**Baring All for Sorority Initiation**

by[Scoob](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=125221&page=submissions)©

**Chapter One - Indoctrination**
When I first got to college, I was like many impressionable, young incoming freshman girls -- anxious about leaving high school behind and desirous of achieving popularity and status in college. My future was in my hands, I was repeatedly told. As it turns out, getting one's foot in the door often is a matter of how far one is willing to go to get what one wants. For me, it turned out, I was willing to go significantly further than I ever expected.

In high school, I ran with the in crowd. I was in scholastic honor societies. I sang in the choir. I was on the cheerleading drill team. I was an elected class officer. I was a couple of times in the running for homecoming queen, and so on.

College, I was told, was a whole new ballgame. One went from being a big fish in a small pond to being a small fish in a big pond. However, there was a shortcut to status and popularity in college. And it was the sorority system.

If you pledged and were accepted into a top sorority, life would be good. You would be invited to all the best parties. You immediately would have 70 best friends and roommates. You would have built-in study partners. You would have access to a vast alumni network once you left college for the working world. It all would be yours, I was promised. That is, if you make it through rush, the annual sorority rite of determining who to invite to join. This process is always at least a three part ordeal -- one part job interview, one part beauty contest and one part impress the older girls.

I arrived at college in late July six years ago to prepare to join the annual sorority rush. By talking with friends, family, counselors and others, I had narrowed my sorority choices down to three, with one as the clear favorite.

My base of operations was a nice, small hotel on the edge of the campus. From there I designed my grand rush strategy. I had a calendar tacked to the bathroom door with all the key parties, events and gatherings clearly marked. My closet was full of my nicest clothes. My bathroom looked like a makeup counter at Neiman Marcus. I was ready to march into battle.

The first week of rush was filled with seemingly endless and back-to-back "meet-and-greets," where prospective members or rushees would visit their target sororities and introduce themselves to rush committee members. These gatherings were the job interview portion of the ordeal. Focusing on my three target houses, I was firing on all cylinders. I did a great job at each interview, especially at my first choice house. As a result, I was invited back to evening parties at all three houses. Hurdle one, cleared.

The parties were the beauty contest portion of the ordeals. The purpose and format was the same at all three houses: dress up in your nicest formal wear; parade in front of current members; mix and mingle; go home and wait by the phone. I did fairly well at this section too. I was called back to two houses, including my favorite and was formally invited to join each sorority.

I quickly accepted the offer from my favorite and target house, which I don't want to fully name. I'll just call it Delta.

Two nights after getting the invitation to join, I was at the Delta house, again dressed to the nines, eating finger food, sipping soda and getting the low-down on the initiation process, as they called it. In hindsight, I would call it hazing. Hazing is a set of initiation rites and can range from being forced to drink excessive amounts of alcohol to being kept awake for days on end while having to do menial chores around the sorority house. Hazing today is officially illegal. Six years ago, hazing didn't have nearly the stigma it has today.

At the initiation party, I was assigned a Big Sister. Her name was Bethany. She would be a senior for the upcoming school year. She had been in the house since her freshman year. She was tall and very attractive, in a stereotypical sorority way. She was thin with long, straight amber-colored hair, long legs and what I would call generous breasts.

I don't think I was randomly assigned to Bethany. I think she sought me out. She said I reminded her of herself when she was a freshman. Bethany and I could easily be mistaken for sisters. I too am tall (5-10''), have long, straight amber-colored hair and long legs. I don't, however, fill out a sports bra quite as well as Bethany. My breasts are good-sized, but not as full as Bethany's. In other words, I get a nice bounce going if I run without a bra, but not so much as to make running wholly uncomfortable.

Each of us pledges was told our Big Sister would be our guide for the week-long initiation. Each of our initiations, it was explained, would be unique. The process would be tailored to each person based on an in-depth, intimate conversation that was to take place that night with our Big Sister. The contents of these conversations would remain confidential. No one besides our Big Sister would learn of what we talked about. Disclosure of pledge conversations was a strict no-no at Delta. If one was to divulge secrets from the conversation, that person would immediately be barred from the house, for life. They took this seriously.

That night, Bethany took me out to a nice local restaurant where we had an excellent meal and quickly plowed our way through two bottles of wine. Throughout the meal, we discussed everything, like we had been friends for years. We discussed intimate details of our sexual histories -- what we had done, what we hadn't, what we wouldn't. We talked about our bodies -- what we liked, what we didn't. We discussed five Fs -- family, friends, feelings futures and fun. I really felt like we got on great.

The one thing that surprised me most about Bethany, and intrigued me at the same time, was her professed enjoyment of exhibitionism. She said she loved her body and how good it looked and like to show it off to men and women. She talked about flashing her breasts and pubic area in public, wearing sexy, revealing clothes, stripping naked in the great outdoors, etc... I even thought she was getting turned on telling me about it.

By the time we finished our meal, I was pretty tipsy and excited for the beginning of my initiation, which Bethany said would begin the next day. As we walked out of the restaurant, I started thinking about a story Bethany told me about sunbathing on a hotel room deck that adjoined another room's deck while wearing only a g-string bottom. She did this, she said, because she thought the businessman staying next door was cute and she wanted to torture him by using a bit of controlled exhibitionism. She described how she would make enough noise while on the deck to lure him out to see what the noise was about. She said she would catch him trying to slyly catch glimpses of her nearly naked body laying just feet from his sliding hotel room door. She said this was just one of a series of purposeful "showing off incidents," as she called them, that she does from time to time.

What she said after this got me a bit concerned. She said, "It's really a turn-on to do things you never thought you would, or could. You'll see."

Before I could ask what that meant, she was leading me out the door and driving me back to my hotel jabbering about how great it will be once I cleared the initiation process.

To prepare for tomorrow, the beginning of my initiation, she said she had one request. "Before I pick you up tomorrow, I want you to shave off all, and I mean all, your pubic hair."

I looked at her with my head cocked and incredulously asked why. After all, what did a sorority initiation have to do with shaving my pubic hair, I wondered. I thought hazing involved beer, sleep deprivation and doing Big Sisters' dirty work. She had other ideas. Bethany looked at me with a bit of fire in her eyes and said, "Kate, don't ask those kind of questions. For this one week you are to do what I say. You have to trust me. Just do it."

After assuring her I understood her request and would be ready when she picked me up the next morning, she dropped me off in front of my hotel, bade me good night and drove off.

With my mind now swimming with thoughts of Bethany's exhibitionism fetish, I decided to try a little "showing off" myself. I quickly turned around and walked back out of the hotel into the parking lot. I found a quiet, dark row of cars and stepped between a couple of SUVs.

There, I folded under the hem of the black evening dress I was wearing so that the little black dress looked even littler. As a result of my temporary parking lot tailoring, the dress now was significantly shorter. The tops of my thigh-high stockings would show with virtually every step. I then reached around and unhooked my strapless bra, slipped it off and tucked it in my purse and unbuttoned the top two buttons on my dress. Because of the design of the dress, you couldn't see much of my breasts, but just being braless in that now hyper-short dress turned me on. I looked down at my short skirt, noted the seemingly vast distance from the skirt hem to the soles of my shoes and strode confidently, or at least as confidently as one can on high heels after consuming a bottle of red wine, toward the lobby.

The first person I saw was the 30-something guy standing behind the check-in counter. He was staring at me, watching every move. I walked quickly by him toward the elevators. I could feel my breasts moving freely inside my loose dress. Just as I passed him, I reached back and scratched a non-existent itch on my right butt check, lifting my skirt to get to the right spot. As a result the desk guy was treated to a brief, but clear view of my stocking tops and most of my right ass cheek. I had on a pair of black thong panties, to go with my evening attire. (I've been a fan of thong or g-string underwear and other nice pieces of intimate wear since I was a junior in high school. A good friend worked at Victoria's Secret at a local mall and got me hooked via her discount.)

By the time I got to the elevator, I was breathing heavy with excitement and was incredibly turned on. I had never done anything like that before. I know guys find me attractive, and I have used that to my advantage many times. However, I have never done anything so provocative, or so random, before. As the elevator made its way up to the seventh floor, I reached up under my skirt and pulled down my panties and stepped out of them. I tucked them in my purse with my bra just as the elevator doors opened on my floor.

I glanced both ways down the hall before I stepped out, feeling both relieved and disappointed no one was in the hall. As I walked down the long, deserted hallway, I reached under my skirt and cupped my panty-less crotch and ran a finger up and down my very wet slit. I felt happily wicked.

Once inside my room, I quickly stripped off my party dress, jumped into the shower intending to quickly rinse off before getting into bed. However, I was still turned on from my exhibitionism-lite episode. I decided I would follow Bethany's orders and shave my pussy that night.

With shaving cream and a fresh razor in hand, I prepared to shave myself smooth. I lathered up my pubic hair, which, thankfully, already was trimmed short, and began carefully removing all the hair down there. I began with the thicker hair above my slit, removing more and more hair with each swipe of the razor. After my familiar triangle of hair was no longer, I turned my attention to the more tricky areas -- around my pussy lips and anus. Using my non-razor hand to simultaneously hold skin flat and feel around for stray hairs, I managed to shave myself completely clean from my belly button to the top of my ass crack. Every nook and cranny was now totally hair-free.

With my task complete, I got out of the shower, dried off and stood nude in front of a full length mirror just outside the bathroom door and gazed at my bald pussy. I reached down and ran my hand over the newly shaved areas. As I reached between my legs to caress my smooth peritoneum I ran a finger between my exposed pussy lips. I was so wet! Shaving had really turned me on. What's more, I really liked the look of being hairless. My pussy lips were clearly visible. My clit was just peaking out.

Still feeling the residual effects of the bottle of wine, I walked to my window and threw open the curtains. I doubted anyone would be looking out their window at that time of night, but the thought of someone seeing my nude, totally shaven body still sent a thrilling erotic shudder through my body. With the shades open and a bed-side lamp on, I pushed one of the full-sized beds near the window, just in case someone happened to be watching, and laid down naked and proceeded to masturbate to orgasm, my mind filled with images of laying nearly nude on a hotel deck as a businessman looked on.

**Chapter Two - Initiation Week Begins - Day One**
I awoke the next morning, with a bit of a headache, but excited at beginning my initiation with Bethany. She called me about 9 a.m. and told me to be ready at 10 a.m. She would pick me up in front of my hotel. Her only other direction besides shaving was to dress casually.

Once Bethany arrived and we got underway, she laid out the initiation week's theme and roster of events. She reminded me that failure to participate to her satisfaction in the week-long initiation would result in my being denied membership in the Delta sorority. Here she had me a bit over a barrel since she knew I was not pursuing membership in any other house. It was to be Delta or nothing.

She explained that based on our intimate conversation at the restaurant, she had decided to indoctrinate me into the world of flashing, exhibitionism and showing off. She promised she would do nothing to put me in perilous danger, either by putting us in uncontrolled situations where someone might harm us or in a position likely to get us in trouble with the police.

She asked if I was willing to trust her and willing to do what she asked in order to make it through the initiation. She emphasized that our week's adventures would be known only the two of us. No one else would be told of the initiation's content.

Bethany seemed so calm, confident and self-assured, I enthusiastically agreed to follow her lead, not knowing or really understanding where it might take us.

With an agreement reached, she pulled a bag from her back seat and told me to change into the clothes inside the bag. As I opened the bag, I asked, "Where are we going to stop so I can change?" Bethany laughed and said, "Ahhh, you have so much to learn. Change right here in the car."

We were in pretty heavy traffic, but since we were in an SUV, I figured no one, other than Bethany, would see much any way. I reached into the bag and pulled out the two items of clothing she had for me. Inside were a tiny pair of silver spandex hotpants and a light white button-up shirt.

Wanting to start off on a good foot, but a bit anxious about the outfit Bethany had picked out for me, I quickly slipped off my shorts and started to pull on the hotpants. "Hold on," Bethany said. "No panties." "Why not, they are thong panties, it won't look bad," I replied. Bethany just looked at me like a parent looks at a questioning child. Realizing I had better stay on her good side, I slipped my panties off and started to pull on the hotpants.

As I was getting the hotpants over my shoes, Bethany stopped at a stoplight. I looked nervously around, but no one in a vehicle higher than ours was nearby. I glanced over at Bethany who I noted was looking at my crotch. "Ah, good, you shaved. That looks good," she said with a smile. "Showing off is better with no hair down there, if you know what I mean." I knew what she meant, at least I figured I did.

Meanwhile, I got the hotpants on over my shoes and was pulling them up over my thighs realizing they were even smaller on than I imagined they would be when I pulled them out of the bag. They were skin tight and barely covered my ass. What's more, they were designed to be low riders -- you know, ride low on your hips. These, however, rode really low. In back, the waistband curved to just above my butt crack. In front, they were designed with a pronounced, but shallow, V cut. The point of the V dipped so low that had I not shaved, my pubic hair would have shown.

As I looked down at my new shorts, I noted that one could see the outline of my shaved pussy lips. I tugged down on the legs of the hotpants to remedy this potentially embarrassing situation. I then turned my attention to the shirt. I quickly pulled off my t-shirt and began fumbling with the light white button-up shirt Bethany had provided. I slipped in one arm, then the other and was about to button the shirt up when Bethany said, "Hold it, let me see them." I knew immediately she meant my breasts, so I turned toward her, opened the shirt and did my best impression of a flasher. I noticed my nipples were hard and I was feeling a bit flushed with excitement. With my breasts exposed to the world, I waited for her to say something. After what seemed like an eternity, she said, "Very nice. Thanks."

I returned to buttoning up the shirt, feeling a bit excited by the movement of the shirt's material against my erect nipples. The shirt, as I noted, was very light. It wasn't sheer, but it was a very thin cottony material. When I held the shirt down tight against my breasts, you could just make out a dark area where the shirt tried to hide my nipples.

Fortunately, I realized, the shirt would hang low enough to conceal at least part of my hotpants-clad derriere. Now for more immediate concerns...where were Bethany and I headed, I wondered.

We rode in silence for a while, which was fine because I constantly was focused on tugging the hotpants down because they kept slipping into my ass crack. At last, Bethany spoke as she got the SUV up to highway speed. "We're headed to the downtown area of a nearby major city for lunch. You hungry?"

