Cariny’s Toga Malfunction

By Bobbie Kaye (Cutie)

Cariny had always been shy. Dating back to her high school years, everyone thought of her as quiet and reserved. Yet she was far from a wallflower. She dated, usually a couple of times a month, though she had no special guy in her life. She did hold on to her virginity through high school, something she was rather proud of. Quiet, conservative, intelligent, fairly popular, and very pretty, she remained quite shy.

Behind that shyness, however, lurked someone who longed to be daring. She never acted on that desire, though. The most daring thing she’d ever done was riding a Ferris Wheel while wearing a miniskirt. Cariny had certainly never thought about such an outrageous concept as public nudity, at least not until her senior prom. She’d been asked to the event by Gary, a good looking football player she’d dated several times that year.

Prom night came, and the evening proceeded splendidly. But then, her close friend Annie, always the braver of the pair, was dancing with her own date, Phil, when disaster struck. The hem of her long yellow chiffon gown somehow found its way under Phil’s feet, and when Annie moved with the music, the flimsy shoulder straps gave away, the dress falling in a pile around her feet. Hoots and hollers instantly arose among her fellow prom attendees.

Annie’s well-tanned body, now clad only in skimpy silk panties and three-inch heels, was on full display. Her bare breasts, quite pale due to the bikini she always wore during the long hours she spent baking in a tanning parlor, glowed like high beams in the darkened gymnasium. And as Cariny moved to help her friend avoid any further embarrassment, she was stunned to see Annie begin to giggle.

Initially, Annie had reacted as one might expect, trying to conceal her breasts behind arms and hands. But moments later, she stepped free of the pile of chiffon, reached for Phil, and resumed dancing. Her face couldn’t have been a brighter shade of red, but she continued laughing good-naturedly at her own situation, until two female teachers approached with a blanket, insisting that she cover up.

A third teacher collected her gown from the floor, and Annie was escorted from the gym, Phil not far behind. Half an hour later, the couple returned to the floor, to the cheers from everyone present. The evening went on without further mishap, but Cariny was left wondering about Annie’s reaction to being so totally exposed, humiliated, in front of her friends and classmates.

A few days later, Cariny found the nerve to ask Annie about it. Her friend again turned red, but tried to explain why she’d reacted as she had. “My first urge was to scream and run away,” Annie explained. “But as I glanced around, I saw nothing but smiles from guys and girls alike. I sensed they were laughing with me, not at me. Most of these people are my friends, and sure, it was embarrassing, but I suddenly found the event… um… exciting.”

Cariny listened carefully, as Annie turned yet a brighter shade of red. “It was like… knowing that everyone could see me… almost naked… and that everyone wanted to see me… I don’t know… I could feel myself getting… you know… wet… down there. I wanted so badly to touch myself, but I knew I didn’t dare. So I just started dancing. And that night, Phil and I had the best sex in the history of the planet!”

Though she didn’t realize it at the time, Annie’s mishap, and her explanation, embedded themselves in Cariny’s psyche like a seed planted in the spring. And as time went by, that seed began to germinate.

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“Of course not, Pledge Cariny!” Ronnie, her Pledge Partner assured her. “No one wears anything under her toga!”

It was Cariny’s first year of college, and she was close to pledging Theta House, the sorority she truly hoped would accept her. Their standards were high, but Cariny’s high school grades, combined with her physical beauty, had virtually assured her a spot in the exclusive sorority. Her thick, wavy, honey-blond hair combined with impossibly high cheekbones, perfect, gleaming teeth, and prominent dimples to create a face that was nothing less than stunning. She’d passed all the tests, survived Rush Week, and was set to be initiated on Sunday. The Friday before was the first party of the year, a Roman toga party, being held at a frat house across campus.

The girls had shown Cariny how to wrap the bedsheet around her curvy body, and how to tie it in place. But she’d been admonished that nothing was to be worn underneath. Standing in the parlor of her sorority house, wrapped in the single piece of sheer linen, she felt absolutely naked. She wasn’t sure she could appear in public dressed in the bedsheet and nothing else.

“Brenda,” called Ronnie, “Show Cariny what you’re wearing under your toga.

Cariny watched in awe as the tall, leggy brunette raised the bottom of the toga, exposing her freshly shaved private area. Brenda then pulled the top of the sheet aside, revealing her pert, medium sized breasts and firm nipples.

“See?” said Ronnie. “You believe me now?” Cariny was still staring, her mouth slightly open, as Brenda rewrapped herself.

“Look at me, then,” said her Pledge Partner, pulling her own toga aside, her full, round boobs coming into view. “The Romans didn’t have Victoria’s Secret, you know, Pledge Cariny. Now if you want to join Theta House, you have to play by the rules. So, are you in, or out?

