The Secret Sorority – Part 1

My name is Megan. When I was in college, I was a member of an exclusive sorority. It was highly secretive and members would never talk about it except when recruiting. When I was a junior, I was the lead recruiter and sought only the cutest young freshmen girls as prospective members.

When I was a pledge myself, I remember how excited I was to have been considered to join yet I was told that the 2 weeks leading up to induction would be unforgettable. This of course did the job of frightening us but most of us hung in there.

The first night, we were gathered outside the school and were brought to the sorority house. Once inside we were asked again if we wanted to continue on. We were told now that things would be done which were very “naughty” and “unusual” but all necessary. I pledged my commitment.

We were all blindfolded and our wrists were tied in front. Each of us were led by a leash to a lower level of the house which was actually 2 levels underground. When we arrived at the Ceremonial Room which was curiously called The Nursery in an effort to make it seem more innocent, we could hear the house girls discussing who the first “victim” would be. After a few minutes, a freshman girl – Katie - was selected and I was told that I would be next!

“Get her ready,” was the simple command. Though we could not see, Katie was brought forward and stood before the sorority president. While preparations were being made, the girl’s pants were unzipped and pulled down and she stood shaking in her panties before the sorority girls. Then her shirt and bra was removed. There was some protesting and whimpering but the “victim” was told to stop – this was her choice she was told.

While the girl was undressed, a special ottoman was readied – it had straps to hold a victim in place and was quite comfortable. At the center it was raised slightly and this was for the sole purpose of displaying a girl’s bottom for punishment. A gag and a special paddle were placed on a small table next to the ottoman.

Finally, the girl was asked if she was sworn to secrecy about the activities of the sorority. She nervously agreed and was led to the ottoman. The sorority president walked around the blindfolded girl and studied her shape, her bottom, her breasts. Then 2 girls stepped up and held her as the president lowered her panties to just below her bottom cheeks.

Next she was placed on her tummy over the ottoman, her bottom perfectly formed and offered up to the sorority. Katie was strapped down and a gag was placed over her mouth. For the girls in the sorority, the process was drawn out in order to fill the young girl with frightened anticipation. She was breathing hard and the president stood over her and read the 10 rules for membership.

When she finished reading the rules, she looked at her first victim’s bottom, lightly touching it, admiring the smooth feel and enjoying the sight of her jiggling bottom cheeks as Katie reacted to the touch.

“We won’t lie to you – this will hurt. Your bottom will feel hot when we’re done today. Each stroke will sting and you will cry – you are required to cry. You must offer up your tears to the sorority. Your innocence is being sacrificed today. Do you understand?”

She waited for the victim to utter a muffled response. She patted her bottom like a baby’s.

“If you do not allow yourself cry, we will go hard on you and we will triple the amount of punishment you will undergo today. Your tears will fall on deaf ears but we need to know that you are humble. If you endure your ordeal like a good girl you will find comfort when we are done – do you understand?”

The young freshman nodded.

“That’s a good girl,” the president smiled and asked the members present if she could begin. The secretary responded, “You may begin. The members ask that you show no mercy.”

With that, the president slowly walked over to the table and picked up the paddle. She watched her victim as she twitched nervously and whimpered knowing what was coming. Again she touched the beautiful, soft bottom cheeks before she began – with such a tender bottom it was obvious that it would be fun for the president but painful for Katie.

Finally she began. “Whapppttt!!” Came the first stroke – she would proceed very slowly. She watched and listened as the young girl immediately began to cry and whimper like a baby. How she loved doing this.

“Whapppttt!!” came the next stroke. Already her bottom was a little pink. The victim’s head lurched upward. The cries were muffled but loud. Tears began to roll down her cheeks.

“That’s a good girl – a very good obedient girl.”

“Whapppttt!! Came the paddle again without warning. Her bottom was well restrained and Katie would be unable to escape what awaited her. The members watched with quiet smiles and growing lust for her.

“Whapppttt!!” came another and another. The sounds of the paddle and her muffled cries scared me and yet filled me with tremendous excitement.

The president paused after 10 strokes and admired her work. Her bottom was now obviously pink and very, very warm.

“I want you to be devoted to this sorority – will you be devoted to us and always do what is asked of you?” Katie didn’t answer because she was distracted with the pain of the paddle.