Surprisingly, I was hungry. However, the thought of walking around in my present outfit didn't do much other than make me queasy.

After about 40 minutes of driving, Bethany pulled into a parking garage amongst the tall buildings of downtown. "We're going to eat on the 7th Street Mall," she said. Once we parked, Bethany quickly got out of the truck and waited for me to join her. I opened my door and got out. As soon as my sandal-clad feet hit the ground, I fully realized how exposed I was. The two-foot drop out of the SUV caused my breasts to bounce beneath the thin button-up shirt and the silver hotpants once again slid up between my ass cheeks.

"I can't walk around in public like this," I said in the direction of Bethany. "Sure you can," Bethany replied. "It's 95 degrees. People always dress in less this time of year."

I sheepishly walked around to the back of the truck and joined Bethany. I noticed then, for the first time, that she also was wearing a rather lurid, sexy outfit. She had on a skin-tight, nearly sheer, pink top made of some sort of stretchy material. Her ample breasts straining against the fabric would, I had little doubt, draw a fair amount of attention. Her top was complemented by a rather short white cotton mini-skirt.

My eyes must have betrayed the sheer terror I was feeling inside. "Don't worry, this will be exciting. See, look, I'm not wearing panties either." As she said that, she reached down, without even looking around and hoisted up her skirt to flash me her bare pussy. She too, as I expected, had no pubic hair.

Feeling a bit reassured by her boldness, as well as her choice of attire, we turned and made our way to the busy 7th Street mall, an old street that now was restricted to pedestrians only. Restaurants and retail stores lined either side of the street. We strolled down the sidewalk, surrounded by 9-5ers going about their lunchtime routines. I caught a large number of people, both men and women, leering at us as they walked by. After about a block, Bethany said, "See this isn't so bad."

She looked over at me for a response and before I could utter a word she added, "Hey, that shirt is supposed to be tied up above your belly button. Put a knot in it and unbutton the top two buttons."

In for a dime, in for a dollar, I figured and did as she asked. With the shirt tied up, one now had a totally unobstructed view of my ridiculously tiny pair of hotpants. I swear there was only three or four inches of material in the front between the tip of the waist V and the bottom of my pussy. The view from behind had to be as equally revealing. My little bottom gripped in a skimpy silver spandex vice, with material permanently creeping up my ass crack. By the second block, I gave up on pulling the shorts out of my ass. As a result, I knew, more of my ass cheeks, not to mention the top of my ass crack, would show. However, that seemed better at the time than having to pick them out every 10 steps.

As for the shirt, with the top two buttons undone, the shirt was open to the middle of my breasts. If I were to bend over, even slightly, any passer-by would be treated to a full-on view of my tits.

As we crossed a side street and began strolling up our third block, still surrounded by throngs of lunch-goers, Bethany pointed at an outdoor café where we were to eat. She picked up her pace and I noted her breasts were really bouncing, drawing stares from everyone around us -- which I was thankful for since it made me feel a little less conspicuous.

At the restaurant we were quickly seated in an outdoor seating area by a somewhat disapproving hostess. We ordered our food from a highly approving waiter and just sat back and soaked up the afternoon sun.

Bethany asked me how I felt, wearing so little in such a public place. "To be honest, it really is turning me on," I said as I looked down at my exposed cleavage and the tiny silver hotpants, which now had crept up between my shaved pussy lips, making it totally obvious I was not wearing panties.

"Drop you napkin and look over at me," Bethany said. "Look at what I am doing."

I did as she asked. I immediately found myself with a full view right up between her legs. She was sitting with her legs apart just enough that anyone looking would be treated to an unobstructed view of her shaved pussy. I quickly sat up and looked at her, mouth open.

"See that table of guys in suits over your left shoulder," Bethany said with a nod. "Two of them already have noticed I'm not wearing panties and they are telling the other two guys. Be subtle. Don't let them know we know they are looking." She then reached down and pretended to scratch an itch high on her left thigh, slightly spreading her legs a bit more. "The other two guys just saw me," she said with a smirk. She then tightly crossed her legs and leaned in to focus on our conversation, as if nothing unusual had just taken place. She was so calm. Me, on the other hand, my mind was spinning.

"Here comes the waiter with our food. When he gets here, lean forward and let him see you tits," Bethany said. Emboldened by her flashing, I subtly reached up and unbuttoned another button, leaving only the bottom two buttons fastened. When our food arrived, I leaned forward to reach across the table for some sweetener, giving the waiter a view of a lifetime. As he put Bethany's food in front of her, I stole a glance down my shirt and noted I could see all the way down past my nipples.

The waiter, while obviously distracted by the view of my breasts, finished serving our food, asked if we needed anything else and left, promising to check back shortly.

After he left, I re-buttoned my shirt to just between my breasts and quickly downed my meal. Bethany also made short order of her salad. I was eager to get out of there, fearing we had already drawn too much attention. Throughout the meal, I kept stealing glances around worried someone might be offended and call a manager, or worse, the cops.

Finally, we finished our food, paid our bill and walked out of the outdoor seating area and headed off back down the sidewalk toward the garage where our car was parked. As soon as we hit the sidewalk, I immediately, once again, was aware of the hotpants riding right up my ass crack and could feel my breasts bouncing free in my light shirt, my erect nipples grazing the light material with each step. Boy was this turning me on. I remember wondering whether or not a wet spot had yet appeared in the crotch of my silver shorts.

Once we got back in the truck, Bethany turned to me and said, "Man, what a rush. That really turned me on, how about you?" I professed that it had scared the crap out of me, but also had really got me hot and bothered too. "Good," she said. "There's more fun to come. We've got the whole week. You are not done yet."

As we drove, I noticed that Bethany, every now and then, would put her hand under her short skirt, and then quickly remove it and put it back on the steering wheel or shifter. After watching her do this five or six times, I finally got up the nerve to put her on the spot. "What are you doing down there?" I asked in an ironic tone.

"To be honest," she said, "I really want to get myself off. I'm so wet, it's driving me crazy. Would you mind if touched myself real quick?" Not knowing how to react to that, I just stammered, "No, fine with me."

She then quickly pulled off the road into a parking lot of a new loft-style apartment development and found a parking place in the relatively empty back of the lot. When she stopped the car and switched off the engine, Bethany said, "Thanks, this won't take long. You can stay here or take a quick walk, whatever you want." Since work on the lofts was still going on, I didn't want to get out of the car and walk around just to be leered at by construction workers, so I decided to stay put.

Bethany reclined her seat back to an almost flat position, raised her butt of the seat and pulled her skirt up, totally exposing her shaved pussy. She then spread her legs, one against the door and one against the console between the seats. She took her right hand and ran three fingers up her obviously wet slit, trying to pick up as must moisture as possible, and then, using her middle finger, began rubbing her clit. I kept thinking, what am I doing watching this? I am not interested in women. Nonetheless, I couldn't keep my eyes off her. I was so stunned at what she was so brazenly doing in front of a relative stranger. I just couldn't not look. Within a couple of minutes, she came.

And then, just like that, she put her seat up, turned on the engine and backed out saying, "Thanks, Kate, that felt so great. I really appreciate you understanding. I hope you are not mad at me for doing that in front of you. Sometimes one's orgasmic needs trump shyness. Know what I mean."

I replied that I understood. Heck, I would have given quite a bit to have had a chance to cum myself, but there was no way I was going to masturbate in front of someone. So, instead, I just sat there in a stupor, turned on as heck and eager to see what was next. It was now about 2 p.m. and Bethany said we were headed back to the college town. Today's fun was done, she explained. "I don't want to push to too far...yet," she said.

We arrived at my hotel at about 3 p.m. She told me I could keep the clothes I was wearing. "Consider it a gift courtesy of Delta's petty cash fund," she said as I stepped down out of the SUV. She tossed my shorts, panties and t-shirt to me and said she would be back to pick me up tomorrow around noon. "Day two awaits, Kate," she said. "Tomorrow, just like today, dress casually and be sure to shave again. See you tomorrow."

**Chapter Three - Getting Down During Down Time**
As she drove I off, I shook my head in disbelief as to what I had gotten myself into. Just then, I felt incredibly self conscious as I stood there in front of my hotel wearing a ridiculously tiny pair of silver hotpants and a light white shirt tied above my belly button. I turned and strode quickly into the hotel, through the lobby and into an elevator.

Remembering how last night I had stripped off my panties in this same elevator, I decided to tempt fate again. I slid off the hotpants and untied my shirt and let it drop to cover what it could. From the front, the shirt came down exactly to the bottom of my shaved pussy. From the back, one would have no doubt I was wearing nothing beneath the shirt as it covered about two-thirds of my ass, providing a view of the lower part of my cheeks and the shaved mound between my legs.

The elevator bell dinged when it reach my floor. My heart was racing as the doors opened. Would anyone be there waiting for the elevator? Would someone be in the hall? The doors opened and to my relief, which is not to say I wasn't a little disappointed, no one was there. I exited the elevator and headed to my room near the end of the long hall.

Just as I started down the hall, flushed with excitement at what I was doing, I heard a door open somewhere in front of me. About three doors before my room, a door opened and a man and a woman stepped out and started down the hallway toward me. I picked up my pace, wanting to get past them as soon as I could. As my pace quickened, my shirt starting moving in time with my cadence, swinging a bit side to side, somewhat exposing my bare pussy. As I passed the couple, who were walking slowly pulling luggage behind them and staring at me as I marched toward them, I heard the woman say under her breath, "Oh my God, did you see that, she wasn't wearing any panties."

I glanced back at them as I neared my door and saw both of them looking at my ass peaking out beneath my too-short shirt. I really hammed it up for the last few yards, swinging my hips in full super-model form. I got to my door, quickly pulled my card key out of my purse and gave them a three finger wave as I stepped inside my room. I quickly shut the door and leaned back against it, listening to make sure they had continued down the hallway. At last, I heard the elevator ding and I presumed they boarded the elevator with their luggage and left for places unknown. Thank goodness, I thought, they were checking out. It would have been embarrassing if they still were staying nearby.

So, it was 3 p.m. and I still had an afternoon and evening free. I thought about stripping down for another quick masturbation session, but decided what I needed was something more to help take my sexual edge off. I needed a vibrator, or something along those lines. I wanted to feel something inside me -- to feel full, but I wasn't about to head to a bar in search of a one night stand. That just wasn't my style.

I fished out the Yellow Pages to see if there was any kind of adult boutique in this town. To my great pleasure, there was a shop called Personal Indulgence, located about a mile away. Not knowing what this place was like, but assuming, based on its location that it was semi-respectable, I pulled on a pair of modest tan shorts over my Delta special silver hotpants. I decided to keep on the white shirt, but I put on a white halter top that gives my boobs just enough lift to create the illusion of being well endowed. Wearing a bit more than I was earlier, I grabbed my purse and set out on foot for the shop.

The place was a large, fairly nondescript building with a simple sign displaying the store's name with the tagline "Erotic Superstore." The parking lot had about 20 cars in it and it was located next to a strip mall filled with familiar brand name stores. From about a block away, I noted a couple of respectable couples and individuals either leaving the store or entering as I walked up. This seemed like a pretty safe place. Still feeling horny and excited from my afternoon on the 7th St. Mall, I ducked into a grocery store and headed for the bathroom. Inside, I took off my halter top opting to show off my breasts again by only wearing my flimsy white shirt on top. I again tied it up above my belly button and unbuttoned it to just between my breasts.

I decided to leave my tan shorts on over my hotpants, but I did roll down the waist band and unbuttoned the waist button so the shorts rode nice and low on my hips. If nothing else, it helped remind me that a sexy pair of hotpants was barely covering my now-shaved pussy.

Feeling naughty and hot in my semi-revealing top, I headed into the store. I was immediately struck by the size of this place. It had two floors, the top floor was all videos and magazines. The bottom floor was crammed with every type of dildo, vibrator, butt plug, sexy lingerie, lubricants and leather wear you could imagine. I had never seen a place like this before. Heck, I hadn't heard of half the products the store sold.

After wandering around in semi-shock, I sheepishly made my way over to the vibrator/dildo/butt plug section. I was perusing the array of objects on display, nearly overwhelmed by the vast selection. After about five minutes, a reasonably attractive woman with dyed black hair, a couple of tattoos and a smile came over and asked if I had any questions or needed some help. Reluctant to discuss my quest for sex toys with a stranger, I managed to eek out something about being interested in a vibrator.

Before I knew it, Kim, was giving me the scoop on the finer points of vibrators and dildos. She was so open about everything, it really relaxed me and soon I was eagerly asking questions and gazing at test models as they buzzed in my hands. Finally, with Kim's assistance, I picked out a medium-sized silicon dildo with three vibrating speeds. As I was about to walk toward the check out counter, Kim asked if I had every tried an anal toy. As you might expect, I had never even seen an anal toy. Heck, I had only used a vibrator twice -- it belonged to my best friend who got it from a cousin. Before I knew it, we were standing next to a display with scads of different models of butt plugs, anal beads and so on. Kim convinced me using an anal toy along with my new vibrator would take me to new heights of self pleasure, as she called it. Again based on her counsel, I picked out an eight inch strand of anal beads. The beads on this plastic strand started small at one end and gradually got larger as you moved along.

With the anal beads in one hand and an eight inch pink vibrator in the other, Kim then steered me to the lube section and picked out some special anal lube (lasts longer) and another type (water-based) for the dildo.

After Kim left me, it dawned on me that it had kind of turned me on to talk so openly with someone else about using toys for masturbation. I then turned my thoughts to how unusual of a day I had had so far. Here I was standing in a public store with one toy I intended to put in my pussy and one I intended to put in my ass. Two hours ago, I was sitting at an outdoor café wearing next to nothing and flashing my tits at strange men. Before this, a hot time was laying out at the country club pool counting the number of 13-year-olds who sneaked peaks and me and my friends in our two piece bathing suits.

My mom would not have been impressed.

