## Clubbing

Donna put her arms on Crysta's shoulders, and looked deeply into Crysta's eyes.

"Oh oh," Crysta said, "I know that look. What do you want?"  Crysta was dressed in her usual way, wearing just a top -- one of her many camisoles.  She had the rare gift of being able to feel modest without wearing any bottom.  Her small pussy was fully covered by her lips, and became almost invisible when she crossed her legs.  A casual observer might think she was wearing some knickers -- a microminimus thong, perhaps.

"It's this dress I'm almost wearing. I--"  Donna began.

Crysta interrupted her, "Donna, it's for your own good. We agreed." Donna was working to overcome her fear of wearing short dresses using a form of "aversion therapy" in which Donna would wear a dress each day that was just a bit shorter than the day before.  Two weeks ago, Donna's hemline rose past the bottom of her cheeks, and that was hard for her.  But last week she got used to showing off her ass, and she found that nothing bad happened.  She didn't really know what to expect -- comments, maybe?  But that didn't happen.  Even though her dresses were getting shorter day by day, she got used to the breezy feeling behind her, and by Friday she had trained herself to stop tugging on her hem, as if tugging on them would make them cover her adorable butt.

Donna was happy to try Crysta's method, because she was able to feel almost comfortable by the end of each day, and the next day's dress would be only a fraction of an inch shorter -- what's a fraction of an inch?

But this would be the Week of the Pussy.  Donna knew it, and she had steeled herself for it.  Today, her dress covered most of her pussy, but by Friday her girlhood would be totally out in the open.  The thought of it made her very excited, and that was part of the problem -- up 'till now, no one could see how excited she was, but today she would have trouble hiding it.  And by Friday, forget it!  All would be revealed.

"I know we agreed, Crysta, but--"

"Buck up!" Crysta interrupted her again. To ease her pain, Crysta kissed her on the lips, and caressed her lovely round butt cheeks.  "Each day your hemline rises no more than a quarter inch. If you make it through one day, you can certainly make it through the next -- what's a quarter inch? Nothing."  Then she dove in for another kiss.

Donna broke free from Crysta's embrace. "It's not what you think. I'm OK with wearing a shorter dress each day. Honest.  Thanks to you, I'm comfortable with a dress that just covers the top half of my ass.  And I'm looking forward to showing my pussy soon, the way you do."

"Well what is it then?"  Crysta took a minute to admire Donna in today's dress. It was a tiny black minidress with a halter top and a low back.  When this dress was new it was very sexy, but not nearly so short.  The low back was designed to show off the top half of Donna's ass, which she was always comfortable doing, because her pussy was never in danger of being seen.  But now, with repeated alterations to make it shorter and shorter, the back of the dress had been reduced to a thin strip of fabric across her butt that didn't really cover her at all.  Crysta turned her attention next to Donna's lovely cunt, which, alas, was almost completely covered by the dress.  She pressed her palm against it. Donna spread her legs in a reflex reaction. It was warm and moist. "Mmmm," Crysta said.

"Mmmm," Donna echoed. "Here's the thing, Crysta." Crysta listened intently. "Oh, don't stop," Donna begged.  When Crysta continued her ministrations, Donna continued, "It's the club." Crysta looked at her blankly, so Donna explained, "I need to dress for the club."

Crysta still didn't get it. "What's wrong with this dress? It fits you perfectly!"  Like Donna, Crysta was looking forward to going to the club that night.

"Don't you remember the doorman?"

"Oh, yes!"  Crysta remembered, finally.  The doorman at the club lets just a few people in at a time. Fire regulations, he says.  He makes the girls line up outside and do a strip tease.  Then he picks just the sexiest ones to let in the club.  The rest of them have to either stand around half naked or go home that way, utterly disappointed and ashamed.

"And do you remember what turns him on?"

Crysta turned white when she remembered. "Boobs," she gulped. She hoped Donna didn't notice her trepidation.  Every girl has a very private part, and for Crysta, it's her boobs.  Most boys, and all the girls, would agree that Crysta's boobs are her best feature.  They're huge and still very firm. Her aureoles and nipples are large, but not too large.  They're just plain gorgeous.  Donna would kill for boobs like Crysta's.

"So you see the problem, right?"

Crysta gulped again as she tried to think how she would get out of baring her breasts for the doorman tonight.  She was so focused on her own problem that she didn't understand Donna's question.

