to Matilda, and told her my knickers had been bothering me, so I had to take them off, and now I couldn't go up the ladder any more and I was awfully sorry, blah, blah, blah.  But she didn't buy my story.  She told me I had to go put my knickers on again and to quit complaining.  So I went in the back room, found my knickers, and put them on again.  And that was all that happened on Tuesday."

"It seems that you weren't able to get your way on either of your first two days of work at the bookstore.  Did you have any better luck today?"

Donna continued stroking her roommate's thighs, alternating from one thigh to the other, teasing her mercilessly by not touching her swollen, wet pussy.  Crysta closed her eyes and smiled.  She so enjoyed being teased this way by Donna, and she also wanted to hear the end of Donna's story.

"Well, since my evil boss made me put on my knickers yesterday, I figured the only way I could stay off the ladder would be to leave my knickers at home in the first place.  Then she wouldn't be able to tell me to put them back on.  I wore a tight minidress, which shows off my figure, and it's long enough so it's not immediately obvious that I was bottomless.  I climbed the ladder a few times in the morning, and caught some customers looking at my twat, which started to get pretty wet after a while.  But no complaints.  I wanted someone to complain to the boss so she would keep me off the ladder like Yvonne.  Finally I went to Yvonne, and asked her why no one was complaining.  She said I just wasn't showing enough skin, and advised me to pull my dress up a few inches.  She helped me get it just right.  She said it should come down exactly even with my asshole in the back, and exactly even with my vagina in front.  Since my dress is so tight it stayed up on its own.  I trusted her judgment, although I must say I felt pretty exposed, especially on my backside, with the dress covering barely half of my butt crack."

"Wow, Donna, I'm impressed.  You stayed like that, so obviously bottomless, and in public?"

"I wasn't *obviously* bottomless!  I mean, as long as I stayed off the ladder, no one could tell for sure I wasn't wearing a thong."

"But the bottom half of your butt crack was exposed.  Surely they could see your pussy from behind!"

"No, because I kept my legs together."

"Donna, I don't know how to tell you this, but your ass is so cute, round and perky that even when you stand up straight with your legs together, your pussy is visible from behind.  I thought you knew that."

Donna blushed.  "I had no idea!  Oh my gosh."  She put her hands over her face.  "I must have been totally on display!"

"Don't worry about that now, Donna.  Go on with your story."

"OK, so with my dress up around my hips like that, I went up and down the ladder, getting books for all the customers.  They watched my little pussy go up, and they watched it come down.  It was making me very juicy to think of all those eyes watching my little pussy.  But still no complaints.  My plan wasn't working.  Yvonne --"

"Donna, you keep getting advice from Yvonne, but did you ever stop to consider that she was just using you as her own sex toy?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean one idea after another to get you nearly naked comes from Yvonne.  Was she watching you go up and down the ladder, too?  Was she enjoying the spectacle?"

"Oh, I feel so stupid.  She was stripping me in public with her silly plans."  Donna forgot about teasing her roommate, and stroked Crysta's pussy in silence for some time as she realized what a dope she had been.

Then, needing some tender love herself, she put her arms around Crysta, and hugged her.  "It's OK, Donna," said Crysta, stroking Donna's hair.  "This is what I love about you.  You're so trusting and loving yourself."  Crysta's fingers followed Donna's hair to the ends, and continued stroking Donna's perfectly sized breasts.  She noticed Donna's nipples were hard.  "Please, go on with your story.  I'm really enjoying it."

Donna was still hugging Crysta, her arms under Crysta's shirt, when she relaxed her grip, and began a gentle back massage.  "OK, so as I was saying, my pussy was totally out there, and I was getting so excited I found it hard to keep my legs together.  Now that I think of it, Yvonne adjusted my dress a few times, saying it had fallen out of place, but I think she was just exposing me more.  And then, seeing how excited I was, she gave me some more advice.  She said I should touch myself, almost to the point of cumming, but not to cum.  Then my pussy would be practically exploding with juicy pinkness, she said.  This would be sure to get some complaints.  I told her I wasn't so sure about that, but she insisted.  She even offered to help me.  We ducked behind the cash register when no one was looking, and she used her tongue on my pussy while she used her hands on my breasts and my ass.  Oh, God, Crysta, it was beautiful.  I was just about to cum when she abruptly stopped and asked me, Did you hear that?  I couldn't have heard a bomb go off, so I said no, and then she said I should get back to work.  I was in sort of a daze having almost cum like that, so I wandered back onto the floor, and waddled up and down the ladder for a few customers -- I say waddled because with my pussy in such a state of excitement I could hardly keep my legs together.  I so desperately wanted to touch it, too, and I knew within a second I would cum.  I hovered near orgasm all morning, but no one complained.  Finally around noon I gave up, and pulled my dress back to its usual place, which was still pretty short.  I figured if no one had complained so far, they never would, and I would need to think of a different plan to get out of climbing the ladder."

