**Dizzy Goes to College**

Lisa was always getting into trouble it seemed. Since her earliest childhood memories, she had constantly been at the butt of one practical joke or another, most often at the expense of her pride. She couldn’t count the number of times she had been humiliated over the course of her life, and you would think that by now she would learn, but every month or less it seemed her friends would rope her into some new scheme, designed sometimes at great lengths for their amusement and her discomfort.   
  
Still, they were her friends and she accepted her role in her group and continued along on this course of friendship. She was stunningly beautiful, at 5’6” tall, long blonde hair, very firm body built from years of physical workout sessions. Her breasts were large at 36 C cups, but quite firm and her nipples were often gawked at with amazement when they would harden in the latest view of some practical joke her friends had worked up to embarrass her.   
  
She had spent all summer with her friends, being exposed almost daily in some obscene way to half the town. She reasoned that it was probably the last time they would all be together and so carefree, as did they while getting their last digs in at her. Finally, it was fall and she was leaving for college. After a farewell party that left her trashed, naked and tied to a tree, she was almost ecstatic to start over again, escaping her nickname of Dizzy Blonde or Dizz.   
  
She chose a school far from home, across the country to escape her years of torture. She still loved her friends and would continue to see some of them on summers and other occasions throughout the year, but she felt that she needed a fresh start. So, a short flight with a long overlay in Chicago and she was there, the University of Pennsylvania, the last place she figured to ever see someone from Southern California.   
  
She hailed a taxi at the airport, and within an hour drive, an hour of leering looks from the taxi driver as he made the fifteen minute ride take as long as possible, she was standing in front of her new home with her suitcases at her sides. She struggled with the four bags, stacking them and wheeling towards the steps. Her mid-thigh skirt rode up a little as she pulled on the cases, walking backwards up the steps and pulling up and over each step. She didn’t notice the eyeful she was providing to a group of ogling college guys that were sitting behind her, watching every sway of her breasts and every movement of her tight ass.   
  
She then, for the first time, noticed a chill and remembered that she was not in California anymore. Lisa made a mental note to get some longer clothing soon. She eventually climbed up the steps, not a soul offering to help her, and into the lobby. There was a line about thirty people long and she exhaled deeply, anticipating a very long wait.   
  
Finally, she worked her way up to the front of the line, received her room key and directions, which she quickly forgot. Eventually, after a number of wrong turns, it dawned upon her that room 637 was probably on the sixth floor and so she found her new roommate for the next year.   
  
Her name was Jenna, a very thin, petite, pretty girl with long brown hair. She stood a full three inches shorter than Lisa. She was very kind and quickly assisted Lisa to getting settled in. They discussed their majors and aspirations and a little bit of where they came from. Jenna started filling her in on the social climate of the campus, how Jenna, as a sophomore, would try to help her get in with the right groups. Jenna was a Tri-Delta-Gamma, one of the sororities on campus and she promised to help Lisa get in.   
  
It didn’t take long for Jenna to confirm what she had heard about her new roommate. In the hour since they had met, Lisa continuously displayed her dizziness. Jenna had to bite her lip several times during the conversation to keep from laughing at her naïve comments and at the plan that had been laid out in advance to welcome Dizz to the University. Jenna was already mentally writing the thank you letter to her cousin Suzie back in California for the 911 on her new roomy. It was going to be a fun year.   
  
“Just leave those bags,” Jenna told her as Lisa threw one of her suitcases on her bed. “We can unpack you later. You must be hungry after that long flight. We can go get a bite at the cafeteria.”   
  
Now that Jenna mentioned it, Lisa did feel a bit hungry. “Okay, but maybe I should change first. I think maybe my clothes are a bit light for the weather.”   
  
“Don’t be silly, you look great.” Jenna answered, standing up in her shorts and T-shirt.   
  
The two walked, chatting the entire time to the cafeteria.   
  
“Do you like the campus so far?” Jenna asked.   
  
“Yes, very much.” Lisa replied, “Though I have to admit, people seem a bit stuffy.” She complained.   
  
“Yeah, I know what you mean. I felt the same way my freshman year, but now I have more friends than I can keep up with. You’ll fit in well.” Jenna figured now was as good a time as any to introduce her plans. “In fact, we are having a mixer at the Sorority House tonight. It would be a great time to meet some people, to make some friends, maybe even decide to pledge our house!”   
  
“That sounds great!” Lisa exclaimed, excited to have found such a wonderful and friendly roommate.   
  
During lunch, a lot of people came up to say hello to Jenna. Lisa got the oddest feeling that she was being appraised by everyone she met. It seemed almost like an interview as she met each person that came up. Often they would giggle as they left and Lisa wondered if she had said something to betray her naivety once again.   
  
When they returned, Lisa noticed that the door to the room was wide open. “Oh my God!” Jenna screamed, running into the dorm room. “We’ve been robbed!” She exclaimed, as Lisa ran in behind her. The first thing Lisa noticed was that her suitcases was all missing. “SHIT!” She yelled, joining the panic set by her roommate. “They took all my clothes! They took everything!”   
  
Jenna rushed through the room, looking in her drawers and in the closet and in the bathroom that was shared through a door on the other side. “Damn!” She exclaimed, “They must have just grabbed your bags because they were so easy to get.”   
  
Lisa instantly berated herself in her head for not unpacking before lunch. Her eyes started to well up with tears and she nearly collapsed before Jenna caught her and helped her to sit down on her bed. She sat down next to her and gently rubbed her shoulders. “Oh come on now Lisa. We will get your stuff back somehow.”   
  
Lisa broke down against Jenna in a flood of tears. Jenna simply held her, letting the tears drip down onto her T-shirt, feeling a tinge of guilt for the plans that were going perfectly. “Lisa, trust me, everything will be okay. Look at it this way. If we don’t find your stuff, we can go on a huge shopping spree and buy you all new clothes!”   
  
Lisa smiled at this, laughing lightly with Jenna.   
  
“Here, have a drink of water and I will call Security.” Jenna poured her a drink of water, which Lisa sat up and accepted. Within a few minutes, a large man in jeans and a black T-shirt with SECURITY across the chest showed up at the door. Jenna was holding Lisa, helping to get the sobs to go away as they explained their plight.   
  
“What is missing exactly Miss? What was in the bags?” The large man asked Lisa.   
  
“Well…” Lisa began, breathing deeply and wiping away a tear. “I had all my clothes in there, my bath products, school supplies, my cell phone, some money.”   
  
The man was making notes on a form on a clipboard. He began nodding his head. “You really shouldn’t leave cash in your bags.” Then noticing how distraught she was, “Okay, well can you describe some of the clothing and maybe someone will be foolish enough to wear it around the campus.”   
  
Lisa began describing all of her outfits, and blushingly, after much prodding, even her undergarments. The man continued to take notes.   
  
“Okay Miss. Please stand up.” The security officer instructed her.   
  
Lisa looked curiously at Jenna, who only nodded, helping her to stand. When Lisa stood, the man approached her and placed his hands on her waist, spinning her around.   
  
“It has been my experience,” the officer began, “that women are shy about their clothing sizes, so I’ll just get the information off your current outfit.”   
  