Donna finally noticed that Crysta didn't look so good.  "Crysta, are you OK?"

Crysta quickly regained her composure. "Oh, fine." She cleared her throat. "Fine," she repeated hollowly.

Donna tried again to explain her problem. "When we get to the front of the line, we'll have to take off our tops for the doorman, so this dress isn't good enough."  Crysta still looked blank.  "If I take off my top, that's my whole dress.  I'll be naked."

"Then wear knickers today," Crysta suggested.  "Just one day.  It should be OK."

"No can do," Donna replied.  "First of all, it's against the dress code to wear knickers under a dress this short, and secondly, you got rid of all my knickers, don't you remember?"

Crysta smiled.  That was part of Donna's conditioning.  The girls both knew Donna would be tempted to wear something on her bottom, especially when her ass and pussy started to show, so they had sold all Donna's bottoms to the thrift store.  "OK, this once I'll let you borrow one of my bottoms."

Donna hugged Crysta. "Thank you, thank you!"

"What top are you going to wear?" Crysta helped Donna out of her dress as she perused her closet.  Crysta admired her, catching her from the side, back lit against the window.  Her nipples stood erect from her firm breasts as she flipped the hangers.

"This is perfect," she said, pulling a hanger out.  On it was a tiny "wifebeater" shirt.  The thin cotton stretched as she put it on.  It barely covered her breasts, and it left her belly button uncovered.

"You look gorgeous!" Crysta cooed. She really did. Her firm breasts were still fully visible through the thin white cotton, and her tight cheeks, fully exposed, aroused Crysta's juices, just looking at them. "I have just the thing to go with that top," she said, rummaging in her drawer. Finally, she pulled it out -- a pair of Daisy Dukes -- cut-off jean shorts.

Donna was feeling a bit vulnerable, since she was bottomless, even though it was just the two girls -- Donna was starting to show her excitement, and this embarrassed her -- so she grabbed them and eagerly put them on.  She zipped them up, and found they were a bit big for her.  "Maybe I should wear a belt," she said as they hung precariously low on her waist.  Her eyes had that pleading look again.

Crysta slipped her hand into Donna's shorts to feel how snug they were. She couldn't help testing the waters, and found them to be flowing. "I don't think you need a belt."

"But these shorts will just fall down!"

"Let's see. Walk across the room."

Oh, this is ridiculous, Donna thought, but what the heck -- I'll just show Crysta that the shorts are too big, and let her have a good laugh at me with my shorts around my ankles.  Donna walked to the other side of the room and back, holding her belly in to try to get the shorts to slip down. They slipped a bit, but even though she wiggled her hips like a hula dancer, the shorts wouldn't slip past them.  They only slipped a few inches, just enough to reveal a bit of her butt crack.  Her pussy stayed covered. "OK, you win. I guess I don't need a belt."  No point in pulling them up, she thought. They'll just slip back down again. She sat cross-legged on her bed, unaware that her ripe pussy was in full view through the wide-open leg holes of the shorts. Crysta wanted to touch it, but she didn't, because she didn't want to let Donna know she was on display.

"Donna, that's a cute look -- tight top and baggy shorts -- you don't know how sexy you are." She was watering to the sexy images Donna was projecting -- a thin gauze covering her cute breasts, her baggy shorts just about to fall down at any minute, and her pink pussy glistening through her open leg-holes whenever she sits down.  Fabulous.

"Thank you," Donna blushed. "Now what are you going to wear?"

Crysta pulled a knit mini-skirt out of her drawer, and held it up against her naked front. "What do you think?" The skirt had a 2-inch waistband, and a 3-inch flared section below that -- a total of 5 inches from waistband to hem, a bare minimum of coverage.

Donna nodded and smiled. "You should roll the waist under," she joked.  She smiled as she imagined Crysta wearing a 3-inch miniskirt, not thinking even in her wildest dreams that she would agree to that. But today was the day to dream, because Crysta did just as Donna suggested.  She rolled the waistband under, making this the tiniest miniskirt in the world, covering just the middle part of her butt crack! By a miracle of exact placement, her pussy was covered, but just barely. "Wow, you look great!" Donna said.

