## Pledge Week (F-solo, exhib, humil)

It was a bright September morning.  Donna and Crysta, both stunningly gorgeous girls, were now in college.  [They had just met](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/RichardHertz/www/CrystaAndDonnaFirstDay.htm), but quickly became comfortable with each other.  They sat naked in their dorm room, each girl on her own bed.  Crysta was a nudists at heart, and felt comfortable in the buff, and Donna envied Crysta's freedom, and felt comfortable in the nude with her new friend, especially in the privacy of their room.  They had left the door open, in a way daring someone to peek in and see them naked.  That thought excited them both.  Donna was busy sorting her record collection.  Crysta appeared to be daydreaming.  Out of the blue, she said "let's check out the I Phelta Thi sorority".

"The *what* sorority?" Donna asked, incredulously.

"I Phelta Thi," Crysta repeated.  "It's three Greek letters: I, Phelta, and Thi.  You've seen it.  It's right on College Avenue."  Crysta went to her desk and drew the Greek letters, , and held it up for Donna, who nodded in recognition.  "They're having a party tonight," Crysta continued.  "I think we should go."

"What's special about ?" Donna asked.

"Nothing," Crysta replied, "except that it's the coolest sorority in the whole school, that's all."

Donna didn't really want to go to any sorority party.  She said, "were we invited?"

"It's pledge week.  The parties are open to everyone."

Donna tried another way to get out of it.  "I don't have anything to wear," she said.

"What you've got on now is fine," Crysta joked.

Donna stood on the floor, raised her arms, spun around, and said in a mock southern accent, "Why this old thing?"

Without warning, Crysta sprang to her feet and pushed Donna right out the door, and slammed it.  The door was self-locking.  Donna said "Hey, let me in."

"Not until you agree to come with me to the party."

"Let me in and we'll talk about it."

"No.  You must agree first.  Then I'll let you in."

Donna heard voices coming from the end of the hallway.  Donna whispered, "Please let me in."  The voices got louder.  Crysta didn't answer.  Finally, Donna whispered, "OK, I'll go with you to the party."

A group of kids from their dorm turned the corner at the end of the hallway, and saw Donna.  "Hi, Donna," one of them said as Crysta opened the door.

"Hi guys," Donna said as she ducked in the room.  To Crysta she laughed, "That was mean.  I'll get you back, Crysta."

"I'm hungry," Crysta said.

Looking at the clock, Donna said "We'd better hurry.  The dining hall closes in ten minutes."

The girls looked at each other and simultaneously said, "One item."  This was a game they played when they were in a hurry.  Each girl would find one item of clothing to wear, and then they would run out the door.  Crysta put on a T-shirt, which covered her pretty well, except the very bottom of her cheeks.  As long as she keeps her legs together, no one would be able to tell she wasn't wearing a thong.  Donna put on a pair of white painter's pants, a kind of overalls.  From the side, Donna's cute little breasts weren't covered at all, but from the front, she looked fine.

"Let's go!" they said.  They grabbed their meal tickets and keys, and they were out the door.

They were running past Eric and Bill's room, when Eric popped his head out and said "where's the fire?"

"The dining hall is closing in..." Donna looked at her watch.  "...five minutes."

"Let's go to the Bottomless Salad Bar instead," suggested Eric.

"What is it, an all-you-can-eat place?" Donna asked.

"Yeah," Eric said.  "It just opened.  It's next to the Student Center.  Come with us.  Our treat."

Donna looked at Crysta, and Crysta said "OK, let's go."

When they got there, Eric said to the hostess, "Four."

She said, "Very well, which two of you will be bottomless?"

Eric and Bill looked at the girls.  Donna said, "Eric, you said the *salad bar* is bottomless."

The hostess said, "Oh no, you must have misunderstood.  To eat in this restaurant, half of you must be bottomless.  That's the gimmick."

"No problem," Crysta said lifting her shirt to demonstrate, "I'm already bottomless."

"That's fine," said the hostess.  I need one more.

The boys looked at Donna.  "No," she said.  "I can't.  I only have on this one thing, and I'll be naked if I take it off.  No," she repeated.

Both girls looked at Eric.  Eric said, "No, not me.  Boys don't get bottomless here.  It's just not done."