I made my purchases and with the bag of goodies in hand headed back to my hotel. It was now about six o'clock and still hot as heck. It must have been 90 degrees. On the way back, I went back to the same grocery store and went to the bathroom again, this time to remove my tan shorts. I wanted to strut around again in just the hotpants and flimsy white shirt.

My attire drew the expected stares and double takes. Wearing so little in public coupled with knowing I had a new vibrator, anal beads and lube in a little sack wrapped around my wrist really turned me on. As I quickly made my way back to my hotel along a busy road, I could feel the wetness between my legs growing with every step. I hurried my pace, eager to get back to my room to try out my new toys. As I rushed back to the hotel, I got pretty sweaty, making my flimsy shirt even more revealing. As I entered the hotel and made my way past a couple of guests checking in, all conversation briefly stopped as the guy behind the counter's jaw dropped as I strolled by. The people checking in followed his eyes just in time to watch my barely covered ass as I walked away to the elevator.

Once inside the elevator, I slipped my hands down the front of the hotpants and cupped my wetness. I brought my fingers to my nose and smelled my juices. Viscerally I reacted to this odor and nearly ran down the hallway to my room, so excited to break out my new toys.

Barely inside my room, I immediately stripped off my now sweaty shirt, slid down by silver hotpants and stood naked in front of the full length mirror. Sweat was trickling down between my breasts. My nipples were erect. My pussy was wet. I needed relief.

First, a quick shower and shave.

After I got out of the shower, I retrieved my bag of toys from the floor near the door and open the packages containing the dildo and the anal beads. I washed each item careful with warm soap and water, picked up the lubricants and went into the main room. I stripped the yucky bedspread off one of the double beds and climbed aboard, ready to play with my new toys.

As I lay on my back, I first dropped my hand to my freshly-shaved pussy and played with myself. I wanted to get my juices naturally flowing as much as possible. This was not difficult, since I already was wet having just been thinking about relieving my pent-up sexual frustration, built up over a long, exciting day.

Now sufficiently wet, I grabbed the eight inch pink dildo, squirted some lube on its tip and used my fingers to coat it with the clear liquid. I then lowered the slippery phallus between my spread legs and pressed its pliable, silicon tip between my pussy lips. As the tip entered me, all my internal bells began ringing. This was going to feel so good. I gently and slowly worked the dildo in about half way, relishing in the feeling of fullness it was giving me. I switched hands, and held it with my left hand, using my right hand to twist the vibration control knob on its base. I turned it first to low and sucked in my breath as the vibrations seemed to reverberate my entire insides. I then switched it to medium speed and began using my lubricated fingers to rub my clit. As I touched myself with my right hand, I used my left hand to gently move the vibrating dildo around. I didn't pump it in and out, I just slightly moved it about. Each little movement brought a new or heightened sensation. In less than a minute I was ready to cum, but I hadn't touched the anal beads yet. I wanted to go for it all. I removed the dildo from my very wet pussy and set it on a clean towel I had brought from the bathroom.

Thinking of nothing else but pleasuring myself, I picked up the anal beads with my slippery fingers, grabbed the special anal lubricant off the night table and used it to coat the beads. The anal lube was much thicker than the water-based lube Kim had recommended for the dildo. She told me it wouldn't wash away as quick as the water-based, and would provide better lubrication, something she said was important for someone new to anal sexual activity.

I must admit to being a bit mystified as to what I was about to do. All I knew was what Kim had told me, and she was quite adamant about the virtues of putting plastic beads up one's ass. What the heck, the way this week was going, I might as well try anything and everything I can, I figured. Kim's one piece of advice was to go slow and concentrate on relaxing. She explained that the sphincter muscles were very pliable, but one should never force anything. Pain is bad, she said.

With that advice ringing in my ears, I got up on all fours, squired some lube onto my hand and reached up, over my hips, and rubbed the slippery stuff around my hair-free anus. I inserted the tip of my middle finger inside to work in some lube. I had never put my finger up my ass before, I remember thinking. I wonder why I never had...too sheltered, I guess. Anyway, I pulled out my finger, put some more lube on it and inserted it again, this time up past my knuckle. It sure felt tight in there, but it also felt...interesting.

I, again, pulled out my finger, picked up the anal beads, shiny with a liberal coating of lube and put the smallest of the six beads against my asshole. Every time I tried to slip it in, the bead would just slip out of place. I buried my face in my pillow for balance, and reached around with my left hand to guide the bead strand in. With my right hand holding the middle of the strand and using two of my left hand's fingers as a guide I managed to slip the first bead into my butt. It was small and went in easy, once I got it just inside the opening. I took a deep breath, relaxed and pushed in the second bead. It too slipped pretty easily past my sphincter muscle.

The third bead felt much bigger than the second. Still using my right hand, and with my ass pointed straight up, I began pushing the third bead into me. I took another deep breath as the third bead slowly and not so easily began passing my sphincter muscle. This one almost hurt, but, man, once it popped pass the initial barrier...what a sensation! I decided I would try one more bead, leaving the last two for another day. I began pressing the fourth bead into me. It just wasn't going. Feeling a little too zealous, I pushed the bead harder into me. That hurt!

However, I was so turned on by my anal adventure, I became ridiculously determined to get the fourth bead into my ass. Gripping the beads with my ass muscles, I stood up, figuring a new position might help me relax and allow things to slide in easier. I walked over to the dresser, propped a foot up on it and looked at myself in the mirror.

There I was, totally nude, my wet hair plastered across my forehead, tumbling all disheveled around my shoulders. My hairless pubic area glistened with my own wetness and two kinds of lubricant. Between my legs, you could see two of the last three beads dangling from my asshole.

Taking two deep breaths, I bent forward slightly, reached around and with one hand on bead number four and the other on the end of the bead strand, I pushed. I felt the fourth bead part my asshole, begin to stretch my sphincter muscle. I closed my eyes tight as I experience some discomfort. I could tell, however, it was going to make it. I pushed a little harder, my body beginning to tense up in expectation of pain, then, all at once, it popped (almost literally) inside me. Oh my God, it felt so amazing. On one hand, I felt intense relief as the discomfort caused by pushing, maybe, a little too hard, subsided. On the other hand, the sexual sensation of having four beads, representing four inches of plastic up my virgin asshole was an incredible feeling.

I turned around and bent over in front of the dresser mirror and looked around behind me, gazing at the two remaining beads peaking out of my asshole anchored by the four inside me by a thin strip of connecting plastic. It looked obscene, naughty...and hot!

I picked up the dildo, I walked over near the open window, propped my foot on an ottoman, looked down and inserted the dildo again into my pussy. I slid it carefully in a bit further than I had before and turned the vibration function back on. I stood there for a moment, gazing out the window at the courtyard below. Holding the dildo, I then laid back on the plush chair next to the window (the one the ottoman belonged to), closed my legs a bit to hold the buzzing dildo in place and began rubbing my clit with my still-slippery fingers. In just 10 seconds or so I was ready to cum. As I rubbed myself with my right hand, I pulled the dildo out of my shaved pussy, dropped it on the floor and grabbed hold of the last two anal beads. And, as Kim had advised, I prepared to pop them rapidly out of my ass just as I was cumming.

My right fingers continued to slide rapidly back and forth over my clit. I was on the verge. My leg muscles tightened, I arched my back to get my anus off the chair and right as I started to let go, I pulled the beads out of my ass. Beads three and four went "pop, pop" as they came out. The last two slid silently out as I went headlong into a very, very intense orgasm. Man, was it intense!

Spent, and still naked, I dropped my arms to my side and let out a long, long breath. I felt amazing...and amazingly sticky. Time for another quick shower, a bite to eat and an early bed time.

Just as I stood up from the chair, my phone rang. It was Bethany. "Just checking in, how are you doing?" she asked. I told her I was fine as I looked at my nude body in the dresser mirror. "Good, get some rest tonight and I'll pick you up at noon. Wear some hiking or running shoes. Bye." Then, she hung up. Running shoes? What was that about, I wondered. I'd worry about it tomorrow, I decided and headed to the shower.

After cleaning up, I ordered a pizza and spent the rest of the evening relaxing in my hotel room, flipping channels and reading a book I brought from home.

**Chapter Four - Initiation Day Two - The Great Outdoors**
I awoke the next morning at about 10 a.m. I couldn't believe I slept that late. I guess my mind had been overloaded by the adventures from the day before and needed to time to regroup.

After a quick shower, in which I went over nearly my entire body with a fresh razor and shaving cream -- armpits, pussy, backside, legs, I got dressed, gathered up my purse, hotel room key and went down to the lobby to wait for Bethany.

She pulled up exactly at noon. I climbed into her SUV and away we went. Bethany was wearing a sports bra, light running shorts, hiking socks and hiking shoes. I had on the tan shorts from yesterday, a white cotton t-shirt and a purple sports bra underneath. "We're going hiking," Bethany said. "I packed enough food and water for the afternoon, so we can spend most of the day in the mountains. I figured you ought to see some of what makes this state so special."

We drove for about an hour and a half through some of the most beautiful country I have ever seen. After leaving a scenic two-lane paved road, Bethany turned up a dirt road just after passing a brown Forest Service sign with multiple arrows pointing to multiple trailheads.

"You ready for some hiking," Bethany asked with a grin. "That sounds good I said, excited to get some exercise and breathe some fresh air."

We drove up the dirt road for about 12 miles before the road got pretty rough and the going got slow. "Just another mile and a half or so," Bethany said as the SUV swayed side to side as she negotiated around a couple of basketball-sized rocks. "This is a pretty off-the-beaten-path place. Not many people up here."

At last, we stopped in small parking area in front of a sign I read through the windshield. It said, "Shepherd Gulch - 2 miles; Shibley Lake - 2.2 miles; Patterson Plateau - 10 miles.

"We're going to head up toward Shibley Lake," Bethany said. "It's a good hike, only a couple of steep spots, lot's of sun and great scenery. You ready?" She got out of the truck, went around back and opened the rear hatch. "I'll carry the pack for the first leg, then you can lug it. Cool?" she asked. "Cool," I said as I got out of the car to join her at the rear of the truck.

Just as I rounded the rear of the truck, Bethany was stepping out of her shorts. "What are you doing?" I asked. "We are going to hike naked. What did you think?" Bethany said. "This is day two in your initiation, remember? Yesterday was just the beginning. Don't worry, these trailheads aren't used much at all. This area is pretty remote. No one lives up here. It'll be fine," Bethany said with a dismissive wave of her hand. "Relax."

Relax. Yeah right. This woman was going to get us in trouble. I just knew it.

Before I even had unbuttoned my shorts, Bethany was out of her thong panties and was pulling her sports bra off over her head. I briefly gazed at her near perfect, large breasts and felt a tinge of envy. Her breasts were round, firm, tanned and appeared to be real. Her nipples were small and, currently, erect.

As she got her sports bra off over her head, I returned to my shorts and pulled them and my panties off together. I pick them up and put them on the SUV's tailgate and pulled off my own sports bra and laid it on top of my shorts. Bethany grabbed the pile of my clothes, added them to her own and stuffed them in the backpack. Thank goodness, I thought to myself, at least we are bringing our clothes with us.

Bethany swung the backpack onto her bare back, tossed a baseball hat to me, put another on her own head, and said, "Let's go," and headed off up the trail, with me obediently, and worriedly, falling in place behind.

As I walked behind her, I alternated between gazing at the scenery, the rocky trail in front of me and her ass. I have never spent any more time with a naked woman than it takes to take a shower in a public gym. Thus, walking behind naked Bethany was a new experience. I was at times mesmerized by her beautiful brown butt swaying from side to side as she strolled up the trail. When she took big steps up onto rocks, I could see the muscles in her ass, thighs and calves flex. I also could regularly see her shaved pussy lips peaking out between her firm butt cheeks. She obviously was in good shape. And, she obviously either laid out naked, or went into tanning booths nude. She was brown all over, with nary a tan line. I found myself wondering how her breasts moved when she walked. Just friendly curiosity, I told myself.

My mind wandered frequently during our hike to the lake. At times, I would gaze down my naked body taking in my lightly bouncing breasts, shaved pubic area and tanned knees and feel a great deal of incredulity about what we were doing.

We were two college-aged women, ages 19 and 21, walking outdoors totally naked, save for our baseball hats. Our clothes were stuffed in a backpack, not easily accessed in case of an emergency. What if someone sees us? What if that someone mistakes our nudity for a sexual invitation and does something bad to us? What if I slip and scrape my soft-skinned ass?

"After we crest this ridge, the lake is just about a half mile, downhill, further," Bethany said. That news heartened me since I was getting a little tired, and a whole lot sweaty, as we slowly slogged up a steep hill. We are walking along what must have been an old mining road. It was a two-track trail, complete with numerous sweeping switchbacks.

We were now about halfway up this long hill, just approaching yet another switchback when out of nowhere a guy on a mountain bike screamed around the switchback, caught sight of us, swung his head in disbelief, locked his brakes and promptly went flying over his handlebars after hitting an immovable rock. He disappeared over the edge of the trail. His bike clattered into a heap right where he hit the rock.

Bethany and I froze. I was scarred out of my wits. We both were standing on the far side of the trail from where the biker had crashed. I moved slightly behind Bethany, a bit freaked out that we had been discovered. I reached up to grab my clothes out of Bethany's backpack, but she stepped away from me and said, "Not so fast, let's see how this plays out." She took a couple of steps toward the spot where the biker had gone over the edge. "Hey, you alright down there?" she called. Just as she finished her query, the mountain biker appeared, staggered back onto the trail, brushing dirt off his clothes.

He appeared to be about 40 years old. He looked to be in good shape, save for his new scrapes.

He looked up at us and his jaw dropped. "Holly shit, you guys are naked," he said wide-eyed. "What are...er...why...where are your...are you ok?," he managed to get out. Bethany chimed in with, "Yeah, we are fine. Just out for a little hike and a lot of sun. How about you? Are you okay?"

"Yeah, fine. Well, stunned," he said. He stood there not saying anything for about a minute, just looking us up and down. "You guys look amazing."