"Thanks!" With that, Crysta whirled to go.  Her skirt, what little there was of it, flared out as she turned, giving Donna a full view of her gorgeous roommate's underside. She got up to join her, and let her shorts slip down just a bit further.  *What the heck*, she thought.  *There's no fighting gravity.*

"It's a beautiful evening," Crysta said as they exited the dorm.  The air was warm, but not too humid -- perfect for the amount of skin the girls were showing.  The girls put their arms around each other, as they usually do when they walk together, each one occasionally exploring the other's lower back, straying downward every now and then.

When they got to the club, they saw the line was long -- it went all the way down the block and around the corner.  They were resigned to getting on the end of the line and waiting their turn, but luckily, the doorman saw them and motioned them to the front of the line, and half-way up the steps where there was a small landing. "I'll let you girls in right now if you can guess which item of clothing I want you to remove."

Donna ripped off her guinea T without ado, and threw it to the crowd, who cheered wildly.  But Crysta didn't take off her top. Donna whispered, "Take it off, Crysta. What are you waiting for?"

Crysta leaned up to the doorman and said, "I'll do anything to keep my top on."

The doorman repeated for the crowd, "She'll do anything to keep her top on, folks!"  The crowd went wild.  "What do you have on under that little skirt?"

"Nothing." Crysta blushed. Even though it was pretty obvious to everyone in the crowd that this was true (she was elevated slightly above them), it somehow embarrassed her to admit it.

"Do you shave, little girl?" The crowd hooted, and waited with anticipation to see for themselves the answer to that question.

Crysta covered her face with her hands. She wasn't really this embarrassed, but she wanted to play the part of the reluctant stripper, knowing this would get the crowd -- and the doorman -- very excited. She slowly worked her skirt down, until just the top of her pussy peeked out above it.  She looked at the doorman, as if to say, "See, no bush." But the crowd wanted more. So she lowered her skirt, inch by inch, until it fell down to her ankles.  She gingerly stepped out of it, and handed it to the doorman.

Both girls had removed an item of clothing -- Donna was topless, and Crysta was bottomless -- so they started up the steps to enter the club.  "Not so fast, girls," said the doorman.  To Crysta he said, "I think you should take off your top, now, honey.  It wouldn't be fair to the other girls," he explained, "because they all had to take off their tops."

Crysta had been naked before, so it wouldn't be the end of the world if she had to strip naked today, but she wanted to have another go at keeping her top on. "Please let me keep my top on," she begged.  Bright lights illuminated her splayed legs.  She arched her back, unwittingly giving the crowd a perfect view not only of her asshole, but her slippery pink pussy as well.

The doorman considered her plea. "What if your friend, here, unzips her shorts -- just for a minute."

"Will you unzip?" Crysta begged Donna, "just for a minute?"

Donna thought it over. "Just for a minute, OK." She unbuttoned the shorts, and slowly slid the zipper down. She sensed that the crowd wanted to see her pussy, so she let her shorts slide partway down her legs, and then widened her stance to keep them from sliding any farther. The crowd cheered at her full Monty.

"Thank you," Crysta whispered in Donna's ear.

When Donna felt that a minute had gone by, she pulled her shorts up, but before she could zip them up, a bouncer approached her with a big pair of pliers, and used them to squeeze her zipper. He vanished just as quickly.  She tried to zip up her shorts, but the zipper wouldn't move.  The bouncer had ruined it.  The crowd started laughing at Donna's futile efforts to zip up.  The more Donna tried to zip up, the more the crowd laughed.  Eventually, Donna contented herself with holding her shorts up with one hand, keeping them closed as well as possible, under the circumstances. "Can we go in, now?" she asked the doorman.

"As soon as your friend takes off her top," said the doorman.

"But you said you'd let us in if I unzipped my pants."

"No I didn't," said the doorman. "I said what if you unzip.  That's not the same thing."  He paused then added, "I'll tell you what:  make her cum and then I'll seriously think about letting you both in."

While Donna was thinking this latest offer over, she saw Crysta's begging eyes. "Sure," she said. "This will be fun."

"Good," said the doorman. He grabbed Crysta's hands, and before she realized it, he stood her on a wooden box, and he had both her hands in handcuffs, each one secured to an iron ring, high on the wall next to the entrance. Donna stood there, facing the audience, with her arms apart. Anticipating Donna's tongue on her pussy, she splayed her legs as well.