Donna looked at her watch and said "The dining hall's closed now."  All four of them looked at the hostess.

The hostess said, "There is another way.  I'll do you this special favor:  Instead of two of you getting bottomless, all four of you could get topless."

Crysta said, "Then *I'll* be naked."

Bill said, "No, you won't.  Tie your shirt around your waist and wear it like a loincloth."

"Or like a diaper," added Eric.

"You boys are geniuses," Crysta said as she tied her shirt around her waist, covering her front, but leaving her ass fully exposed.  Donna took undid the top of her painter pants, but they were so baggy, they dropped to her ankles.  Blushing, she pulled them up, and spent the next hour holding them up with one hand (except when she was getting her salad -- since she needed two hands for that, she let go of her pants, and let them gather around her ankles, hoping no one would notice).  The boys took off their shirts.  The salad bar was nicely stocked, and they all had a great lunch.  When it was over, Eric paid the bill, and they all put their tops back on, and went back to the dorm.

"I'm going to take a shower now," Crysta said as she slipped out of her shirt.  She picked up a towel and wrapped it around her, tucking in the end between her breasts.  She gave it a tug to make sure it was secure, and checked the hem to make sure her bottom was covered.  Close enough, she thought.  "Are you going to be here a while, Donna?" she asked.

"Sure, I'm not going anywhere."

"OK, I'll leave my keys here then."  She threw some soap, shampoo, conditioner, and half a dozen other odds and ends into a beach basket, and went to the boys' shower.  This dorm used to be boys-only.  In fact this whole college was once boys-only.  When they made the dorm co-ed, they arbitrarily assigned the shower and bathroom at one end of the U-shaped hall to girls and at the other end to boys.  Crysta and Donna's room was closer to the boys' end, so the girls often showered there.  The only problem was that while the girls' shower had been divided into separate stalls, the boys' shower was communal.  But it was mid-afternoon, so there was little risk of getting caught.  *Besides, it might be fun to shower with a boy,* she thought.

She paused near the outer door, and not hearing any sound, went in.  There were two tiled rooms inside.  One had a row of hooks on the wall for towels and a bench to sit on.  The other had the showers themselves.  She hung her towel on a hook, and stepped into the shower area.  She set her beach basket on the floor, turned on the water, and stepped under it.  Crysta's showers were no simple affair.  She shampooed, she conditioned, and she shaved off every hair south of her eyebrows.  When she was finally done, she put all the bottles and cans back into the beach basket, and looked for her towel.  It wasn't there!  She looked back in the shower room.  No towel.  She stood very still and listened.  She was alone.  Maybe this is a joke, and someone is waiting outside the door with my towel, she thought.  Cautiously, she opened the outer door.  No one was there.  She held the door open and listened.  No one was in the hallway.  She made a dash for her room and found the door closed.  She knocked on the door and whispered "Donna" but there was no answer.  She knocked harder and yelled "Donna!" but there was still no answer.

Maybe someone will help me, she thought.  She looked up and down the hallway, and saw all the doors were closed.  Desperate, she yelled, "HELP!" but not one door opened.  Could everyone be out somewhere?  She went to the RA's door.  He had a master key.  She was about to knock when she saw a hand-written sign on the door that said 'I'm in the rec room'.  The rec room is in the basement of the dorm, but to get there you have to go out the main entrance to the dorm and in another entrance that leads only to the rec room.  By this time, Crysta was desperate.  She didn't know what else to do, so she went down the stairs and out the front door.  Once outside, she was met by the explosion of flash bulbs and about a hundred cheering kids.  Donna was standing in front, holding out Crysta's towel to her.  "I told you I'd get you back," she said.

A week later, the underground school newspaper published a doctored photo of Crysta's face on the Vietnamese girl who was running from a napalm attack of her village in the famous Pulitzer-prize winning photo taken by Nick Ut, with a caption reading 'College coed locked out of her dorm room'.  It was in such bad taste that the school tried for weeks to find out who was behind it, but they never found out who did it.

"I have nothing to wear to the party," Donna said.

"You said that this morning," Crysta said, still steamed about being locked out of her room.

"Well it's still true.  We need to go shopping."

