**Crysta and Donna's First Day** (FF)

"Room three fourteen, three fourteen," Crysta muttered to herself as she

trudged through the open front door of her new dorm room, carrying an

oversized suitcase. It didn't escape her notice that a cute boy with

blonde hair, and some muscles under his guinea-T stood at the bottom of

the stairs, and watched her the whole way up the stairs. And it sure

didn't escape his notice that she was not wearing anything under her short

babydoll dress. At almost nineteen, Crysta had developed beautifully.

She had large breasts, and a very feminine curvature. Her hair was

strawberry-blonde, her eyes were a striking green. She had a gorgeous

golden bronze tan without any tan lines. As Crysta rounded the first

turn, she looked down at the boy and smiled. Crysta's smile was sweet; it

lit up not just her face but her whole body as well. The boy smiled

meekly and blushed. Yes! Crysta thought to herself without slowing down,

as she started up the second flight of stairs. I caught another one

looking. She felt a sense of power -- a sexual charge -- every time she

embarrassed someone this way.

Arriving at the third landing, she made a guess, and turned right. A good

guess -- room 314 was the first one on the right. The door was closed.

She looked at the paper in her hand once again, even though she had

memorized the number a week ago, when the letter had arrived.

She had been so happy when the letter arrived. She managed to get into

Boda Hall, the best dorm of the "quad", which are the best four dorms in

the whole school, sharing a common courtyard between them. "Bodacious

Hall", as the kids call it, is the closest dorm to the student center and

near the dining hall as well as many of Crysta's classes. She had

cleverly arranged such a plum housing assignment by feigning an interest

in French. The language and culture, that is. This floor was the special

interest section for that subject. Other special interests in this dorm

included dance and drama. Very artsy fartsy, Crysta thought as she opened

the door of room 314.

This was the right room, so she opened the door. Inside was a gorgeous

brunette. "Oh, I'm sorry," Crysta said. "I should have knocked."

"Don't be sorry, come in, entré," she said. She was tall and thin,

wearing faded jeans and a peasant shirt, her belly button exposed. She

smiled at Crysta, and extended her hand. "Je m'appelle Donna", she said.

Her face was wide and beautiful, with big blue eyes, and cascades of long

shiny brown hair. She regarded Crysta with admiration for her courage in

wearing such a short dress.

Crysta put down her suitcase, took Donna's hand, and kissed it.

"Enchantée," she said, "but you can knock off the French, Donna," she

said. "I used that same trick to get in here."

"Trick?" said Donna, one eyebrow raised. She waited just a second for

Crysta to respond, then started laughing. It was an infectious laugh.

"It was a good trick, wasn't it. What a view!" She gestured to the

window, which looked out over the river. Crysta thought to herself: Yes,

what a view. But she wasn't following Donna's gesture out the window.

Instead, she was looking straight at Donna's skin-tight jeans.

I think I'm in love, Crysta thought, as she gazed up and down Donna's long

legs, from her sexy white high-heel shoes to her tight, round ass.

"What?" asked Donna, turning around to face Crysta.

"I didn't say anything," Crysta said. She was feeling more than a little

aroused. What luck! she thought, this time careful not to say it out

loud.

Crysta broke the awkwardness of that moment by looking around the room.

She saw there were two beds, two tall dressers, and two desks in the room.

One half of the room had clearly been claimed by Donna, who was quite the

interior decorator. No big deal, Crysta thought. One side of the room is

as good as the other. Still, she made a mental note to arrive sooner next

year as she set her suitcase down on her side of the room. "Where do you

get the sheets?" asked Crysta.

"Didn't you bring any?" asked Donna. She had a look of great worry on her

pretty face.

Crysta kept a straight face. "I didn't know we were supposed to bring

sheets." Of course, she knew very well she was supposed to bring sheets.

The letter, still in her devious little hand, clearly described the

dimensions of the stinking, worn old mattress for which each student must

bring sheets. Crysta's bedding was in her car, just in case. But if

things went according to plan, her sheets would not be needed tonight.

"Oh, my gosh," said Donna, looking at her watch, "I wonder if the college

bookstore has sheets."

"It's closed. I just went by it. Anyway, I'll worry about that later.