“Whapppttt!!”

“Will you be devoted to us!?”

The victim made muffled noises, unable to catch her breath and nodded her head as the tears rolled down her cheeks. The paddling continued.

“Whapppttt!! Whapppttt!! Whapppttt!!”

“Members must always obey and do what is asked of them.”

“Whapppttt!! Whappptt!! Whapppttt!!”

Finally after 35 strokes of the paddle, the girl was allowed to rest a moment. She was hyper-ventilating and sobbing. Our blindfolds were now removed and we were required to witness the rest of Katie’s ordeal.

Several members came forward to the crying girl, released her straps and brought in a special stirrup chair. Once in the chair, she was restrained again. Her legs were bent with knees up and legs spread – each ankle strapped to either side of the chair. The position was such that her pussy was now at the edge of her seat – her panties had been pulled back up and the gusset of her panties showed the soft swell of her mound. Her blindfold - soaked with her tears, would remain and her gag would stay in place. Her hands were tied together and placed on a hook above her head and this was made taut.

Sitting in this position I could see how vulnerable she was and watched as she struggled as much as she could though all in vain. I could not take my eyes off of the scene before me and was beginning to feel no sympathy for her – finding that I was enjoying watching what was happening to Katie. My excitement was growing intense and for the first time I found that I was attracted to the “victim” – a girl like me. What I couldn’t understand - was I in love with Katie or in love with what they were doing to her?

The president came forward and asked a member to bring an interesting little apparatus over – it was a whipping machine. This machine had 4 heavy velvet straps on a wheel which could be perfectly postioned at any height – in this case it was adjusted so that when it was turned on, the straps would repeatedly whip the victim’s pussy – the higher the speed the faster and harder she would be whipped between her legs. While this would certainly hurt and cause a great deal of discomfort, there would be no lasting damage and the combination of the paddling and pussy whipping would elevate the victim’s level of excitement – involuntarily of course.

The president picked up the remote control for the whipping machine and walked over to the prepared and visibly shaking victim.

“Again I will remind you that you are expected to cry – you must show that you are not proud and that you are a devoted member of this sorority – do you understand?”

The young victim was all tears and muffled protests – she could not see but we sure could and I could feel my own excitement building.

“Do you understand?” As she asked her victim, she lifted the girl’s chin with her right hand and sadistically smiled. The victim solemnly nodded her head.

“We will begin. Madam secretary will you come place the ceremonial kiss?”

With that, the secretary came forward and affectionately placed a kiss on the girl’s panty-covered pussy – completely startling the girl.

“Hmmm – did you like that? Well remember how nice that felt because now we will begin!”

The president then turned on the machine – at first a slow, steady speed – the straps lightly hitting the gusset of her underpants. This startled her of course and this adorable, frightened freshman began to cry and squeal into her gag.

The speed was now increased and slowly the straps began to slap her pussy a little harder. I was mesmerized by the scene unfolding before me! It was such a turn-on to watch. I had never imagined such devilish rituals could be so enjoyable.

The speed was raised again and now the straps were hitting her harder. The secretary came forward.

“Madame president the membership devotedly asks that you whip her harder.”

“The membership’s request will be so granted.”

The speed was raised again and she was being whipped fast and hard now. I watched as her knees tightened and was struck at how hard she tried to struggle only knowing in her heart how fruitless it was.

“My dear child, you cannot escape the whips – you have no choice.”

For 10 minutes straight her pussy was whipped – my eyes were misty and I felt so lustful at that moment. I thought how I should love to do that to someone and at the same time wondered what it must be like for Katie. I swallowed hard as I watched.

The president studied her victim intently as she squirmed and squealed like a baby into her gag – her cheeks soaked with fresh tears.

Finally the 10 minutes were up and I could sense that with reluctance, the membership ceased the pussy whipping which by now had made Katie breathless. The victim’s legs were caressed, her tummy was tickled and her wet face was lovingly kissed. She trembled and whimpered.

“You have survived the first 2 parts of your 15 part initiation. You will now be given a reward for your first day.”

