**Crysta and Donna - The Crack of Dawn**

Another fine morning arrived, and Donna was dancing for joy. "I love

School Spirit days," she declared, annoying her naked slumberbuddy.

Crysta rolled over onto her back, revealing not only her perfectly shaved

pussy, but a pair of enormous breasts as well. "Hmmm?" she said, sleepily.

"It's T-shirt and Panty day," she said, as if Crysta didn't already know.

On various days throughout the school year, days called "School Spirit

Days", there is a special way of dressing, which the students follow to

show their school spirit. The spirit days arrive at random intervals

throughout the year. Every Wednesday, for example, is midriff day -- the

girls showing the most spirit have no clothing whatever between their

breasts and vulva. Crysta's favorite day is Bottomless Day, which happens

every time there's a full moon -- get it? Girls are supposed to show

spirit by not wearing any bottoms -- no knickers, no skirt, no pants -- but

they can still wear a dress if they like. The girls who want to show the

most spirit are the ones who wear the shortest dresses -- to emphasize

their bottomless attire.

It's important for the girls to show their spirit, because there's a

special punishment for the girl with the least spirit, which I'll describe

in a minute. You might think that on Bottomless Day the girl showing the

most spirit is the one who decides to get completely naked, and you might

be right about that, but there's a special rule, called "Open Season",

which applies to naked girls on any Spirit Day. If you're a naked girl

during Open Season, and someone touches you, then you are required to

stop. You aren't allowed to resist in any way. Even token resistance,

like "flinching" (i.e. closing your butt cheeks when your ass is touched)

is not allowed. No big deal, you might think -- just stop every now and

then, and let somebody grope you, what's the big deal? -- but then what if

the touching causes you to get excited? Stranger things have been known

to happen. Then you can be raped, because of the "asking for it" rule in

the College Code of Conduct (CCC). The CCC prohibits public displays of

sexual excitement, and provides for enforcement of this rule by permitting

any girl showing sexual excitement to be raped, because she is considered

"asking for it". The problem for any naked girl on a Spirit Day is that

any boy can start touching her, and since she's required to stop and

basically be fondled, she is liable to become excited. Boys do this

routinely just so they can rape girls, and there's nothing the girls can

do about it except let themselves be raped, again and again.

So being naked on Spirit Day is not a good thing. By the way, the "Open

Season" rule on Spirit Day is a good reason for girls to be very careful

not to violate the Dress Code -- she might have to appear before the judge

on a Spirit Day, and since all defendants must appear in the nude, it is

quite likely that she will be raped on her way to her appearance. All the

more reason to be very careful to adhere to the Dress Code every day.

Before I go on with the story, I have to tell you about the punishment for

not showing enough spirit. (I alluded to this earlier). The punishment

is carried out in a ceremony called the "Stripdown". All the girls meet

at the cafeteria for breakfast, and check each other out. There, each

girl picks out the one girl who seems to be showing the least spirit.

Without words, they come to a group decision. Then, all at once, the

girls attack this one victim, stripping her of her clothes. The victim

tries as hard as she can to hold onto her clothes while dozens of girls

crowd around her, clawing and ripping at her. Then, after 60 seconds (a

time that must seem endless to the poor victim) someone yells "Time!" and

everyone stops. At that time, the victim is allowed to keep on whatever

clothes she was able to hold onto during the frenzy. As you can well

understand she has a special motivation to keep a shred of clothing on

this day, too, because of Open Season on naked girls on Spirit Days.

So, in summary, if a girl shows too much spirit by getting naked, or too

little spirit, and getting stripped in the Stripdown, then they're in big

trouble. Now, back to the story.

Donna was so happy, she couldn't contain herself. Today is T and P day --

T-shirt and knickers. Donna lives for T and P day; it's her favorite.

Naturally, you can't wear just any T-shirt and knickers, or you won't

survive the Stripdown. The knickers have to be sexy -- thongs are good,

especially the Wicked Weasel Microminimus; sheer lacy knickers are good,

too. The T-shirt can't be too long, either. What's the point of wearing

sexy knickers, and then covering them up with a long T-shirt? Donna put on

her sexiest knickers -- the sheer pink ones with a flower design to barely

hide her pussy -- and a sleeveless college T-shirt. From the front, the

T-shirt covered almost all of her knickers, which actually made her look

sexier, because from some angles it looked like she wasn't wearing

anything under it. From the back, her tight little panty-clad ass peaked

out from underneath the T-shirt, her butt crack visible through the thin,

sheer fabric. The outfit was perfect!

Crysta finally had enough of Donna's prancing, and dragged her naked body

out of bed. She grabbed her stuff, and headed to the john to freshen up.

Donna watched her walk down the hallway, turning a few heads as she went.

She marveled at Crysta's ability to go anywhere naked, and still feel

comfortable. When she returned, Crysta was a new woman -- her hair was

wild and sexy, and she was smiling. "I've figured out what I'm wearing for

T-shirt and panty day," she announced. Donna watched with rapt attention

as Crysta rummaged through her closet for just the right outfit -- a

T-shirt that looked just a little small for her, which served only to

emphasize her enormous breasts. She put it on, struck a pose with her

hands in the air, and sang, "da-dah!"