Donna caressed her beautiful roommate with one hand, using the other to hold up her own shorts, gradually drawing her fingers closer to her pussy.  Crysta moaned, and moved her hips, but Donna could see she was distracted by the crowd.  She would have to use two hands. "Oh well," she muttered, letting go of her shorts, and letting them slide away.  She massaged Crysta's front, including her breasts, and her back, including her cheeks and asshole, and then she used her tongue on Crysta's pussy.  Without letting her tongue stray from its task, she continued rubbing Crysta, front and back. Crysta started moving in a rhythmic motion, letting out a scream with each motion, until it was clear to everyone she had cum.  Crysta's shirt was up around her neck, exposing her breasts for all to see, but by this point, she didn't care any more.  Donna found her shorts about her ankles, and pulled them up, hoping that no one had noticed them fall.  She felt her pussy twitch, and realized she had cum, too.

Donna asked, "Can you let us in, now?"  She put her hands together in a praying motion, hoping that gesture would find some pity in the doorman's heart.  She let her shorts fall to her ankles, hoping this added humiliation would find some pity in his heart.

"I still don't think it's fair to let her in with a top," said the doorman.  "She would be the only girl in there who isn't topless." He stopped and stared at the two girls for a long time -- Crysta with her top about her neck, and Donna with her shorts about her ankles.

Finally, Crysta said, "OK, fine." She took off her top, and threw it into the crowd. She grabbed Donna by the hand, and dragged her up the steps and into the club. Donna had been caught so much by surprise that she had stepped out of her shorts, but she didn't have the heart to ask Crysta to go back and get them.

The two girls were stark naked as they entered the club.

Once inside, the two naked girls looked about for a place to sit, but it was a standing-room only crowd.  They felt a bit out of place, being naked and all, but not too bad, because all the girls were topless.  Looking around, Donna saw a few naked girls, too.

"Let's dance," Donna said. The girls joined the crowd on the dance floor, and danced up a storm. Donna delighted in seeing Crysta shake her boobs. Crysta loved the slow dances, grinding her pelvis into Donna's, and spreading her cheeks apart with her fingers.

Then the girls showed off their patented dance move.

It began as quick as a flash, before anyone noticed.  The girls faced in the same direction, with Crysta a few feet behind Donna.  Donna arched backwards, while Crysta leaned forwards, dangling her boobs over Donna's upturned belly.  The girls clasped each other in a sexy sixty-nine embrace.  Before the girls could taste each other's juices, Crysta jumped, and Donna suspended her in the air, then whipped her over her head, letting her land in front of Donna.  Then Donna jumped, and Crysta whipped her.  The two girls went over each other's heads several times, much to the delight of everyone on the dance floor.

What the audience might not have appreciated, though, until the girls stopped moving is that they were not only jumping wildly, but also having wild sex.  Each girl's tongue was inside the other girl.  This was plainly evident when the girls finally stopped jumping over each other.  Crysta came to rest in a kneeling position, while Donna was on her back, licking Crysta's pussy, perineum, and asshole.  Crysta was gasping with -- what? delight? exhaustion? -- and, having pried Donna's ass cheeks apart, was administering mouth to vagina resuscitation.

Each girl sensed the other was about to cum, and stopped abruptly.  The girls sat up on the dance floor, with their legs spread wide.  They had clearly forgotten all propriety.  They wanted the boys to see they were ready.  In unison, two boys, one blond and one with brown hair, approached the girls, and dropped their pants to the floor.  Each boy had a huge hard-on.

The blond took Donna right where she was, entering her easily.  She was so ready, he knew it would just take two or three strokes to blow his wad, but he wanted it to last just a little longer than that.  So he picked her up, still inside her, and carried her to his table.  All eyes were on the couple, as Crysta let out a yelp.

Crysta was entered from the rear by the brown-haired boy.  Apparently, the boy had greased his pole in advance, because it slipped in easily.  He was strong, too.  He held her up by her thighs, massaging her pussy, belly, and breasts while continuing to pump in and out of her lovely ass.

From opposite sides of the dance floor, the girls let out simultaneous screams of joy.  After the boys were finished with them, the girls found each other at the center of the dance floor, and kissed each other passionately, as cum dripped from their bottoms.  Their kissing turned on some of the other boys, who stripped, and took their turns fucking the willing girls.

Finally, it was time to go home. By this time, just about everyone in the club was naked, so the girls didn't feel at all uncomfortable being nude. They walked back to their dorm, and up to their room relatively unnoticed.