**Ashley's Initiation**

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The first term of Ashley's summer classes was nearing the end and she anxiously awaited what she hoped would be her acceptance into the sorority she pledged. As she prepared for the ceremony that would take place in less than an hour, she mulled over all the things she had going in her favor. She was more than just friends with a few of the members and thought that would be a plus for her. She'd been a good sport about the traditional hazing that goes along with pledging, performing all sorts of embarrassing and humiliating tasks both in private and in public, including her favorite of wearing nothing but a tight fitting rope g-string under her skirt while walking through town one afternoon. After pausing to remember the sensation of the rough rope nearly cutting her ass and pussy in half and how sensitive her clit became after several hours of the rope grinding into it, her thoughts shifted to her enthusiastic acceptance of her role as the "fuckee" in the all-girl gang bang on her 18th birthday just a few days ago. Although her pussy and cervix were both still sore from the brutal pounding she'd received from the seven girls who used long strap-on dildos, she ached for more of the same.

With each passing day she realized more and more that it wasn't just the thought or act of being penetrated forcefully by other girls that got her aroused, but the agony and pain she experienced, too. Just the thought of being held down by several girls and fucked with strap-ons until it hurt caused her juices to flow down her thighs. She was thankful she'd been given instructions not to wear anything under her oversized T-shirt to the ceremony because she would've had to change into fresh panties more than once by now.

Because it was a summer session, Ashley was one of only two pledges. Julie, the other, was the daughter of a legacy member and didn't have to worry about being black-balled. She'd been told that both of them were scheduled to take part in the final ceremony.

Ashley was the first to arrive at the sorority house. A member dressed in a full-length, hooded black robe escorted her to the hallway outside the meeting room where the ceremony was to take place. She was positioned in front of a thick rope that dangled from the wall facing the door to the meeting room and told to stand with her feet apart. A second member dressed in the same style robe stood behind her and passed the end of the rope between her legs, handing it to the one who'd brought her there. As the end of the rope was looped over a hook mounted high on the opposite wall, Ashley noticed several large knots spaced about 2-feet apart along the length of the rope. As the rope was pulled taut, she was told to stand still and remain silent. The girl who had escorted her there left the hallway, leaving Ashley and the other member alone.

After waiting a few minutes, she began to wonder why Julie hadn't arrived. The rough texture of the rope pulled snugly between her ass cheeks and pressing against her clit were getting her aroused. She leaned forward a little to increase the pressure on her clit but was stopped abruptly by the firm smack of a hand on her ass.

"You were told to stand still. It seems that you need some training on how to follow orders." The girl in the robe stepped forward and opened the door to the meeting room. Inside were all the current members dressed in long black robes. Julie, the pledge whose mother had been a member, was inside also, but she was dressed in a sheer robe. Ashley could see that there was something under the transparent fabric, but couldn't quite make out what it was. Everyone turned and looked towards the door.

The member who'd remained in the hall unhooked the rope behind Ashley and handed the end to her. "Hold this behind your back," she stated. The member then reached up to unhook the other end of the rope and as she started into the room, told Ashley, "Once the rope is taut, walk slowly into the room behind me. Keep the tension on the rope tight so it remains straight and parallel to the floor. When I stop, you stop and wait for instructions."

To maintain the tension on the rope, Ashley only needed to take a few steps inside the doorway. The front end of the rope was secured to a hook that was on the wall about 4-feet above the floor. Another member took the end held by Ashley and looped it around a hook on the wall near the top of the doorway. She told Ashley to stand on her toes and then pulled the rope tight and tied it securely. This increased the pressure on Ashley's clit and most sensitive skin. She knew now why she was told not to wear panties.

The president of the sorority walked to the center of the room and announced, "The rope is a symbol of the bond our sisters share within this sorority. To prove your willingness to join with us in this bond, you will now walk the rope. Stretch your arms out to the side and proceed on your journey."

Ashley started forward. She quickly discovered it wouldn't be easy to walk the distance without revealing how much she enjoyed the sensation. She already felt some of her juice dragging along the rope as it passed over her ass hole. She felt her nipples harden and hoped the others wouldn't see them poking out from under her T-shirt. It didn't matter, though. One of the members stepped towards her and shouted, "The slut must like it! The rope is soaking wet!" At the instant she finished her sentence, she slid a knife up the back of Ashley's T-shirt and deftly cut it off her, leaving Ashley completely naked to the crowd. She heard cheers and applause, and quite a few taunts of "Let's fuck the whore" and "On with her initiation!"

The president then shouted, "Sargeant-at-arms! Encourage her to complete her journey!"

A member with red arm bands on the sleeves of her robe approached Ashley. She gripped both her nipples and squeezed them tightly before fastening clover clamps to each one. The member grabbed the chain that dangled from the clamps and pulled hard, forcing Ashley to move a little quicker. As Ashley came into contact with the first knot, she winced in pain. The chain was pulled harder forcing Ashley to keep moving or suffer even more torment to her nipples. The cheering and jeering continued all around her as she made her away along the rope. By the time she arrived at what she thought was a podium, her crotch was raw and her thighs were coated with her juices.

The president spoke again. "Sargeant-at-arms! Prepare her for the ceremony!"

With a steady tugging, the sargeant-at-arms pulled Ashley forward a little more so her waist pressed against a padded rail. "Spread your feet, bitch!"

Two other members stepped over to Ashley and set about binding her ankles to the upright posts which supported the railing she leaned against. When they finished, the sargeant-at-arms pulled the chain forward and down, and secured it to heavy chain that was bolted to the floor. Ashley was now bent over the rail with her ass fully exposed and her nipples clamped and stretched. "Hands behind your back, whore!" Ashley couldn't tell who it was, but she felt someone place metal cuffs on her wrists.

