### Crysta and Donna

## Shorts Part 1: Donna Gets Nabbed (exhib, humil, FF)

Donna returned home to her dorm room, finding Crysta already there, wearing just a camisole.  Donna was topless, which aroused Crysta's interest.  Donna rarely went topless in public.  "What happened to your shirt?"  Crysta wanted to know.

Donna handed Crysta the summons she had received.  "I was nabbed by the Panty Patrol."  That was the girls' pet name for the Dress Code inspectors.

Crysta admired Donna's firm breasts for a couple seconds, then took the ticket out of her hands.  "That was the second time you were stopped this month, wasn't it?"

Donna's breasts jiggled as she put her hands on her hips.  She was annoyed.  She still had not come to terms with the basic unfairness of the Panty Patrol whose ostensible purpose was to enforce the [Dress Code](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/RichardHertz/www/OfficialDressCode.htm) and thereby promote decency, but whose practical effect was just the opposite.  "Third, actually.  I was stopped twice before, but both times I was able to avoid a ticket by doing a little strip-tease."  She winced as she recalled having to pull her shorts down to her ankles and wait patiently while the Inspector made sure she wasn't wearing panties.  "But this time I got a ticket for indecency.  I tell you, Crysta, I'm sick and tired of being hassled like this."  Donna frowned, but only for a second.  Then she smiled, and said,  "The one that stopped me today was kind of cute, though.  He asked me if I wouldn't mind taking off my shorts so he could verify I wasn't wearing any panties.  I tried to flirt with him in hopes of avoiding a public inspection.  I smiled, and put my arms around his neck, and whispered in his ear that I know the dress code, and I would never wear panties under shorts.  I even pushed the shorts aside and showed him my pussy."  Donna demonstrated for Crysta, and Crysta nodded -- it was pretty convincing evidence of no panties, she agreed.  Donna continued her story, "He insisted, though.  I should have just taken them off and showed him my naked pussy, because there wasn't much of a crowd then.  But I'm really getting tired of taking my shorts off in public every day.  So this time I begged to keep my shorts on.  I guess the discussion got heated, because we attracted a crowd.  He made me assume the "arms-up at-ease" position.

Crysta said, "Uh oh, I guess the flirting didn't do the trick."  The inspectors usually reserve the "hands up" treatment for girls who are giving them trouble.

Donna said, "Yeah, I know.  And that just attracted a bigger crowd, do you know why?"  Crysta shook her head.  "Do you remember the shirt I was wearing today?"  Crysta looked at Donna's pert little breasts, and tried to remember what covered them this morning.  Donna answered her own question.  "It was one of my cut-off T-shirts."

Crysta remembered now.  "Oh yeah, it was cut off from a 'Guinea T'.  That shirt had a lot going for it -- it was short, so your breasts hung out the bottom of it.  It was thin, so your nipples showed through it even when you didn't have hard-ons.  And the arm-holes were big, so your breasts could be seen from the side."

Donna nodded.  "That's all true.  But there was one thing I didn't like about the shirt.  I couldn't put my arms up without exposing my tits.  And here was this cute guy asking me to do just that.  At first I hesitated, because of all the people looking at me.  But in the end I figured I might as well comply with his request, because he would just make it harder for me if I didn't.  So I raised my arms, and let my girls flop out of my little shirt.  The crowd seemed to like it, but the cop thought I was a little slow to comply, so he was a bit rough with me.  He backed me up against a chain-link fence, snaked his handcuffs through it, and handcuffed me that way, with my hands over my head."

Crysta said, "Was that hard for you?  I mean, standing there with all those people looking at your breasts, and being immobilized so you couldn't cover up?"

Donna laughed. "No, not really.  I'm comfortable going topless.  I even arched my back to give everyone a good view, and the crowd seemed to appreciate that.  But I just wish I could get over my shyness about exposing my bottom.  I begged him not to take off my shorts.  He said he would just unzip them for now, so I heaved a sigh of relief and said OK.  He gently rubbed my inner thighs, prompting me to spread my legs apart a little further.  He unzipped my shorts, and pulled them apart, exposing my bush, but at least my pussy itself was still covered up.  He stood back and admired me, and I figured he was satisfied that I wasn't wearing any panties.  I asked him if we were done, but he said no, he had to lower my shorts just a bit.  I got really mad then, and told him NO!  I yelled at him, saying anyone can just look at my bush and see I'm not wearing panties, but he insisted."

"What did you do?" Crysta asked.

Donna could see Crysta's pussy watering at the thought, so she decided to spin it out a bit.  *Why rush the story,* she thought.  "Well, I reminded him that all inspections are voluntary, and that seemed to slow him down, but for just a second.  He said if I didn't want to lower my shorts, then he would respect that, but I would have to let him feel inside them."

"You said no to that, I hope," Crysta said.

"Well, he *was* kinda cute," Donna replied.

"So you let him feel you?!  But why?" Crysta asked.

"Because I was feeling too exposed already -- not just my tits, but my bush was on display, too.  I just wanted him to feel that I didn't have any panties on, and let me go about my business."

"There was more to this story, wasn't there?"

"No, what do you mean?  I just wanted this to be over," Donna said.

"I see your nipples are hard right now.  Were they hard while this was happening?"   Donna didn't answer, so Crysta got to the point.  "You were getting a little juicy, weren't you, and that's why you were embarrassed to let people see your pussy."

Donna blushed.  "OK, yes.  My pussy was getting a little excited from the public inspection, that's true.  I was hoping to avoid showing it to the crowd of people who were watching," she admitted.  Donna paused, and then said, "Well, should I go on with my story?"

"By all means!"  Crysta was getting a little juicy herself, Donna couldn't help noticing.

"Where was I?  OK, so I told him he can put his hand in my pants.  But instead of starting with my pants, he put his hands on my breasts, and started making little circles around my nipples, which were already hard, as you guessed.  I was thankful for what little coverage my shorts still provided, because his touch was really turning me on.  Then he let his hands slip down my sides and underneath the waistband of my shorts.  He gently traced the edge of my shorts with his fingers, tracing the waistband around my butt cheeks.  Crysta, I can't tell you how great he smelled when he rubbed his uniform against my naked breasts.  When he got to my butt crack, he began tracing along it with one finger.  My legs were apart, so my cheeks were separated, leaving me vulnerable.  He whispered in my ear not to tense up as he inspected me.  So I resisted the temptation to squeeze my cheeks together, giving him free rein to explore me.  He felt my asshole, and kept going until he reached my pussy from behind."  Donna inhaled deeply as she remembered the mingled sensations of his scent and her own excitement.  "I was afraid he would feel how wet I was, but luckily he he changed direction, and brushed past my asshole again as he palmed my ass cheeks with both hands.  I have to admit, he gave me a nice ass-rub.  Then he traced his fingers around my thighs to my front, and brushed past my pussy again very lightly.  It made me shiver."

"That seems like a pretty thorough inspection," Crysta pointed out.

"Yes, it was," Donna agreed.  "By the time he was done, I felt like I was about to cum, but I tried to pretend I wasn't so excited.  He told me I could move my legs closer together, so I did.  You wouldn't believe what happened next."

"Your shorts fell to the ground, leaving your swollen pussy in full view," Crysta guessed.

"How did you know?"

"Because when he was giving you that wonderful butt massage, he was also gently lowering your shorts, but you didn't realize it because he was turning you on so much.  Then, when you put your legs together, there wasn't anything to hold the shorts up any more, so down they went."

Crysta's bright pink pussy betrayed her enjoyment of Donna's story, a fact that didn't go unnoticed by Donna.  She rested her hand gently between Crysta's legs, and traced the soft, slippery folds of her inner lips as she continued her story. "So there I was, my arms tied up above me, and just about naked, with a big crowd around me.  Exactly what I wanted to avoid.  The only saving grace was with my legs together my bush covers my pussy, so people in the crowd couldn't see how excited I was.  It was pretty clear the inspection was over, so I asked him to untie me and let me go, but he said not yet.  I said why not?  I'm obviously not wearing any panties, so I should be allowed to just go on my way.  He said he didn't like my tone, and I should assume the position again.  Well there's no way I was going to open up my sopping wet pussy for everyone, so I said after you pull my shorts up I'll assume the position for you.  He said I could stay tied up like that for ever, unless I assumed the position.  He was very insistent, so finally, I obeyed him.  I swear I heard the crowd gasp as they saw my swollen pussy.  My glistening inner lips protruded between the outer ones.  I was so embarrassed.  I had no idea what he had in store for me, so I just stood there for a minute.  The crowd was all around me, but thank God none of them were touching me.  They were looking closely at my pussy and my breasts.  All this attention was making me more and more excited.  I felt like the next breeze that caressed my bottom would make me cum.  Finally, he revealed his plan.  He said although my shorts comply with the dress code, my shirt violates it by not covering my breasts well enough.  He untied me so he could take my shirt as evidence.  What a relief that all wanted was my shirt, and I could finally cover up my throbbing pussy."

"So you put on your shorts and came home?" Crysta prompted.

Donna continued rubbing her roommate's slippery clitoris.  "Not right away, unfortunately.  Right after he took my shirt, he put my hands back in the cuffs.  He said he wanted to make sure the crowd had gotten a good chance to look at me, if that was OK with me.  I was tied up, completely naked, and about to explode in orgasm, so I wasn't in a position to disagree.  I just stood there with my legs apart, and my pussy wide open, hoping I didn't cum with everyone watching.  He invited the crowd to take a closer look, but thankfully no one did.  At least, not at first.  Finally, one pretty girl asked me if she could touch me.  I glanced at the inspector, who was holding my shorts, and then turned back to the girl, and said OK.  She knelt before me, and put one hand on each side of me.  Then she rubbed my ass, slipping her fingers between my cheeks, and fondling my asshole.  I can't tell you how exciting this was!  Then, she gently licked my pussy as she continued gently stroking my asshole.  Please stop, I begged.  I was so afraid of cumming in public.  But the girl kept on taking long strokes with her tongue.  My knees buckled, spreading my legs farther apart.  I felt my pussy and asshole start to twitch, and I knew there was no turning back.  I must have let out a scream, because the girl backed off, and everyone in the crowd took one step back, leaving me all alone.  It felt like a thousand orgasms, crashing in on me all at once!  And with everyone watching me writhe with excitement, too!  When it was over, I was too exhausted to feel shame.  The inspector untied me, gave me my shorts, and the summons, and sent me on my way.  I remember walking a long way before realizing I was naked, and then I put on my shorts."