“Oh!” Lisa exclaimed, feeling him pull back on the top of her blouse to read the tag. He leaned in to read, but only saw laundering instructions, ‘Dry Clean Only’. “That really isn’t necessary!” Lisa said, pulling forward.   
  
Jenna pulled Lisa’s blushing chin up and gave her a reassuring smile. “It’s okay, I’m here.” She said it softly, reassuringly, and yet, Lisa’s little voice was screaming that she had to get out of here.   
  
She reluctantly untucked her blouse in the front and showed the man the tag on the inside. “Size 6. See?” She told him, showing the tag to him.   
  
The man placed his right hand on her hip and leaned in to read the tag, taking the blouse in his left hand and pulling it up, watching Lisa’s cheek turning red as the blouse rose higher, exposing her tight tummy and her back. He barely leaned forward, instead pulling the blouse up until it snagged where it form fitted to her breasts. Lisa felt her breasts bounce, as he pulled up hard, feigning difficulty in reading the number 6. Finally, after several uncomfortable tugs, he confirmed the number 6 and released the blouse.   
  
“Very good, a 6.” He stated and wrote the number down on his form. The next thing he did made her blush a bright crimson as she felt him tug the waist line of her skirt up and over, pulling out against the garment as much as possible to look down inside her skirt from behind. “I’m sorry,” he apologized, leaning in close to look at her bright yellow bikini knickers. “I’ll have to loosen this a little to get the tag out.”   
  
Lisa’s eyes popped wide open as she felt him sliding the hip zipper down slowly across her hip. When he showed no signs of slowing his efforts, she grasped at the now loose hanging flaps of the skirt or it would have slid right down to the floor! “It’s a 6. It’s an outfit. They came together!” She remarked in disbelief that this man was undressing her.   
  
“It isn’t that I don’t believe you Miss.” The security officer answered. “It is policy. I’m sorry. You can call my supervisor if you want and he can come down and describe the reasons to you, perhaps better than I did.” The man released the skirt and pulled out his radio.   
  
Jenna looked at Lisa with a frown. “Just get it over with.” She whispered.   
  
“Okay, fine.” Lisa sighed, “Just do it quickly please.”   
  
“Okay Miss, sorry to make you uncomfortable. Really I do this all the time, it doesn’t impact me one way or the other.” He pulled at the back of the skirt again and leaned in, holding the fabric a good four inches out to gaze at her pantied ass for a while. “I see… 6 again. Sorry for the inconvenience.”   
  
Nothing could have prepared Lisa for what happened next. She was pulling the flaps of her skirt together, preparing to zip back up and politely say goodbye to the officer when she felt his hand reach inside her skirt and two fingers dip inside the back band of her knickers. Her lower jaw dropped as she felt the man tug up on the back of her panty, wedging the fabric hard against her pussy lips and inside her ass cheeks. She was afraid he would rip them right off her.   
  
He pulled up hard, so the knickers were tugged well above the waist of her skirt and pulled back to read the tag. He leaned in, inspecting the ass globes that now were separated by the yellow knickers bunched in her ass cheeks. “6 again.” He said, releasing the fabric.   
  
Lisa went to remove the panty from her ass and crotch, but forgot that she had been holding up the skirt. It went sliding down to the floor and she gasped realizing that her ass was now fully on display to the security officer. She quickly bent her knees and squatted down, retrieving the skirt and pulling up fast and zipping it into place. As she sank, Jenna and the ‘security officer’ shared a quick chuckle before straightening their faces when Lisa stood back up.   
  
“Okay, now please unbutton the bottom few buttons of your blouse so I can get your bra size.” Lisa’s eyes pleaded with Jenna in disbelief, but saw no sympathy, only a reassuring smile. So she unbuttoned her blouse up the front to feel the officer pulling the blouse up above her bra strap. Lisa had to hold the blouse down as she felt the man was pulling so high that her bra-covered breasts were coming into view.   
  
The man tugged back with the other hand on the bra strap, holding her back from moving with the tugging of the bra. Lisa’s nipples hardened as they were rubbed back and forth against her bra front as the man seemed to have real problems with his vision. He was pulling the bra strap a full five inches away from her back, tugging back and forth for a full minute before finally flipping the bra strap inside out and reading the ‘36C’ clearly inscribed on the tag.   
  
Lisa, meanwhile, was blushing from embarrassment not only at letting this man violate her like this, but also at the fact that she was starting to get tingly from the friction of her nipples. That was when she realized that her knickers were still tightly wedged against her pussy lips and inside her ass cheeks. She released the blouse a moment to tuck her knickers back in her skirt, resigning herself to pull them out of her crotch later. Suddenly she felt the blouse rising up, displaying her bra-covered breasts, being squished against her chest by the bra. She went to grab at the blouse to pull it back down, but the man had a firm hold on the blouse and she would have to wait until he released it.   
  
Finally, he said “36C” aloud and released the blouse and allowed the bra to snap hard against her back. Lisa squealed a little and he apologized.   
  
“Okay now Miss, just your shoe size and then you can tell me your pantyhose size since you aren’t wearing any and I’ll get this filed with Campus Security and the Police. He knelt down and lifted her left foot up and back so she bent at the knee and was forced suddenly to balance on her right foot. The officer took the opportunity to look up her skirt while slowly removing the shoe.   
  
Lisa’s knickers had actually pulled up so tightly that her pussy lips were plainly outlined in the thin material. Her ass was completely bared with the material pulled snugly up into the cleft of her ass cheeks. He held the gaze for awhile, finally reading the size 5 aloud before putting the shoe back on and releasing her foot, all the while looking up at the growing wet spot in Lisa’s panty.   
  
“Okay, we will be in touch again soon.” The officer smiled at Jenna as he stood up. “If you would just sign here please Miss.” The man placed a long, multi-page form in triplicate in front of Lisa, which she signed at Jenna’s silent encouragement. Then he turned to leave. “Meanwhile, if you need anything, you can call me. These thieves probably won’t be back and they will probably just take your money and throw the rest in a dumpster somewhere. So it is possible that we might retrieve it. In any case, we will stay in touch.”   
  
As Jenna led the tall, good-looking guy from the room, she snuck a wink and a quick pinch on his right ass cheek while Lisa was lost in her distress.   
  
“Well come on!” Jenna cheerfully turned back, closing the door on the ‘security guard’. “Let’s get ready for a party.”   
  
“Oh no. You go on without me.” Lisa said, her sobbing chased away from the ordeal with the security officer. “I don’t feel much like doing anything now.”   
  
“No way.” Jenna replied. “You can’t sit here all night feeling sorry for yourself. It won’t do you a bit of good. You are coming with me and we will see if we can help you forget about this if only for tonight.” Jenna pulled open a drawer and pulled out a pill bottle, opening it and pushing one towards Lisa. “Try this, it’s a Valium, it will help calm your nerves.”   
  
“I don’t really do any drugs. Thank you all the same.” Lisa refused the pill, waving it away and sitting in a heap on her bed.   
  
“This isn’t a drug silly.” Jenna pushed on. “It is just Valium, I do it all the time.”   
  
Lisa slowly allowed herself to take the pill and swallow it down, and sure enough, she was soon feeling calmer. Nearly too calm, as she felt the room slowly drift away until she felt like she was simply floating on air.   
  