“I’m… I’m in,” Cariny said nervously.

“So get upstairs and get those undies off. Come back down in your toga and sandals, and not another stitch. Okay?”

Cariny nodded, then dashed up the stairs. While she was removing her bra and panties, Ronnie signaled the other girls, who quickly slipped into undies, shorts, and tops, then covered everything with the togas. Once the party was over, they’d show Cariny that she was the only one with nothing under hers, and then they’d tell her she’d been accepted as a full-fledged sister of Theta House.

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The weather was chilly, and clad in nothing but the toga as they walked the mile to the opposite side of the campus, Cariny was shivering. She held tightly to her little clutch purse as though it were a lifeline to safety. She was nervous, but she was eagerly looking forward to the party. She wasn’t a big drinker, and while she’d always heard there was a lot of alcohol at frat parties, she figured she would enjoy a beer, maybe too. And she also expected music, and good looking guys, and was looking forward to dancing, just generally blowing off a little steam.

The frat house was about what she’d expected. The place looked as though it hadn’t been vacuumed since the Carter administration, and kegs of ice cold beer were everywhere. Music was blasting, and the guys perked up with the arrival of the first girls. It was party time!

Several guys quickly surrounded Cariny, offering icy brews and asking her to dance. Soon she was having a great time, trying to forget her uneasiness in wearing nothing but the bedsheet. Besides, all the girls were dressed just as she was, and her risk of exposure was no greater than that of anyone else.

During a quick bathroom break, Cariny unexpectedly flashed back to her high school prom, to what had happened to poor Annie, and to how it really hadn’t seemed to bother her friend at all. And while Cariny rarely lacked for dates, she’d never experienced anything to rival the attention Annie received in the weeks following her embarrassing mishap.

What would Cariny do if she suddenly found herself topless, or worse, totally naked, in front of a bunch of friends and strangers? Could she so quickly shake it off, as Annie had? She doubted it. She was still a virgin, after all, and nobody had seen her naked, not really, since she was a little girl. Trying to imagine being naked in front of all these guys was horrifying; how would she ever survive such an ordeal?

And why did she feel herself getting excited at the thought?

Cariny had tucked her clutch into a little alcove on a shelf between some CDs. She wasn’t worried; there wasn’t more than ten dollars, plus a little makeup, her ID, and a ring of keys. She was dancing again, moving from one toga-clad guy to the next, scarcely taking time to breathe. Her Pledge Sister, Ronnie, invited her out front to cool off, and to ask how she was doing. Cariny took a deep breath and was about to respond, when five guys and three girls came through the front door, bound for a pair of vans parked in front of the frat house.

“Road trip!” one of the guys cried out, as two others escorted Ronnie and the reluctant Cariny into one of the vans. Cariny didn’t like riding with anyone who’d been drinking, but she was sort of caught up in the moment, and decided to come along for the ride; not that it seemed she had much choice. Besides, it was early, and she didn’t think the guys had been drinking that much.

They headed downtown, everyone chattering at once, no one doing much listening; and the music emanating from the radio drowned out their words, anyway. Sister Brenda and one of the guys in the van were soon involved in some heavy kissing, while Cariny tried to avert her eyes. A few moments later, she felt something brush briefly against her back, and saw that Brenda had come up for air.

They arrived downtown and parked near a busy street corner, not far from a liquor store, an Italian restaurant, and a movie theater. Crowds were milling about, and everyone seemed to notice the collection of college kids in their togas. Everybody piled out of the vans, twelve in all, and headed en masse toward the liquor store.

“Somebody has to stay with the vans,” announced one of the guys.

“Cariny’s the new kid,” replied Brenda. “You okay with that, Cariny?”

“Uh… sure, I’ll stay here. Um… just don’t be gone too long, okay?”

“We’ll be back in a… flash!” Ronnie replied, and everyone laughed as they moved as one toward the liquor store.

Cariny never imagined that when she’d felt Brenda brush against her back a few moments before, that her Sister had actually been fastening a clip firmly to Cariny’s toga, while at the same time loosening a critical knot. The clip was attached to a length of fine string, the other end secured firmly to a handrest inside the van.

Cariny stood just outside one of the vans, her back inches from the locked passenger door. She didn’t notice as one of the guys took a circuitous route back to the driver’s side of the van, nor did she hear as he quietly opened the door. She did hear the engine start, but didn’t realize it was the van they’d come in.

As the van inched away from the curb, Cariny felt a slight tug on her toga. Suddenly the van accelerated away and the toga was whipped off her. Poor Cariny found herself standing in the middle of the sidewalk, in the middle of town, completely naked.