Donna's story, now finished, had brought Crysta to a fever of excitement.  "Do you mind if I take off my shirt?" Crysta panted.

"Sure, Crysta, you never need to ask that question."  Donna felt a bit uneasy that their door was still open, but if Crysta is comfortable being naked with the door open, it was OK with Donna.

Crysta, now free from the confines of her camisole, leaned back on her bed, and spread her legs apart, letting them hang over the edge of her bed closest to the door.  Anyone walking past at this point would have seen everything Crysta had to offer, but as it happened, no one walked by.  Donna knelt over her roommate, and started licking her sweet nectar, while rubbing her belly and legs.  As she licked, in sixty-nine position, her shorts-clad ass came ever closer to Crysta's lips.  Before Donna knew what had hit her, Crysta pulled the strap of Donna's shorts aside, and plunged her tongue into Donna's pussy.  Donna let out a yelp of surprise, but kept licking Crysta's pussy.  Some boys stopped outside the girls' door to watch, but the girls didn't notice.  As they kept at it, one of the boys commented, "It's a thing of beauty."  Another agreed, "It sure is."  Before long, Donna came for the second time in as many hours, and Crysta wasn't far behind.  The two girls collapsed in a heap on Crysta's bed.

## Shorts Part 2: Crysta Plans the Defense (exhib, FF)

"Come on, Crysta," Donna said, tugging on her roommate by the arm.  "Don't fall asleep.  The dining hall is going to close soon, and I'm hungry."  She pulled Crysta up, and then the two girls walked into the hallway, closing their door behind them.  The boys were still in the hallway, trying to look as if they hadn't just been watching the girls fucking, but they didn't fool anyone.  "Hi boys," Donna said, acting not the least bit shy about being topless.  "Hi girls," said the boys, looking Crysta up and down.  That's when Donna noticed that Crysta was naked.  "Don't you want your shirt?"

She looked down at herself, and noticed her naked breasts. In surprise, she said "Ooh", and covered her breasts with her hands.  Donna opened the door so she could run in and get her camisole, while the boys watched in amusement.

When Crysta emerged from the room clutching her tiny camisole, Donna said, "I challenge you to walk as far as you can naked before you put on your shirt."

Crysta accepted the challenge, and the two girls walked together, their naked breasts jiggling with each step, to the dining hall.  Donna carried Crysta's shirt, and watched her squirm, because she knew how hard it was for Crysta to show her breasts in public.  It was funny, how different the girls were, and yet the same in a way.  It was hard for Crysta to go topless, and just as hard for Donna to go bottomless, yet when it was reversed, both girls were much more comfortable.

Crysta was becoming more and more uncomfortable as the girls walked to the dining hall.  She couldn't shake the feeling that everyone was staring at her breasts, even though Donna's breasts were just as naked as her own.  She so desperately wanted to cover them with her hands, but valiantly resisted that temptation.  Finally, as the girls reached the dining hall, Crysta couldn't take it any more.  "Please give me my shirt," she said.

Donna teased her just a bit by holding her camisole out, and making Crysta grab for it, then she let her have it.  Crysta put it on, and was visibly soothed by it, feeling its silky softness cover her erect nipples, hiding them from view.  The bottom of the camisole was about even with her belly button, leaving Crysta as bottomless as Donna was topless, but Crysta was more comfortable this way, even though her pussy was visibly open and wet from the excitement of going topless to the dining hall.

The girls showed their id cards at the door, and started walking to the food line.  "Hurry up, Crysta, I'm hungry."  Donna gave her roommate a little pat on the butt, letting her fingers slip between Crysta's cheeks.  Crysta relaxed her cheeks, and let Donna get a good feel, which made both girls juicy all over again.  While they were waiting on line, Crysta opened her mouth as if she were about to say something, but then changed her mind.

As the girls took their seats side-by-side on a bench seat, Crysta finally said what had been on her mind, "I've been thinking of your defense against these indecency charges, and, well..."  She trailed off.

"Well, what?" Donna prompted, playfully rubbing Crysta's bare belly.

Crysta was thrilled by Donna's touch, and hoped she would feel between her legs and notice how aroused she was, but Donna was taking her time.  "I hate to tell you this, Donna, but you would have been better off if you had let the inspector keep your shorts," Crysta said as she put her arm around her best friend.

"But then I would have been completely naked.  At least now I have the shorts, and I don't really mind going topless," Donna replied.  She rested her hand on Crysta's leg.

"But what are you going to do at your trial?" Crysta asked, pointing at the summons, which Donna was still carrying with her.  Crysta turned slightly toward Donna, and spread her legs apart, hoping Donna would take the hint and feel her pussy.

"The trial," Donna repeated, drumming her fingertips on Crysta's inner thigh..  "I haven't thought that far ahead," she admitted.

Crysta turned her whole body to face Donna, deftly lifting one leg over the bench.  She put both arms around her, looked at the summons and said, "Your trial is next Tuesday afternoon at 6 PM."  With one hand she massaged Donna's back, and with the other, she massaged her front.  "On Tuesdays we have two classes on that side of campus right before your trial."

Donna didn't see the problem.  "Yeah, that's right.  So what?"  She let her fingers slip between Crysta's lips, and pretended to ignore the spasms of delight thus induced.

"So you're supposed to show up naked for these dress code trials, did you know that?"

Donna gulped, and clasped her breasts.  "Naked?"

"Yep.  Says so right here."  Crysta used one hand to point to the "special instructions" at the bottom of Donna's ticket where it says "Must Appear in the Nude".  With the other hand, she continued to rub Donna's breasts, raising both nipples to full attention.  "And since you have two classes right before that, you'll need to be naked for them, too."

Donna was reeling from the impact of Crysta's words.  "You mean I...  I..."

"It gets worse," Crysta said, trying to temper the bad news with a really good nipple massage..

Apparently, it was working, because Donna felt the need to unzip her shorts, which was her secret message to Crysta that her pussy needed a little rubbing, too.  "Worse than that?"

"Yes.  The only clothes you have access to during your trial are the ones taken into evidence by the inspector."  Crysta let her fingers run down Donna's front, but she had trouble gaining entry into Donna's promised land.

Donna realized what that meant.  "So I'll be bottomless during my trial."  As if to illustrate the word, "bottomless", she lowered her shorts a few inches.

Crysta felt the warm moistness between Donna's legs, and smiled.  "That's why you would have been better off if you had let him keep your shorts."

"Oh, crap," Donna said, allowing Crysta to pull her shorts down another few inches.  Donna closed her eyes as if to shut out the ironic image of having to fight the charge of indecency while naked.  Then she leaned her head back and almost purred as Crysta gave her a back scratch.

"Crap is right.  The only clothing in evidence will be that tiny Guinea T you were wearing.  You'll be called on to model that shirt, and nothing else, and convince the jury that it does not violate the dress code."  She kissed Donna's breast, and continued to scratch her back with one hand, and gently stroke her pussy with the other.

Donna reeled as she tried to imagine spending the afternoon naked.  Crysta's ministrations were getting to her, too, because she found her shorts too confining.  She let them drop to the floor beneath the table, and stepped out of them in order to spread her legs apart.  That felt better.  Now she was able to think more clearly.  "Well, at least I have a little muff," she said, "to cover my pussy next Tuesday when I have to go around naked."

Crysta shook her head, shaking Donna's breast.  "I'm sorry, Donna, but you can't keep that, either.  Pubic hair must never be seen."

"Let me get this straight," Donna said.  "I have to shave off my bush, and then show up to my classes on Tuesday with a hairless twat, and then defend myself in court wearing only a tiny shirt?  The jury will hang me out to dry!"

"Sit up here," Crysta said, pointing to the table in front of her.

Donna looked left and right, and was satisfied the few people in the cafeteria weren't paying them much mind.  She left her only article of clothing on the floor, and sat up on the table, naked.

Crysta gently nudged Donna's legs apart, exposing her bright red inner pussy.  "Hopefully they'll ask to review the evidence."

Donna looked perplexed.

Crysta palmed Donna's breasts, then massaged both inner thighs, purposely keeping her hands away from Donna's throbbing pussy.  She continued teasing her girlfriend as she explained,  "After the evidence has been presented, the jury gets the case.  Sometimes it's tricky to know whether the defendant is guilty, so the jury sends a message to the judge asking to take another look at the evidence.  The evidence is you, honey, wearing whatever clothes are suspected of violating the Dress Code."

Donna leaned back on the table and put both legs in the air while her roommate drank in her sweetness.  "So I will have to model my short shirt for the jury while bottomless?"

"More than just model, I'm afraid."  Crysta saw Donna's shocked expression, but she had to finish.  Donna had to know the horrible truth.  "To get a 'not guilty' out of the jury, you have to satisfy them."

"Satisfy them that I'm innocent, you mean," Donna said, hopefully, as she neared orgasm.

"No, Donna, I mean you have to *satisfy* them.  You will do whatever it takes to satisfy them, and then you will go free."

Both girls were silent for a moment, both imagining various images of Donna, clad only in her little white shirt, barely covering her breasts, as she satisfied one juror after another.

The horrible realization that she would have to get fucked twelve times sank in just as she came.  "Oh, Oh, Oh," she said, each word louder than the last.  As euphoria washed over her, she remembered the main objective of the trial.  "At least when it's done, I'll be found 'not guilty'."  And then as the afterglow settled in, she added, "And I'll get my little shirt back when I'm found innocent."

