**Crysta visits her old roommate**

“Hi, Crysta! It’s so good to see you!” Donna hugged her old roommate, and let her fingertips slide into Crysta’s butt crack, just like old times. It’s so nice Crysta doesn’t pull away when I do that, Donna thought. Not every girl just lets me touch her asshole. But then, Crysta isn’t like every girl. For one thing, she leaves her butt completely bare — not just a little cheek like most girls – without giving it a second thought. “What brings you to this side of the campus?”

“I just wanted to see some naked freshmen.”

Donna laughed. “Do you remember when we were freshmen, how much fun it was to get naked as soon as we got back to the dorm? But now, the novelty has worn off a bit, hasn’t it? I see you’re still bottomless, but me, well,” Donna did a little spin to show Crysta that she was wearing a flirty top and panties. “I know this top is a little long to wear with panties, so if I go out, I take it off, but here in the dorm, I–”

“Wait, what? You take off the top to go out?”

“Sure, why not?”

“Well, with a long top like that, why don’t you just take off your panties?”

Donna blushed, and looked down.

“I can’t believe it! After all these years, you’re still shy about showing your pussy in public?”

“I’m sorry, Crysta, I wish I could–”

“It’s okay, honey,” Crysta said. “That’s one of the reasons I love you! You’re so adorable, I could eat you up!”

Donna looked up and changed the subject. “Hey, why don’t you let me show you around. I’ll introduce you to some of the naked freshmen, would you like that?”

“What if they’re not naked?”

“I’m a preceptor now. I have power over them.” Donna lowered her voice. “Even some of the boys!”

“Okay, I’ll go with you, but only if you take off your panties.”

“No, Crysta! Pleeease!” Donna’s top was really too short to wear without panties, even by College standards. And besides, what with Crysta’s naked bottom and all this talk of naked freshmen, Donna was starting to get a little excited herself. It didn’t help that Crysta’s hands were already in her panties, starting to pull them down. Donna objected some more, and even tried to distract Crysta by feeling her up, but nothing worked. Before long, Donna’s panties were around her ankles, so she sighed and stepped out of them.

“There,” said Crysta with an air of satisfaction. Donna’s top came down just to her hips, its folds nestled between her cheeks in such a sexy way, Crysta couldn’t resist kissing Donna again.

And Donna responded. She kissed her old friend deeply, and hugged her tight. “I missed you so much,” she whispered.

“Come on.” Crysta took Donna’s hand. “Let’s find some naked freshmen.”

Donna stayed put. “I really can’t go out like this. I’m too embarrassed.”

“Come on, honey. That top is really cute. I can hardly see anything, honest.”

Donna laughed. “That doesn’t work any more, Crysta. I know you can see my pussy, and I know it’s pretty wet. I’m bottomless, Crysta. Bottomless.”

“So what are you going to do? Put your panties back on? What kind of example would that set for the young kids?”

“I know, I know…” Donna took her top off, and gave it some thought, as she rummaged in her drawers.

“You are so beautiful,” Crysta said. “I really had forgotten what a gorgeous nude you are, but seeing you from behind, bent over that pile of clothes, well, I just…”

“Here,” said Donna. “What about this?” She held up the tiniest miniskirt Crysta had ever seen.

“Sure,” Crysta said. “Put it on. Let’s see.”

Donna put it on, carefully arranging the front so it covered her pussy as best as possible. But from behind, she was still quite naked.

“Beautiful!” Crysta adjusted it just a little, lifting it no more than an inch.

Donna knew Crysta’s little adjustment exposed a little of her pussy, but she was willing to let that go. The skirt was so short it hardly mattered. Besides, Donna also knew people would notice her adorable breasts first, anyway, and not her mostly-hidden pussy. Taking people’s eyes off her pussy was one of the great things about going topless. “Okay, let’s go,” she said at last.

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Holding hands, the old friends walked down the hall of their old dorm. Crysta was an occasional visitor now, and Donna was the preceptor. Turning a corner in the old building, they came upon a group of kids sitting in the hallway. They stopped talking as soon as they saw Crysta. Donna took the opportunity to introduce her friend, and chide one of the girls for wearing panties.

“What? I can’t wear panties in the dorm? It’s not like I’m wearing anything else, just panties.”