Bethany was being so nonchalant. She had her arms at her side, her large breasts and shaved pussy fully on display. I, on the other hand, was frantically trying to cover myself up with my hands and arms. I had my left arm bent across my breasts, trying to hide as much of them as possible. I crossed my ankles in hopes of hiding as much of my own shaved special place as possible. What crossing my legs didn't accomplish, I tried to make up for by placing my right hand over my pubic area. I was still hiding behind Bethany.

"Kate, don't stand behind me. This guy just paid us a compliment. Don't be shy," she said as she grabbed my arm and pulled me next to her. "Hmmm, you do like what you see, don't you," Bethany said pointing at a the guy's crotch. He was wearing tight black Lycra cycling shorts, which left little to the imagination. He obviously was excited by the nude show we were giving him.

"Uh, I'm sorry, it's just that, well, you both are naked and...," he managed to say under Bethany's intent gaze. "Don't worry about it, this little encounter is turning me on too, it's just harder to tell," Bethany replied. He seemed to relax with that statement, which only served to make me more uncomfortable. I shifted my weight, trying to lean a little behind Bethany, who now had her hands on her own breasts.

"Can I see it," Bethany asked the guy.

"What? see it? I don't think..." he stammered.

"Come on, we are both naked. Just pull down your bike shorts and show it to us."

He seemed to swallow hard, looked down and pulled his shorts down to his knees. His hard dick sprang straight up, hard as it could be. "Why don't you just take those all the way off, you don't want to trip and fall down again, do you?" Bethany asked

Without saying a word, he began pulling the shorts off over his biking shoes. I leaned into Bethany and whispered, "What are you doing? Let's get out of here. This is embarrassing." Bethany leaned back to me and whispered, "Don't worry. He looks harmless. Plus, look at his right hand, he's got a wedding ring on. He's not going to do anything."

Having managed to get his Lycra shorts off over his shoes, he stood up, naked from the waist down. He warily glanced down at his hard cock, looked up at us and said, "I can't believe this."

"Boy, he sure looks turned on, doesn't he, Kate," Bethany said. I winced as she once again said my name. I sure didn't want this guy, even though he was pretty good looking, to know my name. "Uh, yeah, he does," I replied to Bethany's dumb question.

"Kate quit trying to hide yourself. He's already seen it all," Bethany said as she elbowed me gently in the ribs. I obediently (what's gotten into me...?) dropped my hands to my side showed the mountain biker everything.

"He looks like he is going to burst, doesn't he Kate?" Bethany said. "I think he should relieve some of that built-up pressure. Hey Biker Boy, why don't you get yourself off," she asked.

The biker didn't budge. He just looked worried. He said he didn't know if that was such a good idea. He claimed to be really nervous and not sure if he could cum in front of two women.

"I think you could," said Bethany. "Tell you what, we will help. That is, you can masturbate and tell us how to pose. What ever position you tell us to get into, we will do it. But, we won't come any closer to you, we definitely won't touch you and you can't come any closer to us. OK?"

Having overcome the first hurdle of admitting he was nervous, this guy seemed to perk up. He readily agreed to Bethany's proposition and terms. He took his dick in his hand and started gently pumping it up and down. I found myself staring intently at what he was doing, getting quite turned on as I watched. He propped one foot on a rock, never averting his gaze from our naked bodies.

"Okay, turn around," he said to both of us. We did as he ordered. With our bare asses fully in view, he said, "Bend over with your hands touching your toes." I couldn't believe Bethany had gotten us into this. All this for a sorority, I thought to myself as I followed Bethany's lead and bent over and touched my toes. With my bare pussy and asshole fully exposed to this guy, I looked over at Bethany, lingering my eyes for a moment on her dangling breasts. As I looked up at her face, I realized she was looking right at me. She caught me looking at her breasts. She smiled and said, "Isn't his hot?"

Before I could answer, the guy said (and I still can't believe he said this, or that we actually complied), "Stay bent over and pull your ass cheeks apart." I reached around with both hands, blushing as red as I ever have, and grabbed my bare ass cheeks and spread them apart providing this stranger the most intimate of views. I glanced around at him. He was still pulling hard on his dick, energized, I am sure, by how unquestioningly we followed his requests.

"Oh man, I'm getting close," he said. "Turn around and face me and bend over a little and put your hands on your knees." We stood up, turned around and did what he asked. I wondered why he wanted this position, but when I glanced over at Bethany, I figured it out. In this position, both our breasts hung down, swaying slightly as we fidgeted. "Hold your breasts up," he said. We both reached up and cupped our breasts. I found myself pinching my nipples between two fingers on each hand. I guess I was getting into this little show. I knew I was wet, but the unconscious action of pinching my nipples really made me aware of how turned on I was.

I kept my eyes on his cock. He was really pumping it fast now. His balls were swinging forwards and backwards with each stroke.

"Now, squat all the way down and keep you hands to your sides," he ordered. Once again, we complied. Once I was in full squat, I knew immediately why he ordered this position. With my knees apart, I could feel my pussy lips spread. I reached between my legs and ran a finger quickly up my slit. I was so wet.

Bethany caught me briefly touching myself and nudged me with her knee. I looked over at her and she just smiled, quickly looking my nude body up and down. Meanwhile, the biker was clearly about to cum. He had thrown his head back a little, but without taking his eyes off of us, though. His stokes had shortened, concentrating on the area just below his cock head.

"Okay, grab your tits again," he said nearly breathlessly. I reached up and grabbed by breasts, lightly caressed them then pushed them together while pinching my nipples again. Bethany cupped her breasts from below, seeming to be testing their heft. She kept raising them and then letting them drop. The biker seemed to like seeing her large breasts bob back and forth after she let them go, since he seemed now to be focusing solely on Bethany. She knew that was the case, and she obviously was loving every minute of it.

"Come on, cum for us," Bethany cooed. I started to blush again. I couldn't believe she was taking dirty to a stranger. "Ummm, come on, cum for us. You've got two naked college girls squatting right in front of you. We want to see you cum. Look, we both have shaved pussies and we are so wet. Do you like my big breasts? Look at the way they move when I turn this direction and this direction. Look at her pussy lips. See how her squatting makes them spread apart. You can see her clit, can't you. Come on, you can cum for us."

Then, standing just four feet or so from us, this guy came. His cum shot out a couple of feet and landed in the dust between him and us. I watched as he squeezed the last few drops of cum out of his softening cock.

"Wow, that was a lot of cum," Bethany said. "Wasn't it, Kate? Come let's get going. We need to catch up to Kyle and Steve."

Following her lead, I agreed and said, "Yeah, we better get moving, and quick or they are going to come back looking for us and bust us for being naked."

We bid the biker goodbye and started walking quickly up the trail and around the switchback the biker had just come barreling down. Once out of earshot, Bethany grabbed me laughing and said, "Can you believe that! Wasn't that hot?"

I agreed it was and kept walking fast, wanting to put as much distance between us and Mr. Masturbation.

After about 10 minutes of fast walking, we crested a bluff and found ourselves looking down on Shibley Lake. It was a small lake, surrounded by pine trees and rocks. It's blue water looked inviting on that hot-ass day. We quickly made our way down to the lake, scanning its shores the whole way down for any other visitors. We saw no one else.

Once at the lake, Bethany dropped her pack and both of us waded into the really cold waters, quickly rinsed off and scampered out

Back on shore, Bethany told me how proud she was of me. "This was a really difficult part of the initiation," she said. "To be honest, I wasn't expecting to see anyone here. I never have before. There wasn't even a car at the trailhead. Even when I went a little nuts with that mountain biker, you followed my lead and did what I asked. I know it wasn't easy. I know you are going to make it through the week. You will be a great member of Delta.

She then reached in her backpack, pulled out our clothes, tossed mine to me and started putting hers on. "Let's hustle back to the truck," she said. "It's getting a little late and it will start to cool off soon." Dressed again, we started back up the hill from the lake. We made good time back to the truck. On the ride back to town, Bethany reiterated how happy she was with my willingness to follow her instructions.

While I was still excited by the prospect of making it through the initiation and becoming a member of Delta, my focus just then was on getting back to my hotel room for another evening with my new toys. The day's hiking adventure had, just like the day before, really turned me on and left me in dire need of sexual release.

"What are you thinking about," Bethany inquired. I must have been staring off into space. "Well, remember how you felt after our afternoon on the pedestrian mall? Well, I am feeling a lot like that now and was thinking about how I can't wait to get back to my hotel room to touch myself."

"Thanks for admitting that," Bethany said. "I know it's hard to say those things out loud. You can touch yourself on the way home. No one can see in here. Go ahead. It's okay."

I told her I appreciated the offer, but I just wasn't comfortable doing that in front of another woman. She nodded and drove on. We arrived back at my hotel about 8 p.m. "I'll pick you up tomorrow at 11 a.m. Hold on. Here this is for you," she said as she tossed me a bag from Abercrombie and Fitch. "Tomorrow, wear what's in the bag, plus your own t-shirt and sandals. Nothing else. Bring your open mind and prepare to have fun. And, don't forget to shave," she added unnecessarily. Heck, I would have shaved anyway, I thought as I headed into the hotel, bag in hand.

Once she pulled away, I looked inside the bag and pull out a mini-skirt. I really liked the color, but knew without holding it up that it would be very short.

Back in my hotel room, I followed much the same pattern as the night before. I quickly showered, shaved, dried off and quickly padded from the bathroom to the bed nearest the window, toys in hand, and got down to business.

That night's self pleasure followed basically the same pattern as the night before. I made full and rather lengthy use of the dildo and the anal beads. Like the night before, I got as far as slipping bead number four into my ass. I half-heartedly tried number five, but I could tell it just wasn't going to happen. I did, however, make good use of number four. While I held the dildo against my clit, which I have to say is so much more sensitive and accessible since I shaved off all my pubic hair, I slid bead four in and out of my ass. Every time is popped past my sphincter muscle it provided the most amazing sensations. All in all, it was yet another very satisfying masturbation session.

After flipping channels for a while, I decided to order a pizza. I didn't feel like going out. I was still tired from the long hike. I made the call to a local pizza place and took another quick shower while I waited for the food to be delivered.

As I was drying off, the pizza guy knocked on my door. I was naked in the bathroom, right next to the hotel room door. I stepped out of the bathroom and looked through the peephole. The delivery driver was a young guy, pretty cute. I decided to have a little fun (Bethany would be so impressed...!).

I shouted at the door, "I'll be right there, I just got out of the shower. Two seconds."

I quickly went into the bedroom, grabbed my wallet out of my purse and stuck it next to a bunch of my things on the shelf in the closet, which is located immediately in front of the hotel room door. It is really just a shelf with a clothes rack, no door. I stepped back in the bathroom and grabbed one of the bath towels. I wrapped it around my nude body and stood in front of the mirror. I wore the towel low on my breasts, in order to show a bit of cleavage. The bottom of the towel came down just far enough to cover most of my ass. From behind, you could just see where my ass begins to curve up from my thighs. In front, the towel came down, literally, to just a hair below my shaved pussy.

I went to the door and opened it. "Sorry I wasn't ready," I said to the wide-eyed delivery guy. "I didn't think you would get here that fast." I noted he appeared to be about 17 years old, maybe a little older. "Come on in, I need to find my wallet." He stepped inside and let the door shut behind him. I ran off to the bedroom to supposedly look for my wallet. I came back out, with one hand holding the top of the towel, and shrugged my shoulders. "Just a sec, I'll find it. Oh, I know," I said as I went back to the entranceway and stood in front of the closet. "I think it's up here."

I reached up with both hands to rummage through my gear on the shelf. When I raised my arms, the towel raised with me. I was standing right in front of the delivery guy. I knew he could see the bottom half of my ass and the curve of my shaved pussy mound between my legs. I held that position for a moment and, finally, grabbed my wallet and turned around. I was greeted by a dropped jaw and wide open mouth. He quickly regained his composure and told me the price. I fished a ten and a five out of the wallet and went to hold them out for him. I intentionally let one of the bill fall. I bent slowly over to pick it up, keeping my chin up and giving him a full-on view of my naked breasts.

I handed him the money, which he stuck in his pocket. He pulled the pizza out of the warming bag he carried it in and handed it to me. I took it with two hands and went to turn back to the bedroom smiling and thanking him over my shoulder. As I walked back toward the bedroom, I heard him say, "Could I ask you a favor?"

I turned around and said, "Sure. What is it."

"Could I stick around and watch you eat one piece of pizza," he replied. "I mean, without the towel?"

I looked at the guy. What he asked was so bold and, perhaps, out of line, but his face seemed so sincere and innocent. I thought about it for a few seconds. "Okay, one piece, but only if you leave the door propped open. Use one of the towels from the bathroom."

He propped the door in and walked into the bedroom, still holding the pizza warming bag. "Why don't you sit down on the dresser," I said as I sat the pizza down on the bed I had just been masturbating on. He sat down and I dropped the towel. I turned around, giving him a full view of my bare ass, bent over and picked up a slice of pizza. I stood up, turned around and took a bite. I watched him as he tried to rearrange his jeans to accommodate his hard-on.

I sat down on the edge of the bed, smiled at him and said, "This is really good pizza." I was getting really turned on again. I spread my legs a bit, giving him a good view of my shaved pussy. I followed his eyes to my crotch and noted that my clit was fully visible. With one hand holding the slice, feeding it into my mouth, I reached down and slipped my middle finger between my pussy lips and wagged it up and down. I brought that finger to my mouth, inserted it and made a big deal about sucking off the juices. I heard him suck in a small breath with that little move. I was getting into this showing off stuff!

I was almost finished with the slice at this point, but I had to do one more thing before I finished the last bit of crust. I chewed the second to last bite very slowly as I contemplated my next move. What would really make this guy's day? What is something he only would expect to see in his fantasies? Ahh, I know...

"Would you like to touch my breasts while I finish this last bite," I asked giving him my best doe-eyed look. "Okay," was all he said. I stepped up to the dresser between his parted legs. He dropped the pizza bag and reached up and put both hands on my bare breasts. His hands were soft and nice and warm. With a nice touch, he gently massaged by tits, drawing his thumbs over my hard nipples. As he stared at his own hands fondling me, I popped the last bit of pizza in my mouth and chewed it up. Just as I swallowed, I put my hands on his wrists and pulled his hands away from my breasts. "That was a good slice," I said. "I hope you enjoyed your tip. Time to go."