Jenna smiled. This pill would pretty much insure that Lisa wouldn’t remember a thing tonight. The perfect opportunity to see how dizzy she really was. It wouldn’t make her do anything she normally wouldn’t, just make it difficult to remember anything she did.   
  
“Hurry!” Jenna yelled, shaking Lisa out of her slumber. “We have to get going or we will miss the party.”   
  
Lisa blinked hard, slowly opening her eyes to see Jenna leaning over her.   
  
She focused on Jenna, but felt a little tipsy, then noticed the frozen strawberry daiquiri in her hand. “I don’t feel very well Jenna. I think I’ll just stay here if that is okay with you.”   
  
“Well it isn’t.” Jenna retorted, taking a sip from her own daiquiri. “Now you are going to have a good time tonight and that is all there is to it.”   
  
“Okay” Lisa finally gave in. “But I need something to wear. I have been in this all day. And I need to borrow some make-up.”   
  
Together, they fixed up each other’s hair, drinking a whole pitcher of daiquiris while perfecting their faces. Finally, Jenna led them both into stripping to their underwear as she laid out an outfit for both of them to wear.   
  
Lisa picked up the tiniest of skirts she had ever seen and shook her head. “You must be kidding.”   
  
“No way.” Jenna replied, helping her lift one foot into the skirt, nearly knocking Lisa down in the process. Lisa was never a big drinker and the three daiquiris were making her quite tipsy. “It is the only thing I have that stretches and your hips are a bit wider than mine. No offence, you look great, but facts are facts.” The skirt was a child’s large, 2 sizes too small for Jenna at a 2, making them about 6 sizes too small for Lisa’s full hips at a 6. They stretched so much you could see clear through the material. Jenna noted this with a disapproving look.   
  
“You’ll have to take off those yellow knickers.” Jenna told Lisa as she turned and shuffled through her underwear drawer, withdrawing on her finger a size 2 black thongs. Throwing the panty to Lisa, she added, “Put these on, they won’t show underneath.”   
  
Lisa struggled with the knickers, finally working them over her hips where they tightly hugged the material up at her crotch to disappear between her firm ass cheeks and to clearly define the lips of her vagina. Jenna quickly pulled the skirt down before Lisa could take notice of the exposure that these knickers offered and started to unclasp her bra. Noting Lisa’s backward glance of disapproval, Jenna smiled. “Don’t worry, I have a top with a built in bra, it will be perfect and you can’t wear a bra with it.”   
  
Once again, the size variance left much to be desired as Lisa’s larger breasts stretched the material of the Lycra bustier-style top, her breasts comically hanging in front of her as if they were leaning on a shelf. Lisa’s nipples were barely covered and she had to pull the top up hard to cover a bit of her areola that was showing at the top. Her entire midriff was exposed from just above her pubic hair and panty line to just below her breasts. The top was really like a strapless bra, nothing much to it at all.

The skirt had to be worn low; down on her hips because there was so little material and she had to wear it low enough to cover her ass and crotch from being on full display. Lisa thought to herself that she would have to be very careful tonight about bending over.   
  
Jenna lifted her left foot and began sliding a black stocking up her leg. It was the thigh band type that clung to her upper thigh. However, Jenna being a full three inches shorter than Lisa, and the micro skirt being six sizes too small, the stocking was a full five inches below her crotch and two and a half inches below the skirt bottom. Lisa bent over to try and hike up the stocking slowly from the bottom. Her mouth flung open in shock when she felt a hand slap her hard on her bare ass.   
  
She looked back to see Jenna giggling at her. “You better not do that anymore tonight.” She laughed. “I’m afraid your ass hangs out a little.”   
  
A little meaning the tight skirt had pulled up over her hips when she bent over. Lisa hadn’t noticed Jenna slide the material up with a finger in the back and believed it had happened all on it’s own. She quickly pulled the skirt down and put on the other stocking and strapped on a pair of black two-inch heels that somehow fit perfectly.   
  
“You look great!” Jenna said, taking a glance at herself in the mirror, her knee length khaki skirt and short sleeved blouse in great contrast to Lisa’s open midriff, cleavage and skirt that hung a mere two inches below her crotch.   
  
Lisa didn’t have a chance to admire herself as Jenna grasped her hand and led her out the door. She was barely aware of the gropes and jeers as they rushed through the halls and down the stairs and across campus, Lisa struggling in her heels to keep up with Jenna in her comfortable flats.   
  
The Sorority House was a long walk and Lisa was wishing she had a car when she felt very drafty. Looking down as Jenna drug her along, she realized that her skirt was up over her hips! She stopped, pulling back on her hand and pulled down hard, blocking out the snickers of the group of guys who had been following her naked ass across campus.   
  
Jenna simply looked back innocently, smiling that Lisa hadn’t noticed her lifting the skirt as they left the room and she had been exposing her ass to everyone they passed. “What is wrong Lisa?”   
  
“This damned skirt keeps riding up!” She complained. “Maybe I should just stay home.”   
  
“Don’t be ridiculous Lisa.” Came Jenna’s predictable answer. “You’ll be fine. Now let’s go.” She tugged at her hand again, pulling Lisa off balance and forward.   
  
“Well at least try to walk slower.” Lisa complained, her hips swinging as the high heels dictated as she tried to keep pace with Jenna.   
  
Jenna stopped then and put an arm around Lisa’s waist. “Okay sweetie.” She answered and walked slowly with her. Lisa began to feel uncomfortable with Jenna’s arm around her waist, but she couldn’t get up the nerve to ask her not to. Jenna, meanwhile, managed to pull Lisa’s skirt up to her waist and held her hand on her hip. With a silent giggle she pulled down with her arm, pressing the strapless bra down with the pressure of her arm until she saw Lisa’s nipples pop out of the top. Lisa didn’t notice, her head fuzzy with the alcohol. She occasionally glanced over her shoulder to see the group of college boys and men that were ogling Lisa’s ass and taking pictures as they walked across the campus.   
  
Lisa also noticed the crowd and whispered to Jenna. “Those boys are following us.”   
  
Jenna whispered back. “Yes, I think they like us. Maybe they will come to the party with us.”   
  
Lisa felt the draft, but had reassured herself that the wind was simply blowing up her skirt since it had felt drafty since she put the damned thing on. A few minutes later, they arrived at the doors to a large house and received a number of screams and some yelling and some applause. Jenna started rushing up the steps, pulling Lisa behind her. As she was pulled forward, Lisa was forced to lean forward and her breasts popped right out of the small top. She squealed in embarrassment and tried to yank the top back up over her breasts with her left hand as Jenna securely held her right.   
  
Jenna quickly introduced her to people as they entered. More than once, a boy or girl would look Lisa up and down and more than once someone took a liberty and pinched her ass cheek. Lisa tried to protest to Jenna, but was pulled along in a line of introductions, not realizing that her skirt was still up over her ass and still trying to tuck her 36C breasts into a 34B brassiere.   
  
Jenna stopped inside to introduce Lisa to her housemistress, Sonya and her boyfriend, Jeff. As they approached, Jenna asked Lisa to be very polite and maybe she could get her in the House. They engaged in some small talk and began to discuss the Sorority when Jeff and Sonya started laughing through the conversation as they watched Jeff’s housemate, Ken standing behind Lisa, a look of amazement on his face at her bare ass. As they continued in the conversation through the urge to burst out in laughter, Lisa felt the unmistakable sensation of a hand squeezing her ass. “Shit!” She whispered to Jenna. “Someone is squeezing my ass.” She told her, afraid to look back to see who it is.   
  