"Yes, at least you'll have that," Crysta agreed.  As Donna lay exhausted on the table, Crysta stroked her sweaty belly and naked breasts.  She didn't have the heart to tell Donna she could be re-arrested for violating the Code if she tried to wear the shirt out of the courtroom, and that although she would be found innocent of the charges, she would be leaving the courtroom naked and with cum dripping out of her pussy and asshole, and running down her legs.  "But don't worry," continued Crysta.  "I have some ideas for your defense.  I don't think we'll have any trouble winning this case."

## Shorts Part 3: Mini Shorts

"I'm sorry to make you cum so many times in a row.  You must be exhausted," said Crysta as Donna lay prone on the table in the cafeteria.

"No, it was nice.  Thanks, Crysta."  She leaned forward and kissed Crysta on the lips, and then got up off the table, and sat next to her lover.  She looked around to make sure no one had noticed her sexual escapade on the table.  Thankfully, the few people in the cafeteria were all minding their own business, and didn't seem to be looking at her, or noticing that she was naked.   She rested her hand on Crysta's twat, and smiled.  "I see you enjoyed making me cum almost as much as I enjoyed cumming!"

"Come here, you," said Crysta, wrapping her arm around her naked friend, and drawing her close.  Crysta kissed her deeply.  "I'm so close," Crysta said.  "Finish me."

Without separating their hungry mouths, Donna reached under Crysta's camisole, and gave her a body massage.  She traced a straight line down Crysta's middle, but stopped before reaching her pussy.  Then she traced a line along her inner thigh, starting at her knees, but ending just inches shy of her throbbing pussy.

"Oh, please," Crysta cried, "Stop teasing me, and just finish me.  One touch, and I'll cum!"  She kissed Donna passionately, breathing hard through her nose.

"I'll finish you," Donna said, if you get up on the table and beg.

Crysta kissed Donna one more time and then stood on the table with her legs wide.  Unlike Donna, Crysta seemed not to care who noticed her.  Her hairless pussy was wide open, wet, and red; her inner lips swollen with desire.

Donna stood on the bench, and ran her hands up one of Crysta's legs, and she ran her tongue up the other.  When her face reached Crysta's throbbing pussy, she pushed her tongue into it, and felt it pulse -- that's all it took for Crysta to cum, she had been so close to the brink.  Crysta grabbed Donna's head, and held it against her hot pussy for half a minute while she had a continuous orgasm, or maybe multiple orgasms.  She never really knew what that meant, anyway.

When Crysta finally let go, Donna looked around and noticed that they had attracted quite a crowd.  Suddenly, Donna felt naked, so she bent over, and retrieved her little shorts from under the table, and slipped them on.

As she helped Crysta down from the table, a thought surfaced that had been nagging Donna ever since her public inspection, earlier in the day.  Finally, Donna said what was on her mind.  "You know, Crysta, I love to wear shorts, but they seem to be a magnet that draws the Panty Police.  I don't see you getting stopped in your minidresses, even though most of your dresses don't cover your pussy at all -- a clear violation of the [Dress Code](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/RichardHertz/www/OfficialDressCode.htm)."

"That's true," Crysta agreed.  It seemed to be an unwritten rule that girls wearing short dresses, or nothing on their bottoms, were left untouched by the Panty Police, while those more modestly dressed are routinely stopped and stripped.  Especially the pretty ones.

"I'm going to keep getting stopped if I don't do something about it," Donna said.  "But what can I do?"

"Stop wearing shorts."

"That's your solution to every problem," Donna retorted.  "Just go bottomless."  Donna slapped Crysta on her naked ass to emphasize the point.  She paused to take in her bottomless beauty, then continued.  "But that's not me.  I like to wear shorts."

"But the Dress Code has strict rules about shorts," Crysta said.

"Yes, I know.  No panties under shorts."  Donna wasn't quite sure why the rule existed, although she had read the Dress Code again and again, trying to find a reason, or a loophole.  It was very frustrating to Donna that every rule in the Dress Code seemed to require covering the body with clothing, yet somehow the most modestly dressed girls are the ones who get stopped and stripped.  *It's just not fair,* she thought.

Crysta said, "I still don't see why you have to wear shorts all the time.  Why don't you wear a tight miniskirt instead that *looks* like a pair of shorts from a distance."

"That's it!" Donna cried.  "We can design a new article of clothing that looks like shorts, but it's really a kind of miniskirt!  You're a genius!"  Donna hugged her bottomless roommate, squeezed her butt cheeks, and kissed her full on the mouth.  Crysta responded, sucking Donna's tongue and stroking her naked breasts, but Donna was too excited about designing her new article of clothing to notice, and pulled away.

Crysta quickly regained her composure.  "This will be fun.  Let's walk and talk."  The girls walked back to their dorm room, Crysta bottomless and Donna topless, both so caught up in their planning that they were oblivious to the stir they created on the part of passers-by.

The girls got to work immediately.  Donna agreed to be the model for the experimental "mini-shorts", as they decided to call them.  Crysta deftly bent a thin flexible wire, which she sewed inside a miniskirt to make it conform to Donna's body the way shorts do, but without being closed at the bottom.  Crysta made one style after another, but nothing was working.  The ones that looked most like shorts irritated Donna, because the wire holding the fabric in place was uncomfortable around her asshole and pussy.

Finally, the girls realized that the tailbone was the key to their success.  Crysta designed a pair of shorts with a flexible wire the cupped Donna's tailbone.  It was cut straight across the back, so when Donna kept her legs together, it looked just like a pair of daisy dukes.   In front, the cloth was hemmed in a V-shape so it covered the top of her vagina.  When she crossed her legs, the V-shape nestled exactly between them, giving the appearance of a pair of shorts.

"We've done it!" the girls shouted together as Donna tried on their latest prototype.  Donna stood with legs crossed, one in front of the other, as Crysta circled her.  "This is perfect!" she said.

"It's an ingenious design," Donna said.  "I love the way the wire encircles the entire bottom of the shorts, cupping my tailbone and stretching the fabric of the shorts smooth, like a second skin."

"Thank you," Crysta said.  "As long as you keep your legs crossed, and your ass cheeks together, no one will know they're not shorts."

"I know," Donna said, "and the truly amazing part of it is that they hardly cover anything.  They only cover the top half of my pussy, and they don't cover my asshole at all.  And yet, when I keep my legs crossed and my cheeks together, It *looks* like I'm covered.  I'm so happy with these, Crysta, I can't tell you!"

"Are you concerned about walking?"

"What do you mean?"  Donna looked at Crysta with such a cute look of wonderment that Crysta just had to laugh.

"I mean, you can't keep your legs crossed while you're walking, so your pussy won't be covered until you stop and cross your legs again."

Donna walked from one end of the room to the other in front of Crysta.  She kept her legs together, and walked like a runway model, staying covered the whole way.

"Well, I'm impressed," said Crysta.  "They really look like shorts.  So much so that I think the Panty Police will pull you over just as much as ever.  Have you thought about that?"

"Yes, I have," Donna said.  "When they stop me, I'll just take a breath and spread 'em.  I won't like it, because my pussy and asshole will be totally on display, but at least I won't get any more tickets."

"I don't know about that," Crysta said.  "Once the Panty Patrol pulls you over, they don't like to be embarrassed.  They usually find some violation.  Demonstrate what you plan to do when you get stopped by the Panty Patrol."  Donna spread her legs apart, while Crysta circled her.  "Your asshole is totally visible, and very cute, by the way, but they usually let that slide.  I think they would get you on a pussy violation.  The mini-shorts only cover the top half of your pussy."  Donna crossed her legs again as Crysta continued.  "I think your best bet is to relax a bit, and let the Panty Patrol see the mini-shorts aren't actually shorts.  Then they won't pull you over in the first place."

"I see," said Donna.  "I can keep my legs crossed most of the time, but I should relax from time to time, and let people see my pussy.  Since I never know who the inspectors are until they pull me over, I just have to make sure everyone gets a glimpse of my pussy, just in case."  Donna frowned as she thought about having to flash to ward off the Panty Patrol.

"And your beautiful asshole, too," Crysta added.

"I suppose I can do a little flashing, and just make it look like an accident."

"That's the spirit!  Do you want to take 'em for a spin?"

Donna brightened.  "Yeah, let's go."

She started to walk out the door, when Crysta stopped her.  "You should put on a shirt.  The idea of this outing is to appear fully dressed, even though you're essentially bottomless."

"Oh, OK," Donna said as she grabbed a short shirt, which barely covered up her nipples, leaving the bottom half of each breast exposed.  "And you should put on a longer dress."

Crysta hung up her camisole, and pulled a slightly longer dress off a hanger, and put it on.

"That's better," said Crysta, still practically bottomless, and apparently having a positive reaction to Donna's outfit.  "You look terrific!"

"You don't look so bad yourself," Donna replied.

The girls walked to the dining hall, each with her arm around the waist of the other.  Donna walked as much like a supermodel as she dared, trying to attract as little attention as possible.  Both girls checked passers-by for signs they saw something shocking.  "I think I'm getting away with it," Donna said..

They went in, got their food and sat down side-by-side.  Crysta enjoyed the familiar feel of her naked pussy press against the cold seat.  She relaxed her legs, letting them part slightly, and exhorted Donna to do the same, patting her on the leg.  "Relax, darling," she said.  "Remember, if there are any Patrollers here, you want them to be able to see you're not wearing shorts."

"I suppose so."  Donna didn't say it with much conviction, but she did manage to relax her legs a bit.

"That's better," said Crysta.  After an awkward pause, Crysta added, "Did I tell you how terrific you look in those mini-shorts?"

Both girls laughed.