Now I just want to get unpacked." Crysta put her suitcase on the bare

mattress and opened it. Donna was miffed at Crysta's lack of concern over

the sheets. But as Crysta busied herself putting away things from her

suitcase, Donna became less and less concerned about her lack of sheets,

and more and more interested in her free flowing babydoll dress, which

sometimes rose up just a little, revealing part of Crysta's ass. She must

be wearing a thong, Donna thought. I love the way she's so free with her

body. I wish I could be so free and easy. I'll have to find out how she

does it. Then, as Crysta reached for something in the back of her

suitcase, Donna just "happened" to see right between her butt cheeks, and

there was no thong strap! Donna gasped. Crysta's pussy and asshole were

wide open! Donna surprised herself when she became quite damp at the

sight. That's never happened before, she thought, touching the seam of

her jeans, and feeling the moist warmth there.

Crysta straightened up and whirled around to face her roommate, very

concerned. "What's the matter?" she asked. Donna turned a deep shade of

crimson. Crysta knew Donna must have seen her, and now Crysta's juices

began flowing. Playing out the scene, Crysta pretended to be concerned

for her roommate. She walked over to her, and stroked her hair. Donna

was speechless. She almost hated to do it to Donna, but it was so

delicious. Her caresses turned to hugs, and after hesitating for just a

minute, Donna reciprocated. Too soon for kissing, Crysta thought. She

didn't want to push her luck.

"I'll be OK," Donna said. She felt a strange twitching in her pussy as

she let go of her roommate. Crysta's hug had made her feel all warm

inside.

"Good," Crysta said. She stroked the side of Donna's face one more time

(making Donna's pussy twitch again in that wonderful way) then went back

to her unpacking. This time, she spread her legs apart, hunched her

shoulders to make her dress ride up completely uncovering her ass, and

bent over her suitcase again, purposely giving Donna a perfect view.

Donna just watched Crysta unpack, pretending not to focus all her

attention between Crysta's legs. She didn't notice she was rubbing her

clit through her jeans. She had never felt this way in her life.

Crysta opened the door of her dresser, and saw it was more like an

armoire, with space to hang clothes there, complete with some hangers.

She took the shirts and minidresses (not much longer than the shirts,

Donna noticed) and hung them in the armoire. Then she took various slips

and nighties, and put them in drawers. Finally, she took the knickers and

bras from her suitcase, and gently placed them in the garbage can next to

the door.

Donna, who had been watching Crysta's every move, laughed at Crysta's

mistake. She got up, and put her arm around her roommate's neck -- any

excuse to get close again. "You just threw out your knickers! What a

silly mistake." Donna reached into the trash can to take them out again,

when Crysta interrupted her.

"No mistake," Crysta said. "My mother packed them for me. She knows I

don't wear knickers, but she said I would need them, and insisted I bring

them. Mothers!"

"Yeah, Mothers." Donna agreed, absently. This is some strange girl, Donna

thought.

Just then, a boy ran up the stairs and down the 3rd floor hallway yelling,

"It's party time!"

"What party?" asked Crysta, even though she knew full well. She wanted to

find out how much Donna knew.

"It's a kind of 'getting to know you' party for the freshmen, in the

basement rec-room of this building," Donna said.

"Oh, that sounds like fun," said Crysta, as she folded her suitcase and

slid it under her naked mattress. "Let's go." Apparently, Donna doesn't

know that nudity will be involved in this evening's entertainment. Crysta

stepped into the hallway, and waited for her roommate.

A lot of questions whirled through Donna's mind. Don't you think you

should fish your undies out of the trash? Shouldn't you cover up your ass

a bit better, because someone might see. She desperately wanted to rub

Crysta's naked ass, but she restrained herself, and just stared at it

instead. She felt herself dampen at these thoughts, then she felt her

face redden. Crysta started down the stairs, and Donna followed the

bouncing ass, feeling the seam of her jeans massage her wetness with every

step. Crysta's dress billowed up as she swung around the banister at the

bottom of each flight. Donna just loved Crysta's sense of total freedom,

and hoped this year she could learn to be half as free with her own

sexuality.

The rec room was sparsely furnished. A large square bar stood in the

center of the room. A few old reclining chairs and couches were strewn

about. Large fireplaces bookended the room, and near one of them stood a

big projection TV which was playing music videos.

