## Laundry Day (FF, exhib, humil)

Several weeks had passed since the day Crysta and Donna had pledged IFT, and the girls had settled into a routine. There were rules, of course, which were designed to keep the pledges in line. One of the rules was to always wear the IFT pledge uniform, which is known all over the campus -- it's a very thin and very pale pink cotton/polyester blend mini-dress, and a pair of tiny pink satin knickers. The dress is beautifully designed, made of the thinnest cotton, and skin tight down to the waist, with a flared bottom with a slit on either side right up to the waist, which showed a lot of thigh while seated or walking.

There was a lot of work, too. Cleaning the house, doing the dishes, etc. As they were doing the dishes after dinner, Donna said, "I'm not very happy about our uniforms. I feel like I'm topless in this, and my knickers won't stay up."

"The dress is thin, I agree, and anyone who looks at you can make out your nipples through the dress. But it's opaque enough that you're not naked, at least." Then Crysta lifted the back of Donna's dress, and said, "You don't have them pulled up all the way. Let me help you." Crysta reached into Donna's knickers, and pulled up the strap so it nestled between Donna's cheeks.

"Cut it out! That's giving me a wedgie!" Donna protested. But she admitted to herself they weren't falling down any more. "The other problem is the front of the knickers," Donna continued.

They were so low-cut they barely covered the top of Donna's lips. "You should shave," Crysta said. Crysta was completely clean-shaven, but Donna still had some hair down there.

"Not my landing strip!" Donna joked.

"Yes, your landing strip. It just doesn't go with the IFT uniform."

Donna knew Crysta was right. Her IFT-issue pink dress covered everything, including the little knickers, but you could see through it. The landing strip would have to go. But before she could think any more about it, Liz arrived on the scene.

"Gather around, everyone!" Liz was the pledge coordinator, who looked beautiful in a short shirt, short shorts, and high heels. "It's laundry day." She raised her arms in delight at this, and the bottoms of her large breasts bounced with delight below the bottom of her half shirt.

"But it's eight o'clock at night," protested Crysta.

"You're punished for insubordination!" Liz retorted. "Hand 'em over". Crysta had learned the punishment for insubordination -- loss of knickers for an hour or so. Slowly, Crysta took off her knickers, and handed them to Liz.  She was shocked when Liz said, "You'll get these back in 24 hours."

The IFT dress was so thin and short, she really needed the knickers. "I'll need my knickers to go to class tomorrow, they're part of my pledge uniform," Crysta complained.

"Are you complaining?" Liz asked incredulously.

"No," Crysta replied simply.

"You'll be fine in class tomorrow. Just keep your legs together, and your arms at your sides, and you'll make it through the day."

Crysta just stood still. Her dress hugged all her curves. The folds of fabric at the back snuggled between her cheeks, showing off her beautiful figure.

"It's laundry day," Liz continued. "The pledges will bring the laundry to Pete's Laundromat, wash it, and bring it back." Liz gestured to the bags of clothes that were lined up along the wall near the front door. "I'll go with you so I can keep an eye on you. Any questions?"

Some of the pledges had plans for the evening, which were now dashed. They all looked resigned to an evening of laundry. Liz held open the door while each of the pledges grabbed a bag of laundry, and walked out the door with it.

It was a very comfortable evening, not hot and muggy, as it had been the past few days, but not cool either.  There was no wind.  Crysta and Donna walked together at the back of the group.

After a few minutes, Crysta noticed some boys were following them. "Watch this," Crysta said as stopped with her legs apart, leaned forward, and lifted the back of her dress. "That's a full moon they won't soon forget!" Crysta and Donna laughed.

When they got to Pete's, the girls put their bags down, and started looking at all the washing machines. They needed quarters. Liz didn't say anything. Finally, July asked, "Do you have quarters for the machines?"

Liz was exasperated.  She said, "Listen, pledges.  *You* are going to do this job.  *You* have to think it through.  Now that you didn't, *you* will just have to go next door to Pete's Bar, and ask for some change."

So July went out the door, and was gone a long time. Finally, she came back with the money, but something was terribly wrong.  She had one hand over her breasts and the other over her crotch -- she was naked. Meanwhile, some boys had come into the laundromat, and were just watching the girls.

Liz said, "What did you do, sell your uniform? That's not allowed. You'll have to go and get it back."

"No, please don't make me do that. I can't do it."

"I'll do it," Crysta said.

