## Crysta and Donna - Chicken (exhib)

"Donna, I desperately need your help," said Crysta as she set her books down on her desk.  It was Friday night, and the dorm the girls lived in was getting noisy -- some parties were beginning to start in some of the rooms.  Crysta was wearing a blouse which was tied in the front to hold her large breasts in place -- she wasn't wearing a bra.  Her only other item of clothing was a pair of denim cutoff shorts whose legs had been cut off right to the seam, which was the only thing between Crysta's pussy and the whole wide world.

Donna had changed into the most daring outfit she was willing to wear in public -- a tight, thin, pink sweater, which she was planning to gradually unbutton as the evening progressed, and a pair of pink short shorts.  "*You* need *my* help?" she asked.  "I'm flattered!".  Donna was surprised, because she was usually the one asking for advice from her voluptuous roommate.

Crysta admired Donna's outfit, especially the way her cheeks poked out of the leg-holes of the shorts.  She noticed that two buttons of Donna's sweater were undone already, and her breasts were just barely covered.  One more button, Crysta thought, and Donna's gorgeous breasts would explode into view.  She sat down beside Donna, and put her arms around her.  Donna always smelled terrific.  With a side view, she could see Donna's nipples, no more than half an inch beyond the edge of her sweater.  She resisted the temptation to touch them for as long as she could, but then lust finally got the better of her.  She slipped her fingers under Donna's sweater.  Her nipples were hard.  Donna took a breath, and snuggled closer to her roommate.

"Yes," Crysta continued, cupping Donna's breast in her hand.  "I need you to design some sexy outfits for me.  It's a Chicken Competition, starting on Monday, and it's really important that I don't lose this one."

"A Chicken Competition?" Donna purred, luxuriating in the breast massage she was receiving.

"Yeah, Mandy challenged me."

"You mean that slut Mandy from our math class?" Donna asked.

"That's the one.  She has laid down the gauntlet.  Each day, the boys will judge which one of has the sexier outfit.  The winner gets to wear her outfit the next day, but the loser must go on to her second outfit.  The idea is that the outfits get progressively sexier, with the third being so sexy you shouldn't wear it in public.  Hopefully you'll win before you get to the third outfit.  But here's the kicker: the loser has to perform a very humiliating act."  She covered her eyes in shame, just thinking about it.

"Really?"  Donna sat up and turned to face her roommate.  She was interested in anything so bad even Crysta thought it humiliating.  "What does the loser have to do?"

"I don't want to say," Crysta said, blushing..

"Come on, Crysta, tell me."  Donna looked at her beautiful roommate, and saw she was really scared.  A tear rolled down Crysta's cheek.  *This was serious,* Donna thought.

"OK, I'll tell you, if you unbutton just one more button of your sweater," said Crysta.  She sat, Indian style, on the bed, waiting for her roommate to comply.  Her pussy was wet with anticipation.

"Fine," said Donna with a huff.  She unbuttoned one more button, and held her breath to keep from falling out of her sweater.  "Now tell me," she demanded.

"OK, I'll tell you," said Crysta.  "But do you mind if I take off my shorts first?  The seam is hitting me right between my lips, and it's really annoying."  Without waiting for a response, she took off her shorts, and threw them onto her own bed.  Even though their door was open, Crysta didn't seem to mind being bottomless.  She continued to sit, Indian style, so that her juicy pink pussy was visible to anyone who walked by.  Donna admired Crysta's ability to be not just naked, but with her legs spread wide apart like that.  *One day,* she thought, *I'll be able to feel comfortable doing that in public.*

Crysta took a breath and held it.  "Stop touching me for just a second -- I'm afraid I'll cum, and I'm not ready to cum yet."

Donna pulled her hand away from Crysta's pussy.  She hadn't realized she was even touching it.  "Sorry," she said.  She placed her hand back on Crysta's inner thigh, and stroked it gently as she prompted, "tell me what will happen to you if you lose the game of Chicken."