Without objection he stood up and headed back to the door. I followed him, still totally naked. As he got to the door, he turned to look at me one last time. I stopped and spread my arms wide, as if to say "Get a good look." He smiled and shook his head and said, "Man....," and quietly shut the door.

I went to the door, locked the deadbolt and went back to the pizza. What was I doing? I have got to get smarter. I could really get myself in trouble, I admonished myself. On the other hand, I was again very, very wet.

The rest of the evening was spent eating, flipping channels and sleeping. As you might expect, I did masturbate one more time right before going to sleep. What a day!

**Chapter Five - Initiation Week Day Three - The Library and Nude Sunbathing**
The next morning, after showering, I pulled the miniskirt Bethany had given me from its sack and slipped it on. It was, as I expected, rather short. It wasn't as obvious as the silver hotpants Bethany had me wear two days ago, but it was revealing. The pink skirt barely covered my ass, naturally. It was made out of a light cottony t-shirt-type material. It was not pleated, so it didn't flare out like a cheerleader skirt. It was more form fitting, but not tight, due, largely, to the light material.

I put on a white t-shirt and sandals and headed down to the lobby, just a bit before 11 a.m., to await Bethany. She arrived, once again, right on time. As I climbed into her truck, I was very aware of how short the skirt was. I had to keep my knees tightly together to keep from flashing the world my shaved pussy -- if there had been any doubt why Bethany picked this skirt for her pledge daughter, it was erased as I struggled to climb into my seat with my knees together.

Bethany greeted me in her typical cheerful, low-key way. She was wearing a short, white t-shirt and olive-colored shorts with the waist band cut off -- going for the lowrider look, no doubt. We caught up on the goings-on since she dropped me off yesterday. At the spur of the moment, I decided to tell her about the pizza guy experience. I gave her all the particulars. As I laid it all out, her eyes lit up and a broad smile spread across her face. She was clearly pleased that her protégé was stepping out on her own. "I'm glad to hear you are getting into this," she said. "Today is a big day. I'm really going to test your commitment to becoming a Delta."

Yikes, I thought. This should be interesting. Bethany maneuvered the truck onto the highway and we headed north out of town. "We're going to the library," she announced.

We drove for about two hours before we pulled up to a public library in another college town. As Bethany parked the car, she told me what was up. "We are going to spend sometime here showing off, but before we can leave, you have to give a blowjob to a stranger." Seeing the look of disbelief and fear on my face, she continued. "I will stay with you at all times. We will find someone safe, and, hopefully, married. I had to do the same thing at this very library three years ago when I pledged Delta. It will be fine. Come on, let's go in."

We both hopped out of the truck and walked side-by-side into the library. The library was a standard issue library, rows of computers for internet access, a big children's section, administrative offices downstairs around the main lobby with all the stacks of non-fiction books sequestered down a hallway in a large open area. Upstairs there was a large magazine/newspaper section and shelf after shelf of fiction books upstairs.

"Let's go up to the magazine section, sit down and get the lay of the land and scope out some guys," Bethany said. I followed her up the stairs on alert for anyone coming up behind me who might be able to see my bare ass underneath my short skirt. I noticed, thanks to her short shirt, Bethany's shorts really rode low on her tan hips. It looked sexy, I thought. I decided I had to cut the waist band off a couple of pairs of shorts.

In the magazine section, we both grabbed something to read and sat down in big comfy chairs scattered around the open area. There were a number of people milling about, reading magazines and looking for research material. I noted there were several cute guys around too.

Sitting there, I was getting more and more anxious by the second. Bethany could tell, too. She stood up, grabbed my magazine, put it back on the shelf and took me by the hand and walked me back toward the stacks.

"Listen, this isn't going to be as hard, sorry, difficult, as you think it will be," she said. "Look at you. You're hot. You're in control. You're going to do this, easy. Don't worry, I'll be right here with you."

"Alright, let's get it over with," I said as I turned and walked back toward the magazine section. As I strode away, I looked back at Bethany, smiled and flipped up the back of my mini skirt and mooned her. She laughed and followed me.

Together, we scanned the library visitors for a likely target. After a good 15 minutes, I settled on a quarry. He looked to be about 35. He was tall and lean with light brown hair. I sent Bethany to walk by him to see if he was wearing a wedding ring. He was, she reported, so we decided he would be our target.

He was looking through some reference books when we spotted him. Soon, with a large book in hand, he made his way over to a copy machine and busied himself photocopying several pages from the book. With a nudge from Bethany, I went into the copy room carrying a magazine. I went to a table next to the copy machine, opened my purse and dumped out some change. Several coins dropped to the floor. After raising my voice and saying, "Darn it," I bent over to pick up the dropped change, giving him a perfect view of my bare ass and shaved pussy lips beneath my short skirt.

After retrieving my coins, I stood up, sat down on the table, crossed my legs and waited for him to finish his copying. Sitting there with my skirt riding way up my thighs, I said, "Hi," to the guy. I looked over at me, smiled and returned my salutation. He finished his copying and appeared about to leave. "Can you show me how to work this thing," I asked. "I always put the magazine in wrong and end up photocopying something I didn't want to," I said. He readily agreed and I joined him in front of the copying machine.

I stood very close to him, occasionally letting our hips touch, or lightly knocking him with an elbow. He didn't make any move away from me. I opened the magazine to a page I said I wanted to copy and he helped me position it right. As we negotiated the machine, we made small talk. I learned his name was Tim and he was doing a bit of research for work. I told him my name was Sandy and I was killing some time before I had to go to work. I caught him a couple of times looking at my legs. I knew I had his full attention. I decided to go for it.

"I really want to show you something," I said. "Would you mind walking with me back there?" I asked pointing toward the rows of book-filled shelves. "Sure, what is it," he replied. "Just come with me and I'll show you," I said coyly with a smile.

I grabbed his hand and led him out of the copy room. As we entered the magazine area, I dropped his hand and winked at Bethany who fell in behind us as we entered the stacks. We must have walked past 14 rows of bookshelves before we came to a secluded corner where a couple of tables and chairs were sequestered for quiet studying or reading. No one was back here. I stopped and Tim came alongside me and stopped too. "This ought to do," I said as Bethany joined us. "This is my friend. Bethany," I explained. Tim said hello to her and asked what was going on.

I hopped up on the table, and pulled my skirt out from under my butt so that just my bare ass was on the table. I partly spread my legs, looked up at Tim and lifted my skirt and showed Tim my shaved pussy. "I want you to do me a favor, or more to the point, I want to do you a favor," I said still holding my skirt up. "I am trying to get into a special club and to gain admission, I have to give someone I don't know a blow job. I want it to be you. Will you let me suck your dick." I can't believe I actually said, "Suck your dick," but I had thrown caution to the wind and was going to play this to the hilt.

He looked at Bethany in disbelief. "What is this, some kind of joke," he said to no one in particular. "I am totally serious," I replied. "You game?" He quickly looked around the area we were in and, seeing no one around, agreed to my proposition. Wanting to get this over with as quickly as possible, I said, "Drop your shorts." He did as I asked. I hopped back off the table, came around in front of him and as he leaned back on the table, I took his hardening cock in my hand. As I ran my hands all over his shaft and cupped his balls, I looked up at him. He was nervously looking around, but judging from how hard he now was, he was not too distracted. I glanced over at Bethany. She was standing to my left, staring at his dick.

Now that he was totally hard, I leaned in and put my mouth over his dick, wrapping my lips around his dickhead. I grabbed his shaft with my right hand and put my left hand on his knee. Still nervous about being discovered, I popped his cock out of my mouth, not letting go with my hand, however, and said to Bethany, "You are keeping watch, right?" She said she was and I put his dick back in my mouth.

I moved my left hand to his balls and cradled them in my hand as I began sliding about half of his erection in and out of my mouth while I pumped his shaft with my right hand. As I rocked back and forth, sliding his cockhead in and out of my mouth, pausing occasionally to run my tongue up the length of his shaft, I found myself really getting turned on, and not just because I was engaged in a sex act. I kept thinking about how I flashed this strange guy my bare pussy, and how he reacted when he saw it. I loved that I could make a guy react like that just by showing off my body.

After sucking him for just a couple of minutes, he was getting ready to let go. His leg muscles were tight, his fingers were turning white where he was gripping the edge of the table. After a quick flurry of strokes in and out of my mouth, he came. My mouth quickly filled with cum, more, in fact that I was expecting. When he stopped cumming, I let his cock slide back out of my mouth and I stood up in front of him, catching with my finger a bit of his white stuff that seeped out of the corner of my mouth.

I looked him in the eye, made a production out of clicking my tongue, swallowing and licking my lips and said, "Mmmmm, that was nice. Thanks!"

As Bethany and I hurriedly walked away, leaving him to compose himself and pull up his shorts, we laughed together and Bethany said, "God, that was so hot. You really went for it, no hesitation. Plus, it was so hot the way you squatted in front of him. The whole time your were rocking back and forth, I could see right between your legs. I know you must be so wet right now. I know I am."

I responded that I too was very wet and very hot. I had given guys blowjobs before, but never a stranger, never in public, never in front of another woman and never while wearing a miniskirt and no panties.

We hustled out to the truck, hopped in and cruised out of the parking lot. "Well, that was all I had planned for today," Bethany said. It was only 2 p.m. I didn't feel like spending the day lingering around my boring hotel room. It was so beautiful out. "Let's do something else," I said. "I don't want to sit around and watch TV."

"Yeah, me neither," Bethany agreed. "I know what we can do. Up Bluewall Canyon there is a spot that is unofficially considered a nude swimming hole and sunbathing spot. We could go check it out, take a dip and catch a few rays."

I told her that sounded good and off we went.

The spot she referred to was about 20 minutes outside of town, 10 miles up Bluewall Canyon via a curvy road that wound its way up the canyon. After seemingly endless twists and turns, we pulled over onto a gravel turn-out and parked behind three other cars. With a blanket Bethany pulled out of the back of the SUV, we strolled across the highway, admiring the sheer walls of the canyon around us, and made our way over a small ridge.

As we neared the top of the ridge, I could hear the water of Blue Creek rushing by below. Once we crested the ridge, we got a great view of the creek. A broad, relatively shallow pool invitingly spread out before us. We picked our way down to the water's edge via a couple of social trails. The creek was lined with large boulders and flat rocks. From atop the first large rock we came to, I could see five people laying in the sun in various states of undress. There were two other women and three men. One of the women was totally nude, the other was wearing just a bathing suit bottom. All three of the men were naked. One of them was sitting up gazing in the direction of the other women and occasionally glancing our way.

Bethany called me over to the water's edge. Together, we slipped off our sandals and waded knee-deep into the cold mountain water. "So what do you think," Bethany asked. "Looks okay," I replied. "That's what I thought too," she said as she pulled her t-shirt off over her head, baring her enviable pair of breasts, and tossed the shirt on a rock. I followed her lead and stripped off my shirt.

Bare-chested, we went back to shore, found a large flat rock, spread the blanket and prepared to catch some rays. I slid off my miniskirt and Bethany dropped her shorts and kicked them off. We both laid down on the rock, closed our eyes and basked in the hot afternoon air. A light breeze blew across our nude bodies, providing some relief from the heat.

We were there for about 15 minutes when a young couple appeared on a rock about 10 feet away. They were chatting casually and scouting for a good place to lay down. They smiled and waved our direction, but didn't pay us much mind. The found a good rock a little below us, nearer the stream, easily within our sight line. Both of them quickly stripped off their clothes, briefly romped in the cold water and returned to their rock to lay in the sun. I watched them the whole time out of the corner of my eye. They looked to be in their mid-20s. They both had attractive bodies. The woman was short and lean and the guy was average height with an average build. One thing surprising about him, however, was he didn't appear to have any pubic hair. As a result, his balls and cock were fully on display. I pointed this out to Bethany and she too became intensely intrigued. She professed to have never seen anything like it, but claimed to like the look. I readily agreed.

I continued to steal glances at the couple every now and then. About half an hour after they got there, following much giggling and carrying on, they got quiet. I looked over and saw the woman fondling the guy's hairless dick. He was hard and had his eyes closed. I nudged Bethany. She raised up on one elbow to watch the couple over my naked body. The woman continued to pump the guy for a few minutes. Then, without even looking around, she climbed up between his legs and began sucking him off. Bethany and I were mesmerized by her brazen cock sucking (yeah, yeah, after the library I should talk).

She bobbed rapidly up and down on his dick, pausing to take him slowly, deeply into her mouth. She then turned around and straddled his face 69-style, putting her pussy right over his mouth and resuming her blowjob. We couldn't see what he was doing because his face was obscured by her thigh, but judging from the movement of his head, we was eagerly eating her out. After a few minutes of this, I was once again very, very turned on and very, very wet. "This is quite a show," I whispered to Bethany. "Yes, it is," she said. "It's turning me on. And judging from the moisture you have down there, I'd say you are turned on too," she added pointing between my legs.

We kept our eyes on the couple as they continued their oral activities. I was getting so turned on, I started squirming, rubbing my thighs together in hopes of easing some of the sensations I was feeling between my legs. "Sit still," Bethany said with a laugh. After another minute, I felt Bethany's hand on my stomach. I jumped inside as every sensory mechanism went on high alert. Since I didn't outwardly flinch, I guess, she quickly slid her hand down to my wet pussy. "Boy, you are wet," she said as her fingers covered my pussy lips. I didn't say a word and her hand soon left my crotch.

Meanwhile, the woman had gotten off the guy and turned around and straddled him again, slipping his hard cock inside her. Sitting on him, she looked over at us and smiled and gave us a little wave. "Man, she has got guts," I said. Bethany agreed. The woman then started raising and lowering herself, sliding the guy's cock in and out of her. I then again felt Bethany's hand on me. She immediately went to my pussy and wasted no time before finding my clit and flicking her index finger rapidly back and forth across it. What she was doing felt so good, and I so needed to let go. I decided to just let it happen, especially because I knew it wouldn't take long. "Does that feel okay," Bethany asked, a hint of anxiety in her voice. "Yessss, it feels really good," I replied under my breath. I came just seconds after I responded to her. Right as the first spasm of my orgasm rolled over me, Bethany slowed her movements over my clit. By the second spasm, she stopped playing with my clit and cupped my pussy with her hand, lightly running her fingers over my slippery and shaved pussy lips.

