## Is My Dress Too Short?

"You go through this torture every morning, Donna." Crysta was exasperated.  Once again, Donna had asked her The Question: Is my dress too short?  Oh, it's not always phrased the same way. Sometimes she asks whether she (and by "she", she means her most intimate of areas) is covered by the back of the dress, and other times she wonders whether the dress rides up too much when she raises her arms, but it always boils down to the same thing.

Donna turned away from the mirror, in which she had been trying to steal glances at her own private parts, and sighed. "I know, Crysta, I know. I want to look beautiful, but I don't want people to see, you know..." She paused, looking for the right word. "I don't want them to see... *me*." She sighed again, and in that instant, Crysta felt deeply sorry for her.

Crysta, not yet dressed herself, wrapped her arms around her roommate to console her. "You *are* beautiful.  I say this to you every morning, and deep down you know it's true."  Crysta caressed the side of her roommate's belly as she hugged her, and smoothed the side of her slinky dress against her hips. When her hand reached the bottom of Donna's dress, she kept smoothing the naked skin of her lower buttocks and thigh.  She felt Donna relax, as she always did when Crysta gave her a soothing lower-back rub.  She traced the smooth line that separated Donna's perfect cheeks and looked up into Donna's eyes. "What are you afraid of?"

"I told you, Crysta." Donna suppressed her impatience. "I'm afraid this dress is too short to wear without panties, and I'm pissed off that the Dress Code won't allow me to wear panties under it." The minidress was a "flirt skirt" style that fit her snugly about the waist, and flared out about her hips in a way that made it extra sexy in a slight breeze or every time she wiggled her lovely hips.

"Well, you know the reason for that, don't you?"

"Yes," Donna replied, no longer suppressing her impatience. "it's to encourage girls to wear longer dresses, I know."  She resisted the temptation to "flinch" as her naked roommate gently ran her fingertips over the tender skin between her asshole and her vagina.

"That's right, and you're falling into their trap, Donna, worrying so much about the length of this dress."  Crysta stepped back from her gorgeous roommate, and flounced the hem of her "flirt skirt" style minidress.  "We girls should fight back against the [Dress Code](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/RichardHertz/www/OfficialDressCode.htm), and not let them dictate how long our dresses should be.  I mean, if they won't let us wear panties, and that makes them think we'll wear longer dresses to cover ourselves up, let's show them it won't work.  Let's show them by wearing even shorter dresses!  In fact, I'm thinking of going completely bottomless today, from the belly button on down.  What do you think of that?"

Donna laughed. "Crysta, you've gone bottomless a few times already, and it doesn't show *them* anything, except your lovely pussy." Donna stroked Crysta's pussy as she spoke.

Crysta brought her legs together to avoid getting any more excited than she already was. "Enough about my pussy. Let's talk about your hemline. You seem to think it's too high, but I want to convince you it's a bit too modest, if anything."

"OK," said Donna, "I really want to be convinced of that, because I'd like to feel more comfortable wearing short dresses like this one." Her blue eyes showed her sincerity. "But how can you convince me of that?"

Crysta moved closer to her roommate, and spoke softly, her lips practically touching Donna's. "Well, by asking you what harm could come to you from wearing the minidress you have on this morning."

"Harm?" Donna asked, her eyes soft and round. Crysta nodded, allowing her naked breasts to jiggle gently against Donna's dress. Donna thought about the question, and replied, "I suppose the harm is that someone might see my pussy."

"So what?" Crysta replied, gently stroking the small of Donna's back beneath her dress, making Donna purr like a kitten, which, in turn, made Crysta quite slippery. She hoped Donna wouldn't notice, and kept stroking.

"I would be embarrassed if someone saw my pussy, that's what."  Donna continued purring as she touched her lips to Christa's.

"I don't think that's it, Donna.  I don't think you're afraid of what they might see; I think you're afraid of what they will think of you."

Donna thought about that as she inhaled Crysta's warm breath. In a flash, she realized Crysta was right. "That's it!" she said. "I don't want people to think badly of me." She paused to think about it some more. "But that's the same thing, isn't it? If they see my pussy, they'll think badly of me, so I have to make sure my dress is long enough."

"That's not what makes people think badly of you. Some people will think you're a slut even if you wear a dress half way down to your knees. Other people will admire your beauty if you wear no clothes at all."

"But that would violate the Dress Code," Donna interrupted.

"Yes, but that's not the point. The point I'm making is that there's no dividing line between decent and slutty -- some people will think one thing, and other people will think the other, no matter how you dress.  You really have no control over what they think, so why bother trying?"

"But if my dress were just an inch longer, it would cover my pussy a lot better."