She was now untied and her panties were removed. She was then retied, this time on her back and restrained with her knees toward her chest. Her pussy was perfectly vulnerable to any whim of the sorority. We watched and wondered what they would do to her next. The members took great care to see that she was comfortable – so ironic especially since during the first punishment the object was to hurt her. Again I was frozen as I watched her prepared for the next part of her ordeal.

The president was given a long polished tortoise-shell box. Inside it contained 5 feathers – each one very soft, sturdy and pointy. I began to understand what they were going to do to her and it made me shiver with anticipation.

The president spoke.

“Because you have given yourself totally to us – because you showed you are humble and cried for us you are about to be rewarded. What you are about to experience you will never forget. It is a torture of the most exquisite kind and you will be expected to thank each member of this sorority for allowing you this reward. We will not spare you - let us begin.”

The president bent toward her victim’s pussy and admired it – gazing at its beauty and enjoying the lusty fragrance of it and how the whips made her involuntarily aroused. She caressed Katie’s tummy, the inside of her thighs. The secretary stood over Katie ready to kiss her and comfort her again. The secretary lovingly kissed her gagged mouth and licked her wet face as she watched the president.

Suddenly the president removed a long, sturdy feather and began. With slow, excruciating strokes, she tickled her victim’s tummy, her legs and her breasts – bringing the feather lightly over the tips of her breasts - back and forth, back and forth. I watched - thrilled as her nipples swelled to the feather’s strokes. I want to do this to Katie I thought – how incredibly fun it would be to do this to her!!

We watched as the president went about her work.

While the young girl moved her head violently from side to side, our president continued calmly – unmoved by Katie’s muffled pleas and struggles.

“We will torture you this way until you are brought to the absolute height of excitement and when we feel you have had enough, you will be allowed to have an orgasm that will make your entire body shake and you will obey us and love us for eternity.”

At once I thought how lovingly cruel and wonderful this ordeal.

After a long half hour of tickling and teasing her with the feather, the girl’s body was tingling with erotic excitement – the kind of which she had never known. Poor Katie squirmed and struggled and squealed!

Finally, the feather’s tip began to tickle her pussy lips with care and affection. The moist lips were longing for it but Katie was unable to withstand the excitement – thank heavens she was restrained.

The tip was brought back and forth along the moist lips. The muffled sounds and cries were music to all of us now. Katie hissed and was breathing so hard as her body filled with the building pleasure of these incredible sensations.

The secretary continued kissing Katie and licking and tasting her fresh tears. The tip swirling around her clitoris now. Her entire body jerked against her bonds – a long moan. Her pussy glistening with arousal. With complete disregard to her victim now, the president kept up the delicious assault on her clitoris.

Katie struggled so hard yet her body betrayed her as she found herself humping rhythmically against the feather now.

Finally with muffled squeals and screams, her beautiful body trembling, her orgasm began. Katie was sent into the deepest throes of sexual release. Katie allowed herself to be taken – moving wildly as much as her restraints would allow – shuddering with uncontrollable spasms of pleasure!.

 The orgasm lasted 2 minutes and I watched with wide eyes, jealous of her. I suddenly had the urge to punish her for letting herself come like this! Madame president did not let up and kept tickling her clitoris making the second wave of pleasure almost painful now, too much to bear – her clitoris highly sensitive now - but they made Katie come again. The secretary comforted Katie as the second orgasm racked her body.

After the second orgasm subsided somewhat, the president knelt down before her defeated and utterly helpless victim and tasted her – she was so wet – the juices of her excitement obviously tasted delicious. The girl was still feeling the pleasure of her torture as the spasms of pleasure washed over her body from head to toe – leaving her completely under the president’s spell. Katie’s body shook to the loving kisses and brought yet more pleasure to her exhausted body - we watched as the tremors subsided.

They let Katie remain in position and while she tried to recover, the sorority girls lined up with candy sticks and inserted them in her pussy – coating them with the juices of her orgasms and sucking on them with lust. Katie had gotten through of first day of pledging.

There wasn’t a girl in the room – pledges included – that wanted Katie’s ordeal to end.

But now it was my turn – what would they do to me? I was trembling, I was scared and very excited and hoped I would be made to orgasm the way Katie was. Would I be able to handle the pain? Now the fear of what lay ahead for me made me recall what it was like when I was a little girl waiting to be spanked – I was scared to death!