Jenna nearly burst out laughing. What kind of an airhead wouldn’t look back to see who was grabbing their ass? She asked herself laughing hysterically in her head. A little quick thinking and she responded. “It’s best not to encourage them Lisa. Pretend they aren’t there and they will probably go away.” She whispered, but loud enough for Sonya and Jeff to hear and they couldn’t hold back a small giggle. “Just don’t embarrass me please. These are all friends of the Sorority and it would be awkward if we had a confrontation.”   
  
Lisa whispered back, “Okay, I’ll try.” She tried to concentrate on the conversation between Jenna and her friends. She grabbed the sides of her skirt and pulled down hard, trying to force the hand to pull away. Instead the hand started coming at her from below, as Ken knelt behind her and started squeezing both cheeks with his hands. Lisa struggled against the desire to turn around and ask the hands to behave themselves, but didn’t want to embarrass herself or Jenna.   
  
She whispered again to Jenna. “They keep doing it.”   
  
“Just a second.” Jenna told the couple, breaking the conversation, watching the tears fall down her friends face as they laughed. She turned towards Lisa and looked down over her shoulder, acknowledging Ken’s wink with a half smile. She then whispered in Lisa’s ear, loud enough for Sonya to hear, “Okay Lisa. This guy is bad news; he has a reputation of starting fights at these parties. Try not to get him angry. He is probably hoping you will turn around and talk to him so he can get you to go upstairs and fuck him. You can if you want, but I wouldn’t, you don’t want a reputation this early in the year. In a few minutes I’ll be done talking to Sonya, she is the housemistress and she will have a major vote to decide if you can join the House in the end. Please try not to embarrass me, if you walk away, she will likely be offended, but I will still be your friend. You just can’t join the Sorority then. It’s up to you Lisa. I’m glad he isn’t squeezing my ass, but I would grit my teeth and bear through it.”   
  
Lisa simply sighed. She didn’t want to embarrass her only friend and she did want to join the Sorority, or she thought she did. She resolved to pay attention to the conversation and try her hardest to block out the hands that now kneaded her ass cheeks, squeezing hard and pulling them apart, forcing the tight thong deeper into her ass. “And this year, we are going to rule this University.” Sonya continued the conversation.   
  
“Damned Right!” Jenna agreed. “You’ll help us won’t you Lisa?”   
  
“Ummm. Sure, of course.” Lisa replied, noticing in the corners of her eyes, as a group seemed to be surrounding them, engaged in the conversation. She smiled, thinking that it was great to be here in the center of this conversation that had captivated everyone’s attention. Ken looked around at the crowd who had gathered to see how flighty this Dizz they had been told about really was. Many men ogled her ass as Ken slid a finger under the back of the thong, beneath the waistband and pulling out at the material that slid between her legs. Ken grasped the thong in his right first then, and gently tugged up, forcing the material to rub against her clitoris, her lips and her anus as he pulled and released, sawing the material up and down. The sensations were starting to feel really good and a light moan escaped her lips. Lisa bit her lip, hoping none had heard.   
  
Sonya and Jeff were crying a stream of tears from biting back their laughter and Jenna nearly cried just looking at their expression. They snuck occasional looks down at Ken as he tortured Lisa, but only when they were sure that Lisa wouldn’t notice their knowledge of her problem.   
  
“So tell me about yourself.” Sonya engaged Lisa in conversation, struggling to maintain eye contact as she saw Lisa’s entire body starting to jostle slightly as Ken yanked her thong up and down harder, torturing her clit into a most undesired state of excitement.   
  
Ken figured he could do no wrong now. This chick had to be the dumbest girl on the planet. No matter what he did, she was going to stay locked in this conversation to the bitter end. The thought of standing up and fucking her right there ran through his mind more than once, but that would be a bit too graphic and there were better ways to have fun. Besides, his girlfriend was here somewhere.   
  
“Well,” Lisa started, pausing to grunt as Ken tugged up again on the back of her thong. “I am from California, in the San Diego areaaauuuhhh…” She trailed off as Ken tugged hard, the force thrusting her forward as the thong scraped hard across her clit and anus. Her breasts jumped out of the top, nipples hard and pointing straight at Sonya. She couldn’t help but to laugh aloud as she looked down at the large breasts escaping from the restrictive top. Lisa blushed a bright red as she released her skirt to quickly tug the top up over her breasts. But as she did that, she felt the skirt tugged up by Ken’s left hand above her waist and quickly released the top to pull it down again, mortified that her ass and pubic hair had just been flashed to the entire circle.   
  
Laughter abounded as Lisa flushed, looking briefly around in embarrassment before forcing herself to reengage in the conversation with Sonya. “I decided to come hererrrrrrrrrr.” Ken pulled up even harder; forcing her up to her tip toes before tugging down so hard that the waistband pulled down to the sides of her hips. Lisa’s breasts popped free again, to the delight of the crowd, but Lisa held tight to the skirt, trapping the panty waist band from being pulled down with her right hand while pulling her left, then right breast back into her top with her left hand. Jenna meanwhile stepped back one-step to enjoy the view as she saw Lisa totally engaged in Sonya’s conversation. She nearly hurt herself biting down on her lip as Ken stood up now and tugged hard, causing Lisa’s tits to jostle out once more as the thong pulled in between her pussy lips. Since Ken was holding the thong up above the small of her back, Jenna could easily see under the skirt. The thong was nowhere to be seen except coming out of her ass and into her pussy lips, just an inch showing across her perineum.   
  
Ken held her like this, forcing her to lean forward with the knickers pulling hard at her sex. She released the skirt to reinsert her boobs in her top, but leaning forward as she was forced to do, she had trouble keeping them in place. Meanwhile, Ken yanked the skirt up again, revealing now her ass and pussy lips to the crowd. Lisa’s eyes popped open and her jaw dropped. Finally, she held her left hand across her boobs and returned her right hand to once again pull her skirt down, at least on the right side. The left side remained pulled up from Ken’s hand on her thong.   
  
“To.” Lisa was panting now, struggling hard to maintain the conversation as Sonya struggled hard to bite back her laughter. “To. See some more of the world.” Her words were labored as almost all of her weight was balancing on the thin piece of fabric wedged between her pussy and ass. Ken then released the hold, pulling down so that the knickers tugged down hard. Unfortunately, Lisa’s grip was not as strong and the panty band slid between her hand and thigh. The knickers now hung loosely around her thighs. Lisa’s mouth dropped at the feel of air all around her pussy.   
  
“Well that is a nice aspiration.” Sonya reengaged her attention. “I hope to get to California some day. Sounds like a nice place.”   
  
Jenna pulled Ken back as he was about to go in for more. “I don’t think Candy is happy right now.” She whispered, pointing him towards his girlfriend who tore away a tearful laugh long enough to scowl at him and stomp away.   
  
Ken laughed. “Ahh, she loves a good show. See ya later hon. Great find.” He ran off after Candy.   
  
Jenna was torn between ending this and moving on or continuing awhile, now that she was in the backdrop. She smiled at Sonya, holding up five fingers to signify she wanted another five minutes.   
  