The president issued more instructions. "Sargeant-at-arms, bring the ceremonial paddle."

A large, wooden paddle with the Greek symbols of the sorority was handed to the president. She bent down and showed it to Ashley. If it wasn't for the searing pain of the rope that still pressed against her clit and the agony of having her nipples stretched tightly, Ashley might have smiled when she saw the paddle, but now she looked at it with a certain degree of horror. She asked herself if she could endure what was about to occur.

Straightening up, the president told Ashley that each of the sisters would be allowed to give her one whack for each year of their membership. Ashley started counting off the number of members - 25 - and tried to think of how long each had been in the sorority. She couldn't concentrate. It didn't really matter. She was about to get her ass beat to a pulp and there was no way to prevent it other than quitting. Quitting wasn't an option. She'd made it this far and wasn't about to quit. Besides, she looked forward to enjoying the life of a sorority girl although at the moment, she wasn't sure what that would entail.

Ashley's thoughts were quickly interrupted. \*WHACK\* The president asked Ashley if she liked that and if she wanted another.

"Thank you!" she managed. "Please, may I have another?"

\*WHACK\* "What do you say, slut?"

"Thank you! May I have another?"

And so it went. After each and every whack, Ashley thanked the one who wielded the paddle and asked for more. After receiving 30 or 40 hard smacks from various members, the president interrupted. "I don't know about the rest of you, but I think we've done enough damage to the slut's ass. What say we fuck her now?"

As the cheering began again, everyone removed their robes, revealing the strap-on dildos previously hidden from view. Julie was ushered to the beginning of the line and told she'd be the first to have a go. "It's tradition," she was told. The tension on the rope was released and as two other sisters' hands spread Ashley's beet-red ass cheeks, the pledge positioned the tip of the dildo at the opening of the red, raw pussy and pushed it in. Chants of "Fuck her! Fuck her!" drowned out the slurping, sloshing sounds of the dildo as it plunged in and out of Ashley's cunt. "Harder! Harder! Fuck her harder!"

Normally, Ashley would've enjoyed the deep, hard fucking she was getting, but right now, her ass stung, her pussy burned and her nipples ached. For her, the only good thing about getting fucked was that the paddling had stopped.

The president tapped the pledge on her shoulder and informed her there was a 5-minute time limit, so she'd better get busy if she wanted to leave a lasting impression. The pledge increased her pace, slamming the dildo in and out. As the countdown on her 5-minutes ended, her dildo was replaced by another... and another... until all 26 girls had used Ashley's pussy practically non-stop. Each of the dildos was at least 10-inches long and some were longer, and everyone made sure her dildo went in as far as possible. The constant bashing into her cervix caused her excruciating pain that would last for a very long time.

The president congratulated all the sisters for giving Ashley such a good fucking and then calmly said, "Sargeant-at-arms, allow our newest sister to get some rest."

The chain connected to the clover clamps was unhooked from the heavy chain and then each clamp was released from Ashley's nipples. The rush of blood flowing back into each caused another wicked sensation to course through her body. She was helped to straighten her back, a slow and painful action, and then her wrists and ankles were released. The purple tint of her hands and feet slowly changed back to their normal coloring. She tried to twist around to look at her ass but couldn't. Julie told her she'd probably have bruises to admire for many days, and that she'd been assigned the task of helping her recuperate. "What would you like me to do?" she asked.

Ashley thought for a few moments before answering, "I honestly don't know. I hurt everywhere, but I don't think I want that to stop. Would you spank my pussy 'til I cum?"

"You want me to hurt you even more? Your pussy was already raw before the fucking began! I can't imagine what it must feel like now!"

"Spank it gently at first. I'll let you know if I want it done softer or harder after a bit. And when you're done spanking it, I want you to fist me. Will you do that for me? Please?"

Besides being assigned the task of caring for Ashley, she had a crush on her and had wanted to be alone with her since they'd met. "Let's go to our new room upstairs and then I'll take care of you," replied Julie. She took Ashley's hand and helped her out of the meeting room as others groped her breasts, slapped her ass and congratulated her on surviving the ceremony.

Once safely inside their room, Ashley gingerly sat down on the edge of a bed. She winced as her ass made contact, then lay back and spread her thighs. Julie stood and stared. "Are you sure about this, Ashley?"

"Yes. I want to be your fuck toy. I want you to play with me as often as you want. I want to feel that long strap-on of yours inside my pussy everyday! I mean, if you'll have me." Ashley blushed as she looked up into Julie's eyes.

"If I'll have you?" asked Julie. At that moment she sat down beside her and swung the palm of her hand down hard onto Ashley's waiting pussy. After only a few more swats, Ashley began to orgasm. Julie slid three fingers inside her and asked if she was ready for more.

"Oh, goddess yes! Fill me all at once!" shouted Ashley.

Julie added her little finger and then tucked in her thumb and pushed into her. Her hand slid in almost effortlessly as Ashley continued orgasming. Julie then spread her fingers apart and attempted to tickle her inside. The orgasms continued as Julie gazed at the thick liquid oozing out from the swollen pussy lips gripping her wrist. She felt a sense of power and wanted to test it. "Time for me to get some attention, slut!" She withdrew her hand and smeared the wetness across Ashley's mouth before wiping her hand in her long, brunette hair. She lay back on the bed with her legs spread and pulled Ashley close. "Fuck me with your pussy, slut. And don't you dare cum until I have."

Ashley did as she was told.