As Donna was talking, she had given Crysta a wonderful back rub, and then without realizing it, she had turned her attention to Crysta's ample breasts.  A quick look at Crysta's pussy (combined with Crysta's wide-open legs and arched back) was all Donna needed to see Crysta was near orgasm herself.  Donna teased her roommate by rubbing her belly in circles going ever lower and lower, but when her fingers reached Crysta's pussy, she lightly skipped over it, making Crysta moan each time.  "I want you to experience my pain, Crysta," Donna said as she kept her roommate right on the verge of orgasm.  She rubbed Crysta's inner thighs and breasts and belly.  She rubbed Crysta's buttocks, and behind her knees.  And all the time, she was looking at the quivering tongue of flesh that was fully extended between Crysta's lower lips.

"Yes, Donna, yes!" Crysta said, begging her roommate to finish her off.  But Donna didn't let her cum.  Instead, she continued with her story.

"The bitch gathered us together near the back of the store, and told us our uniforms had arrived.  'Uniforms?' we all asked.  She reached into a box, and started handing out plastic bags.  I opened my bag, and inside was a small T-shirt with the name of the bookstore written on it.  She told us to go in the back room and change into our uniforms, and then come out to finish our shifts.  When I got into the back room and held up my T-shirt, I was puzzled.  I didn't know whether I was supposed to wear the T-shirt over my dress, or as a replacement for my dress.  So I watched the other girls to see what they did. One girl was wearing a shirt and skirt.  She just took off her shirt, and put on the T-shirt, which didn't match her skirt at all.  She went back onto the floor, but within less than a minute, she was back.  She told us we were supposed to wear the T-shirt and knickers, and nothing else.  That's our uniform.  She took off her skirt, revealing the skimpiest bikini knickers I had ever seen.  The waistband of her knickers was so low I even saw the top of her vulva crack poking out.  Crysta, she looked so beautiful, with her belly button out, and her tiny knickers just barely covering her pussy.  I really envied her.  One other girl stripped down to her knickers, put on her T-shirt, and went back onto the sales floor.  That left Yvonne and me.  Finally, Yvonne said there's no arguing with the boss, and she took off her minidress, leaving her completely naked.  She put on the T-shirt, and I was surprised to see that it covered her better than the other girls.  She is short, so the T-shirt covered most of her vulva and some of her butt crack.  She said the uniform wasn't ideal for her, but since she would spend most of her time behind the register, she wasn't worried about it.  With that, she went back onto the sales floor.  I heard cheers as she came out, and imagined that she did a pirouette to show off her new uniform."

"So you were all alone in the back room then?" Crysta was trying to keep Donna's story on track.

"Yes.  I took a deep breath, and removed my dress.  I looked at myself in the mirror and saw my pussy was still swollen with desire.  I was still hovering near the brink of cumming, and I thought about touching it I was afraid of getting caught masturbating.  I put on the T-shirt, and found it fell short of my belly button, like the first two girls.  But unlike them I had no knickers to wear.  I had no idea what to do.  Then one of the girls came in, and told me the manager said if I'm not out on the sales floor in one minute I would be fired.  I tried to relax, so my wet pussy would go back inside my lips, and I wouldn't look quite so sex-charged.  I waited as long as I could, and then 59 seconds later I made it out onto the floor.  I was so embarrassed because I was still visibly excited.  My hard nipples were pressing against the thin T-shirt, and I could feel my breasts bounce with each step I took.  The manager looked me up and down, and said, 'See?  That wasn't so hard, was it?' and then she ordered me to get to work.  I had to go to the front of the store, and offer to help the customers.  I covered my pussy, and started walking to the front of the store, but the bitch told me I can't cover my pussy.  She said it was my choice not to wear knickers, and now I had to live with that choice.  I did my best to hold my head up, and move to the front of the store, and concentrated on keeping my hands by my sides."

"Oh, Donna, that was so unfair!  You didn't know about the uniform when you decided not to wear any knickers."

"Thanks, Crysta.  You are very understanding."  Donna patted Crysta on her pussy, but stopped when it looked like Crysta was about to cum.

"Were you able to concentrate on helping the customers?"

"Not really, Crysta.  Being forced out in the open like that was really too much for me.  I started crying.  Since I couldn't cover my pussy, I just covered my face and sobbed."

"Oh, Donna, you poor thing.  I feel so sorry for you.  What did you do?"

"Well the evil bitch saw me crying, and came over to me and yelled at me.  She made me stand against the wall in the front of the store, and spread my legs apart.  That was horrible for me because everyone could see my asshole and my pussy.  There was no way to hide them!  Then she made one of the girls rub my thighs and ass, and told her to make me as excited as possible, but not to let me cum.  She told me specifically that I would lose my job if I cum -- that my punishment was to remain in a high state of sexual excitement, so that I would beg to be finished off, but not to be satisfied."

"How long did it take her to get you into that condition?"