Donna just adored her mini-shorts.  For the next week, Donna wore them every day, flashing just enough to ward off the Panty Patrol, but not so much she felt too awkward.  Every now and then, she caught that look of surprise as a stranger would suddenly catch sight of her pussy, and she secretly enjoyed that.  It excited her when this happened, visibly expanding her pussy, and making it all the more a dazzling sight when the next stranger caught sight of it.

Somehow, she avoided being Inspected that week.  Maybe Crysta was right, that the flashing did the trick.  Or maybe she was just lucky.  Alas, the day of Donna's hearing loomed large at the end of that week.

## Shorts Part 4: Donna Goes Naked

"I'm going to wear something really cute this morning," Donna announced on Tuesday morning to her sleepy roommate, "because after lunch I've gotta come back here and get naked.  And I'm not looking forward to that."  She flipped through her various outfits, and stopped when she came to her black backless minidress.  It was a nice choice.  It covered her very modestly in front, covering all the way down to the tops of her thighs.  The back of the dress was just an "X" of thin straps over her back, leaving her tight ass completely bare.  She had never worn it, because, although she'd had the courage to buy it, she had never mustered the courage to wear it in public.  But today, she resolved to wear it.  She put it on to show Crysta.

"That is cute," Crysta agreed, admiring Donna's cute ass.  *Such beautifully rounded cheeks,* she thought.  "But it'll be that much harder for you to take it off after lunch.  Maybe you should just bite the bullet now, and just spend the day naked."

"The whole day?" Donna was aghast.  "I have a hard enough time wearing this old thing."  She lifted the front of her dress for emphasis, not even realizing that she flashed her pussy.

"Well, yeah," Crysta said, as she admired Donna's smooth pussy.  She had shaved completely in preparation for this evening's court appearance.  "You've gotta do it sometime, and it might as well be now."  She saw the fear in Donna's eyes.  "It's like pulling off a band-aid," she said.  "It's easier to do it all at once."  But Donna wasn't buying it.

"Can you be naked with me?" Donna asked.

Shocked at the request, Crysta didn't know how to respond.  The fact is, she was shy about showing her large breasts in public, but she didn't want Donna to know that.  "Um, no, I'm sorry, Donna."  She had to think of a reason, and quick!  "It's the dress code, you see.  *You're* allowed to be naked on your court day, but *I* have to follow the dress code."

Donna frowned, and then brightened again.  "I know," she said.  "You could wear your glove dress".

Crysta hadn't thought about her glove dress in quite a while.  It was a clever get-up.  It was about the least a girl could wear, and still not violate the dress code.  It consisted of a pair of red gloves, the kind that go all the way up the arms, with about a foot of fabric between them.  To "wear" the glove dress, a girl puts on the gloves, and holds her hands down by her sides.  The fabric stretches over the girl's front, covering from her breasts to her pussy, but leaving her backside fully exposed.  As long as the girl doesn't use her hands, she can remain covered up, but in practice, she just can't stay covered up for long.  Crysta actually liked the glove dress, because when she was obliged to use her hands, it was never "her fault" exactly, that she was flashing, so there was always an implied apology for having to flash.  And, for another thing, she wasn't very shy about showing her pussy, even when she was obviously excited.  But she hated to show her breasts in public.  The glove dress allowed her to do just about everything with her elbows at her sides, allowing her to keep her breasts fully covered, at least most of the time.  "OK," she said at last.  "I'll wear my glove dress"

Donna jumped up and down with delight, and then stopped jumping when she realized she had just agreed to go naked the whole day.  *Oh well,* she thought, *Crysta's right.  I might as well get it over with.*  The image of peeling off a band-aid occurred to her as she stepped out of her backless dress.  She felt more naked than ever, now that her pussy was shaved.

Crysta stood in front of the mirror to put on her gloves, and Donna stood behind her, massaging Crysta's pussy, which got slippery in no time.  Crysta's reaction spawned a certain arousal between Donna's legs as well.  That arousal turned into a full on pussy explosion when Crysta turned around and started making little circles around Donna's nipples with her gloved hands.  Donna almost came when Crysta pulled her close, and placed her glove dress over Donna's head, hugged her close, their four breasts pressed together while Crysta gently rubbed Donna's naked ass.  Crysta sensed that Donna was about to cum, but she didn't want that to happen.  Instead, Crysta wanted to leave Donna on the edge of cumming for as long as possible.  It was fun to tease her.

"Why did you do this to me?" Donna said, pouting as if her feelings were hurt.  She was referring to her pussy, which was fully engorged, open, and wet.

"Why did *I do it to you?*" Crysta mocked, incredulous.  She lifted her glove dress to show Donna she was just as excited.

*Oh, that's just fine for you,* Donna thought to herself.  *But you can cover your big red pussy while I have to leave mine out in the open for everyone to see.*  But she didn't let Crysta see how she felt.  After all, it's not Crysta's fault Donna was naked, and Crysta was doing her best to be nearly as naked as Donna.  Donna was thankful for the moral support.

The girls went down the stairs, and Crysta raised her hands to open the door.  On the other side was a cute boy who lived on the second floor, so Crysta quickly put her hands down to cover herself.  The boy smiled at the naked girls, and started up the stairs.  As he approached the first landing, he looked back at the girls, catching their gorgeous round asses as they disappeared through the door.

Their first stop was the dining hall.  No good day, not even a naked day, could start without a good breakfast.  Crysta took a tray end held it with her gloved hands without giving a second thought to her naked pussy, but Donna was still very self-conscious about hers, swollen as it was.  Every time someone noticed how naked she was, she got a little more excited.  She felt like she was going to cum, which would be horribly embarrassing, so she tried to think non-sexy thoughts.  Somehow, Donna managed to get her breakfast and sit down.  She almost heard the hiss as she rested her sizzling pussy on the cold bench seat.  She brought her legs together as much as she could, but somehow, as much as she craved modesty, she couldn't bring herself to close her legs completely.  Crysta sat next to her, and started eating her breakfast.  Donna was happy to see Crysta was just about naked when she reached forward to begin eating, and she thanked her for it by gently rubbing Crysta's belly.  She enjoyed the *Mmmm* noises Crysta was giving off as she enjoyed her belly-rub.  After a minute, Donna realized she was getting close to cumming herself, so she stopped for fear someone would see her cum.  She focussed on her own breakfast, while Crysta returned the favor, rubbing Donna's inner thighs.  Donna told Crysta to stop, that she would cum, but Crysta didn't think Donna was that close to cumming.  Rather than risk cumming in public, Donna stood up, and tried to run away, but Crysta was too fast for her.  She held one of Donna's legs, and continued rubbing her inner thighs, cooing softly to Donna as she did so.  The commotion attracted unwanted attention, as far as Donna was concerned.  All eyes turned in the girls' direction as Donna stood with her legs apart, one in Crysta's grasp, and Crysta continued to rub Donna's inner thighs.  Donna realized it was pointless to resist, so she stood still and waited for her orgasm to begin -- she was that close to the brink.  Just as she was about to have a very public orgasm, Crysta looked at her watch, and said "Oh, look at the time.  We don't want to be late for class."  She patted Donna on one ass cheek, allowing her fingertips to touch Donna's cute little asshole, and walked toward the door.

Donna said "Wait!" and ran after her.  Crysta waved at the crowd of people who had stopped what they were doing to watch the girls -- without turning around to face them, she raised her hands, wiggled her naked hips, and did a little undulating dance, waving her hands high over her head.  To a person, the crowd wished they could see her naked breasts, but that honor went to a cute girl who turned beet red as she happened to enter the dining hall just as Crysta was waving goodbye.

## Shorts Part 5: The Girls Make a Deal

As Donna caught up to Crysta, she put her hands down, and swatted Donna's naked bottom.  "Hurry up, or we'll be late!", she said.

Donna did a little jig, and then started walking side-by-side with her roommate.  "Promise me you won't make me cum in public," Donna pleaded.  "It's worse than being naked -- much worse.  I hate it when people can look at me and see I'm excited, and the worst thing is that it makes me more excited when that happens.  I was really afraid I would cum."

Crysta thought it over, and said, "I'll make a deal with you.  I promise I won't make you cum in public, as long as you promise not to resist me any more when I try to touch you."

Donna said, "That's not fair.  You'll make me excited, and my pussy will swell up and people will see how wet it is.  I can't tell you how embarrassed I get when people see my wet pussy."

Crysta said, "Let's sit down, and you think it over, Donna."  The girls climbed the steps of the auditorium, and sat next to each other.  Crysta began massaging Donna's naked breasts, worked her hands down Donna's flat belly, and started massaging her pubic mound.

"Stop, please, stop," whispered Donna.  "I'm going to cum!" she said.  Donna couldn't stand it any more, and stood up to try to run away from Crysta, but just then the professor came into the room.

"Ahh," said the professor, seeing Donna in full excitement.  "It's nice to have a nudist in class.  Thank you for showing us your true self!"  Donna murmured something, and then sat down, whereupon Crysta renewed her ministrations.

"OK, you win," Donna whispered at last.  "I won't resist, but please, please, don't make me cum in public."

"That wasn't so hard, was it," Crysta said, as she gently pried Donna's legs apart.  "Remember, you said you wouldn't resist," Crysta reminded her.  Donna allowed her legs to be moved apart, and closed her eyes as Crysta gave her naked friend an all-over body rub, right in the middle of an auditorium full of students.  Crysta positioned Donna so the soles of her feet touching, and her knees completely bent flat on the seat.  In this position, Donna's pussy was in full bloom, which embarrassed Donna to no end -- but at least she trusted Crysta not to make her cum.  Needless to say, more students were watching the girls than the professor.

Crysta stayed true to her word.  Donna came extremely close to cumming more than once, but the class came to an end before Donna came.  When the class ended, Donna opened her eyes, and looked at Crysta's pussy to see it just as engorged and wet as her own.  And Crysta's legs were completely open, lying flat on the chair, with her pussy as fully open as her own.