"Oh, yeah, that's right," Crysta said, remembering the thread of their conversation.  "The loser will have to..."  She paused, because it was just too horrible for her to think about.  "She'll have to..."  The thought, gross as it was, excited her too much.  She came, just thinking about it.  She took Donna's hand, and placed it on her pussy, and hugged Donna while she came.  Donna pushed a couple fingers into Crysta's vagina and provided firm pressure, which felt really good to Crysta.  The girls kissed passionately, until Crysta's orgasm subsided.  When the girls finally broke apart, Crysta was able to say it: "The loser will have to wear a strap-in penis all day."

"A strap-*in* penis?" Donna asked, emphasizing the word "in".

"Oh, God," Crysta said, barely able to go on with the explanation -- it was that horrible.  She gathered her strength, and continued.  "Yes, a strap-in penis has a section that goes in the vagina, like a tampon, and the outer part has a big dick and a pair of swinging balls.  It's very realistic looking."

"It sounds like fun," Donna said, sweetly, not even aware she was still stroking Crysta's pussy.

"Wait 'till you hear what it does," Crysta said, enjoying the attention Donna was giving her.  "It has a mind of its own.  The dick is normally flaccid, which is good, because then it can fit under my skirt, and no one will notice it.  But if  it senses I'm aroused, it will get a hard-on and it will lift my skirt, causing me no end of humiliation."

"Wow," Donna said, taking in the enormity of this punishment.  "Well, we'll just need to make sure you don't lose this competition."

"Thank you, Donna."  Crysta was truly grateful, and she knew Donna's design skills would save the day.

On Monday morning, Crysta dressed in Donna's first creation -- the most modest of the three.  It was a basic black tube dress, very tight and clingy.  It covered from Crysta's nipples to her pussy, and nothing else -- not even an inch of skin was covered south of her pussy or north of her nipples.  The basic black accentuated Crysta's lines, which are very curvy -- the dress comes down exactly even with the widest part of her sexy hips.  In the back, Donna was very careful to adjust the dress so it came down exactly even with Crysta's asshole, so it meets the [dress code](http://www.asstr.org/~RichardHertz/OfficialDressCode.htm).

Crysta didn't sit at her usual desk, but instead chose one near the back of the room.  She sat with her legs slightly apart, so any boys who glanced her way would see she's not wearing any knickers.  She had touched herself before arriving in class so her pussy would be aroused.  She spared no effort courting the boys' votes, and the boys were responding.

Just as the class began, Mandy made her entrance.  She was wearing a fleecy miniskirt with slits all the way up both sides, revealing quite a bit of skin.  As a top, she was wearing a matching fleecy top.  She sat in the only available seat, right in front.

*Oh-oh,* Crysta thought.  *I'm going to have my work cut out for me to win the voting today.* When the teacher asked for a volunteer to go to the whiteboard, Crysta raised her hand.  She had no idea how to do the problem, but that wouldn't stop her.  She would have to pull out all the stops to beat Mandy.  In a move she practiced with Donna the night before, she stretched to reach the very top of the board, which pulled her dress up a good two or three inches.  Feigning concentration on the board, she stood with her back to the class, and her ass completely uncovered.  When she was done, she turned around, and let everyone see her pussy as she returned to her desk.

When the teacher called on Mandy to go to the front of the room and work out a problem on the whiteboard, she thought she was done-for.  Mandy pranced to the front of the room, her skirt bouncing with each step.  The material looked lighter than air, and revealed tiny glimpses of her asshole as she walked.  When she finished writing on the board, she turned around, and started to walk back to her desk when all of a sudden her top fell off!   She screamed, and clutched her breasts, and spun in circles.  Her light miniskirt flew outwards as she gyrated, revealing everything to the boys who were watching with rapt attention.  Then, recovering her composure, she bent at the waist to pick up her top from the floor.  It seemed to take for ever to pick up the top.  Meanwhile, her asshole and pussy were completely uncovered by her tiny miniskirt, which was gathered about her waist.  She picked up the top, and didn't seem to notice that her skirt had not settled back into its normal position.  She took her seat, and laid the top on her desk.  She didn't rearrange her skirt, which was still gathered about her waist.  The result was that she was, for all intents and purposes, completely naked.  The teacher asked her if she would like to leave to fix her dress, but she said she would prefer to stay, if it was OK with him.  Then she winked at Crysta.