"I'll help her," Donna added.  The pledges were taught to stick together, especially when times got tough.  The two girls went to Pete's Bar, and asked the bartender if they could please have their friend's clothes back. The bartender said he didn't know anything about it, but Donna saw some boys in the bar playing catch with the clothes.

Finally the bartender said, "OK, girls. If you do a dance for us, I'll let you have all the clothes back." The bartender gestured for the girls to come behind the bar and go up on the stage. As they approached the stage, the audience started hooting and hollering, and Donna hesitated. She wouldn't move. Crysta grabbed the bottom of Donna's dress, and started pulling. Crysta was all the way up the steps of the stage, with the bottom of Donna's dress in her hands. Donna was on the floor below the stage. Crysta was so intent on getting Donna up the steps, she forgot she was exposing everything to the audience, bending over as she was. When she heard the hooting, Crysta put her hand over her butt, but didn't let go of Donna's dress. Crysta pulled harder, and pretty soon she had Donna's dress in her hands. Donna came running up the steps wearing only her knickers, and grabbed at the dress, but Crysta pulled it away like a bullfighter, and threw it on the floor.

The jukebox started up, and the girls remembered their job -- they had to dance to win back the clothes. Donna thought, what the heck, I'm here now, and she started dancing. She hooked her thumbs in the knickers, and moved the waistband up and down. Her little "landing strip" was peeking out of the top of her knickers as her hips wriggled from side to side. She turned around, and pulled the back of her knickers down for a second to the delight of the audience.

Crysta was admiring Donna and the attention she was getting, and started to get a bit jealous, so she danced too. Crysta raised her dress from the middle, and since it was so tight, it stayed up as she danced. She kept raising it up until she took it right off, and threw it next to Donna's dress. Now Crysta was completely naked, and she kept right on dancing. Not to be outdone, Donna stepped out of her knickers, and threw them on the pile.

When the song was over, everyone cheered the girls. The bartender said, "You can have your friend's clothes as long as you leave here naked, OK?" He threw the clothes, and Crysta caught them. Donna picked up the clothes on the stage, and the two girls left carrying all their clothes. As soon as they stepped onto the sidewalk, they put on their clothes.

When they got back to the Laundromat, it was packed with spectators. Their fellow pledges were busy doing the laundry. July had been sitting on a bench, still naked and trying to keep her composure. Other girls sat next to her, and tried to help. One of them offered her knickers, but Liz had nixed that, saying she should be punished for losing her IFT uniform. Donna handed the dress and knickers to the naked girl, who immediately got up and put them on. She hugged Donna in thanks.

After the laundry had been folded and put back in the bags, the girls got ready to go back to their house. But Liz had other ideas. "Not so fast, girls," she said. You're not done with the laundry.

"Yes we are," said Donna. Liz shot her a look. "Sorry," Donna said, fearing she would be punished.

Liz continued, "Girls, your uniforms aren't washed," and she indicated a washing machine. Slowly the girls approached the machine as the crowd of onlookers craned their necks for a better view.  The same thoughts were going through the mind of each of the pledges:  We're supposed to get topless.  The boys are here to see us in just our knickers.  A long time went by before one of the girls started slowly removing her dress. One by one, the other girls took of their dresses and threw them in the washer, until finally they were all topless. They looked at Liz expectantly. Liz waited a long time, and then said "your whole uniform must be washed."

One of the girls said, "We'll wash our knickers in the next load."

Liz snapped, "Which one of you said that?"

No one moved. After a minute, Liz said, "Whoever said that will be punished for 24 hours." Another minute went by. Then Liz said, "One by one, I will punish you all, until someone fesses up."

Donna said, "OK, it was me." Then Crysta said, "No it was me." Then another girl said, "No, it was me." Finally, all of the girls said, "No it was me."

Liz said, "Alright then, you are all punished for 24 hours."  The girls knew by now what that meant: no knickers.  Every punishment meant the loss of one item of clothing.  One by one, they took off their knickers, and threw them in the washing machine. All the seats were taken now, so the girls huddled around the washer, trying to act natural, which, of course, they all were now.

After the IFT pledge uniforms were washed and dried, each of the girls reached for her dress, and put it on. They let Liz take the knickers. As Crysta started to put on her dress, Liz said, "Not so fast, Crysta. You're punished twice -- once for contradicting me earlier this evening, and once a few minutes ago."

"Please," Crysta begged. "I need to wear something. I can't spend a whole day completely naked. I have classes to go to tomorrow."