"Even if your dress were six inches longer, there would be a chance someone might see your pussy. When you get into your car, for example, or if they look up at you when you're on the stairs."

"Or in French Conversation class," Donna said.

Crysta nodded, because she knew the French teacher has the class sit "Indian style" on the floor for a more informal setting.  At first, some of the girls sat on their knees or on their asses with their knees up, but even then some of their pussies could be seen.  Some of the girls tried to hide their pussies by resting their hands casually between their legs, but as they became used to sitting this way, they gradually stopped worrying about it, and just let it all hang out.  Now the girls are so comfortable sitting this way that they look forward to it, so they can rest their hands in each other's laps, and gently stroke their classmates as they enjoy being stroked themselves.  It's become something of a game to try to make your classmates cum while avoiding cumming yourself.  Crysta smiled as she thought about the time Donna teased her mercilessly in class, stopping just short of orgasm over and over.  That was the day Donna forced her to strip naked in class -- that was the price Crysta had to pay for release.  Even then, after Crysta kept her part of the bargain, Donna brought her to orgasm painfully slowly, by massaging her large breasts, rather than her throbbing pussy.

"Oh, sorry," Crysta said. "I was daydreaming."  She was covered her breasts as she recalled the humiliation she felt when she noticed the whole French class looking at them.  She thought her embarrassment over her breasts was a secret, but Donna knew.

Donna smiled. "I would still feel more comfortable if my dress were a bit longer -- that way, whoever tries to look at my pussy will have to work a little harder at it, at least."

Crysta agreed, "and when a boy 'drops' his pencil, and crawls under the desks to look at your pussy, what does that say about the boy?"

"He's a creep!" Donna said.

"Exactly. And he knows he's a creep. So all boys, and girls for that matter, know they should avoid looking up girls' dresses. The sin is on them, not you, when they see your pussy."

"I never thought of it that way," said Donna.

"Well, think about it. When someone catches a glimpse of your pussy, they feel *they've* done something wrong, not *you*, so you don't need to worry about anyone thinking badly of you just because they see your pussy."

Donna paused to think about this. A great weight slowly lifted from her as she realized Crysta was right.  She smiled in a way only Donna can smile -- a broad, pure smile. "OK, you're right. I won't feel bad. Thank you, Crysta!"  Donna kissed her full on the mouth, she was so happy.

Crysta enjoyed the kiss, but pulled away.  She wanted to make sure Donna had absorbed the key points.  "So let's recap," she said. "Your dress doesn't have to cover you up completely, because if someone sees your pussy or your asshole, the sin is on them."

"The sin is on them," Donna repeated, still giddy from her epiphany. "I just have to wear something that *almost* covers me, *almost* all the time, so when they do see me, they feel guilty."

"Now you've got it," Crysta said, admiring the way Donna's dress covered just the top half of her gorgeous rump, leaving the lower half exposed.  Her ass was so firm and round, her cheeks so nicely separated, allowing Crysta to gaze upon Donna's asshole and pussy.  "And your dress covers most of your butt, so anyone who wants to see anything would have to bend down, and that would put the sin on them."  It was a small lie, and Donna bought it.

"My asshole is covered, right?"  Donna asked, tugging the hem of her dress down as far as it would go.

It was *almost* covered, so Donna believed her when she lied again. "Yes, Donna.  You're fully covered.  Don't worry."

"And my pussy?" Donna looked away from the mirror and faced her roommate.

Crysta took a step back, and saw Donna's lovely lips hanging just below the bottom of her dress. "It's covered."  Crysta slowly lifted the front of Donna's dress, revealing all of her pussy.  "By a good inch or two," she added.  *It's for her own good; I want her to feel comfortable, and so she needs to believe she's covered.*

"I'm set then," Donna said. "What are you going to wear today?"  Confident she was covered by a good inch or two, she unconsciously raised her arms to smooth her hair, which raised her dress slightly -- no more than an inch -- but that was enough to completely uncover her front, and what an adorable view it was.

Crysta moistened and parted her legs as she turned to survey her closet.  She desperately wanted to touch Donna's pussy, but was afraid this would reveal her lies.  "Here it is," she said as she picked out a semi-sheer white camisole.  She held it up, still on the hanger, over her front, and waited for Donna to comment.

"I love that one," Donna gushed, as Crysta put it on. Crysta's hard nipples were visible through the camisole, which covered her belly button, but came an inch or two short of her pussy.  She did a pirouette, which allowed Donna to see that the hem came to rest just even with the little triangle at the top of her butt crack.  "What are you wearing as a bottom?" she asked.

"Bottom?" Crysta asked innocently?