As the class ended, one of the boys gave Crysta the bad news: she had lost the first round, so she would have to move on to her second outfit.

Tuesday morning arrived, with Mandy still in her lighter-than-air miniskirt.  Boy she loves to bounce, Crysta thought as she flounced into her seat.  Apparently she had managed to fix her top, although it sure looked to Crysta as though some of the material had disappeared from it.

Crysta wore an apron and a little bonnet, like a French maid.  Her apron only partially covered her breasts, viewed from the front, but the sides were completely open.  From the back, she was completely naked.  She used the time before class began to walk to the window and stare out of it, knowing the boys were all looking at her ass.  She stood with her legs ever so slightly parted, and leaned forward imperceptibly, so her asshole and pussy could be seen by anyone who cared to glance in her direction.

When it came time for the boys to vote, this time Crysta got the nod, even though Mandy did her trademark broken clothing trick again, this time losing her skirt, and becoming completely flustered, leaving it on the floor, and returning to her seat completely bottomless.  Mandy was so disappointed by the voting, she didn't even bother to pick up her tattered skirt.  She spent the rest of the day bottomless, asking anyone who would listen whether she was the sexiest one of all.

Wednesday morning arrived, and with it, the rain.  Mandy capitalized on that:  She wore a tissue-thin minidress, and walked to class just so she would get completely soaked.  When she arrived, her dress had become transparent, and it was sticking to her.  Before taking her seat, she raised her arms, and let the dress cling to her waist, leaving her ass exposed.  Her pussy was covered only by a tasteful bush.  Her nipples were hard and she was shivering from the cold.  At last, she raised her hand and asked if she could take off her dress to warm up.  The teacher asked the class if anyone would mind.  Crysta raised her hand, and said it wasn't fair that only Mandy would be allowed to take off her dress.  What if other girls want to take off their dresses, too?  Fine, said the teacher.  Any girl who wants to take off her dress may do so.  Mandy and Crysta took off their dresses, and continued the class completely naked.

When the boys voted, they gave Mandy top honors for thinking of a way to get the teacher to allow her to strip, so Crysta would need to dress in her third and final outfit, and risk elimination on Thursday.  To celebrate, Mandy folded her dress and walked out of the class naked.  She felt comfortable naked, because her pussy was covered by a little muff.  It's like being at the beach, she explained to the nearest boy.  My pussy is covered by my muff, and my ass isn't covered at all the thong bathing suit I wear, so this is no different.  She must have forgotten that she was topless as well.  Crysta, for her part, donned her apron, and shuffled out of the classroom, thinking *one more strike, and I'm out!*

Thursday came too fast for Crysta's taste.  But Donna had outdone herself with this outfit.  The top was backless, and partially and loosely covered her breasts.  The beauty of it was when she moved, she kept "accidentally" slipping out of it.  The bottom was a skirt composed of half a dozen individual cloths, which were loosely attached to a waistband.  Like the top, the skirt shifted about, leaving her exposed unless she constantly adjusted and covered herself.  Somehow, during math class, she kept "forgetting" to cover herself, with the result that she was pretty much on display the whole time.  To make it more interesting for the boys, she kept thinking sexy thoughts and when no one was looking, touching herself to keep her in a state of maximum arousal.  When the boys would catch glimpses of her pussy, it was fully open, pink, and wet.  If she caught a boy looking at her, that just made her more excited, increasing the effect.   Her nipples were constantly hard, and she kept them that way by pinching them under her shifting top.

Meanwhile, Mandy wore her thin white minidress, but as it was not raining, it was opaque.  Somehow it had become much shorter overnight -- Mandy says it shrank when it got wet, but Crysta suspected she shortened the hem in a bid to win the voting a second day in a row.  The dress was more like a shirt than a dress, coming nowhere close to covering her bottom.  She paraded her little muff about with total abandon that day, much to the delight of the boys.