"I'll think about it," Liz said. "If I feel you have been properly humiliated by tomorrow morning, I'll let you have one item of clothing to wear." Crysta handed her dress to Liz, and Liz continued. "You must do everything you can starting right now to humiliate yourself fully, and then I will decide.

There was still a crowd of spectators in the Laundromat, and they were enjoying the show. Crysta understood what Liz wanted, and spread her legs apart, exposing everything to view. Then she started massaging her own breasts, and imagined a fantasy to forget about the people watching her. Her fellow pledges got the idea, and started gently rubbing her legs and back. Others stroked her inner thighs, belly, and breasts. Crysta was lost in a dream world in which her lover was ravishing her. By this time, Crysta was visibly excited, and she moved her legs farther apart. Finally, Liz massaged the swollen place, and finished Crysta off to the cheering of the crowd. When she woke up from her fantasy, and realized everyone was still looking at her, Crysta felt completely humiliated, and wanted to cover herself up. But she saw a look on Liz's face, and stood up straight and proud. Together, the sorority girls left the Laundromat.

When Crysta and Donna went back to their dorm room that night, Crysta was naked, and Donna was bottomless. Early the next morning, Crysta went back to the IFT house to beg for her dress. Donna came along for moral support. Liz made a deal with Crysta: Crysta would have to do one more humiliating thing, and then if was good enough, she could get her dress back.  A silence fell on the girls.  Crysta realized Liz expected her to suggest some humiliating act.

Donna broke the silence.  "I have an idea that is humiliating for you, and I can participate, too. We'll go to the dining hall and let people cover you with breakfast food."

"That's a start, Donna," said Liz, "but it's not quite good enough. Here's what we will do: We'll cover *you* with food, and make Crysta eat her breakfast off of your body." Then Liz produced a dog collar and leash. "Here Crysta! Good girl," she said as if she were talking to a dog.

When they arrived at the dining hall, it was just opening, and there was a line at the entrance. Donna stood in line, followed by Crysta, wearing the dog collar, followed by Liz, holding the leash, and still wearing her nightgown. Crysta, eager to humiliate herself as much as possible, was panting and barking. Everyone was staring at them.  Some laughed, while others just seemed stunned by the show.

They all went through the line, but they only got one tray. Donna got the food. Scrambled eggs with cheese, grape jelly, and cream cheese. "Donna, if you please," said Liz. Donna sighed, and removed her dress, and handed it to Liz. "Stand on the table, please," Liz ordered. Donna got on the table, and stood with her legs apart for balance, and her hands on her hips. "Move your legs apart just a little more," she said as she took a big handful of cream cheese, and smeared it between Donna's legs, and another handful in her crack. She packed more cream cheese into place, and fashioned a kind of cream cheese diaper for Donna. Then she added scrambled eggs but most of it didn't stick. Then she smeared grape jelly covering Donna's legs all the way to the top of her thighs. Since Donna was standing on the table, and Liz was standing on the floor, Liz had to reach up to smear jelly on Donna's belly and breasts. As she did so, she had to stand on tip toes and reach as high as she could. Crysta, still barking and panting like a dog, ran around on all fours, and sniffed and licked under Liz's nightgown, drawing attention to the fact that Liz wasn't wearing any underwear.

By now, a large crowd had gathered to watch the spectacle. "Heal!" ordered Liz. Crysta obediently returned to Liz's side, in a kneeling position. "Eat!" ordered Liz. Crysta got up on the table, and began licking the jelly and eating the cream cheese. As Crysta licked and ate, Liz started smearing jelly on Crysta. Liz pulled Crysta's cheeks apart, and jammed them full of eggs and jelly. Liz rubbed jelly on Crysta's breasts, and kept rubbing more on her belly, legs, and all over her body. Apparently oblivious, Crysta kept eating and licking, until Donna was almost clean. Liz looked between Donna's lips, and ordered, "Eat!" Crysta plunged her tongue into Donna to find the food. Liz spread Donna's cheeks apart, and said to Crysta, "Eat!". Donna had to get down on the table on her knees with her butt raised high in order for Crysta to finish the last bit of cream cheese.

Now Donna was completely clean. Crysta, on the other hand was a mess. Donna got off the table, and put her dress on again. The three girls then walked out of the dining hall to thunderous applause from the audience. When they arrived at the IFT house, Donna and Crysta took a shower together, then Liz handed Crysta her dress, saying, "You earned this, Crysta".