"I hope you don't mind I did that," she said. "I should have asked first, but I could tell how turned on you were. What can I say, the moment just got the best of me." She removed her hand from between my legs and placed it over her own pussy. "My turn," she said as she started working her own clit.

I sat up on one elbow and watcher her play with herself. Perhaps I too got caught up in the moment as I reached over and placed my hand on top of hers. She stopped rubbing her clit and slid her hand out from underneath mine, leaving my hand on her bare pussy. I lifted my hand a bit and looked at her down there. I could see her clit slightly protruding from between her lips. Seeing my target, I returned my hand to her and began sliding my index finger rapidly across her clit, just as she had only moments ago done to me.

"Ohh, that's perfect," Bethany cooed. "What is that couple doing now?" I looked over my shoulder and reported that they had finished fucking and were now sitting up watching us, looking straight at my bare ass, I added. She didn't say anything else, instead communicating by making a few more coos and grunts and raising her hips off the ground as she neared orgasm. As I kept at it, I looked at her face. Her eyes were tightly closed, her mouth pursed. She again raised her hips off the ground, let out a rather loud, ohhh, and put her hand on my hand, stopping my handjob. She held my hand on her pussy while her orgasm wound down. Still holding my hand, she said, "Oh my God that felt amazing. You have an excellent touch."

I pulled my hand away from her, feeling a bit apprehensive about what just happened. I glanced back at the couple and got an embarrassing thumbs up from both of them.

I laid back down next to Bethany and focused on the warm sun beating down on my naked body. We spent about another hour there, talking openly about what had just happened. Bethany explained she had been with two other women, one in high school and one earlier this summer at college. She said touching me had crossed her mind for the first time when we were posing for the mountain biker, but she never thought it would happen. She said, like before, she had just gotten caught up in the moment.

I told her I was fine with what happened. The way I figured it, touching her and being touched by her was just part of the new experiences everyone said college was all about.

Comfortable with what happened, and even, I dare say, refreshed, we packed up and headed back to our town, arriving at my hotel around 8 p.m. after picking up some fast food.

"So what's in store for tomorrow," I asked. "It'll be tough to beat today."

"You'll see," Bethany said. "I have some things to do tomorrow morning and afternoon, so I'll pick you up around 7. See you then."

I got out of the car and headed for my room. As I was in the elevator it dawned on me that she hadn't said anything about what to wear. Oh well, I figured, I'll just wing it.

I spent the evening uneventfully, just hanging out in my room, staying up too late watching television.

**Chapter Six - Initiation Week Day Four - The Finale**
I woke up late, about 10 a.m. I grabbed a quick bite to eat in the hotel's restaurant. On my way back to my room, I poked my head outside and was treated to a clear blue sky and perfect mid-80s temperature. I decided to go for a run.

After changing into running shorts, sports bra and running shoes, I made my way back out of the hotel and onto a nearby paved running path. I ran for almost two hours. I got back to my room about 1 p.m., exhausted. A nap was definitely in order. I still had a good six hours before Bethany would pick me up for the last of my initiation. I was certain, given how well Bethany and I got along, and given how well I had performed over the last several days, that I would be a shoe-in for Delta membership.

With thoughts of sorority membership floating through my mind, I drifted off to sleep. About an hour and a half later, I was awaken by the phone's ringing. Shaking the nap fog from my brain, I picked up the phone. It was the hotel's front desk person letting me know a package had been delivered for me. I could pick it up at the front desk anytime, he said.

I groggily got out of bed and made my way down to the front desk, picked up the package and carried it back to my room. I figured it was from Bethany and guessed it contained something to wear later that evening.

Back in my room, I jumped back on my bed and tore open package, which was wrapped in plain brown paper and had my name and room number written on it. Inside were four items: a crotchless fishnet bodystocking, a medium-length black light cotton jacket, a pair of black high-heeled pumps and a note. The note said:

Kate --

Enclosed is your outfit for tonight. This is all the clothing you are to wear. We are going somewhere nice, so be sure to make yer self up real purty. Seriously, make up and hair should be done up to the hilt. It will be fun. Trust me. See you at 7.

B

I held up the bodystocking. There sure wasn't much to it. It looked sexy, though. I put on the jacket Bethany sent. It fit fine and came down to mid-thigh. I breathed a sigh of relief, noting it covered everything a jacket ought to cover when one is wearing nothing but a fishnet bodystocking. I tried on the shoes and was very surprised they fit well. How Bethany knew my shoe size, I had no idea.

It was now about 4 p.m. I figured I would go ahead and start getting ready. I filled the bathtub with water, stripped naked and slid in, luxuriating in its enveloping warmth. My muscles, aching from the two-hour run, began to relax as I lay there in the warm water. While in the tub, I lathered up, washed my hair and shaved my armpits and legs before turning my attention, once again, to shaving my pubic area, an activity that was fast becoming my favorite part of bathing, and something I eagerly looked forward to each time bathing was required.

Figuring tonight's outfit required a particularly close shave, I reached over and retrieved a brand new razor for the job. I sat up on the edge of the tub and put one foot up on the opposite side. I squired a glob of gel shaving cream into my left hand and smeared it all over my mons, around my pussy lips and up between my ass cheeks. I carefully drew the razor across every millimeter of skin down there making everything as smooth as possible.

After I finished shaving and rinsing off, I got out of the tub and began putting my face on and doing up my hair. Standing naked in front of the broad bathroom mirror, I liberally applied make up to my eyes, cheeks and lips. I blew dry my hair and piled it neatly up on my head. Satisfied I looked properly "made up," as Bethany's note had requested, I went into the bedroom and picked up the fishnet bodystocking. Holding it up, it didn't look like much, just a jumble of interconnecting thin strings. After turning it this way and that, I figured out which end was up and gathered up the material and slipped in one foot and then the other. I stood up and began pulling the bodystocking up my calves and thighs and over my ass. As I slid it up over my stomach, I slid one arm and then the other through the spaghetti straps that held the whole thing up and hoisted it up around my breasts.

After wrestling the thing on, I stood up in front of the mirror and immediately liked what I saw. This thing looked good on me, let me tell you. Very sexy. As you would expect, you could see through every inch of the fishnet. My nipples poked out between strands. The bodystocking was crotchess so my shaved pussy was perfectly framed by fishnet. Turning around, the oval that was the crotchless area extended up just past my anus, providing easy access -- as if I needed that. All in all, I really liked this attire.

After glancing at the clock and realizing it was only 10 minutes before 7 p.m., I managed to resist the incredible temptation to masturbate in my new outfit. Instead, I slipped on my new black pumps, my new black jacket and walked to the door, pausing to admire myself in the full length mirror just outside the bathroom door. Damn, I looked hot. Aside from the fact that underneath my stylish black jacket I was wearing nothing besides a totally revealing fishnet bodystocking, I could have been going to the city's finest restaurant or, I dare say, the opera.

I gathered up my purse, sticking at the last second a pair of panties inside (just in case), and headed out to the lobby to meet Bethany. Not surprisingly, she was parked right outside the lobby entrance waiting for me. Right on time, again. I clambered into her truck, gave her a warm hello and a hug and settled in for the ride to...wherever.

We turned out of the hotel parking lot onto an adjoining busy road. "So, how do you like your outfit," Bethany asked smiling slyly. "Fits great, but I feel a little underdressed and overexposed," I retorted. Bethany went on to explain that she too was wearing under her jacket a highly revealing, crotchless bodystocking, only hers was a different design from the fishnet style I was wearing. As she was talking, perhaps sensing the anxiety I was trying to hide by being casual, she pulled off into an empty parking lot behind a rundown church. She parked, hopped out of the truck and came around to my side of the truck.

"Open the door," she said through my open window. "I want you to see what I'm wearing." I opened the door, and she opened her jacket, imitating a flasher. Her near-sheer bodystocking was a bit more complicated than mine. It had long sleeves, a scooped neckline that plunged deeply, leaving about half of her breasts uncovered by the sheer material. At about the middle point of her stomach, the material came to a point and was joined by a silver metal ring with more material continuing down to envelop her long, taught legs. As she promised, the bodystocking was crotchless, perfectly framing her shaved pussy. She then turned around and lifted the back of her jacket to show me how it fit in the rear. In back, the bodystocking covered most of her body, save for the oval shape cut-out necessary to make the bodystocking crotchless. The material was an almost sheer black, with little flowery patterns interspersed across the piece.

She turned back around, her coat hanging open, and said, "What do you think? Do we make quite a pair or what?" Somewhat relieved that she too was wearing as little as I was, I responded, "I think we're doing alright. So where are we going tonight?"

She smiled that sly smile again and closed my door and padded around and got back in the driver's seat, her coat still unbuttoned exposing her curvaceous breasts sheathed in the sheer black material.

"We are going to a small, invite-only party," she explained as she pulled back into traffic. "Actually, it's a bachelor party. A friend of mine runs an exclusive entertainment company that provides, let's say, specialized entertainment for certain, highly screened clients. We won't be the entertainment. We are going to serve drinks and act, really, as eye candy for the clients."

I gave her a look of incredulity. She was going to have me parade around in front of drunk, horny guys wearing nothing but a crotchless fishnet bodystocking? Just as I was about to say no way, she reached down into her purse and dug out a tiny pair of black g-string thong panties. "Here, put this on over the fishnets. How long you wear them is up to you. But, if you take them off, make sure it's worth your while," she said looking at me as if I had the faintest idea what she was talking about.

Noting my quizzical look, she explained. "If you want to take off your panties, or if someone wants you to, make them tip you generously. Nothing we do tonight, including serving drinks and strutting around in front of the clients is for free. Also, nothing has a set price. And, there is nothing, beyond serving drinks, that we are expected to do. This friend of mine who runs the company only calls me when he has a small, safe, high-end group of clients. He knows I have no interest in big groups of drunk 25-year-olds. He described this group as seven men, all in their late 30s to mid 40s. The guy getting married and who the party is for is 40 years old. He is the Chief Financial Officer for some bank or something downtown. This group will be cool and respectful, he assured me. The dancer and so-called feature entertainment is this girl names Kris. We will meet her and this guy named Kent in the hotel lobby. Kent will make sure nothing gets out of hand. Just remember, you are your own boss. Any time you feel uncomfortable in a situation, walk away, call Kent or grab me and we will leave. I have never had a problem at any party my friend has arranged. It will be fun. And, if you are interested, you can make some good money for doing a whole lot less than you did in that library! Trust me."

I took all this in and began to relax and found myself more and more intrigued and less and less scared. This was the last night of the initiation. If I can get through this unscathed, I'm done. No more risky flashing. No more mandatory pussy shaving. No more sucking off strange guys in public places. No more nude hiking. Just this last test to complete. I can do it with confidence, I told myself.

"So, what kind of stuff have you done for guys at these parties?" I asked Bethany. "I've only done three things," she explained. "I've taken off my panties and given guys close up views of my pussy from just about every angle. I've masturbated for them. And, I have jacked off several different guys."

"And, how much did you make them pay you for those things," I asked. "No set price. I just ask for tips. It's been all over the map. One time a guy gave me $300 to take off my panties and spread my legs in front of his face. But, that was me. Don't do anything you might regret or are uncomfortable with. And, I would urge you not to have sex with anyone. You can do it if you want, but I just worry about you, or anyone else, getting caught up in the attention and the moment and doing something that won't feel right tomorrow."

Well, she didn't have to worry about that. I couldn't see myself fucking some bachelor party pervert. My sexual horizons and confidence had expanded by leaps and bounds in the last few days, but there was no way I was going to fuck someone for money. Period.

After about 20 minutes of driving, we pulled into a parking garage next to a big downtown luxury hotel. We got out of the truck after finding a parking space and made our way to the hotel lobby. I felt a little self-conscious walking around in just a pair of high heels, a mid-length black jacket, a fishnet bodystocking and a black g-string. Unconsciously, I kept clutching at the buttoned jacket, as if it were going to fall open.

We entered the lobby and I immediately identified Kris the dancer and Kent the bouncer. You couldn't mistake them for one of the many conventioneers milling about. After brief introductions, Bethany consulted a piece of paper she pulled from her pocket and we were off to room 1442, on the top floor.

Kent took the lead and knocked on the door of room 1442. The door was opened by a nicely dressed guy who beckoned us in. He looked like your average businessman who had been unwinding after work with a couple of drinks. His hair was still in place, but his blue shirt was wrinkled and his tie was purposefully askew. Mr. Blue Shirt escorted us all into to the suite, and quite a suite it was. The main room was large, with big windows covering two walls, meeting in a corner. There were sofas and big chairs situated here and there with a full kitchen separated from the main room by a granite counter-covered island in a corner opposite the windowed corner. As expected, there were seven guys in attendance. We were quickly introduced to them all before the three of us girls headed to a bathroom to freshen up and prepare for "work."

While we were gone, Kent explained each of the us girls' roles, as I listened from the bathroom door. Kris was the main entertainment, the dancer. She would strip down to nothing. She would do lap dances, but she was not to be touched, he explained. Bethany and I, Kent continued, would act as waitresses, serving drinks and bringing out food. He told the guys that in addition to serving them food, we also might be willing to do other things, but that was entirely up to us. He didn't explain it any more than that. Kent warned them not to be pushy and not to touch us or anything else without explicit permission.

In the bathroom, Bethany and I took off our matching jackets, messed a little with our hair, put on some lip gloss and perfume and looked at ourselves in the mirror. Kris did much the same. She was wearing a cute baby doll lingerie piece with a matching pink g-string. She had a nice long, athletic body with medium-sized breasts. Her long brown hair hung down to the middle of her back. She had the kind of locks that make other women envious. I remember looking at her hair shining in the bright bathroom lights and wondering how in the world she got it to look so perfect.