"It's a good start, Crysta."

"A good start? This is my whole outfit!"

"You forgot one thing, though. This is T-shirt and knickers day. You have

to wear knickers."

"I do? But I don't even own any knickers."

Donna laughed, and then stopped suddenly when she saw Crysta wasn't

laughing with her. "You're not kidding? You really have no knickers?"

"I'll just stop at the Student Center and buy some knickers after

breakfast."

Donna shook her head. "No good -- the Stripdown is at breakfast."

A look of panic came across Crysta. She had forgotten about the

Stripdown. "What can I do? I need to find some knickers to show my

spirit." Her lips curled on the word "spirit" revealing her contempt for

the whole sordid process.

"Donna to the rescue!" She pulled out her "dental floss" thong, and gave

it to Crysta. Crysta quickly tried it on. It fit her perfectly. As you

can imagine from the name, the dental floss thong was just about invisible

from the rear. In the front, a tiny triangle of fabric covered the space

between Crysta's lips. It didn't cover her completely though -- it left

her hood uncovered, providing easy access to her clitoris. This was of

little consequence to Crysta, though, since covering her clitoris wasn't a

priority for her.

"Thank you, oh thank you!" Crysta put her arms around Donna (this lifted

Donna's dress, but she didn't notice), and kissed her passionately. She

was truly grateful. Donna watered at the sudden display of affection.

After a minute, the girls broke off their embrace, and headed out the door

-- they didn't want to be late to the stripdown. They half-walked,

half-ran to the cafeteria, and got there just in time. No one was eating

their breakfast. Instead, the girls were all milling about, and the boys

were sitting at the tables, watching. Some of the girls seemed to be

circling Donna, as she was circling them -- Am I going to be stripped?

She started breathing vast, and felt her pussy moisten at the thought.

She splayed her legs, and leaned forward to let the sexy feeling subside,

unwittingly showing her vulva through her sheer knickers as her T-shirt

rode up her back. The girls saw Donna's sexy knickers, and decided to pick

on a different victim. The girls gradually formed a ring around one girl

-- poor Dawn.

Donna knew her from one of her classes. She was wearing what looked like a

nightie -- or maybe it was a long T-shirt. Sensing that she was going to

be singled out for the stripdown, she started to panic. Her eyes darted

from one girl to the next. In desperation, she lifted her nightie, to

show her knickers. "See?" she said, panic rising in her voice. "T-shirt and

knickers!" Her knickers were plain and white, not sexy at all. The girls

circled closer and closer to her. "Please, no, please no," Dawn kept

repeating. But it was no use. She knew she would be stripped. She was

alone inside the ring of girls. They gradually closed around her. She

clutched her body in an effort to keep her clothes on. One of the girls

finally grabbed her, and held her arms behind her back. Other girls

pulled her knickers down. Dawn's pussy was nicely shaven. Desperate to

keep her knickers on, but deprived of the use of her arms, she kicked

viciously at any girl who came close. Dawn was apparently one of those

girls who gets turned on by a struggle, because before long, her pussy was

open, wet, and red with excitement. In the midst of the mayhem, some

girls found themselves strangely attracted to Dawn's pussy, and took

delight in her excitement, to the point of becoming mesmerized by it.

This gave her a chance to break free. She jumped to her feet, and tried

to run away, her breasts bouncing. Her knickers were gone, and her T-shirt

hung in tatters about her. The girls around the edge of the ring spanked

her bare butt, and pushed her into the ring. Finally, one girl was able

to grab Dawns arms again, and restrained her.

"Five seconds!" Some self-appointed timekeeper called out.

The girls attacked Dawn with renewed energy. Dawn knew she had precious

seconds left to hold onto her clothes. Her legs were still free, so she

kicked ferociously at any girl who came close. Her nightie was hanging by

a thread, but it stayed on as the crowd counted "Four! Three! Two! One!

Yaaaaaay!" She collapsed in a heap on the floor, exhausted from her

fight, but happy she won -- her nightie, what was left of it, was still

hanging on her body by one sleeve. It no longer covered even a single

breast, but that wasn't important to her now. Her pussy was dripping wet,

and pulsing with excitement, but she was no longer embarrassed by that.

She would wear this one sleeve proudly today, knowing it would protect her

from Open Season -- a horrible day of constant raping.

A boy approached the now naked Dawn, and asked, "May I?" He cast his eyes

down to her pubic region, where it was evident that Dawn was ready. The

boy was ready, too, having removed his pants.

Suddenly, Dawn realized she would not be protected from being raped,

because her sexual excitement still constituted an open invitation.

Having no choice, she nodded. "Yes," she said. The boy hoisted her onto

his pelvis, and she wrapped her legs around him. "Mmmm," she purred as he

eased his manhood into her, his hands supporting her ass, one of them

stroking her asshole. "Ohhh!" she said as he slowly stroked her. He eased

his finger into her asshole as he lifted her up and down his shaft. She

came, but he was still going. "Ohhhh!" she said again. She didn't know if

it was one long orgasm or multiple ones -- one for each long, smooth

stroke -- but it didn't matter. It felt good.