Crysta sat down on the couch right in front of the TV, and Donna sat down

next to her. Other people gathered around the TV, bringing drinks in

plastic cups that they had apparently gotten from the bar and saying "hi"

to one another, but mostly focusing on the TV as if it had some great

wisdom to impart. Donna was surprised to see so many shirtless boys, and

so many girls wearing skimpy clothes.

Crysta and Donna took a few minutes to bring each other up to speed on

their biographical information, and in particular their boyfriend

situations: neither had any current boyfriend, although each had past

boyfriends. Both girls claimed to be virgins, and both believed the other

(but Crysta was lying).

After a few minutes, an air horn sounded, and a deep voice bellowed,

"Listen up, runts!" Someone turned the TV off, and the conversation

tapered down. "Bodacious is the best dorm, as you will soon find out if

you don't already know. I'm Bruce, and I'll be your Resident Advisor

while you're in this dorm, which means you can come to me any time you

have a problem, and I'll tell you to go fuck yourself! Does everybody

understand the role of the Resident Advisor?" Some people tittered

nervously. Crysta stood up, and moved closer to Bruce as he continued his

welcome speech. Donna followed her. He was a handsome boy, his shirtless

body sporting some sexy muscles. He was wearing a pair of tan shorts, and

no shoes. He talked for another five minutes or so, when at last he came

to the evening's entertainment. "We're going to play some games tonight,

and you will get to know one another. Is everybody ready?"

Silence.

"Is everybody ready?"

Some people yelled noncommittally.

"The next person I see not yelling is going to have to come right up here,

strip naked, drop, and give me 20!" Donna shot a glance at Crysta as if

to say he's kidding, right? Crysta just smiled. Donna wondered, what

does Crysta know?

Bruce said again, "Is everybody ready?"

This time, everyone yelled, hooted and hollered.

"That's more like it," Bruce continued. "For our first game, everyone

will need to pick a partner. It can be your roommate, a friend, or a

total stranger. Everybody must have a partner. Go!" People started

talking all at once, and some people milled about. After a minute, people

settled down, and Bruce said, "OK, who doesn't have a partner?" Just one

girl raised her hand. Donna was shocked to notice she was wearing only a

pair of thong knickers and a tiny bra that just barely covered her nipples.

But Bruce was unfazed. "No problem," he said, "you can be my partner.

Come on up here." She almost bounced out of her bra as she bounded

forward to join him at the front of the room.

"Now..." Bruce continued, "here's the game. It will help each of us to

get to know one other person very well. Are you ready?" Some hooting in

the audience unnerved Donna. "Are you ready?" Sustained hooting and

hollering. "Everybody take your partner by the hand and stand up."

Everybody stood. There was a sense of electricity in the air. Everyone

felt it. Donna's heart was beating fast because she didn't know what

would happen next. Crysta's was beating fast because she did know what

was about to happen.

"Now exchange clothes with your partner," Bruce said.

Donna blinked. This order simply didn't register in her brain. She

looked at Crysta for guidance, and saw she was already stark naked! She

looked around the room, and saw everyone taking off their clothes and

handing them to their partners. Donna was shocked to see so many naked

people, especially naked boys with their dicks hanging out. One boy had a

hard-on, and Donna smiled when his partner hung her dress on his pole.

Some people were already putting on their partners' clothes. She looked

at the front of the room, and saw that Bruce had already taken off his

shorts, and was busy trying to get into his partner's thong and bra. She

laughed nervously.

Crysta saw that Donna was paralyzed, and offered to help. She unbuttoned

Donna's shirt, and helped her out of it. "It's OK, Donna," she said.

"Come on, have some fun. It's a game." Gradually, Donna started to

recover her faculties, and took off her own jeans. "Knickers, too," Crysta

said, and Donna soon complied. She smiled when she saw Donna's neatly

trimmed little bush. Crysta handed over her babydoll dress, and Donna

anxiously put it on, eager to cover herself. Trouble was, it didn't cover

at all below her waist, because Donna was so much taller than Crysta.