"Aren't you embarrassed to show your pussy like that, so excited, in public?" Donna asked her roommate.

"Not really," Crysta lied.  She was really totally mortified to show her pussy that way, and that's why she did it.  Feeling that public shame excited her, and letting people see her pussy so excited made her more ashamed.  It was a lovely cycle, but to admit it, even to her best friend, would somehow put the kibosh on her fun.  "I'll just cover up if I need to."  With that, Crysta put her glove dress down, and walked her bare ass out of the classroom, while Donna, alas, had no way to cover her swollen pussy.

As the girls walked to their lunch table on the patio outside the dining hall, Crysta admired Donna's posture.  Even though she was naked, she stood erect, with her shoulders back, and her beautiful brown hair flowing down her back.  Her medium sized breasts were very firm, and her hard nipples pouted defiantly.  The girls came to a table with no chairs around it.  Apparently, there was a chair shortage, and other diners had taken them.  "Have a seat, Donna", Crysta said.  Donna looked around for a chair.  "You agreed not to resist," Crysta reminded her.  It dawned on Donna that Crysta wanted her to sit *on* the table, so she did, covering her lap with her lunch tray for modesty, and maintaining that excellent posture that Crysta so admired.  "Now, spread your legs apart like a good girl."  Donna looked around, anxious that something sexual would be starting soon that would attract a crowd.  "NOW!" Crysta commanded.  Donna instantly parted her legs, hoping to avoid an escalating scene.  "Now, lie back on the table, and close your eyes."  Donna did so, thankful that her lunch tray was covering her fairly well.  That thanks was short lived.  Crysta removed Donna's lunch tray, and put it under the table.  "Keep your eyes closed," she said as she climbed on the table, positioning her own pussy right over Donna's mouth.  "Now open your eyes, and start licking!"

Donna opened her eyes to see Crysta's pussy hovering inches above her mouth.  She grabbed Crysta by the hips, and pulled her head up to feast on Crysta's underside.  She flattened her tongue to lavish great wide strokes of love to Crysta's pussy, and to her asshole.  Then she curled up her tongue into a merciless probe, which she plunged alternately into both entrances.  Donna was so good at this, she had Crysta in a state of multiple orgasm within two minutes.  *Apparently, Crysta doesn't mind cumming in public,* Donna thought, as she began noticing a tongue on her own pussy.  *Mmmm, that feels good,* Donna thought, and then she realized it felt a little too good.  "Stop it, you promised!  Oh, oh, oh"  Words were failing her.  She was about to cum.

Just as Donna was on the brink, again, of orgasm, Crysta stopped, and said "I'll stop now if you agree to kneel on the table on all fours and let me feed your lunch to you."

"Anything, Crysta, just don't make me cum in public."

"OK, let's see what you have for lunch," Crysta said as she pulled Donna's tray up from under the table.  Donna, meanwhile, was assuming the  position on the table.  She knew Crysta well enough to spread her legs apart without being asked.  "Some milk?" she asked, and then positioned the milk under Donna's mouth to let her drink.  As Donna drank the milk, Crysta massaged her hanging breasts, and then rubbed her inner thighs while she licked her asshole.  Then Crysta looked to see what else Donna had for lunch.  "A banana," she said brightly.  She carefully peeled it, then pushed the soft yellow fruit into Donna's pussy.  "Relax," she said.  "I'll let you eat this later, but you'll need to hold it here for a minute while I find something else for you to eat.  Oh, here it is.  A carrot."  Donna guessed where it was going.  Sure enough, she guessed correctly.  "Which one would you like to eat first?" Crysta asked.

"You can choose," Donna said.

"Hmm, it's so hard," Crysta said, as she pulled the carrot in and out of Donna's asshole.  Then she pulled and pushed the banana with one hand while rubbing her clit with the other.  Crysta could see Donna was about to cum, so she stopped rubbing her clit.  She took the banana out of Donna's pussy, and put it in her own.  Then she stood next to Donna and said, "You can eat the banana now."  Donna had to bend down to reach the banana, which raised her ass high into the air.  People laughed at Donna when they saw the carrot stuck in her ass.  As Crysta squeezed the banana out of her pussy, Donna ate it, and then she licked her plate clean.

"Can I eat my carrot, now?" Donna pleaded.

"Not yet, Donna" Crysta replied.  "Why don't you save it for after your next class?"  Crysta looked at her watch.  The girls were already late.

"But I can't sit down with this carrot stuck up my ass!", Donna complained as the girls hurried to their class.

"Then stand.  I'm sure the professor will understand."  The girls reached their seats, and Crysta sat down, but Donna remained standing, with the end of the carrot poking out of her butt hole.  Donna stroked her inner thigh, and prompted her to spread her legs apart as the professor entered the class.

"I love what you're wearing, Donna," said the professor as he walked into the room.  "You can take your seat now."

"I would prefer to stand, if it's all the same to you," Donna said.  The class snickered, and Donna blushed.

Before the professor could think of a snappy reply, Crysta took pity on her little slave, and pulled the carrot out, and handed it to her.  "You can sit down, now."

Donna was so thankful, she hugged her friend, and then sat on her lap for warmth and companionship.  Crysta sat with her legs together, and Donna sat on her lap, her legs straddling those of her roommate.  Crysta's hands were pinned by her glove dress, so she took off one glove to massage Donna's breasts and belly.  Then, she inserted one finger, then another between Donna's slippery lips.  Donna relaxed, and leaned her head back, resting it on Crysta's shoulder.  Crysta pulled off the other glove, and left the glove dress on the floor.  By this time, Donna had been so close to orgasm so many times, she just wanted it to be over with.  She was prepared to have a public orgasm.  She got up, and turned around to face her roommate, and was pleasantly surprised to see she was just as naked as herself.  She wrapped her arms around Crysta, and kissed her passionately, pressing her heaving chest into her friend's.  Crysta, meanwhile, was rubbing Donna from her clit all the way to her asshole, and back again.   The girls' lovemaking started to get out of control, interrupting the class.  Just as Crysta came for the second (or was it third?) time that day, the professor asked the girls if they would please try to be a little quieter.

Donna went back to her own seat, and waited patiently for the class to be over.  She sat with her legs spread wide apart, in an effort to cool off.  *One more class, and then the trial*, she thought, with a mixture of anticipation and dread.  Finally, the class was over.

As the girls walked to their last class, they were approached by a Panty Policeman.  "Hi, girls," he said.

"Uh oh," Donna said, under her breath.

"Don't worry, we're fine," Crysta said.

The cop said, "I wonder if you girls wouldn't mind assuming the position for me, while I listen to your explanation for being naked in public."  He looked at Donna.

Donna reluctantly spread her legs apart, showing her swollen pussy, which was still very wet from almost cumming several times.  She waited for the cop's eyes to rise to meet her own.  "I'm going to a Panty Trial this evening," she explained.  She handed her summons to the cop.

After examining it closely, he returned it to Donna, and said, "This all seems to be in order.  Thank you."  Then, as Donna continued to stand with her legs apart, the cop turned his attention to Crysta.  "That's a lovely dress you're almost wearing," he said.

"Listen," she said, "we'll be late for class if you don't let us go."  She tried to stay as modest as possible, hiding her pussy and her breasts behind the tiny cloth stretched between her red gloves.

The cop walked behind her, and admired her ass, and then continued circling her.  He bent down to look under Crysta's glove cloth, and shook his head.  "Will you please raise your arms up, and keep your legs apart?"  Crysta looked at Donna.  *This is starting to look bad.*  She slowly raised her arms, feeling very vulnerable when her breasts were uncovered.

The cop shook his head.  "It doesn't meet Code," he said.  "But you are beautiful," he allowed. "I'll tell you what:  I'll let you keep your dress if you let me fuck you right here, right now."

Donna gasped, but Crysta remained composed.  "And no summons?"

"Of course, no summons."  He was already pitching a tent in his pants as Crysta thought it over.

"Crysta, no!" Donna said.  But it was too late.  The cop had already dropped his pants, and approached Crysta.  Crysta's arms were still in the air, and her pussy was wet.  According to the College Code of Conduct, the "CCC", as it was called, sexual excitement implies consent, so technically, she could not refuse him even if she wanted to.  The cop entered her in no time, and lifted her up in his arms.  He pushed his dick into her half a dozen times, each stroke harder than the last.  After the last stroke, he squeezed Crysta so tight that Donna thought she would break!  Finally, he exhaled, and eased Crysta back to earth.  The fucking had happened in such a short time, Crysta's arms were still in the air.

"You can put your arms down, now," the cop said as he pulled up his pants.  "Thanks, honey," he said as he walked away.

"Thank you," Crysta said.  'Thank you' wasn't quite right, but she didn't know what else to say.

The girls stopped in the ladies' room so Crysta could wipe the cum off her legs before going into the classroom.  Once they sat down, Donna noticed Crysta was crying.  "You'll be OK," she said.  "It just comes with the territory, sweetie.  Sometimes you have to use your feminine wiles to wiggle out of things."  She wiped a tear from Crysta's cheek, and then kissed it.  Crysta kissed her back, and soon the girls were kissing passionately.

"Hmm-hmm!" It was the professor, clearing his throat.

"Sorry," said Donna.   She had become quite used to being naked, so she didn't even notice that her legs were spread apart.  But the professor noticed.  Apparently, kissing Crysta had brought some moisture to her lips -- the ones between her legs, that is.  Crysta felt bad that Donna's pussy was so exposed, so she covered it with her hand, and noticed the moisture, too.  She glided her hand back and forth over Donna's slippery skin, as the professor returned to his topic, and resumed droning on about it.

Once again, just as Donna was about to cum, Crysta stopped rubbing, and left her -- legs spread wide apart, and leaning back in her chair -- unfulfilled.  And her timing was perfect.  The class ended just then, and everyone filed out past the girls, stopping to admire Donna's swollen pussy as they walked by.

