Crysta and Donna 34 - The Slippery Slope

"Hi, Jenny!"  Crysta and Donna greeted their neighbor in unison.  Jenny wasn't smiling as she entered the girls' room.  Her thin white pants were hugging her hips deliciously.  Her breasts were struggling to bust out of a tiny top that was secured by a single button.  "What's the matter?" Donna asked.

Jenny waved a sheet of paper in the air.  "It's this [memo](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/RichardHertz/www/SlipperySlopeMemo.htm) from the dean," she said.  "I'm very upset about it."  Jenny blushed as Donna reached for the memo.  Even though they were all girls, Jenny was still not used to seeing other girls without their clothes on.  She glanced at Crysta, who was seated on her bed, wearing a T-shirt and, she assumed, knickers.  She was happy to see Crysta was fully dressed.

Donna scanned the memo from her seat behind her desk.  "Oh, I've seen this," she flashed a sly smile at her bottomless roommate.  "It's the *Slippery Slope* Memo."

Crysta laughed and got up, reaching for the memo.  Jenny gasped and covered her eyes as she realized Crysta wasn't wearing knickers.  Crysta flashed a quizzical glance at Jenny, then looked back at the memo.  Jenny was captivated by the hemline of Crysta's T-shirt.  It almost completely covered her pussy, and a goodly part of her butt crack as well, which left her a good deal more covered than many other days.  Crysta looked up from the paper, catching Jenny staring at her pussy.  Now it was Crysta's turn to be embarrassed, and just a little excited, too.  She pulled her T-shirt down over her pussy, and Jenny looked away.  She hoped Jenny didn't notice her excitement, but Donna was smirking.  Nothing escaped Donna's notice.

Donna pushed her seat back and stood up, revealing her only article of clothing -- a miniskirt.  Jenny was shocked, having never in her life seen a skirt so short.  Was it two inches long?  Or even less?  Yet, it completely covered her pussy, from the front, anyway, because it was pushed down so far on her hips.  Donna pretended not to notice Jenny's rapt attention on her skirt, because she knew if she acknowledged it, Jenny would look away.  At the moment, Donna was focused entirely on Crysta's wet pussy, which would get wetter if she could get Jenny to stare at it again.She moved behind Crysta, and began stroking her inner thighs.

"Stop it, Donna," Crysta said, but Donna kept stroking.  It was part of their game.  Crysta always asked Donna to stop, but she loved the game.  Donna stole a quick feel of Crysta's pussy, and found it quite wet.  Then she reached under her shirt, lifting it, and fondled her erect nipples.  Crysta tried to ignore Donna, hoping this would delay her orgasm -- she desperately hoped to avoid cumming in front of Jenny, not just because she was a relative stranger, but also because she was intently watching Crysta's pussy as it opened up like a flower.  Donna kept stroking Crysta's nipples, and began kissing her back, working down Crysta's spine, to her lovely round cheeks.

"The slippery slope," began Crysta, in an effort to divert attention -- her own as well as Jenny's -- from Donna's ministrations, "is the idea that if people can see a part of your body, then there's no need to cover it."

"Yeah but..." Jenny objected, "how does the Slippery Slope strip girls naked?"

As Donna licked Crysta's quivering asshole, she spread her legs farther apart, allowing her inner pussy to fully expand.  Jenny tried to pretend she wasn't watching, but she couldn't take her eyes off the girls.  Crysta was both embarrassed and excited by Jenny's gaze.  Crysta knew she wouldn't be able to avoid cumming unless she diverted Jenny's attention.  She also knew Jenny was getting excited, too -- it showed through her white pants.  "Jenny, you should unzip your pants"

"Unzip them?  Why?"

"Because they're tight on you, and they're getting wet.  You should give your pussy a chance to breathe."

Jenny covered her face in utter embarrassment.  But she knew Crysta was right.  She didn't want to stain her pants, so she unzipped them and pulled them down a little so her wet pussy wasn't pressing against them.

"I see you're completely shaven," Crysta said.

"Of course," Jenny said.  "The Dress Code requires it."

"One inch lower, and your pussy would be uncovered," Crysta observed.

"Maybe so," Jenny replied defiantly, "but it *is* covered, and it will *stay* covered."

"We'll see about that," Crysta replied coyly.  "Now where were we?"

"You were about to explain the slippery slope," Jenny reminded her.

"Oh yes," Crysta said.  "But first, I need you to help me.  You see, the way Donna's going at me, I'm afraid I'll cum in front of you."  Jenny's stunned silence allowed Crysta to continue.  "So I want you to distract her."

"How?" Jenny asked, instantly regretting the question.

"You can start by stroking her nipples.  Give her a pair of little hard-ons."

Jenny had been secretly hoping for a way to join the girls' sex fun all along, but didn't know how to join in.  Now she had an opening, so she knelt behind Donna, and reached up for her nipples.  Donna gasped as Jenny touched them -- they were already rock hard.  Jenny hugged Donna's belly, and rested her face against Donna's lower back.  She breathed in Donna's fragrance as her hands reached her tiny miniskirt.  Jenny eased her fingers into the waistband of the miniskirt, threatening to take it off.  "Please don't take it off," Donna begged.  She might have lowered it an inch or so, but in the end, she honored Donna's plea, contenting herself to feel and lick Donna's most intimate areas.

Crysta looked over her back at Jenny, crouching on her knees behind Donna.  "I see your crack," she said.

"So what?" Jenny snapped.  She had unzipped her pants, and now she was kneeling down, so it wasn't a big surprise, after all.

"So, according to the Slippery Slope memo, your pants aren't providing the function of covering your butt crack, so your butt crack might as well be fully exposed."

"Yeah, but my pussy is still covered up."