"Not long at all, and let me tell you, Crysta, she knew what she was doing.  She gave me a rim job I'll never forget as she rubbed my ass and thighs.  She got me into a whole body shiver, and I did beg her to finish me, but she refused.  When she saw I was seconds away from cumming, she backed off, and made me stand there, ready to cum, while everyone watched me.  Finally my boss came over, and I begged her to finish me.  She said no, I should get back to work.  I could barely walk, but I managed to get back to my duty on the ladders.  The way I was walking I must have looked like I had crap in my pants, except it was obvious I wasn't wearing any pants.  You see, I was afraid to let my legs touch for fear I would come, and then the boss would fire me.  I was dying of embarrassment with my pussy so swollen and dripping wet -- everyone could see I was about to come, and that just made me more excited.  To make matters worse, every time the boss thought I might be calming down a bit, she sent a girl over to rub my breasts or my buttocks, and that just made me all excited again."

"What ever did you do?"

"The evil Matilda kept me on the brink of orgasm all afternoon, and I begged her again and again for some relief.  She repeatedly warned me not to cum in the store, or it would cost me my job, and then she sent girls over to me to make me even more excited.  Crysta, I was really afraid I would cum, it was terrible.  Whenever I went up the ladder with my pussy blooming like a red flower, I was so self conscious about it, that just thinking about the customer looking up at me almost made me cum on several occasions.  Thank God I was able to avoid actually cumming!"

Donna noticed that Crysta was in full bloom, too, and asked her, "would it be OK if I tasted your pussy?"  Without waiting for an answer, she leaned toward her beautiful roommate.

Crysta stopped her, and said, "Later, Donna.  First, tell me what happened today!"

"OK, fine," Donna said, disappointed not be be allowed to taste such a beautiful flower.  She contended herself with continuing to tease her moist roommate as she continued her story...

"I was in such a state, I just can't describe it.  My pussy and asshole were twitching, I was so desperate to cum.  I begged one of my customers to rape me just to get it over with, it was that bad.  (He didn't take me up on it, though.  Too bad, he was cute.)  Finally, my boss took pity on me, and made me an offer.  If I would finish my shift in the nude, then she would let me cum.  Well, let me tell you, Crysta, she didn't have to ask me twice.  I whipped off my shirt and whooped with joy.  Not so fast, she said.  I would still not be allowed to touch myself, and I would cum only when the boss gave me the go-ahead, and not before."

"So you were totally naked?  You?"  Crysta couldn't believe her shy roommate worked totally nude, and while visibly excited, too.

"Oh, Crysta, it was awful.  She kept me from cumming for two hours, and kept sending her minions over to me for body rubs.  They made me spread my legs, and they lightly rubbed my asshole, cheeks, and thighs while all the customers watched.  They knew just when to stop rubbing me to keep me from cumming, too.  Finally, after two hours of sheer torture, Yvonne came up to me and said she would help me cum.  She made me spread my legs apart and stand against the wall.  She told me to face the wall, and not to turn around.  Then she squeezed some K-Y jelly on my ass, and rubbed it between my cheeks, and into my asshole.  That almost made me cum, but then she stopped rubbing, and stepped back.  Then, against orders, I turned around to see a handsome man with gorgeous muscles on his chest, and a huge hard-on coming toward me.  He grabbed my ass and shoved his member up my rear, and that's all it took -- I came, boy did I come.  It was like a million orgasms that I had been saving up for a million years.  I must have kept coming for five minutes, even after he had had his way with me.  Finally, when he was done fucking me, Yvonne gave me a towel, which I used to wipe off my pussy and asshole, and I started to stumble toward the back room to put on my clothes."

"That's an amazing story, Donna."

"Wait, it's not over -- aren't you curious to know why I came home naked?"

"Yeah," Crysta said.  "Why *did* you come home naked?"

"I was on my way to the back room to get my clothes when the evil one spun me around and said I wasn't done working yet.  I still had to make the bank deposit, and I had made a deal -- I had to finish my shift naked in return for cumming.  Well, as you know, Crysta, the bank isn't even in the mall -- it's on the street, closer to the dorm than the mall.  I thought about protesting, because she wasn't being fair.  It's one thing to be bottomless or even naked inside the store, with my clothes nearby in case I desperately need them, but quite another to go -- by myself -- out into the city, stark naked.  But then I thought it over, and realized that protesting would do no good.  So I made a simple request.  I asked for my two tall co-workers to come with me, and the boss agreed.  On the way, I put my hands inside each of their knickers, and grabbed their butt cheeks.  They didn't object.  Then, without warning, I ripped both of their knickers off, and told them this was just a taste of what I had to go through today, and then they understood what it felt like to be bottomless in public.  Surprisingly, they said they kind of liked it.  I put my arms around them, and tickled their sides as we walked to the bank.  They said they'll keep their knickers off from now on, in solidarity with me and Yvonne, and we'll all wear just our uniform shirts, and no bottoms from now on."

"That was a happy ending," Crysta said, daydreaming about all four of the workers being bottomless tomorrow when she pays them a visit.  Her pussy was very ripe, and Donna didn't ask this time.  She dove right in.

*No, this is your happy ending,* Donna thought.  Crysta came within seconds, but Donna kept at it, and Crysta came again, and again.  Finally, the girls collapsed in each others' arms and slept, oblivious to the crowd that had gathered to watch their fun.