## Shorts Part 6: The Trial Begins

"Well, this is it," Crysta said.  "What we've been waiting for all day!"  With that, the girls got up from their seats at their last class of the day, and walked across a grassy lawn to the courtroom for Donna's indecency hearing.  When they arrived, the courtroom was packed.  They  walked together past the spectators toward the only seats left in the courtroom, near the front.  Donna was naked, and Crysta was almost naked, covering only her front with her "glove dress".  The spectators delighted in the girls' naked asses -- their first look at this evening's entertainment.  Apparently, they were just in time, because theirs was the first case.

"All rise," said the bailiff, a scantily clad woman.  Along with everyone else, the girls stood up, affording the spectators another glimpse of their feminine beauty.  "The honorable judge Willie," she announced.  At that, the judge, a handsome young man, entered the courtroom, and sat down in the judge's chair.

"Be seated," said the judge.  To the bailiff, he said, "Call the first case."

"The case of Donna, um," began the bailiff.  She seemed confused.  "No last name, your honor."  The judge nodded.  The bailiff continued, "who is charged with violating the Dress Code on the 27th of last month."

"Let me take this opportunity to thank the bailiff and her deputy for attending today's proceeding with just one uniform between them.  It is very kind of you girls to share."  The two girls smiled as the judge turned to Donna.  "Please take your seat at the defense table."  He gestured to a patch of empty floor.

Donna got up from her seat and stood where the judge indicated.  "I don't see a seat here, or a table, for that matter."

"Objection!" shouted a young woman seated at the only table in the courtroom.

"Harriet, this is just a hearing, not a trial.  I don't want you slowing things down by objecting all the time, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," she said.  Harriet was a beautiful woman, very casually dressed, wearing a belly shirt and daisy-dukes, which were shorts cut in such a way that her ass cheeks poked out of the leg holes.  *Very sexy,* Crysta observed to herself.

"Now, I'll let you keep your panties on this time, but any further outbursts, and I'll just have to teach you a lesson."

"But I'm not wearing any --"  But then she stopped, realizing the judge was referring to her shorts as "panties".  "Yes, sir."  Harriet hated this judge, because she often ended up just as naked before him as the poor defendant.

Turning to Donna, the judge said, "Before we begin your hearing, do you have anything to say?"

"Your honor, can I have my friend, Crysta, up here to help me with my defense?"

Crysta stood up.  The spectators clapped and whistled.  The judge thought over the  request, then said "Well, this is highly irregular.  But I'll allow it as long as Harriet agrees."

"Fine, your honor," said Harriet.

Crysta made her way to Donna's side.

The judge smiled at the two girls, and said, "First, we'll select a jury -- 12 people -- from a pool of 12 men and 12 women.  Each side gets 6 peremptory challenges, and an unlimited number of challenges for cause.  Will the first 12 members of the jury pool enter the box, please?"

With that, 12 potential jurors shuffled into the box.  The judge continued, "Harriet, you go first."

"Juror number 3 is excused," she said.

A handsome young man, a weightlifter by the looks of him, stood up, and walked out.  *Darn!* Crysta and Donna thought, together.  A beautiful young girl took his place in the jury box.  She was wearing a minidress that wasn't even long enough to cover her matching panties.

"Your turn," the judge said to the girls.

Crysta walked over to the jury box.  She turned, and said to the judge, "I would like to pole the jury."

The judge laughed, and said, "You can't poll the jury now.  They haven't rendered a verdict yet!"

"No, judge," Crysta said.  "I don't want to *poll* the jury.  I want to *pole* them."

The judge was confused.  Harriet thought about objecting, but didn't want the judge to make her strip.

Crysta explained, "I want the jury to take off their pants, so I can see their poles."

The judge cleared his throat, and said, "Oh, well, um."  He was at a loss for words.  No defendant had ever asked to "pole" the jury before.  He looked at Harriet who shrugged, and then back at Crysta.  Finally, he turned to the jury, and said "very well, the jury will be poled.".

Reluctantly, the men in the jury box started removing their pants and underpants.  They all had hard-ons to some degree.

Crysta reached into the jury box, and began stroking one of the poles.  The juror tried to remain nonchalant.  "Your honor," Crysta began as she continued stroking him, "I don't think it's fair for the women to stay covered up, do you?"

"I agree.  Bailiff, please collect the pants, skirts, and underpants from the jurors.  The jurors may leave their tops on, though."  The girls in the jury box removed their skirts and pants.  The one who was wearing panties took them off as well.  Two of the girls were lucky -- they were wearing long dresses, so their pussies were still covered.  Crysta decided not to press her luck, and allowed those girls to keep their dresses on.  Her thoughts were interrupted when the man she had been stroking came all over himself and Crysta's hand.  He covered his face with his hands from embarrassment.  Crysta wiped her hand on his leg.

"May I approach the jury, your honor?" Crysta asked.

"I'll allow it." said the judge.

Crysta entered the jury box and began touching the jurors.  Each one stiffened as they were touched.  When she was done, every man had a full hard-on, and many of the girls were wet.  She picked a dry girl.  "Number 7 is excused."  She was one of the lucky girls wearing a long dress.  She was replaced by a girl in a tank top and shorts.  Before she sat down, she took of her shorts, and handed them to the bailiff.  Crysta smiled when she noticed that the new number 7 was completely shaven.

Harriet didn't waste any time.  "Number 5," she said.  Another strapping man stepped down.  It was clear that Harriet's plan was to excuse all the men she could, and Crysta's was to excuse all the women.  When each had used six peremptory challenges, the jury consisted of six handsome and horny men and six gorgeous and wet women, all twelve bottomless.

The girls resumed their places, standing at the defense "table" -- just an empty area of floor.  The judge addressed the girls, "The charge against you, Donna, is indecency.  How do you plead?"

"I plead this way," she began. She fell to her knees, and put her hands and arms together as if praying, and looked up at the ceiling.  "Oh, please have mercy on me!"  Then she got up and went over to the jury box, and kissed one of the horny men on the lips.  Then she lowered herself onto his penis, and said, "Go easy on me, pleeease," as she rocked slowly up and down on his shaft.  Just before he came, she pulled herself off him, and went over to one of the girls.  She kissed her on the lips, and when she responded in kind, she rubbed her pussy, and found her quite wet.  The girl came right away, and seemed a bit upset.  Donna said, "shhh, it's OK," and stroked her hair.

"No, Donna," said the judge, "I mean do you plead guilty or not guilty to the charge of indecency?"

"Oh.  Not guilty."  Donna winked at the jury, and went back to her place.

Without waiting for instruction from the judge, Harriet said, "Your honor, I should like to call Bill Clinton to the stand."

A shudder of surprise echoed throughout the courtroom.  But Bill Clinton was nowhere to be seen.  After a stunned second or two the good looking young man who had given Donna the ticket came up to the witness seat.  The bailiff made him raise his hand and swear an oath to tell the truth.  Then he sat down.

"Will you state your name for the record?" Harriet said.

"Bill Clinton," said the man.  A murmur echoed throughout the courtroom, with some laughter.  The man became agitated.  "Can't two people have the same name?" he said indignantly.

Ignoring his outburst, Harriet continued.  "On the 27th of last month, did you observe a young lady dressed in an indecent manner?"

"Yes," Bill said.

"Can you point her out to the court?"  Bill pointed.  "Let the record show the witness identified the defendant."

"Mmm" said the judge.

"Is this the shirt she was wearing at the time?" Harriet held up the short shirt that had been confiscated from Donna during her Inspection.

"Yes," Bill said.

"Judge, I would like to have the defendant wear the shirt, and then visit with the jurors so they can determine whether the shirt is, in fact, indecent."

"I'll allow that," said the judge.

Harriet brought the shirt to Donna, and asked her to put it on.  Donna pulled the shirt over her neck, and let it drape about her neck, resting on her lovely breasts.

"Finish putting the shirt on, dear," said Harriet.  She wanted to show have Donna tuck her breasts into the shirt, and then embarrass her by having her raise her arms so that her breasts flop out of the shirt.

"This is how I wear it," Donna said.  She had rehearsed this part with Crysta.  "It's a necklace, really.  Not a shirt."

Harriet was at a loss.  She hadn't planned for the demonstration to go this way.  "Then go and show the jury," she said.  What else could she say?

Donna pranced over to the jury box, and leaned forward so each juror could judge for him or herself whether the shirt was indecent.  Some of the jurors touched her breasts, to which Donna giggled and shook them.  Others touched Donna's pussy, which was already very wet from the excitement of the trial.  Just about all of them rubbed Donna's flat belly and tight buns.  When one of the men rubbed her upper thigh, she spread her legs apart, and slowly sat on his legs, facing him.  He guided his dick into her pussy.  She murmured "Mmmm" as she pressed her breasts into his, and rocked back and forth.  When he fingered her asshole, she came, but she kept it to herself because she sensed he was about to come, too, and she didn't want that to happen.  She wanted him to stay horny.  So she gave him one last kiss, and got up.

Harriet was pissed.  That didn't go at all they way she had planned it.  "The prosecution rests."  She was thankful for her shorts, because without them, everyone would see her wet pussy and know that Donna's performance had excited her.

"Very well," said the judge.  "Defense?"

Crysta smiled, because she had a plan -- not only to get Donna acquitted, but also to humiliate the prosecutor at the same time.

## Shorts Part 7: The Defense

Crysta straightened herself up, and said, "I call Donna."

"Call Donna," echoed the bailiff.

Donna's heart beat fast as she made her way to the witness stand.  She was keenly aware of her nudity, and acutely uncomfortable as she turned her naked pussy to the spectators to take the oath.  But she was relieved to sit down in the witness chair.  She was thankful for the partial privacy of the railing in front of the chair as she awaited Crysta's first question.

"Are you familiar with the [Dress Code](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/RichardHertz/www/OfficialDressCode.htm)?"