Making eye contact with us in the mirror, she raised her eyebrows and said, "Are you guys ready?" Bethany and I pronounced ourselves ready and we marched out the door, into short hallway and into the main room, which suddenly seemed way brighter than it had before we went in to the bathroom. I guess I was just feeling a little self conscious what with my erect nipples poking through the fishnet material and an unfamiliar strip of thin black material running up between my ass cheeks. I was proud of how well I got around in my high-heel shoes. I was feeling confident and self-assured as we greeted the room full of men.

As we entered, the guys got quiet until one of them raised his glass of beer in the air and exclaimed, "Man! You guys are gorgeous. To the ladies!" And everyone took a long pull on their drinks, which ranged from wine to mixed drinks and beer.

Bethany and I made for the kitchen area to see what food and drinks were available. Kris stepped into an area encircled by chairs that Kent had arranged. Standing inside the circle of men in chairs, she looked over at Kent who then pushed a button on a stereo and the music started cranking. As the hard driving rock-type music blared, Kris started doing her thing, gyrating around, emphasizing her breasts, crotch and ass. Her lingerie outfit shimmered in the bright lights. Bethany and I watched as she drew the guys in. Despite their catcalls of wonderment, high-fiving and backslapping, she owned them. Their eyes were wide and fixated on places on her body one never would, in any other circumstance, be caught staring at.

Back in the kitchen area, Bethany and I had a few private laughs at the typical guy responses Kris elicited before and we began ferrying drinks out to our clients. By the time we had served our first round, Kris was totally naked, save for a garter around one thigh which quickly began to resemble a flower blooming dollar bills. She made her way around the circle of guys taking their money, using her breasts and thighs to retrieve dollar bills from guys' mouths. When a guy's smile or the denomination of the bill he had given her caught her attention, she would back up between his legs and grind her naked ass and pussy into a willing lap.

While all this was going on, every guy kept his hands planted firmly to their sides. No one pushed the envelope to see what they could get away with. They all were clearly enjoying the show, bringing out dollar after dollar. I noted a few raised tents in some of their slacks after Kris moved from one lap to another.

After about 20 minutes of dancing for and on the guys, Kent turned down the music and announced Kris was going to take a 30 minute break, but would return for an even more impressive show.

As Kris gathered up her panties and top, Bethany and I readied a tray of drinks, now confined to beer and mixed drinks. By this time, we knew who drank what. Once Kris left the circle and headed off to the bathroom to wipe the sweat from her nude body and put her skimpy outfit back on, the guys left their circle and spread out around the suite, some using another bathroom, others gathering around a television to watch a basketball game.

I approached two guys watching the television and handed them fresh drinks. I asked them how they liked Kris' dancing. The both were effusive in their praise, but quickly turned their attention to me. Clearly Kris had gotten them revved up.

Both guys were in their mid-30s, good looking and well dressed. They reintroduced themselves as Todd and Kurt. Todd was the more forward of the two and immediately began complimenting me on my outfit and "amazing body." I set the tray I was holding on the back of a chair and put my hands on my hips. I thanked them for the compliment and decided to play a little coy.

"I figured no one had noticed me, since Kris was putting on such a show. A girl can get her feelings hurt pretty quick with no attention in a room full of guys."

They bit, apologizing profusely and professing their appreciation of my appearance. "In fact," Todd interjected, "we would really like to see more of you." I followed his gaze down to the tiny black g-string panties I was wearing. I raised my chin and smiled at him and turned slowly around, sliding my hands over my fishnet-covered ass cheeks when my back turned toward him. "Mmmmm, that is nice," he said.

"What about you Kurt, what do you think?" I asked as I stepped in front of him and bent over slightly backing my ass right up against his loins. I pretended to pick something up off the floor, gently swaying my ass side to side against him.

Standing back up and stepping back, equidistant between the two of them, I put my hands on my breasts and pinched my nipples protruding through the fishnet material. "Maybe later, you can see more," I teased as I picked up the tray and strode off in full supermodel mode, hips swaying side-to-side, back to the kitchen area. I smiled to myself the whole way back, that now-familiar feeling of naughtiness and impending excitement welling up from between my legs.

Joining Bethany in the kitchen, we exchanged quick stories about the pleadings, attention and propositions we got from the guys we were serving drinks. Like me, Bethany had been encouraged to slip off her g-string. She too had refused, or at least deferred it to later.

We continued to serve drinks, flirt and mill about during Kris' intermission. All the guys were polite, but clearly interested in us joining the ranks of Kris by being totally naked. Just about the time their come-ons and requests were about to get annoying, Kris reemerged from the back bathroom, wearing a short silk robe and carrying a small black leather bag. She strode back to the circle of chairs and stood in the center of the circle, waiting for the guys to get back to their seats. Meanwhile, Kent cranked the music up again.

With the music pounding, Kris started swaying to the beat, then bent down and opened the black bag. She first pulled out one of the hotel's white hand towels and spread it on the floor next to the bag. Then, she removed a bottle of baby oil, a tube of sex lubricant, a dildo and a butt plug. As she removed each object, the hooting and hollering from the guys grew in intensity. By the time her arsenal was laid out for all to see, the men where clapping wildly and staring intently.

She moved back to the center of the circle and began gyrating sensually as she slid the silk robe off her shoulders and let it drop to the ground. She wore nothing beneath the robe. She continued dancing around, fondling her breasts and sliding her hands over her bare ass and pussy as she moved. She made her way back to the props she had laid out and picked up the bottle of baby oil. She squirted a big glob onto one hand and began rubbing it all over her body, starting with her ample breasts and stomach. Before long, she was glistening and slippery from the neck down.

It was getting noticeably warmer in the room by now. I learned later Kent had turned up the heat so Kris would be able to sweat during her aerobic dance routine. And sweat she did. Coupled with the baby oil, she looked wet all over.

With her bare ass wiggling in front of one of the guys' faces, she pointed to the dildo and butt plug on the towel and raised her eyebrows. The faces of the guys in front her lit up as they vigorously nodded. She went over to her towel and bent down and picked up the butt plug and the bottle of lube. The plug was made pink silicon and about six inches long. It had five bumps that got gradually bigger toward the bottom. She liberally coated the tool with the lube and waved it in the air as the guys yelled encouragement.

She bent down and picked a bath towel out of the black bag and spread it out in the middle of the circle. She got down on her hands and knees on the towel with the butt plug in hand. She reached around and put tip of the slippery butt plug against her asshole and slipped it in past the first two small bumps. The guys by now had all gathered around behind Kris to watch her slide the toy inside. I was amazed at how quiet they all were. Mesmerized, I guess.

Having slid the butt plug inside past the first two bumps, Kris dropped from her hands to her elbows and using one hand to guide the butt plug inside and the other to apply leverage from its base, she pushed it in past the remaining bumps. Now positioned among the guys for a better view. I noted how her asshole seemed to stretch for that last bump without causing her any discomfort.

With the butt plug now fully up her ass, Kris stood back up and danced around, pausing to bend over and shake her ass at the guys. Out of nowhere, Kent appeared and handed Kris a thick rectangular piece of glass, about the size of a cutting board. She handed the glass to one of the guys and had him hold it flat across his knees. With the glass plate in place, Kris turned around and backed up toward him and sat down on the glass.

She then squirmed around a bit and reach under her ass to, seemingly, readjust the butt plug. Having gotten everything arranged as she wanted it, she removed her hand and asked one of the guys to hand her the lube and dildo still sitting on the spread-out hand towel. Still sitting on the glass plate across the guy's knees, she slowly and sensually spread her legs and coated the dildo with the lube.

She then put the tip of the pink dildo (a matching set with the butt plug!) against the opening to her shaved pussy. She teasingly encircled her opening with the dildo, spreading the slippery lube around as she drove the guys batty. With the lube spread sufficiently around, making it appear she was really wet, she slid it in a few inches. Again, the guys went wild. She continued sliding it in and out with one hand and flicking her clit with two fingers on her other hand, throwing her head back as if in ecstasy. She kept this up for a good five minutes.

Ready for something new, she tossed the dildo onto the bath towel still on the floor in the middle of the circle. She put her hands on the guy's knees, just in front of the glass plate. She slowly raised herself up off the glass plate. To my surprise, the butt plug stayed attached to the glass plate. The base of the plug had some sort of suction cup on it.

I heard a few "Holy shits" from the enthralled guys as she again raised her self up off the glass plate, the butt plug visible between her bare ass and the plate, and then sat back down, the bumps of the butt plug easily disappearing back inside her. She bounced up and down on the butt plug and played with her breasts for a few more minutes before Kent appeared in the middle of the circle and announced that the show was over and led the group in a hearty round of applause.

As everyone applauded, Kris stood all the way up from the glass plate, leaving the pink butt plug still stuck to the plate, gently swaying back and forth. She took a few well-deserved and exaggerated bows before bounding through the guys back to the bathroom with Kent in tow.

Bethany and I returned to vigorously serving drinks to the obviously turned on, horny and getting-drunker-by-the-minute guys. As the alcohol flowed, so did the lewd comments and pleas for us to take off our g-strings. As I returned, once again, to the kitchen, I was considering taking off my g-string. Frankly, I had been quite turned on by Kris' performance, remembering my fun with the dildo and anal beads in my hotel room. I met Bethany in the kitchen and she informed me that two of the guys had asked her if she would be willing to relieve the sexual tension Kris' dancing had built up. Bethany said she took the proposition in stride, laughing it off and saying "you never know..."

By the time I met her in the kitchen, she said she was seriously considering taking them up on the offer. She wanted to know if I was game for helping out? Not wanting to do anything to tarnish the stellar initiation record I had developed to date, I said, sheepishly, "Sure, I'll go along with whatever you have in mind...within reason," I added with a smirk.

"Great! Come with me," she ordered as she strode purposely over to the stereo and cut the music.

I joined her standing next to the stereo.

"Hey guys," Bethany called to the guys. "About half of you keep asking the two of us to take off our g-strings, something we always planned on doing. Now some of you have been asking us for certain sexual favors. Apparently Kris' show was too much for some of you. So, I have a proposition for all of you. If you tip us well, we will be happy to jack each of you off right here in the living room. Interested?"

I noticed that a couple of the guys immediately nodded yes. Others turned to each other to confer. After about five minutes of negotiation, Todd, the guy who earlier asked me to take off my g-string, stepped forward. "Four of us will take you up on your offer," he said.

Just then, Kent emerged out of nowhere and passed a tip jar around. All seven guys tossed in what seemed like a tremendous amount of cash.

"OK, you four," Bethany said pointing at the four guys who, by now, had separated themselves from the three spectators. I was pleased to notice that one of the guys who chose not to have us give him a hand job was the groom-to-be. I presume the other two were nice married boys. "Take your pants and underwear all the way off and line up here in the middle of the room. Each of them did as they were told, laughing, jawing and trying to sound casual. With the four guys standing in a row facing us, Bethany took my hand and we walked up to them, stopping about four feet away. I looked down at the guys' dicks. All of them were standing straight up against their stomachs, full and ready for the action they knew was coming. Kent again appeared out of nowhere (I must have been too focused on the bizarre scene before me -- four hard cocks, two with my name on them) and handed Bethany and I each a tube of lube. Bethany made a big show out of disgorging a big blob onto her left palm, raising the tube high above her hand as she squirted it out. She then brought her hands together and sensually distributed the lube across both hands. She looked at me and said, "You ready?" I hadn't moved since Kent handed me the lube. I quickly squeezed a big glob into my right hand and said, "Ready!"

"You start with the guy at that end of the line, I'll start at this end," Bethany said. We each stepped in front of our guy. Just as I was about to drop to my knees, Bethany said. "Wait, we are still wearing our panties." She looked around the room and met eyes with the groom-to-be. "Would you be so kind as to come over here and remove our panties for us? We both have this slippery lube all over our hands."

Driven, I think, by the vocal encouragement of his party guests, the groom-to-be came up, first, behind me, slipped his fingers underneath the sides of my panties and slipped them off over my hips. I could feel his warm breath on my back, then a few of his hairs grazed my ass as he held the panties down on the floor for me to step out of. I looked back at him as he was on his knees, looking up at my bare ass. I knew he had a perfect view up between my legs, courtesy of the crotchless cut-out of the fishnet bodystocking.

With my panties in hand, he stepped behind Bethany and removed her panties the same way, again pausing to gaze at her bare, shaved pussy from the vantage point of being on his knees. Bethany, being Bethany, bent over a bit and looked at him under an arm and said, "You like that view, honey?" He professed his appreciation of the scenery and quickly returned to his seat.

Meanwhile, the four guys were still standing naked from the waist down in front of us. Two of them, including the guy I was standing fully exposed in front of, had their dicks in hand, fully erect and stroking them lightly.

Without saying anything to Bethany, or waiting for her instructions, I dropped to my knees in front of the guy. With his hard cock now at eye level, I reached over and took him in my slippery hands. I grasped his shaft with my right and cupped his balls with my left hand. I slowly slid my right hand up and down his shaft, coating it with the lube. With my left hand, I massaged his balls with my slippery fingers. He was breathing heavy and saying, "Oh man, oh man, that feels amazing." With his dick now sliding effortlessly in and out of my fist, I began pumping him up and down at a rapid clip. I leaned in, my face now just four or five inches from his erect cock. I watched as his cockhead disappeared and reappeared into my closed hand. As I pumped his hard cock with my right hand, I reached down further between his legs with my left hand and ran a slippery finger across his asshole and along his peritoneum and back to encircle his swaying balls. I glanced over at Bethany whose hand job actions mirrored my own. It was as if we were working in some sort of weird parallel universe.

After another minute or so of my hand job, my guy came, shooting four or five good sized ropes of cum into the air. Most of it wound up on my arm and coating my hand. A few splatters found their way to the fishnet covering my breasts. As his orgasm subsided, I gave his cock a few more firm, slow strokes squeezing out the last drops of cum. Perhaps because I was incredibly turned on and caught up, once again, in the moment, I bent down and licked the last drop of cum off the end of his dick and slowly brought it back into my mouth on my tongue. With his softening dick still in my hand, I looked up at him and smiled. "How was that?" I purred.