“Well, yes, I think Southern California is a wonderful place. But we don’t have the tree-EEEEes.” Lisa nearly screamed the Es as her eyes popped open. She still refused to look down as Jenna pushed her index finger against Lisa’s now naked and visibly lubricated pussy. Jenna licked her lips at the fun this year was going to be. She couldn’t believe that this girl was going to stand here and have a conversation while she finger fucked her. But better Jenna have her than someone more sadistic. So she smiled and pushed up, her finger sliding one digit at a time up and into Lisa’s pussy. It was wetter than Jenna could have hoped for and as her lips spread, a clear fluid leaked down onto her hand.   
  
“Oh my God!” Sonya said aloud, watching as Jenna started pushing her finger up and down, slowly fucking Lisa while she stood there, knickers hanging between her legs. She noticed Lisa looking up at her and quickly added. “It must be terrible not having any treeeees.” She slightly mocked Lisa’s extension on the word trees, smiling to herself as she drew a laugh from the gathered crowd. Lisa simply grew a look of near contentment mixed with panic, as her eyes opened wide then grew droopy in response to the continuous fingering she was receiving.   
  
“Don’t you think?” Sonya said loudly repeating her question.   
  
“I, I’m sorry, I didn’t hear the question over the noise.” Lisa tried for the quick recovery, anxious to not let Sonya think she wasn’t attentive to their conversation.   
  
Meanwhile, aside from the booming music in the other room, the place was actually pretty quiet. Lisa was blocking it out intentionally, but nearly everyone was watching with quieted laughter and whispers as Jenna picked up the pace, her hand shoving up and down faster in and out of Lisa’s pussy right in front of everyone.   
  
“I asked if you thought that it was pretty warm here.” Sonya said, trying her hardest to look stern and disappointed.   
  
“YES!” Lisa answered, as Jenna thrust a second finger inside her and pressed her thumb against her clit. “YES!” She said again, causing Sonya to laugh aloud as she witnessed Lisa’s face turning redder and redder, an orgasm obviously well on its way.   
  
Sonya gave a look to Jenna to let her know what would soon happen and Jenna broke off, leaving Lisa panting, her pussy mouth gripping for the fingers that had left it in such need. Before getting up though she took the thong crotch and shoved it up into Lisa’s pussy with her finger, forcing the material deep into her pussy. She continued slowly to push more and more of the panty material up and into her pussy. She could feel the material soaking through, which would only serve to help hold it in place. She shoved more and more; until it stretched from the front and back, holding on by Lisa’s thighs and her hands, which maintained a panicked, hold on her skirt as if to keep this violation from knowledge.   
  
“UUUmmpphhh!” Lisa grunted as the thong and Jenna’s finger entered her more and more. “It is rather niiiiiiice oooo” She struggled to speak as Jenna shoved again, forcing as much fabric as possible into her pussy. “Weather here. A little cooler than I am used to, but nice.”   
  
Jenna stood up giggling. Lisa was now standing, her pantywaist band holding up across her thighs because they were so tight. Every inch of material from the front to the back was shoved up into her pussy; the front and back of the waistband were actually tautly pulled towards Lisa’s well-plugged pussy. She couldn’t believe this dizzy bitch was standing here letting all this happen to her and acting like she thought not a soul noticed the whole ordeal.   
  
Jenna stepped forward again, face flushed with laughter and looked at Lisa, face flushed with embarrassment and her near orgasm. Sonya finally took the initiative of breaking off for more fun. “Well, I certainly hope you will pledge our house. We could really use a fun person like you around the place.”   
  
Lisa, through the discomfort of nearly an entire panty shoved into her pussy forced a smile. “Yes, that would be wonderful.”   
  
Jenna took her by the arm. “We will see you later Sonya.” She began to lead Lisa away.   
  
“Don’t leave without saying goodbye.” Sonya answered.   
  
“Oh, we won’t.” Jenna replied, pulling Lisa behind her. Lisa released her hold on her skirt and felt the panty band hugging at her thighs. She stopped abruptly and Jenna whispered into here ear as she pulled her to continue walking, the panty band elastic tugging forward and backward on the material in her crotch. “What is wrong with you?” She whispered with a nearly angry tone. “Do you want Sonya to think you don’t want to be here? If you don’t you can leave.”   
  
Lisa leaned her head towards Jenna. “They did stuff to me.”   
  
“Who dear? Who did what to you? Oh God, don’t cry again, please.”   
  
“I won’t, it just… is there a private room somewhere? I have to get these knickers out of me.”   
  
“What do you have a wedgie?” Jenna asked, struggling to hold back her laughter.   
  
“No, well, kind of. Is there anywhere?” Lisa sounded so sad.   
  
“Okay, in here quick and pull it out then let’s get back to the party.” Jenna shoved Lisa into a closet. Lisa reached for a light switch but couldn’t find one. She reached down to quickly tug the panty from her crotch. As she did she heard a noise.   
  
“Oh yessss.” It was a woman’s voice, only inches away from her ear. “Come on sweetie are you going to help me or not?” The voice asked Lisa.   
  
“I um…” Lisa stammered, not realizing someone was in here. She reached for the doorknob, trying to get out. She realized moments later, there was none. She knocked on the door for Jenna to let her out. “Jenna!” She said aloud.   
  
“Shhhhh” came the woman’s voice as a hand clasped on her mouth. “I’m trying to have sex in here, don’t alert the public for Christ’s sake.”   
  
“Sorry…” Lisa whispered. “I am just trying to get out and I can’t find the door knob.”   
  
“What is your rush? You can play too if you like.” The woman’s voice answered.   
  
“Thank you, really, but I don’t think so. Not now.” She replied, hoping the politeness wouldn’t offend the woman. She groaned as she tugged the now soaking knickers from her pussy and pulled them back into position. The feeling was miserable, wet sticky knickers clinging to her pussy and ass. She felt frantically for the doorknob.

“Come on sweetie, please won’t you help me? I really could use your help.” The woman’s voice came to her.   
  
Lisa responded again, “I really don’t think that is for me, but thank you for the offer.”   
  
“Here,” The woman’s hand somehow found Lisa’s wrist and pulled her tight against her. Lisa panicked as the woman’s neck rested on her shoulder. “Just let me lean against you so my lover can fuck me properly.”   
  
Lisa saw no alternative and stood as the woman leaned against her, panting and breathing all down her neck. “Be a doll and squeeze my tits would you sweetie? It would help me cum.”   
  
Lisa gulped deeply. “Sorry, I don’t do that. I mean…” she stammered. “I’m sorry.”   
  
“Okay, well at least get on your hands and knees so I can lean over you.”   
  
“I really don’t think that would be proper.” Lisa said, pushing back slightly as the thrusts in her new friend’s body pushed against her.   
  
“Please.” The woman pleaded. “Just for a minute and I’ll help you get out of here.” The woman started pushing down on Lisa’s shoulders, forcing her compliance.   
  
“Okay,” Lisa replied. “Just for a minute.”   
  