"Objection!" said Harriet.  Suddenly she thought better of it, as she remembered the judge's threat to take articles of clothing from her.  "Never mind," she said.

"Overruled," said the judge.

She knew from bitter experience that she must take off her top right away.  If she didn't hand it over right away, the judge would humiliate her, and make her expose her pussy, which was the absolute worst thing for her.  During a previous trial, she had been wearing a miniskirt and blouse.  The judge had ordered her to hand over an article of clothing, but she had refused.  So the judge ordered the bailiff to restrain her.  A scuffle ensued, and in the end, the bailiff had managed to handcuff Harriet.  Then the judge ordered Harriet again to remove an article of clothing.  When she refused again, the judge ordered the bailiff to begin lowering Harriet's miniskirt an inch at a time.  After her pussy was fully exposed, she finally agreed to take off her blouse.  But the judge didn't allow her to pull up her miniskirt for the whole rest of the trial.  Harriet remembered this as being worse than naked -- all she could think about was her naked pussy, and how wet it was getting from being exposed like that.  She just wanted to get the trial over with so she could pull her miniskirt up again.  So this time, without being asked, Harriet quickly removed her top, and handed it to the bailiff.

"Yes, I'm familiar with it," Donna said, remembering Crysta's question about the dress code, as the eyes of the courtroom turned from the topless prosecutor to the naked defendant.

"I happen to have a copy of it with me." Crysta handed Donna a booklet, and exchanged nods with the judge.

"The booklet will be entered into evidence," he said.

"Could you read me the definition of 'panties'?"

Panties are form fitting clothes with an elastic band that goes around the body (waistband) and a strap that goes between the legs, covering the opening of the vagina and the anus.  Panties are either "bikini" style or "thong" style.  Bikini panties must be very brief or else they are called "shorts".  They are defined as those that do not cover higher than an inch or two above the top of the vulva nor more than half of a girl's butt crack.

"Sure," said Donna, leafing through the booklet.  Harriet had no idea where this was going, but she was scared to object, so she held her tongue.  "Panties are form fitting clothes with a waistband that goes around the body and a strap that goes between the legs, covering the opening of the vagina and the anus."

"Thank you," said Crysta.  "Panties can be either bikini style or thong style, right?"  Donna nodded.  "Will you please read the definition of bikini panties?"

"They are defined as those that do not cover higher than an inch or two above the top of the vulva nor more than half of a girl's butt crack."

"Thank you," said Crysta.  "Now, would you please think back to the 27th of last month, and tell me if your shorts would have met that definition of panties?"

Harriet jumped to her feet, her breasts jiggling, but she did not object.  If she weren't afraid of losing her skirt, she would have complained that this question assumed facts not in evidence.  And she would have been quite right to do so.  She sat down, quietly lamenting the way this judge stacked the cards in favor of the defense.

"Yes, now that I think of it, I think they were small enough that they would have qualified as panties.  The front of my shorts just barely covered my pussy, and the back came only half way up my ass, showing a lot of ass cleavage."  The spectators tittered at that description.

"Thank you, Donna.  Now, could you please read section 3.1?"

"OK," said Donna as she flipped ahead in the booklet.  "Oh yes," she said as if she hadn't rehearsed this testimony, "this is the panty exception.  It says panties are, in effect, small shorts, so panties can be worn as a 'bottom' in place of shorts, but a girl wearing panties as a bottom may not wear a shirt--"

"Let me stop you there," interrupted Crysta.  She turned to face the jury.  "So if you are wearing shorts so tiny that they qualify as panties, then you may not wear a shirt, is that right?"

Harriet stood up again, ready to object.  Crysta stopped, and stared at her shorts.  They barely covered her pubic bone.  Everyone stared at Harriet's shorts as Crysta slowly circled the prosecutor.  Her rear showed a lot of cleavage.  It slowly dawned on everyone that Harriet's shorts would qualify as panties under the definition in the Dress Code.

"Donna, were your shorts as short as Harriet's?"  Harriet, still standing, gasped at the question.

"Yes, as a matter of fact, they were."

"Your honor," Crysta said, "with your permission, I would like to try the prosecutor's shorts on the defendant, so the jury can see how she was dressed at the alleged infraction.."

"That request seems reasonable to me.  Any objection, Harriet?"

Harriet was agitated by this latest development.  If she objected, she would be overruled and lose her shorts, but if she agreed, she would lose her shorts anyway.  Her breasts rose and fell with each heavy breath, and her nipples were hard with anticipation.  She felt her pussy getting wetter, knowing she would soon expose it to the world.  Finally, she realized there was no alternative, so turned her ass to the judge, and bent at the waist as she lowered her shorts, mooning the judge.  When she was naked, she turned to face the judge, her arousal quite obvious.  "Can I have them back before you send the jury out to deliberate the verdict?" she asked in a last-ditch effort to salvage some of her dignity.

"I'll take that under advisement," said the judge.  "Until then, the shorts will be entered into evidence, with all parties stipulating they are similar to those worn by the defendant on the day in question."

The bottomless bailiff took the shorts, and handed them to Crysta.  Crysta brought them to the witness box, and handed them to Donna, who eagerly donned them.  They fit her tight round ass perfectly.  Crysta asked Donna again, "Since you are wearing shorts so tiny that they qualify as panties, the Dress Code requires that you may not wear a shirt, is that right?"

"That's the way I understand it, yes." Donna replied.

"The defense rests," said Crysta.

Harriet rose to her feet, and resisted the temptation to cover her nudity as everyone looked at her.  "I would like to redirect," she said, her pussy watering from the attention it was receiving.  The judge nodded.  "Donna," she began, as she approached the witness, "you testified that you understood the code to prohibit the wearing of shirts with panties, is that right?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Yet you wore a shirt that day, didn't you?"

"You mean this thing?" Donna lifted the shirt that was draped around her neck, resting on the upper slope of her firm breasts.

Harriet nodded.

"Oh, no," Donna replied.  "I didn't wear a shirt that day.  This is a necklace."

Harriet just stood there, and gaped, unaware that her legs were apart, and not caring that the spectators were getting a rear view of her pussy and asshole.  She shook her head, and went back to her seat, her high-heel shoes clicking with each step.  She hadn't seen any of this coming.  She flopped into her seat, still wondering how she had been so thoroughly defeated.  *A necklace, indeed!*

The judge looked at Crysta, who repeated, "The defense rests."

The judge heaved a sigh of relief.  "We will have a short recess, after which we'll hear closing arguments.  Both sides approach the bench, please."  With that, he banged his gavel, and people started milling about the courtroom.  Crysta and Harriet came up to see the judge.

"Girls," he said, "I don't like long closing arguments, so I'm going to invoke rule 15."

"Oh, no, please judge," said Harriet.

"What's rule 15?" asked Crysta, innocently.

Harriet explained, "They tie you up, and the bailiff puts K-Y jelly on your asshole, and rubs your pussy to get it good and wet."

The judge interrupted, "Then we invite selected people to fuck you while you give your closing arguments."

"They can fuck you in the ass or the pussy," Harriet added.

The judge continued, "and when you cum, then your closing statement is over -- no more talking."  He looked at the girls, and added, "OK?"

Both girls nodded.

Apparently, Harriet was used to this treatment, but Crysta was horrified.  The bottomless bailiff took Crysta by the hand, and the topless one took Harriet.  They positioned the girls facing each other, directly between the judge and the jury.  Each girl was ordered to put her arms around the other, and Harriet was handcuffed.  Crysta didn't need to be handcuffed, because her gloves held her hands together.  Their pussies were already wet, but just to make sure, the girls were ordered to kiss each other while the bailiffs spread the girls' feet apart, and greased up their assholes.  Once she recovered from the shock, Crysta considered her strategy under rule 15.  She hoped to cum while the bailiff was greasing her up, because it would take her longer to cum a second time.  That would give her more time to give her closing argument while she was being fucked.  She shuddered at the prospect.

The jury filed back into their box, and were delighted to see the two girls still kissing.  The judge banged his gavel.  "Harriet, are you ready to close?"

Just as Crysta came, Harriet released her lips from Crysta's, and said "Yes, your honor."  She turned to face the jury, dragging Crysta, her pussy still pulsing with orgasm, around with her.

A man, wearing only a shirt, appeared behind Harriet, and wasted no time inserting his dick into her greasy asshole.  He grabbed her around the belly and shoved himself into her as Harriet began her closing statement.

"The defendant," Harriet began, "was seen wearing a shirt that was too small to cover her breasts."

Crysta realized that if she could make Harriet cum sooner, then she would have less time to make her closing statement, so she licked Harriet's breasts as the man pumped her from behind.

"She will claim," Harriet continued, "that her shorts were really panties, and that --"  Harriet lost her train of thought when Crysta began sucking her clitoris.   A few more pumps and the man came, while Crysta kept licking Harriet's pussy.  Another man came up behind Harriet, and asked her to bend all the way over.  So Harriet bent over, and held onto Crysta's ass for support, and tried to continue her closing statement, addressing the jury from between Crysta's legs.  The man entered Harriet's pussy from behind, while Crysta massaged Harriet's back and buttocks.

"As I was saying," Harriet continued, oblivious to the comedy of the situation, "she will claim that her panties were short and --" Crysta had somehow moved her hands around to Harriet's front, and began massaging her clit while the man grabbed Harriet by the waist and pushed himself into her hard.  As hard as she tried not to cum, Harriet came.  She let out a scream as she and the man both came, and then she relaxed as the man pulled out and went back to his seat.

"Thank you, Harriet," said the judge, quite satisfied by the way rule 15 had cut Harriet's normally long-winded closing short.  "Now, the defense may make a closing statement."