After about five of these orgasms, he stopped, and squeezed her tight,

cumming into her. She came, too. She unwrapped her legs, and he set her

down gently. "Thank you," he said.

"You're welcome," Dawn said. Then she wondered why she said that. She

was just raped, after all.

Donna felt relieved that she escaped the stripdown, and she felt a bit

sorry for Dawn. She called to Dawn, and invited her to sit with her and

Crysta. Donna patted the seat next to her, and Dawn sat her naked bottom

on it. Donna saw she was still leaking, and said, "Would you like me to

clean you up a bit?"

Dawn said, "Yes, thank you," and leaned back on the bench seat, spreading

her legs wide, facing her pussy toward Donna.

Donna said, "It's easier if you kneel on the table."

Dawn looked around, and, satisfied no one was paying them much attention,

said "OK," and knelt on the table in front of Donna.

Donna leaned forward and began licking Dawn's pussy. She sucked the boy's

juices out of her, and swallowed them.

"Thank you," Dawn repeated after she was all clean. She sat down next to

Donna, rested her hand in Donna's lap, and played with the waistband of

Donna's knickers, gradually lowering it.

Donna was curious to see how far Dawn would go, so she lifted her weight

off the seat, and, sure enough, Dawn took that opportunity to bare Donna's

ass. Her knickers thus lowered, Donna sat down again, and engaged in small

talk with Crysta as Dawn lowered her knickers to her knees. From there,

Donna took over, letting gravity drop her knickers to her ankles, and then

onto the floor. Donna felt sexy in the private knowledge shared only by

herself and Dawn that she was bottomless. Now unencumbered, Donna spread

her legs apart, revealing her glistening inner lips. Dawn stroked them

gently, soaking up additional moisture from within Donna, and using the

lubrication to keep Donna's lips moist. Before long, Crysta saw what was

happening, and moved behind Donna, reached under Donna's T-shirt, and

massaged her breasts. By this time, Donna was so caught up in the

pleasure of being serviced by two beautiful girls that she didn't even

object when Crysta lifted the T-shirt over Donna's head, and took it off.

It felt good, so she kept quiet. Besides, she thought, everyone else is

eating their breakfast now, not paying me any attention. Without warning,

the two girl's gentle touch caused an avalanche of joy that Donna couldn't

contain. She screamed with pleasure, oblivious to the fact that she was

naked, or that her screams were drawing attention to her. Crysta pinched

Donna's nipples as she came, and Dawn began using her tongue as well as

her fingers on Donna's girlhood. The girls took delight in Donna's

pleasure, giggling as Donna screamed again and again in ecstasy.

While Donna was cumming, one of the boys snuck under the table, and

absconded with Donna's clothes. Dawn and Crysta saw this, but Donna was

oblivious. When Donna's pleasure subsided, she looked around for her

clothes, and started to panic when she didn't see them. The girls giggled

at Donna's indignation. "Come on, girls, this is not the day to play this

trick on me -- naked girls get raped on Spirit Day!" Donna stood up, not

caring who was looking at her hairless pussy, and started looking under

tables in the area. She was oblivious to the fact she was displaying

herself vividly every time she bent over. Donna's cheeks, being so firm

and tight, didn't block the view of her gorgeous asshole or the beautiful

view from the rear of her puffy red vulva.

"I swear, I didn't take your clothes," Crysta protested, still laughing.

Dawn, too, laughed at Donna's indignation, now that she was just a tiny

bit nakeder than Dawn. Donna wheeled around to glare at Dawn. She held up

both hands in protest. "I didn't take them either, I promise!" Dawn

said, and put her right hand over her lovely left breast.

Donna sat down again, and thought about this problem. "Girls, I can't

spend the day being gang-raped. I need to find my clothes."

Dawn put her hand on Donna's shoulder, and let it slip down to stroke her

erect nipple, then said, "I'll tell you what, Donna." Donna looked at Dawn

with puppy-dog eyes, as Dawn started to slip out of the tattered remains

of her nightie. "I'll let you wear my clothes, and I'll go naked." She

thought back to the rape she had experienced just a few minutes ago, and

started to get excited all over again. "I just might enjoy being raped a

few more times today."

Donna slipped the single remaining sleeve of Dawn's nightie onto her arm.

As the three girls stood up to leave, Donna said, "Thank you, Dawn." She

put her hand in Dawn's crack, and fondled her asshole as they walked out

of the Cafeteria into the bright morning sunshine. Dawn felt herself

getting excited, and instinctively tried to hide it, but then she

remembered -- there's no need to hide her excitement today, because today

is open season on naked girls, whether or not they're excited. So she

relaxed her cheeks and her pussy, and enjoyed Donna's ministrations. Dawn

stretched her arms in the sunshiny air, and displayed her readiness to

anyone who might like to fuck her. Before long, she met a willing

volunteer. She put her arms around his neck, and smelled his manly

fragrance. This will be a fun day, she thought as the boy came inside her.