As my guy was saying how good my hand job felt, Bethany's guy came. The difference for them was that as he came, Bethany rose up on her knees leaned into him and pointed his spewing cock at her breasts. Still holding his cock, she used her forearms to squeeze her ample breasts together to catch his cum. Like me, when he stopped cumming, she pumped the last few drops out. Using her left thumb, she scooped the last drops up and rubbed it on her right nipple. The three guys on the sidelines applauded.

The two spent guys stepped out of line, gathered up their pants and underwear and found seats with the other spectators. Bethany looked over at me and smiled a knowing smile. We then took our positions in front of the last two guys.

We both picked up our tubes of lube and readied ourselves to jack off two more strangers. We followed much the same pattern as with the first two guys. Both of us were sitting on our knees, our shaved pussies on full view from behind to the men sitting in chairs watching us jack off their friends. Again, with these last two there was lots of slippery lube, hands on hard cocks, gripped fingers sliding up and down, dangling balls cupped in our soft hands and our faces just inches from these strange guys' most intimate body parts.

Just as with the first two, after only a few minutes of our focused hand jobs, they came. This time Bethany's guy came first, shooting his cum into the air and all over her hand. My guy came shortly after Bethany's. His large load was preceded by an amusing, pronounced groan and deep exhalation of breath. I was surprised by the volume of cum he released. I figured it must have been some time since he last let go. As I was squeezing out the last of his cum, I looked up and Bethany was standing above me, looking down at my hand on this guy's cock.

The first thing I saw as I glanced up at her was two of her fingers playing with her shaved pussy through the cut out crotch of her bodystocking. As I watched her play with herself, the guy whose cock I was still holding mumbled something about how amazing she and I were, but I was too caught up in watching Bethany touch herself to acknowledge is inane comment.

"Kate, I am so wet down here," Bethany cooed in almost a whisper. "Yeah, I can tell," I responded. "So am I."

I let go of the guy's now soft dick, stood up and faced Bethany, taking another long look at her beautiful body shrouded by the wild, nearly sheer bodystocking. She looked hot. What's more, I knew I did too! I put my arm around her and we turned and faced the guys and they applauded.

As the cheers and exaggerated applause were fading, we glanced at Kent and he nodded his head in the direction of the door. We took his cue and told the guys it was time for us to go. We wished the groom-to-be well in his upcoming nuptials, went to the bathroom, washed up and gathered up our stuff and joined Kent at the door. After one last wave to the guys, the three of us entered the quiet, bright hallway.

"Well, that sure was interesting," I said to Bethany as I clutched the black jacket at about navel level to keep it from flying open as we hurried toward the elevator. Just as the elevator door opened it dawned on me that I had forgotten my panties. I mentioned this to Bethany and with a laugh she realized she too had forgotten her panties. Before we could discuss whether or not to return for our undergarments, the elevator door closed and our decision was made for us.

Kent walked us to Bethany's truck in the parking garage, handed us our tip money and bade us farewell as we climbed inside. Scanning traffic as we pulled out of the garage, Bethany said, "Kate, you did very well tonight. Congratulations. You have successfully completed your initiation. At tomorrow night's party, I'll announce to everyone that you should immediately be made a full-fledged Delta sorority member."

I wasn't surprised by her official announcement that I had made it through the initiation. I mean, after all we had been through together, with virtually no hitches, how could I have not made it?

As we drove back to town, we tried to talk about normal things, such as the upcoming school year and how much fun it will be to be sisters. However, all I could really think about was getting back to my hotel room and playing with my toys. I was so horny as a result of everything that happened back in that hotel suite - wearing such erotic and so little clothing in front of those guys, Kris' dancing and self-pleasure show, taking off my panties in front of everyone, jacking off two strange guys, watching Bethany do the same, seeing Bethany playing with her shaved pussy, and so on. I just wanted to disappear behind my hotel room door, throw off my jacket and masturbate to orgasm. Heck, I wanted to do it multiple times.

After what seemed to be an eternity, Bethany finally pulled into my hotel's parking lot. She didn't pull up to the main entrance, however. Instead, she pulled into a parking spot.

"Do you mind if I come up and use the bathroom?" she asked. "I really have to go."

I replied that, sure, she could come up.

**Chapter Seven - The Initiation Concludes - Sisters at Last**
After sliding my card key through the door lock, I opened the door and let Bethany go in first. She immediately took off her jacket, hung it on the rack outside the bathroom door and disappeared into the bathroom and shut the door.

She was in there just a few minutes before emerging with my butt plug and dildo in either hand. I had left them in the bathroom drying on a hand towel after washing them following last night's masturbation session.

"You didn't tell me you had these," Bethany said fondling the sex toys. "Were you planning on using them tonight?" I relied that, yes, I had been planning on using them, casually explaining that the evening's initiation routine had made me very horny.

"Me too," she said enthusiastically. "In fact, I am still wet from earlier. Hey, I noticed you have two beds here, would you mind if I laid down on your extra bed and touched myself real quick?"

Well, I figured, I had seen her masturbate in the front seat of her truck after we walked around that downtown pedestrian mall in skimpy clothes. I had actually helped her masturbate while laying in the sun on that rock up Bluewater Canyon. Why not? "Sure, no problem. I know how you feel. Go for it."

"Thanks," she said as she put both of the sex toys in one hand and grabbed one of my hands with the other and led me to the bedroom. Standing between the two beds she said, "Which one do you want?" That's when I realized she expected me to masturbate alongside her. What the hell, I reasoned, may as well cap of a remarkable week with a flourish.

"I'll take this one," I said pointing at the bed nearest the window. She set the sex toys down on the nightstand between the beds, next to the bottle of lube I also had inadvertently left out. She stripped off her bodystocking and I followed suit. I pulled the tacky bedspread off my bed, pulled back the blanket and sat down on the white sheet and swung my legs up on the bed. Bethany did likewise. She immediately raised her knees and put a hand between her legs and started playing with herself.

I closed my eyes and spread my legs, keeping my knees flat on the sheet and started playing with myself, taking care to spread the moisture emanating from inside me over my clit and all around my pussy lips. Every few seconds, I would glance over at Bethany. Occasionally we would make eye contact, experiencing that uncomfortable feeling as you realize you caught another woman watching you masturbate and you were caught watching another woman masturbate. Soon, however, that uncomfortable feeling disappeared and my gaze lingered on Bethany almost constantly. I soaked up the vision of her perfect naked body, complete with large swaying breasts, lying on a nearby bed as she her fingers explored her wet, shaved pussy. Meanwhile, she too had lost her apprehension of watching me. Her eyes never left me, alternating between watching the hand between my legs, looking at my breasts and making eye contact with me. Watching her and being watched by her was really turning me on.

As all this was going on, I kept seeing out of the corner of my eye the pink dildo, string of anal beads and tube of lube sitting on the nightstand between us, easily in reach of either of us.

Finally, Bethany caught me glancing at the toys. "Are you going to pick those up or are you going to make me do it?" she blurted. Not sure where this was going, and feeling a little unsure of what Bethany had in mind, I said, "I guess I am going to make you pick them up."

"Okay," was all she said as she swung her feet onto the floor and leaned over the nightstand and picked up the vibrating dildo. She turned it on, spread her legs with her feet still on the floor and facing me and held the buzzing toy against her clit. She expressed how amazing it felt and she slid it around her pubic area, but always keeping part of the eight inch dildo against her clit. Just as she appeared to be near orgasm, she turned off the dildo and set it back on the nightstand. She then picked up the anal beads and the lube and proceeded to coat the beads with the slippery stuff. With beads in hand, she stood up and took a step toward the bed upon which I was laying nude.

"Turn over," she said as she stood over me. No way, I thought to myself. She wants to use those on me! However, after the evening, heck, the week, we had had, I now was far too uninhibited and far too horny to turn back now. I obediently turned over and lay on my stomach.

Bethany walked to the foot of the bed and gently pushed my legs apart to about shoulder width. She climbed up on the bed and kneeled between my spread legs. She put one hand on my ass and used her fingers to spread my ass cheeks enough to see my small shaved hole. With no hesitation, she put the small bead end of the strand against my anus and slipped it and the next two small bead in my ass. As I laid there with my hands underneath my chin, I was aghast at what I was doing, but not so aghast as to make any move to stop Bethany from sliding the slippery beads up my butt.

"Raise up on your knees, the next three beads are pretty large," Bethany said almost breathlessly. I did as she asked and promptly assumed the doggie-style position, with my ass in the air. I soon felt the familiar pressure, then relief as Bethany slipped the next three beads past my sphincter muscle and into my ass.

"Turn over," Bethany ordered, still lightly holding onto the ring at the end of the anal bead strand. I swung one leg over her arm and slipped the other under her arm until I was laying on my back spread eagle with her sitting between my bent legs, still holding the ring protruding from my butt.

"Did I ever tell you that you have an amazing and beautiful pussy?" Bethany asked. "No, you haven't," I stammered. Heck, she had never even said anything remotely close to that. Nor did I ever expect she would. What in the world was she doing?

Before I could ask, she bent down and put her mouth on my very, very wet shaved pussy. I was paralyzed the minute her mouth touched my crotch. I couldn't believe what was happening. Again, however, I needed release and what she was doing felt so amazing. I reached down and put my hands gently on the sides of her head. She took that as the cue she was looking for and began vigorous licking my pussy and sucking on my clit.

In no time, I was close to orgasm. Bethany must have sensed this and she focused her efforts on flicking her tongue across my clit. In no time at all, I was on the edge of cumming. Then, at last, my orgasm began. All my muscle tensed up. Just as the first wave washed over me, Bethany pulled the anal beads rapidly out of my ass, intensifying my orgasm all the more. By the time my orgasm subsided, I was spent. Wow!

I guess the shock at having another woman's mouth on my shaved pussy, the relief after hours of arousal and the volume of new, titillating thrills over the last week all combined to give me the orgasm of my life.

I laid there with my arms out to the side, my legs spread and with Bethany sitting on her knees between them. "Was that as great as it appeared?" Bethany asked. "It was, only better," I replied. "I hope that didn't make you too uncomfortable, I mean, I could tell at first you were shocked," Bethany said. "You're okay with what just happened, aren't you." I told her I was absolutely fine with what happened. My attitude, I explained, was no one got hurt, no one was forced into anything and she didn't leave a mark. "How could it not be okay?" I asked with a giggle. "I'm so glad you feel that way," she said as she leaned back on her heels and ran a hand down between her breasts, across her pierced belly button to her shaved pussy. I sat up on my elbows and watched as her fingers alternated between rubbing her clit and toying with her swollen pussy lips. As I would have expected, she was very, very wet.

I stayed there watching her play with herself for a good couple of minutes. Watching her brought back the ache between my legs that her tongue had just temporarily quashed. I realized that if she had half as much pent-up sexual tension as I had a few minutes ago, she must be going crazy inside. I should return the favor she just did for me, I decided. Heck, after the week we had, there already were so many secrets that we would keep about each other. What's one more?

I sat up facing her, with her still leaning back on her heels playing with herself. I then turned over onto my stomach and shimmied up between her legs until my face was just inches from her bare and very wet pussy. From this vantage point, her fingers playing with her special place filled my entire field of vision. As I moved another inch closer, she withdrew her fingers and I was left with a close-up view of only her crotch. Her shaved pussy lips were noticeably swollen and glistening with moisture. My olfactory nerves were in overdrive as pheromones emanating from between her legs made me tingle down there, once again.

With her pussy totally exposed, I extended my tongue and closed the final inch or two between my mouth and her pussy. I started at the bottom of her pussy slit, inserting my tongue as deeply as I could and slowly drawing my tongue up until I arrived at her clit. Once I felt that little bump, I opened my mouth wide and put it over the top of pubic bone, sealing my lips around her smooth skin. I flicked my tongue rapidly across her clit and focused on her taste, as I swallowed her juices. It's hard to describe how she tasted. I have only tasted my own juices, but her juices tasted, well...fresh, I guess.

With my mouth covering her clit, I glanced up and noticed she was kneading her breasts with her hands and breathing deeply. She began gently rocking back and forth. I met her motion, keeping my mouth on her pussy as my tongue worked back and forth across her clit. Next, she dropped her hands to either side of my head and began rocking a bit more vigorously. She was really enjoying what I was doing to her.

I then brought up my right hand an inserted my middle finger as deep into her as I could. I turned my hand over and began gently stroking the inside top of her pussy, in hopes of stimulating her g-spot.

Seconds later, her orgasm began. Her deep breaths became deeper. She stopped rocking and raised her crotch, pushing up against my mouth and gently squeezing her knees against my head. She let out two long, barely audible oooohs followed by a louder, "Oh my God, that was incredible!"

As her heart rate and breathing returned to normal, she put both hands on either side of my face and raised me gently up onto my knees. She leaned in and gave me a long, open mouth French kiss. "That was very nice," she whispered. "Thanks, Kate."

I smiled at her as we broke off our kiss. We both laid down on our backs and kicked our feet under the sheet and blanket and pulled them up to breast level. I felt very satisfied, a little apprehensive, but remarkably comfortable laying naked in bed with a woman with whom I had just had oral sex.

After about 15 minutes of relative silence, punctuated with a few bits of idle chatter, Bethany rolled onto her side facing me and put a hand on one of my breasts and promptly fell asleep.

We awoke about 7:30 a.m., with me spooning Bethany, one arm draped over her waist. We got up and went about a surprisingly normal morning routine, peeing, showering and getting dressed (she borrowed some of my clothes). We acted like the good friends we were. There was no morning after guilt or unpleasantness. Everything felt great between us. I have to say, I was surprised. Before going to sleep the night before, I worried about what I would say the next morning. To my great pleasure, everything seemed natural and normal.

Once we were dressed, Bethany said she was off to get the Delta house ready for the new member party later that night. She, again, congratulated me on successfully completing the initiation. She reassured me that none of the week's activities would be shared with anyone, especially my soon-to-be sorority sisters.

I walked her to the door and just as she stepped into the hallway she said, "Remember, as an added bonus to becoming a member, in two or three years you get to be a Big Sister for a new pledge. And, you get to choose the initiation requirements. Something to think about. See you tonight, Sister."

And think about it I would.