"True enough, but you might as well peel the back of your pants down, exposing your full butt crack, don't you agree?"

"No, I don't agree," Jenny countered.  "Even though part of my butt crack exposed when I kneel with my pants unzipped, a whole lot more of me would be exposed if I peel down the back of my pants."

Crysta raised her eyebrows.

"My butt hole, for starters."

Crysta turned around to face Jenny, who was still on her knees.  Donna, unfazed by this change of scenery, began licking Crysta's wide-open pussy.  A lesser girl would have cum long ago, but Crysta continued, "That's not a problem, Jenny -- just keep your cheeks together."

Donna lifted her face and agreed, "She's right, Jenny.  If your pants don't cover your butt crack, you might as well expose your entire butt crack.  That's the main point of the Slippery Slope Memo."

Jenny had to agree the girls were right.  Her pants weren't covering her butt crack, so there was nothing to lose by peeling them down.  Admitting defeat, she stood up, and carefully peeled her pants down, revealing just about all of her butt crack.  "There," she said, with satisfaction.

Crysta asked, "May I?" and then without waiting for a response, she felt Jenny's ass cheeks, running her fingers between them.  "Try not to clench your your cheeks," she said.  Jenny nodded and felt her nipples harden as she braced for an anal massage.  She relaxed her cheeks and waited with bated breath.  But Crysta withdrew her fingers without ever touching Jenny's asshole.

Jenny let out her breath.  What a relief!  "I understand, now," she said.  She summarized the Slippery Slope memo, as she understood it.  "The function of pants is to cover the pussy and asshole, but nothing else.  I'm wearing pants, and they are covering me nicely.  So there's no reason not to peel down the sides of my pants, and let people see my butt crack and I'm still fully covered."

"That's partly right, Jenny," Crysta said.  "But now your pussy is partly exposed, and..."

Jenny gasped, and looked down.  She was relieved to see that only the tiniest part of her pussy crack was exposed.  She felt herself getting wetter, just the same.  "It's not really exposed, it's just..."

"Just a little exposed?" Crysta mocked.  "That's the point, Jenny, don't you see?  If your pussy is partly exposed, then it might as well be fully exposed, don't you agree?"

"NO, I DON'T AGREE!" Jenny yelled.  She immediately felt horrible for yelling at her friend.  "Sorry."

Crysta put her arms around Jenny, and stroked her hair.  "It's OK, Jenny.  The Slippery Slope is hard to accept, I know.  But you're standing here with your pants unzipped, and peeled down, and you already agreed that you feel fully covered."

"All but a tiny bit of my pussy," Jenny corrected

"Just a minute ago you said it wasn't really exposed.  Only a tiny bit of your pussy crack is visible.  Most people would never even notice it."

"No, I guess they wouldn't.  I guess you're right.  I still feel fully covered."

"And yet, you agree that your pussy is partly exposed."

"Yes, I suppose I feel fully covered, even though my pussy is partly visible."  Jenny didn't know how she got herself backed into this corner.

"Good," said Crysta.  "Now pull down your pants a few more inches."

"NO!" Jenny said.  "Why should I do such..."

"You just said your pussy isn't fully covered, so it might as well be fully uncovered -- that's the point of the Slippery Slope memo.  Haven't you learned that by now?"

"Once again, you're right, Crysta."  Jenny pulled her pants down an inch, revealing a bit more of her pussy.  She looked at Crysta, hoping this would be enough.  Crysta pulled them down a bit further -- enough to show daylight between her legs.  Jenny re-folded the fabric down neatly against the sides and back of her legs, pulling up her pants in a way she hoped would be imperceptible to Crysta, allowing the fabric to nestle softly against her tender perineum.

Crysta disapproved of Jenny's latest adjustment, but since her pussy was fully visible, she let it go.  "Now your pussy is totally on view, there isn't any need for your pants," she said.

"Not so fast, Crysta!  My asshole is still covered.  I need my pants for that."

"Your asshole?"  She laughed.  "You don't need pants to cover your asshole!"  Jenny looked sheepish, because she knew what Crysta would say.  It was in the memo.

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|  | "I know what the memo says."  Jenny gave up the pretence of defiance.  Now she was begging.  "I just can't keep my cheeks together all the time."  She looked at Crysta, hoping she would understand, but she was unmoved.  "They get tired, and then I have to relax them, letting them separate."  She looked like a puppy dog the way she was begging.  Finally, Crysta couldn't take it any more.  "There, there," she said.  "Believe me, I know how hard it is to keep your asshole covered when you're bottomless.  But the facts are facts, and the Memo makes them clear:  A girl's asshole is considered fully covered as long as she is either seated or else standing up straight with her legs together."  "But whoever wrote this memo doesn't realize that girls just can't keep their asshole covered all the time when they're naked."  "Don't worry." Crysta consoled her friend.  "If the Memo says your asshole is covered, then it's covered.  Everyone will accept the truth of the Memo."  "I suppose that's true," Jenny sighed.  "So then there's no reason to wear those pants at all." Crysta reached for Jenny's pants but Jenny grabbed them for dear life before Crysta could pull them down.  Then she thought it over, and realized Crysta was right.  They were covering only her asshole, and they had just agreed that her asshole was always covered.  So she let go of her pants, allowing Crysta to ease them down to her ankles.  She stepped out of them, and left the girls' room, relieved. |
| **Crysta and Donna convinced me I don't need to wear pants -- they didn't cover my butt crack, so I pulled them down off my butt. Then they didn't cover my pussy, so I pulled them down off my pussy.  Then they didn't cover anything at all, so I took them off, proving there is really no need to wear pants at all.  Here I am, leaving the girls' room, feeling just as fully covered as when I came in -- I've learned the lesson that pants just don't cover anything fully, so they aren't needed. What a relief!** |  |

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