Crysta was afraid Mandy's super-short dress would win the voting, and force Crysta to suffer the final humiliation of wearing the dick.  So during class, the individual pieces of fabric that made up her top and skirt kept inexplicably falling away, so that, by the end of class, only a fraction of the original fabric was left, leaving her completely vulnerable to being seen.

In the end, Crysta was judged sexier than Mandy, so Mandy would have to go to her sexiest outfit to compete with Crysta in the final showdown.

Crysta returned on Friday with her dress in tatters.  Just one piece of cloth remained on her top, covering one of her breasts, and that just barely.  Her bottom, too, had just one piece of cloth, which she had adjusted to cover some skin next to her hairless pussy, leaving her pussy completely exposed.  She could have turned the skirt around to cover her pussy, but she didn't know what competition she would be up against, so she thought she had better let everyone see her.  Her ass, too, was fully visible, and the thought of that helped her maintain a constant state of arousal.  By surreptitiously rubbing her exposed breast, inner thighs, she stayed on the verge of cumming the whole time, and thus maintained a very attractive appearance for the boys.  When she was called upon to write on the board, she took a winding path between the boys' desks, practically shoving her naked ass in their faces as she squeezed past.  She didn't mind a bit when they groped her, in fact she giggled and pretended to enjoy it, because she knew this would help her in the voting, and this humiliation would be nothing compared to the final humiliation.

Mandy came back fighting -- her third dress was a masterpiece of design.  It was nothing more than a piece of red fabric sewn between two red gloves.  The gloves were long, extending to her upper arms, and the fabric between them covered her breasts and pussy -- as long as she kept her arms at her sides.  The beauty of this design is that it meets the dress code, because it covers her front -- breasts and pussy -- while she's standing in an "at ease" position.  She came into the classroom, and immediately waved at some of the boys.  Then, realizing she had uncovered her pussy, she bent forward, and put her arms down, touching her knees.  This exaggerated effort to cover up actually left her ass less covered, much to the delight of the boys.  During class, the teacher told Mandy to participate more in class.  When you know the answer, raise your hand, he admonished.  Mandy said she was afraid to raise her hand, because that would leave her exposed.  The teacher said Mandy should have thought of that earlier.  (Of course, Mandy *did* think of that, and this whole poor pitiful me act was designed just to raise tents in the boys' pants -- and it was working!)  After the next question the teacher asked the class, Mandy said "ooooh, oooh," like she was in pain or something.  Then, she finally raised both her hands (because they were tied together by that red fabric.)  Looking at her complaining like that, sitting with her naked ass on the cold plastic seat, her legs akimbo, and her breasts bouncing up and down as she shook her hands in the air -- that took the cake.  The boys voted her the winner, much to Crysta's dismay.

"You gave me a run for my money," Mandy said.  Then she reached under her desk, and gave Crysta a package.  "Read the instructions, and I'll see you Monday with this dick under your dress.  You might want to practice with it over the weekend, so you'll be comfortable with it when you have to use it in public," she cautioned.

Crysta looked at the package, and then at Mandy as she strode out of the room.  She had to admit, Mandy's third outfit was a killer.  And what an ass!  It was so tight that Crysta could see her asshole and pussy in full view, even while Mandy's legs were together.  And that coy act, "I can't raise my hand, or I would be exposed," Crysta mimicked, in her mind.  That turned on the boys so much some of them must have creamed their pants, Crysta figured.

Monday came quicker than Crysta would have liked.  Over the weekend she had put it out of her mind that she would have to suffer the greatest humiliation of her life come Monday, and she never opened the box Mandy had given her, nor read the instructions.   But how bad could it be?  It was basically a dildo with a handle shaped like a penis, and from the size of the box, it wasn't all that big.  Crysta paused at her closet and smiled to herself because Mandy had neglected to tell Crysta how to dress.  She would wear her longest miniskirt, which would cover up the dildo she would wear.  *This will be a piece of cake,* she thought.  Boy was she wrong!

The Next Episode: Flaccido Domingo