"Let's go to the Half Off store," Crysta suggested.  The Half Off store sells top-quality clothing at half the regular price.  They keep their prices low because there is no shoplifting.  They have a clever way to enforce that: No one may wear any clothing at all into the store.  Also, there are no changing rooms.  People try on what they want right on the sales floor.

"Good idea.  And I know how to avoid paying the locker fee", Donna said.  The entrance to the store leads to a locker room, where you can put your clothes, but that's expensive.  The locker costs $5.  Some people save the $5 by just arriving naked.  At least if they buy something they don't have to leave naked.  But Donna hated to go naked in public.  "Here's my idea: We'll wear garbage bags." she said.

"Garbage bags?" Crysta repeated.  "I'd rather be naked."

"Your choice," Donna said.  Donna had cut a black garbage bag into strips, and wrapped one strip around her chest and another around her hips.  She fastened them with black electrical tape, and admired herself in the mirror.

"Not bad," Crysta said. "OK, bag me."  She held out her hand, and Donna gave her some strips of plastic and the electrical tape.

The two girls, dressed alike, admired themselves in the mirror.  "Maybe we should just go to the party like this," Crysta said, and both girls laughed, grabbed their keys and handbags, and closed the door behind them.  The store is on College Avenue, well within walking distance.  They walked into the locker room, removed their plastic clothes, and tossed them in a trash can, and entered the store proper.

"Wow," Donna said once they were inside the store.  The place was covered with mirrors and neon lights from floor to ceiling.  It was an amazing job of decoration.  What the girls didn't know was that college boys and dirty old men were paying 25 cents a minute to stand behind the mirrors and gawk at the shoppers.  This is another way the store was able to offer clothes at half price.  Most of the people in the store were half dressed or fully dressed in clothes they picked up from one of the racks.  "I suppose most people grab something to cover up right away, then do their real shopping" Donna said, as she spotted the *Does-She-Or-Doesn't-She* dresses.

*DSODS* dresses are Donna's favorite.  They come in many different styles, but they have one thing in common.  They are precision- fit to cover exactly what needs to be covered and not one inch more.  They come in many sizes, and they have straps that adjust to exactly the right length.  The magazine ads feature a pair of models wearing these dresses.  It sure looks like neither one could possibly have anything on under her dress, but when you turn the page you see both girls holding up their dresses to show that one of them had been wearing thong knickers.

Meanwhile, Crysta spotted an interesting display of fabric loops called Möbius Dresses.  They came in a wide variety of colors and shapes.  Some of them were long and thin, and others were short and fat.  She had been wondering how they're supposed to be worn when she noticed a mannequin wearing a single loop of yellow fabric that wrapped around her like a pretzel.  The top hung from the back of her neck like a necklace covering her breasts.  If you followed its sweeping path from there, you saw it wrapped around to her back, where the two streams of fabric came together, between her legs, one piece around each thigh, and finally meeting at the small of her back.

It's ingenious, Crysta thought.  The fabric is semi-sheer and light in color, so one layer doesn't hide much.  But two layers hide fairly well, and as it happens, the most intimate place is covered by two layers of fabric.  Crysta picked up a loop of yellow fabric, and started figuring out how to twist it into the right shape.  Soon she realized how to do it:  Start with a stretch of fabric behind the small of your back, and bring the rest of it in front of you.  Then bring the larger loop of the fabric between your legs from front to back, and up underneath the piece at the small of your back, and pull it tight.  Then, holding the loop behind you, slip both arms into the loop, and put it on like a vest.  Then make some adjustments and you're done.

When she tried this a few times she was able to get into it fairly well, but it kept slipping off her breasts because the loops were too wide. So she modified the last part of the procedure -- instead of slipping into the loop like a vest, she pulled the loop over her head, crossed it, and slipped her head back through the loop.  That caused it to cross in front of her, and stayed in place pretty well.  She was able to position the bottom of the dress so it covered just the bottoms of her cheeks but didn't go in her crack the way a thong does, while still covering her front nicely.  She experimented with various widths of fabric, and settled on one that was about two inches wide.  When she brought her Möbius Dress to the front of the store, she saw Donna was finished shopping at the same time.  Crysta said, "Do you like it?" as she spun around.

"You look great!" Donna replied.  Both girls wore their new dresses home.

That evening as the girls got ready for the party, Donna said "Oh, I almost forgot my thong," and went to open her underwear drawer.