The realization struck her. She’d been set up from the start to suffer naked public humiliation.  Right down to leaving her standing right before of the eyes of the people in the restaurant.

There she was standing very naked on a public street corner. Her full breasts, which didn’t sag at all, and her carefully shaped landing strip, the same honey-blond as the hair on her head, were on full display. And of course, Cariny made the biggest mistake anyone can make, given her circumstance; she let out a piercing shriek.

Glancing about, she quickly realized there was nowhere to run. Everyone in line at the theater’s ticket booth turned to face her, patrons of the restaurant with seats near the window had an unobstructed view, and the crowds lining the street suddenly forgot where they were headed, and stopped to watch. Cariny was surrounded on sides by fully clothed men and women, not one of which attempted to come to her rescue.

As Cariny knelt down, trying to cover what she could with hands and arms, she could feel her face getting hot. Relief briefly washed over her as her companions emerged from the liquor store, but they were roaring with laughter, as these guys whom she’d begun to get to know all got an eyeful.

Her Sisters surrounded her, Ronnie instructing her to “Stand tall, because you’re going to be a Theta Sister! You are expected to maintain your dignity, in all situations.” Humiliated nearly to tears, Cariny forced herself to comply, and then followed Ronnie’s instructions to place her hands at her side.

She couldn’t believe this was happening. Once again, she flashed back to her senior prom, and to how her friend Annie had responded in a similar situation. Recalling the popularity that had resulted, Cariny was suddenly determined to try to appear unaffected by her humiliating situation. She nonchalantly placed her hands on her hips, glanced at everyone and, forcing a smile, said “Very funny.”

The van, having circled the block, pulled alongside her again, and Brenda and Ronnie ushered her into the relative safety of the interior. There was no sign of her toga, however. Cariny had to sit there, naked save for her sandals, while two leering frat guys stared unabashedly at every inch of her body. A sense of stubborn determination subdued her discomfort, though, and she refused to cover up, allowing them to stare. She even managed to smile at them. She glanced down in surprise to find that her nipples were fully erect.

They stopped at the sorority house, and after walking naked with Ronnie and Brenda from the van to the door, Cariny was given another toga to wear. They soon returned to the frat house, and while the red glow didn’t leave her face for the rest of the evening, she actually had a great time. Word of her exposure quickly traveled through the house, and it seemed every guy in the fraternity wanted to dance with her.

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The following afternoon, back at the sorority house, the Sisters called a meeting. Cariny was instructed to strip naked and stand before the others, which she did reluctantly. Cariny had never before been so naked, so much, for so many people.

“Pledge Cariny,” said Janine, president of the sorority, “a Theta Sister is required to maintain a good scholastic record. You did so in high school, and will be expected to continue doing so here at the university.” Her face still bright red, Cariny nodded solemnly. Janine continued.

“Pledge Cariny, a Theta Sister is selected only from the most beautiful women on campus. You more than exceed that requirement.” Cariny’s face turned an even deeper crimson, but a slight smile betrayed her appreciation of the complement.

“Pledge Cariny, a Theta Sister is expected to be a team player, and to follow all House Rules at all times. The fact that you are standing naked before us right now demonstrates your commitment to this requirement.” One shade brighter red.

“But above all, Pledge Cariny, a Theta Sister must always maintain her dignity, in even the most trying of circumstances. Last night, when you were essentially stripped naked and left to fend for yourself on a busy street corner, your initial reaction was to hide yourself from view. But when instructed to stand tall, you immediately complied.” Janine smiled, and added “Sister Cariny, welcome to Theta House!”

The other girls burst into cheers, each accepting a naked hug from their newest Sister. Cariny was allowed to dress then, and a quiet celebration followed. Still exhausted from the ordeal the night before, Cariny retired early to her room.

As she lay in bed, awaiting elusive sleep, Cariny thought about what had happened just last night. She couldn’t help but remember Annie’s reaction, and she thought about how well she had actually faired against her high school friend.

She also thought about what Annie had told her, about enjoying great sex that night, and Cariny now realized that being so exposed had been a turn on for her friend. She could sense the growing dampness between her own legs, and almost of its own accord, she found her hand working its way down beneath the sheet, reaching for her yearning womanhood.

Though Cariny was still a virgin, she was no stranger to her own touch. But the orgasm she attained that night was more explosive than anything she’d ever before experienced. As her breathing slowed, she admitted to herself that, despite the embarrassment, her exposure had actually been quite arousing, as well.

Her final thought, just as she drifted off to a dreamless sleep, was that she’d at least have to give public nudity a little more thought.

The end