Donna laughed. She knew her own dress was long enough to meet the Dress Code, but obviously Crysta's was too short.  "The Dress Code requires you to be at least partially covered."  She caressed Crysta's pink pussy as she spoke, then, noticing how slippery it was, inserted a finger under her hood, and gently rubbed her clit.

"I *am* partially covered," Crysta said, and did another pirouette just to tease Donna.

Donna laughed, "I mean, you know, *you*." Crysta knew exactly what she meant. She thought it was cute that Donna used "you" to mean "your pussy".

"I'm not worried about the Panty Police," Crysta said. "This outfit comes close enough to meeting the Dress Code that I don't think they'll bother me."

"Close enough?" Donna gasped. "I bet it's more than 50% sheer, but even if I'm wrong about that, it barely covers your belly button, much less, *you*.  You might as well be naked!"

"Naked is close enough to meeting the dress code, too, Donna."  Crysta would go naked if she weren't so self-conscious about her large breasts, but she wasn't about to admit that to Donna. "Have you ever known a naked girl to be picked up by the Panty Police?  It just never happens."

"Hmm," Donna said, pondering. *Crysta is right -- the Panty Police never go after the girls who aren't wearing enough clothes, only the ones wearing too many clothes.*  Donna knew this from personal experience -- she was never picked up in a dress, [only in shorts](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/RichardHertz/www/Shorts01-DonnaGetsNabbed.htm). "Now that I think of it, the only girls besides myself that I've seen get stopped and stripped by the Panty Police were wearing rather modest clothing.  They were usually guilty of some violation, but not always."

"But there's no way to tell for sure, if a girl is modestly dressed, until she's stripped naked," Crysta prompted.

Donna smiled, recalling a girl who was dressed properly, but made the mistake of crossing her legs and covering her breasts after she was stripped. She was so cute, standing in the center of the Quad, bending forward desperately crossing and uncrossing her legs in a vain effort to hide her pussy, while she folded her arms in front of her to cover her breasts.  The Panty Policeman let her suffer that way for a long time before he reminded her that covering herself violates the [Code of Conduct](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/RichardHertz/www/CCC.htm).  Apparently she had worked herself into quite a state of excitement, being naked for so long, and having attracted quite a large group of onlookers, because when she finally relaxed and stopped trying to cover herself she was in a state of near orgasm.  Needless to say, the cop kept her dress for evidence.  He ordered her to remain standing in the center of the quad for another half hour.  During that time, two or three boys took the opportunity to fuck her, which is permitted when a girl is "asking for it" by being excited in public.

Donna looked up from her daydream, and smiled at Crysta. She had been touching herself, and was clearly about to cum, prompting Crysta to ask, "What have you been thinking about?"

"Just that you're right again." She nuzzled Crysta, and then kissed her deeply, spreading her legs wide to get closer. Crysta used her palms to caress Donna's wetness. "I was just remembering the girl who was stripped and fucked in the quad last week. Her only crime was wearing a long dress."

"That's what I've been trying to tell you, Donna. A few of us have been going totally bottomless for a while now, and we haven't been picked up -- they only go after the girls who are covered up."

Almost under her breath, Donna said, "I wonder why..." Then, catching herself, she answered her own question with a question. "Do you think the Panty Police are trying to encourage girls to go bottomless?"

That's exactly what Crysta thought, but she didn't dare say it.  Instead, she repeated the party line: "No, Donna, I think they just can't tell whether a girl is violating the Code when she's wearing a lot of clothes. I think they're looking for illegal combinations of clothes or something."

Donna was satisfied with that explanation, and then let her mind drift back to the girl who had been properly dressed, but stripped anyway. Crysta stopped stroking Donna's pussy, and said, "You wanted to go to the bookstore, didn't you?"

Donna couldn't help thinking about how that girl had been humiliated and raped. These thoughts moistened her pussy again.  She knew she couldn't go out this way, or she would be raped herself -- any girl who is visibly excited is considered "asking for it", and with her dress so short, she was afraid some guy might just take her up on it. "Could you finish me, please?" she begged.

Crysta was in the same boat. "As long as you finish me, too." Donna climbed onto Crysta's front, and faced her roommate's soft, warm place.  Crysta grabbed Donna by the back of her thighs and plunged her tongue into her love canal. Donna gently licked the soft skin between Crysta's asshole and vagina, and pushed her tongue between Crysta's firm cheeks. Crysta relaxed, and let Donna inside. The girls came together, quivering gently in their shared ecstasy.

They rested for a minute or two, caressing each other, before getting up and leaving the room. Crysta was still in a dream state, having forgotten to adjust her camisole, which was draped around her neck and resting on her naked breasts, but Donna was more careful -- she adjusted her minidress carefully, and pulled the hem down as far as it would cover, satisfying herself that she was mostly covered, most of the time.