“You know it’s against *my* rules for freshman girls to wear panties in the dorm.”

The girl looked down at the floor, and hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties. She knew what she had to do but she really didn’t want to do it.

The boy got a chair from his room, and put it in the hallway, expecting Donna to sit in it.

“Why don’t you do it, Chad?”

“Oh, no, Donna, no, I couldn’t. Please don’t make me–” Donna pressed on Chad’s shoulders, and made him sit in the chair. He was wearing a college sweatshirt and a pair of boxer shorts.

“Chad, Monica is like a sister to you, isn’t she?”

Chad nodded. All the freshmen girls and boys in the dorm were like brothers and sisters. There’s no reason for sexual tension between them, which is why the girls don’t ever need to wear panties.

“And she’s been bad, so she has to be punished. You know that’s true.”

Without being asked, Monica laid bare chest over Chad’s lap.

“I know you don’t like to punish your sister, but it has to be done, Chad. You have to spank her. Can you do it?”

Chad nodded, and slowly moved her hand to Monica’s adorable butt. He started to caress it, over her panties.

“There’s nothing sexual about a spanking, Chad.”

Chad nodded, but the air was so sex-charged that all the girls were getting wet, Donna and Crysta included. The other freshmen girls all had erect nipples, and most of them were covering their pussies, to hide their excitement.

“Chad, will you please remove your boxers, so we can make sure you’re not getting a hard on? That wouldn’t be fair to Monica, if you got a hard on, would it? I mean, here’s poor Monica, getting a non-sexual spanking, and you here, getting a hard on. It wouldn’t be right, would it?”

“But…” Chad tried to think of a way to explain that it was Monica getting punished, not himself, but he knew Donna was right. He pulled off his boxers jostling Monica in the process. “Sorry, Monica,” he said as he sat his bare butt down in the chair. The girls could see his balls hanging down between his legs, but not his penis.

Donna felt along Chad’s inner thigh, gently caressed his balls, and continued up into his sweatshirt. “Oh, Chad,” was all she said. It was the way she said it. So full of disappointment.

“Donna, I can explain. It’s being forced to take off my bottoms in front of you girls, that what did it.”

“It wasn’t Monica’s pretty little ass, just a thin layer of panties away from your hand?” asked Donna.

“It wasn’t Monica’s adorable little breasts rubbing against your bare legs?” asked Crysta.

The girls laughed, then Donna said, “Getting a hard-on is totally understandable. Listen, honey, even Monica is getting excited, and she’s the one about to be punished. Feel her panties, between her legs, are they wet?”

Monica let out a gasp as he felt her, making it unnecessary for Chad to answer.

“Listen, I know how we can turn this into a fun game. Someone pull down Monica’s panties. In fact, pull them right off. She won’t be needing them.” Donna whipped off Chad’s sweatshirt, leaving both young kids stark naked. “Now, Chad, you’ll give Monica the spanking she deserves for daring to wear panties in the dorm against my rules. I happen to know that Monica gets a sexual charge out of being spanked, so she will most likely come after a few good whacks. If that happens, then Monica will be punished even more — she will be forced to wear nothing but her panties to class for a whole week, and I’ll spread the word that she’s been a bad girl, and so for the whole week, whenever someone wants to spank her, she will have to pull her panties down to her ankles and bend over to receive her spanking. In public. In full view of everyone.”

“But if Chad ejaculates first, before Monica cums, then it’s Chad who will be embarrassed. Chad will be allowed to wear nothing but this sweatshirt to his classes. And Chad will be required to allow girls to fondle him the same way he fondles the girls. We’ll all work together to see how many times we can make Chad cum in public during the week.”

Monica got the idea right away, licking Chad’s penis from base to tip, then curling her tongue around the tip, over and over.

It looked like Monica was about to cum. Her vagina, which had been opening and closing with each spanking, began staying open.

Chad wasn’t looking too good, either. He leaned back in his chair, and groaned instead of spanking Monica.

Then the most amazing thing happened. Monica got up from Chad’s lap, and sat right down on his erect penis, and pushed her hips into him, arching her back about three or four times before they both started hugging each other and… Could it be? They were purring! Both of them! With idiotic smiles plastered across their faces!

“What a disaster!” Donna said, stalking off, with Crysta, laughing hysterically, following behind her.