Lisa got down on her hands and knees on the floor. The woman knelt down at her side, then reached out as if to find where Lisa was. Her left hand reached out and bumped into Lisa’s left breast, giving it a playful squeeze. “Oh there you are.” She whispered. She judged properly and her right hand landed right on Lisa’s left ass cheek. She gave it a quick squeeze as she leaned forward, resting her belly on Lisa’s back. “Now don’t fall sweetie”   
  
Lisa couldn’t believe the position she was in but locked her elbows in as the woman jolted against her back. Fortunately, the closet was matted, not carpeted, so it didn’t hurt her knees. She counted the moments for the woman to hurry up and cum, but instead found herself getting excited at the moaning the woman was doing.   
  
The man started pounding so hard that Lisa nearly fell over. Then, she felt the woman reach one arm over her right shoulder and the other arm between her legs. With the left arm she grabbed Lisa’s breast, with the right arm, she grabbed Lisa’s thigh, holding on tight as the guy fucked her hard. She moaned and moaned, “Yes, Oh God Yes!” She screamed. Lisa started feeling that sensation again as the woman’s forearm rubbed against her crotch. “Mmmmmm” a moan escaped her lips.   
  
“Oh damn” a man’s voice broke through the growing sexual heat, “I’m going to cum Elaine.”   
  
“Not inside me Joe!” She screamed, “but I’m cumming too!” She screamed out “YES!” and started shuddering against Lisa in her prone position.   
  
“Here it comes baby!” The guy yelled and just then, Lisa felt a splatter against her left cheek. She turned her head afraid to admit what it was and felt a second splatter across her back.   
  
“Fuck yeah, that was great.” The guy said and Elaine was suddenly lifted up off of Lisa and a door opened behind her. Lisa quickly got up on her feet, afraid of being locked in the closet again and she wiped the side of her face as she stepped out, eyes squinting hard against the light after all that darkness.   
  
She didn’t see the flash that momentarily went off before she wiped the glob of cum from her face. She quickly pushed through the crowd at the door and found Jenna talking to some girls in the kitchen.   
  
“This is she.” Jenna smiled, introducing the wide eyed, smiling girls to Lisa. “Lisa, I’d like you to meet Jordan and Kim, they are two of my sisters.”   
  
“Hello.” Lisa meekly smiled, walking up to meet them.   
  
“What in the hell is that?” Jenna said, noting the white glob hanging from Lisa’s hair.   
  
Lisa quickly reached to where Jenna was looking and felt the thick glob in her hand, and wiped it up. “Umm, I don’t know.” Lisa lied. “Do you have any paper towels?”   
  
“Sure.” Jenna said, ripping a paper towel down off the roll on the wall and extending it to her. “Here.”   
  
Lisa wiped her hand off then felt the stick glob dripping down her back, which she tried to discreetly clean up by reaching behind her. Jordan and Kim gave a questioning look to Jenna; she only smiled and shrugged her shoulders.   
  
“So we hear you want to pledge our Sorority House Lisa.” Jordan began in with an interrogation.   
  
“Yes,” Lisa replied leaning against the counter. “I would like that very much.”   
  
“Who wants Lisa as an initiate?” Jordan asked. Kim and Jenna raised their hands together. “Me!”   
  
“Wait.” Kim said, sniffing loudly in the air. “Do you all smell sex?”   
  
Jordan and Jenna giggled as Lisa blushed.   
  
Jordan broke the giggle. “Yes, definitely. Have you been fucking anyone Jenna?”   
  
“Not me Jordan!” Jenna answered. “Kim?”   
  
“Not me,” replied Kim, “Jordan?”   
  
“Not me,” answered Jordan, then all three ladies turned to Lisa. “Lisa?” they all asked in unison with a lilt in their voices. “NO!” Lisa answered, “I didn’t! I just had this guy shoving his fingers…” Lisa trailed off as the three leaned in to hear her retell the event. “No, I didn’t have sex.” She quietly finished the conversation.   
  
“Oh well, could be nothing.” Kim sneered. “Lot’s of people do have sex at these parties, could be coming from the closet or something.”   
  
Jordan and Jenna laughed aloud, the laugh escaping their lips in spite of efforts to hold back. Lisa only blushed continuously.   
  
“Jenna,” Lisa leaned over and whispered to her roommate. “I think I want to go home now.”   
  
Jenna leaned over to whisper her response. “If you stick around, I think I can get you in as a pledge tonight. Why don’t you have another drink and we will go down and dance or something if the conversation is boring you.”   
  
“Oh no!” Lisa said, feeling she had offended her only friend. “It isn’t that. I enjoy talking with you and your friends. It is just the whole ordeal with the not so nice people around here.”   
  
“Just stay close to me Lis.” Jenna answered. “I’ll do my best to protect you.”   
  
The four stood chatting about classes and what the House was planning, discussing previous escapades and future excursions, including a planned trip to the Caribbean in the winter. “Now that is worth every penny. Last year I got a full body bronzing. I can’t wait to renew.” Jenna said within the conversation.   
  
Lisa gave a puzzled look at the phrase ‘full body bronzing’. “She sunbathes nude.” Jordan giggled the response. “Don’t you?” She answered, admiring Lisa’s tan despite her pale complexion.   
  
“Oh!” Lisa replied. “Well, I have tanned nude before, but not really by choice.”   
  
The three housemates looked at each other in confusion. “What do you mean Lisa?” Jenna asked to clear up the confusion.   
  
“Oh, well, I have been naked in the sun for days on end, but usually I would prefer not to be. I just, well,” she hesitated, peaking the others’ interest. “Well, let’s just say that sometimes I have been coerced into sunbathing nude and it wasn’t really my decision to do so.”   
  
“We will have to get some more than that.” Jenna prodded. “Were you forced or convinced by others who were nude sunbathing?” “Was it on a beach?” She smiled, waiting for the story to unfold. Her cousin had told her to ask Lisa about nude sunbathing and she was happy it was working into the conversation so easily.   
  
“Well, I guess I can tell you all, but please, it has to be between us.”   
  
“Of course. We are all friends here.” The three girls agreed, all knowing and anticipating that this should be a good story.   
  
“I can’t believe I am telling this,” Lisa began, taking a deep drink from her fourth, or was it fifth frozen daiquiri of the evening. “But one time, just as an example of how these things seem to happen, I was with my girlfriends Suzie and Lauren and Julie at the beach. We had rented a house for senior week and were partying pretty heavy when we all decided to get on our suits and go to the beach for a dip.”   
  
Lisa leaned back, pausing a moment to suck in a deep gulp of liquid encouragement so she could continue the story. “Well, as I slid out of my clothes and was getting ready to put on my suit, the other girls jumped on me.”   
  
Jenna, Jordan and Kim looked at each other smiling, and then refocused on the story. “They kind of drug me up to the roof deck of the house and handcuffed me to a lounge chair. They were nice enough to spray me down so I wouldn’t burn and then they put a towel over my face so it wouldn’t get burnt, then they…” Lisa trailed off, obviously wanting to hide the rest of her story.   
  
“Go on.” Jenna pushed.   
  
“Well, let’s leave it at they tied my ankles down and left me there all day while they went to the beach. They released me that night, but got me again the next afternoon only on my stomach this time. So I left with an all over tan.” She was summarizing a great deal, the three girls could tell there was a lot left out and they wanted to hear more.   
  
“Is that all?” Jenna questioned, trying to keep this line of conversation going, to reveal the secrets that she knew were just out of reach. “What else did they do while you were tied down?”   
  