Crysta turned to face the jury.  She was no longer wearing her gloves, and Harriet was too tired to try to make Crysta cum again.  But there was no shortage of men eager to fuck the naked girl.  Crysta spread her legs apart as the first man approached her, offering him a choice of openings.  He chose the  back door as Crysta began her statement, "Ladies and gentlemen of the JURY, the defendant was WEARING panties as outerwear, and according to the dress code, she was not permitted to wear a shirt."  Crysta's voice got louder each time the man pumped.  He pumped a few more times, then sighed, and collapsed onto Crysta as he came.  The boys in the jury box were at full attention, and the girls were all wet from excitement as Crysta continued, undaunted.  "So instead, she wore the necklace you see here."  Crysta gestured to Donna as the next man positioned himself to enter Crysta.  "I URGE you to find the defendANT not guilty."  With that, Crysta was done.  But she let the man pick her up and enter her from the front.  She wrapped her arms and legs around him, spreading her pussy and asshole wide.  He held her, supporting her ass, and pushed a couple fingers into her asshole as he bounced her up and down.  She let his dick slide in and out of her slippery pussy.   Her nipples were hard as they rubbed against his firm chest.  "Oh!" she screamed as they came together.  He stopped bouncing, and just hugged her, his fingers still massaging her asshole.  After a moment of snuggling, he set her down, and left.

Donna came over to her, and kissed her tenderly.  "It was a great closing," she said.

The judge banged his gavel.  Crysta found her glove dress, and put it on again, and stood facing the judge.  She kept her legs apart, because her pussy and asshole were still throbbing with excitement, not caring that the spectators could see everything.  Donna stood next to her, with her shoulders back, her tiny shirt draped over her firm breasts.  Donna's nipples were hard from watching Crysta and Harriet getting fucked during their closing statements.  She ran her fingers up and down Crysta's butt crack as she replayed the sex scene in her mind.  Crysta responded by spreading her legs further and fully relaxing her cheeks, and Donna gently caressed her asshole as the judge began speaking.  The girls played this sex game as often as they could -- the game is played when one girl rubs the tender area between the other's legs and cheeks, which must be fully relaxed and opened for full access.  The objective of the game for Donna is to make Crysta cum, and for Crysta to try not to cum while avoiding clenching her cheeks.

"Members of the jury, it is up to you, now, to assess the facts of the case, and determine if Donna violated the Dress Code by wearing a shirt that was too small.  Bailiff, please escort the jurors into their room."  The jurors stood as the two officers began escorting them out of the jury box.  Each one of them was still quite obviously excited.  Within seconds, a note was sent to the judge, asking to see the three items of evidence.  The judge asked Donna to strip, which she did reluctantly, having grown attached to the prosecutor's shorts, then the bailiffs brought the items into the jury room.  A minute later, they sent out another note, asking if Donna would come into the jury room so they could compare her size to that of the clothing.

The bailiffs escorted the naked Donna into the jury room, and remained there to watch over Donna while the jury did their examination.  The foreman, still erect, asked Donna if she wouldn't mind getting on the table on her elbows and knees.  Donna looked around, hoping someone would object to that, but no one did, not even the bailiffs.  So Donna knelt on the table, and lowered herself onto her elbows, ass high in the air.  The foreman asked Donna to close her eyes, so she did, dreading what was to come.  He spread her legs apart, and slathered her ass with K-Y.  One by one, the male jurors banged Donna, some in her ass, others in her pussy.  She lost count of the number of guys who fucked her, but she knew it was more than six, so she knew some of them took seconds.

Finally, when the guys were all done, the girl jurors said it was their turn.  They made Donna lick their pussies and give rim jobs until her tongue was sore.  Again, Donna lost count, but she's sure each juror came at least once.  Finally, they excused her, and she went back to the court room, exhausted.

A short time later, the jurors filed into the courtroom, and told the judge they had reached a verdict.

Donna was sore and tired, but satisfied she had done a good job in the Jury room, so she expected a favorable verdict.  That's why she was stunned when the jury said "Guilty", and horrified when the judge pronounced sentence: she would be required to arrive, fully clothed, to the courtyard outside the dining hall, and allow herself to be tied up beneath the "Code of Conduct" sign, and then she would have to stop passers-by and beg to be stripped.  Once naked, she would have to think sexy thoughts to try to make herself wet, at which time she would have to be fucked by at least three boys and remain naked for two hours, whichever is longer.  As she listened to the details of her punishment, the courtroom faded to black, and disappeared.  She awoke to Crysta slapping her face, and asking if she was alright.  *I must have fainted,* she thought.  She managed to get to her feet, and found that Crysta was hugging her and talking about celebration.  "What are you talking about, Crysta?"

"Your verdict -- not guilty!" said Crysta.

Donna looked around, and found all the spectators cheering.  "I thought, I mean, ..." Donna was really confused.  *Had I?--I must have imagined the guilty verdict as I blacked out.*

"You are free to go, Donna," said the judge.

## Shorts Part 8: Epilog

Donna was so relieved at being found "not guilty" of indecency that she didn't even care that she was naked as she left the courtroom.  She just wanted to go with Crysta to start celebrating.  She was so giddy with joy, she didn't even think of stopping by her room to get some clothes.  She grabbed her roommate and kissed her hard.  Crysta responded, making Donna wet all over again, but she didn't mind.  "Let's go to the pub at the Student Center," she said.

Crysta kissed her one more time, and the girls rubbed their hairless pubic mounds together before exiting the courtroom.  Once outside, Donna was shocked to see a throng of reporters and photographers.  Their flashes blinded her as she approached the landing at the top of the courthouse steps, and they shouted questions at her.  With Crysta at her side, she listened carefully as the photographers continued shooting up at the girls, and got the gist of their questions.  Apparently, her not guilty verdict had cleared up a murky aspect of the Dress Code, and cleared the way for all the girls of the college to go topless in public if they so chose.  It seems this was a major test case of the [Dress Code](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/RichardHertz/www/DressCode.htm).  Donna became the hero of girls all over campus who yearn to let their breasts go free.

"OK, OK!" Donna said, raising her arms to silence the reporters.  "I'll say something now."  Donna looked radiant in her naked beauty.  She smiled and tossed her hair, which made her even more gorgeous.  The reporters got quiet, but the photographers kept clicking away.  Crysta kept her hands down, so her glove dress would cover her, but the photographers kneeling on the steps below the girls could see Crysta's pussy.  Donna saw how tense Crysta was under the glare of the photographers' lights, so she played a little game the girls share, to put her roommate at ease.  She slipped her fingers between Crysta's butt cheeks, and gently rubbed the sensitive areas there.  Crysta smiled, spread her legs apart, and relaxed her cheeks to give Donna full access.  The rules of this game require the recipient of the butt rub to relax and open herself fully.  Any tensing or squeezing together of the butt cheeks or legs forfeits the game.  Donna sensed that Crysta was enjoying the game, and probed Crysta's pussy from behind, finding it quite moist.  Crysta widened her stance further and Donna continued her ministrations as she spoke to the reporters.  "I'm glad my case has opened up the possibilities for girls to go topless, but I want to give Crysta the credit for discovering that loophole in the Dress Code."  With her free hand, she gestured to her friend and roommate, provoking another round of shutter-clicking.

Crysta smiled and remained still, her arms at her sides, her glove dress not quite covering her moist vital parts, viewed from the front.  "Let me say two things," she said.  "First, I must caution the girls who go topless that this loophole in the Dress Code requires them to wear panties as outer-wear, not a skirt or pants.  The Dress Code Inspectors will be out in force to make sure the panties worn by topless girls are small enough to meet the stringent definition of "panties" in the Code.  The most important thing to remember, girls, is that your panties may not cover your tail bone, so be sure the top half of your butt crack is left uncovered."  Crysta gestured as she spoke, forgetting to cover up for the reporters.  "Roll the waistband down, if necessary, or better yet, simply use scissors to remove the waistband of your panties.  Also, the front of your panties may not cover higher than the top of your vulva, and the Dress Code prohibits visible pubic hair, so be sure to shave completely."

Crysta continued, "Second, it is well known that the Dress Code Inspectors have been cracking down on girls who wear shorts, even though shorts are perfectly legal under the Dress Code.  We think it's disgraceful that the inspectors have been singling out girls wearing shorts, and making them strip naked, and stand with their arms up in the air and their legs apart for long periods of time.  It seems as if the inspectors are trying to discourage girls from wearing shorts, which is unfortunate for those girls, like Donna, who really enjoy wearing shorts."

Donna hammed it up, raising her hands to the sides of her face, saying, "So what's a girl to do?"  The girls had rehearsed this speech several times, and they both knew it well.

"I'm glad you asked, Donna, because I've come up with a solution to your problem: a new kind of shorts -- they're like shorts in every way except they lack the little strip of cloth that goes between your legs.  They look like shorts from the front, from the back, from the sides, when you're standing, and when you're sitting, as long as you keep your legs together."

Donna continued playing the straight role.  "If they look so much like shorts, and the inspectors are out to get us shorts-wearers, then how does this help me?"

Crysta replied, "When the inspectors are about, or if you're pulled over wearing these shorts, just spread your legs, and it becomes obvious you're really wearing a miniskirt.  If our theory is right that the inspectors are targeting girls who wear shorts, then they'll just leave you alone."

"But if I have to spread my lets all the time," Donna said, spreading her own legs in demonstration, revealing her glistening girlhood once again, "then doesn't that defeat the purpose of wearing these shorts?  I mean, the reason I wear shorts instead of a miniskirt is to keep my pussy covered."

Crysta countered, "That's the beauty of this new item of clothing, Donna.  Most of the time they really do look like shorts.  Just spread your legs a little; make it look like an accident when you flash.  The inspectors will be looking between your legs but most people won't notice.  You have the benefit of both worlds -- you will appear to be wearing shorts and therefore fully covered, and you will be able to flash 'by accident' to keep the inspectors away."

Donna said, "I'm sold!  What are they called, and where can I buy them?"

Crysta said, "They're called Mini Shorts and the two of us will be modeling them all over campus.  Just find one of us for more information."