Crysta stopped her, and brought her to the mirror.  "Donna, I think you're ready to go bottomless."  While Donna stood in front of the mirror, Crysta knelt next to her and continued, "Your new dress is just perfect."  Holding her hand level with the front of the dress, Crysta touched the place between Donna's legs, and said, "It exactly covers you here."  Donna giggled as Crysta tickled her there. "And it exactly covers you here," Crysta said touching the place on Donna's cheeks even with the hemline of the dress.  "It's perfect," Crysta concluded.  "You don't need knickers."

Donna said, "What if I bend forward?  Can you see everything?"

"Well, yes, if you bend over and touch your toes, I'll see everything."

Donna said, "I want to know how far I can bend before I'm exposed."

"OK, Donna, this'll be fun."  Crysta sat on the floor behind Donna with her eyes exactly at hem level.  Donna stood straight with her legs about three feet apart.  Donna's anus was covered, but Crysta could make out her lips through the dress because the bottom of the dress is sheer in the back.  But she couldn't tell Donna that, or she would want to cover up.  So Crysta said "You're decent, but keep your legs closer together."  Donna moved her legs in. "OK, now bend forward."  Donna was bent forward slightly.  Crysta said, "You're still OK.  Bend more."  Donna bent forward more, and now Crysta could see everything.  "Stop," Crysta said.  "That's as far as you can go."

"Do you mean I can go this far, or this is too far?" Donna asked.

"That depends on the eye-level of someone who might see you.  If they're exactly at hem level, then you're already too far over.  But if they're standing next to you, you're fine.  If they're looking up at you, there's nothing you can do anyway, so don't worry about it.  And if you keep your legs together, you can bend over much farther without anyone seeing the real you."

As if to test Crysta's last statement, Donna put her legs together and bent forward and touched her toes, revealing a beautiful pair of lips between Donna's legs.  "That would be too far," Crysta said, and both girls laughed.

"If I go bottomless, someone will see me.  I'll be afraid to do anything."

"Don't worry.  Am I worried?  Look at me."  Crysta faced away from Donna and spread her legs apart.  Donna could see Crysta's butthole, clear as day between the two straps of her Möbius dress.  Crysta put her legs back together, which made her appear decent again, and said, "See?  No problem."

"Alright," Donna said, finally.  "I'll go bottomless.  Maybe I'll forget about being so exposed."

"That's right," Crysta said.  "Relax and have fun.  Don't worry about what people might see."

The girls left their room and started walking to the party.  On the way they met Eric and Bill, who were going to the same party.  "You look great, Donna," said Bill, discretely eyeing Donna's crotch.

"You look really great, Crysta," said Eric, who admired the way Crysta's dress just barely covered her front while leaving her butt crack uncovered.  He grabbed the yellow ribbon where it covered her right breast, and said "Very clever."  When he let go, it slipped out of place.  Crysta waited until they arrived at the house to tuck everything back in place.

The four freshmen were greeted at the door by a host and hostess.  The host took the boys immediately to the basement bar, and the hostess asked the girls if they'd like to see the house.

"Sure," Crysta said.

"My name is Mandy," said the hostess.  "Follow me."  Mandy looked elegant in her long white dress.  She took the girls upstairs to see some of the girls' bedrooms.  They were spacious and beautifully decorated.  Mandy showed them the rec room, and explained, "The boys have a separate rec room, so they're not allowed in here unless we invite them."

"Boys?" asked Donna.

"We keep boys here as slaves," Mandy said.  She lowered her voice and added, "although they don't know they're slaves.  We give them just enough sex to keep them working for us.  It's a nice arrangement."

Next, they visited some common rooms, shared by the girls and boys -- the library was stocked with books, including copies of all the girls' textbooks and study guides.  The common room looked very comfortable.  The dining room had a huge and elegant table.  The kitchen was appointed with the best industrial equipment -- restaurant-quality stove, oven, and dishwasher.  The girls were very impressed by the tour.  "Can we join this sorority?" Donna asked.

"Well, if we invite you, then you can pledge this week.  Then, in a few months, you'll become a member of the sorority."

The next week, Donna and Crysta were called by Liz, the Pledge Coordinator of , and asked to pledge the sorority.  This was the beginning of a trying but rewarding year.