“Oh, well, you would really have to understand that we were all friends for years. It is a little complicated the kind of relationship we had. We were very close.”   
  
“Well, tell us, maybe we can all four be as close as you were with your friends back home.” Jenna wasn’t about to let this go now.   
  
Lisa snapped her eyes towards Jenna. “Umm, well no offense, but I am kind of happy to not be in that kind of relationship here. I wanted to get away from it which is part of why I came here.”   
  
“Oh, I see.” Jenna lent, her voice shrinking sadly. “We aren’t good enough for you. I understand.”   
  
“No, oh no!” Lisa shouted. “It isn’t that. I like you very much! I want to be your friend very much. I just want to be friends like Suzie, Lauren and Julie, not like me. It is hard to explain really.” She got an exasperated look on her face as she saw the three girls were offended and she absolutely was at a loss at how she had gotten them that way.   
  
“Okay, well I’ll tell you, but please, don’t say a word about it again.” She pleaded and the three girls smiled brightly and agreed their secrecy. “Well, they liked to torture me, not anything painful really, just embarrassing. So while I was tied to the lounge chair all week.” The girls noticed that it was expanded now from two days to all week. “They did stuff to me, like sexual stuff.”   
  
Lisa flushed as she revealed the story. “What kind of sexual stuff?” Jordan asked, licking her lips with interest.   
  
“I seem to be empty.” Lisa sighed as she drained the last of her daiquiri. Jenna was right there, pouring another glass for all four girls.   
  
“You want to go to my room?” Jordan asked, offering some more privacy.   
  
“Yes!” Kim exclaimed in anticipation. “Let’s go to Jordan’s room.”   
  
It was agreed without Lisa’s vote, and two minutes later they were climbing the stairs with a full blender of daiquiris, Lisa struggling against her intoxication to climb the stairs. When they all settled in on the bed, Jenna secretly locked the door behind them and turned the lights down low with the dimmer switch. She then switched on the overhead camera that she knew Jordan used to record her escapades in the bed.   
  
Lisa gulped hard and continued with her story. “Okay, so I was tied down to that damned lounge chair on the roof all week while the other girls went out on the boardwalk. They said I needed an all over tan and once I was tan enough that I could go up and down the boardwalk with them.   
  
“So while they left me in the hot sun for hours at a time, they left a bucket under my waist in case I had to go and ran a cold jug of water with a long straw to my mouth so I could hydrate. They would come back every two to three hours to reapply a thick coating of sun lotion to keep me from burning. They told me it was for my own good; for once they didn’t want me burning up all summer. But then, well, they didn’t want me to …”   
  
She hesitated and gulped deeply, whispering the next word. “Poop in the bucket because it would be so messy. And, well, in spite of my arguments that I could hold it in, Suzie forced a plug into my butt hole so I wouldn’t make a mess. It was not pleasant, laying all day with a plug up my ass. And each day she said she had to use a larger one because my asshole was loosening up and would spit it out. Now, I know there was no way those things were pushing out of my ass, I tried like hell to push them out, but by the end of the week, she must have shoved a cucumber up there. At least if felt that big.”   
  
The three girls were whimpering with excitement, plans raging through their minds of how they were going to enjoy Lisa this year. She was going to be their toy and each story was going to give them more to go on in devising their games. As they thought it could get no better, Lisa continued.   
  
“About every other night they would have a party at the house with people they had met on the boardwalk. And they would leave me cuffed and tied down. It was really embarrassing. People would come up and pull my breasts through the tight cross strands of the lounge chair, it was one of those kind with a bunch of plastic tubes going across a metal frame. I think it was the second party that someone pulled my breasts through the plastic tubes and it hurt, then they attached weighted clamps from my nipples and let them hang, stretching my nipples. Well, this just gave Suzie another goal and she decided I needed bigger nipples, so every time I was sunning my back, she would leave these heavier and heavier weights on my nipples. Now they are just distorted.”   
  
Jordan had her hand buried in her crotch; she was so turned on by this story. She let out a light moan, gaining a quick giggle from Kim and Jenna, though the two of them were breathing kind of heavily too.   
  
“Can we see them?” Jenna asked, wishing now that she had paid more attention to them earlier.   
  
“Umm. I really would prefer not to.” Lisa responded.   
  
“Please.” Jenna begged. “I just want to see for myself. I have thought of doing the same thing to lengthen my nipples.” She lied. “I want to see the end results before I do anything drastic.”   
  
Lisa gave in and pulled her top down. Her nipples looked normal, a little long, maybe an inch long. “They don’t look so big to me.” Jenna offered. “Mine are almost that long when they get hard.”   
  
“But they aren’t hard.” Lisa answered and the three women breathed in deep. It was Jenna who had to make the move to find out how big they would get. She took her glass and touched Lisa’s left nipple with it. The icy drink caused Lisa to jump, but she realized what Jenna wanted to see and stayed still besides her embarrassment. She felt it growing and soon the three girls gasped in amazement as a full two-inch nipple stuck out at them.   
  
“See?” Lisa sighed. “She made me a freak.”   
  
“No!” Jenna cried. “They are beautiful.” She leaned in and kissed the cold nipple, taking it gently between her lips and teasing it with her tongue. It grew even longer; probably full two and a half inches into her mouth. She pulled back and stared in wide-eyed amazement. “Absolutely beautiful.”   
  
“Thank you.” Lisa shyly accepted the compliment before tucking her nipples back into her top and taking another sip of her daiquiri. “But that is what happened. That and the groping and fingering and such while I lay there, tied down at the parties. Suzie loved to torment me and make me cum in front of a bunch of strangers. It was so embarrassing, but I had no way to stop her. I tried to get away when they released me to eat and shower and poop in the mornings, but they would catch me, tackle me and carry me back to await another torturous day.”   
  
“Did anyone ever fuck you?” Jenna asked while sliding two fingers in and out of her pussy, her skirt pulled up to her hips.   
  
“Oh no!” Exclaimed Lisa. “They would never let anyone have sex with me. Guys could masturbate onto my back, but never fuck me. They did one time slide a guy next to me and had me suck his cock, but that was one time only. They would also sometimes play games where they would take turns pushing things into my ass to see who was most creative or how much I could fit. Actually, by the end of the week, I think they did push a cucumber in. Fortunately, it has shrunk down again, my ass that is. My nipples seem to be permanent.   
  
“Oh!” Lisa went on the alcohol fully releasing her inhibitions. “Once Suzie gave me what she called sex torture. She would fuck me with a carrot until I was ready to cum and then leave for a half hour before fucking me again. She did that all day once and I was a wreck. No matter how much I begged, she wouldn’t let me cum. The next morning I tried to finish off in the shower, but she caught me and that day forced a vibrator inside me on it’s lowest setting all day, keeping me right at the edge, but I couldn’t bring off an orgasm. The vibrator was just too small and she put something under my tummy and thighs so I couldn’t rub my clitty to get off.”   
  
Lisa looked at the near orgasmic faces of her friends. “Well that is my story. Do any of you have anything like that to share?”   
  
Jenna pulled her wet fingers up to her mouth and sucked. She had to have this girl.   
  
“Not yet.” Jenna smiled, looking over at Jordan and Kim. The other two, likewise smiled, raising their fingers to each other’s mouths for a quick suck.   
  