Crysta, meanwhile, was too busy to notice how cute Donna looked with her

tight little ass hanging out of of the babydoll dress. She was having a

heck of a time getting into Donna's clothes. She wasn't able to do up the

buttons on Donna's shirt, so she left it open. She put on Donna's soaking

wet knickers, more or less, but they were too small to go over her ass, so

she parked them at the top of her thighs. She had even more trouble

pulling the jeans past her thighs, which, apparently, were much larger

than Donna's. She finally got them up, but there was no way she would zip

them.

"I'm done," Crysta said to Donna. Then she noticed Donna's pussy, and

patted it as she said, "I guess both of us will have to air out this

evening." Donna grabbed Crysta's hand, but instead of pushing it away,

she put her own hand on top of Crysta's, holding it against her muff. It

felt so good, she couldn't help herself. The next thing Donna knew, her

arms were around Crysta, and there was only one thing in her mind: to kiss

Crysta. She lowered herself by spreading her legs apart, and surprised

Crysta by planting a liplock on her. Crysta, her hand still on Donna's

crotch, took advantage of a sudden increase in lubrication, and put her

first two fingers inside, cupping them around Donna's clit in a way only

girls know how. Crysta responded to Donna's kiss, and Donna hugged Crysta

all the tighter. In a second, she came. Time stopped. Crysta could feel

Donna's pussy pulsing rhythmically. After a few seconds, Crysta withdrew

her fingers from Donna's sticky cunt, and wiped them surreptitiously on

Donna's pants, which she was (almost) wearing.

Donna felt embarrassed, because she had never come in public before, and

for a second she worried that everyone would be staring at her. But when

she looked around she saw that no one had noticed anything, and she

realized that the whole thing -- kiss, fondling, orgasm -- couldn't have

lasted more than a minute. Bruce was talking. Something about a fashion

show. All the boys and girls were supposed to take turns strutting to the

front of the room, and by applause the winners would be judged.

One by one the boys and girls came up to the front of the room and took a

bow, as the audience clapped and cheered. Bruce's partner was wearing

nothing but his shorts, which were way too big for her, so she had to hold

them up. But when she got to the front of the room, she "lost her grip"

on them, and they fell about her ankles. She said "oops!" and clasped her

hands to her face, and wiggled her hips in mock embarrassment. The

audience cheered as turned around, bent over at the waist, wiggling her

hips again as she slowly pulled up the shorts. Bruce got a lot of

catcalls, and some applause, when he took center stage wearing his

partner's bra and knickers, which didn't even cover his dick. When it was

Crysta's turn, she flashed her tits at the crowd, and they cheered. But

they saved their biggest cheers for Donna. She strutted up to the front

of the room like a model, with her high-heel shoes making her beautiful

legs even longer, and her sexy ass totally exposed. Then, when she turned

around and flashed her big blue eyes and winning smile at the audience,

they just went wild. Donna was declared the winner. Bruce crowned her

with a plastic tiara, which Donna wore proudly.

The kids stayed in each others' clothes (except Crysta took off Donna's

knickers and jeans as they were cutting off her circulation), drinking and

socializing until it was very late. Crysta and Donna found a secluded

corner, and snuggled as they talked long into the night. They got to know

each other better, and really enjoyed each other's company. At some

point, well past midnight, Crysta finally suggested that they go back to

their room and get some sleep. Donna didn't want the night to end, but

she had to admit it was late, so she reluctantly agreed. The girls went

up the stairs, and into their room. "Oh, your sheets," Donna remembered.

"Oh, yeah," Crysta said, then added, "It's OK. I'll just sleep on the

floor."

"No, Crysta, you don't have to do that," Donna said. "We can share my bed

for just one night."

"Are you sure it's OK?" Crysta asked.

"I'm sure." Donna was already lubricating with anticipation as she

stripped naked and climbed into bed. Crysta climbed in right after her,

but facing the other way. Crysta's head was right by Donna's pussy, and

vice versa. Donna let out a squeal of excitement as Crysta's tongue

caressed her girl hard-on, and licked the insides of her lips in a way

that only a girl knows how to do. Donna, meanwhile, licked Crysta all

over between her legs -- her whole pussy and her asshole and the tender

space in between. Crysta doubted Donna was a virgin, the sex was so good.

Both girls came over and over until they were exhausted, and then

collapsed in sleep, each hugging the other's ass, each enjoying the

other's musky scent.