“Let’s play a game!” Jenna cried out. The other two agreed without a word and soon they were all chugging their drinks. Lisa started to feel a little dizzy. “Just ummm…” Lisa stammered. “No drinking if that is okay. I am getting pretty trashed.”   
  
“It’s a party Lis.” Jenna answered. “What would it be without drinks?”   
  
The other girls agreed and one pulled out four shot glasses and a bottle of Rum. Within an hour, Lisa could barely keep her eyes open. Somehow the other three girls won all the time and were relatively sober.   
  
“Okay, let’s join the party!” Jenna yelled out, dragging Lisa up off the bed.   
  
“Please.” Lisa stumbled with every word. “Leaf me. Go haff sssum fun.”   
  
Jenna smiled as they picked her up, between Jordan and Jenna and carried Lisa out and down the stairs with Kim leading the way right into the living room where people were dancing.   
  
“I thought you had left without saying goodbye!” Sonya shouted to Jenna.   
  
“Never sweetie!” Jenna answered, smiling.   
  
“Well what shall we do now?” Sonya mockingly asked the crowd. “I know, another drinking game.”   
  
Lisa’s eyes rolled back in her head as they pushed her down onto the floor with Jenna and Jordan still holding her from collapsing. They played a game called pass it where everyone sat in a circle and drank from a bottle of Southern Comfort, guzzling as long as possible, then passing the bottle for the next person to drink. Jenna pushed Lisa’s head back and started pouring the liquor into her mouth. Lisa choked finally, unable to hold her breath any longer. A mouth full of liquor coughed forward, spilling down over her chest and belly.   
  
“She spilled, she drinks again!” They all yelled. Jenna whispered to her to swallow.   
  
This time Jenna went light, not wanting Lisa to totally pass out and she was able to swallow it. As Lisa looked up, everything was spinning a little and very hazy. Jenna looked into her eyes. “Damn, I think we overdid it. She is gone.”

“Fuck that!” Jordan responded. “After getting me all horny this little girl is going to get me off.” Everyone laughed with a lot of questions about what had gotten Jordan all horny. Kim promptly filled in Sonya and anyone else nearby with the details.   
  
Jenna looked angrily at Jordan. “Don’t, she is mine.”   
  
Jordan responded with a frown, then a bright smile. “Vote!”   
  
It quickly grew to a chant of ‘Vote Vote Vote’ until Sonya stood and hushed the crowd. “Very well then. A vote, but I am not really for this, school hasn’t even started yet for Christ’s sake.”   
  
Jordan pushed Jenna down on her way to standing up. “I’m first since I was challenged.” Then to Kim and another girl in the house named Denise. “Please stand up the subject of the challenge.”   
  
Lisa groaned as they forced her to her feet.   
  
Jordan walked up next to her. “This … potential pledge,” she began with an indignant tone, “was upstairs telling Jenna, Kim and I a story that encouraged us to masturbate. She intentionally excited her would-be sisters and should pay the price.”   
  
Jenna went to stand up, but Jordan pushed her down. “Besides, if I am given this pledge, you will see a lot of this.” She yanked down Lisa’s top, spilling her breasts into open view. The group of about sixty remaining partiers laughed and applauded. Lisa was very slow to move as she reached down to pull up at the top, but Jordan had pulled it down to her waist and she couldn’t reach it with Kim and Denise holding her by her arms. “And this!” She yelled to the now cheering group as she yanked down Lisa’s skirt and knickers to her knees. Lisa moaned and rolled her head back, trying to get away, but too drunk to resist very strongly. She was close to passing out.   
  
Jordan continued. “I will ride her face until I cum all over it and encourage everyone else to do the same.” Cheers rang out again. Jenna jumped up and smiled at her sister.   
  
“Everyone loves a new pledge. May I remind you that she is my roommate and I brought her here? May I remind you that my cousin was the one that gave me all the information I needed or she would never be here in the first place?” Jenna paced as she approached Lisa’s limp, exposed body. “If I get her,” Jenna began; slowly pulling Lisa’s nipples with her thumbs and forefingers, “You will get to see these,” she stepped back to reveal the two and a half-inch long nipples that stuck out from her provocation. She did a small flourish as the crowd stood in awe, looking wide-eyed at the abnormally large nipples. “And you will get to see this!” She dropped to her knees and thrust a finger up into Lisa’s pussy.   
  
Lisa’s head snapped up and her eyes popped open as Jenna started to finger her before the voyeuristic crowd. She then pulled her wet finger out of Lisa’s pussy and had the girls turn her sideways and lean her forward as Jenna slid the wet finger up, rubbing the wetness on her anus. She went back to fingering her pussy as Lisa started moaning, and then coated her ass again, this time pressuring the tip inside. Then back to her pussy, then ass, then pussy, then ass. On the sixth attempt, she sank her finger all the way inside Lisa’s asshole and Lisa let out a long, loud, deep moan.   
  
“And THIS!” Jenna exclaimed as she began to finger fuck Lisa’s asshole. “AND you will get to see it through the entirety of this school year.”   
  
Everyone screamed and cheered and shouted. Lisa’s eyes closed as she continued to moan while Jenna spit on her finger to provide more lubrication while fingering her asshole.   
  
Jordan saw the victory easily slipping away to Jenna and resolved to join the winning team. She knelt behind Jenna and whispered, “Fine, she is yours, just share her with me please.”   
  
Jenna smiled and whispered back. “Jordan my sister, she is all of ours. I am just going to make sure she stays that way.” Then the two girls kissed to the applause of the crowd.   
  
“Swing?” Sonya broke through the cheering with a single word question, which brought a smile to Jenna and Jordan’s faces. They nodded in agreement. “SWING!” They cheered together.   
  
Sonya looked to a few of the house sisters and they began rushing about, bringing in a ladder, getting things out of the closet and otherwise busying themselves with preparations. In a matter of a few minutes, the Swing was prepared. It was a leather harness that hung from hooks on the ceiling. Jenna continued to finger Lisa’s asshole while the preparations were done. Jordan, upon Jenna’s encouragement, reached around and started rubbing Lisa’s clit with one hand and fucking her pussy with two fingers from her other hand.   
  
Jenna and Jordan smiled and kissed as they touched each other’s fingers together through the thin barriers of Lisa’s orifices. Lisa was moaning loudly now, her hips grinding against the fingers that were bringing her to her orgasm. She was completely unintelligible as she thrashed in her drunken state, her orgasmic fluids exploding over Jordan’s hand. Jordan jumped back, as did Jenna. They thought she was peeing because of the volume. But upon closer inspection, they could see it was pure girl cum, thick, clear and sticky.   
  
“Oh my GOD!” Jenna cried out. Apparently Sonya and the others thought it had to be pee as well because they looked a bit peeved. “Sonya come here! It’s cum! I swear!”   
  
Sonya came forward in disbelief. But upon further inspection, including a touch, smell and taste test, the thick puddle beneath Lisa was indeed proven to be her female ejaculate. “Oh damn!” Sonya offered at this realization. “This is a dream come true. Quick get her up there, we have to experiment!”   
  
Sonya helped, very unlike the housemistress, as Jenna, Jordan, Kim and Denise lifted the near-naked and limp body of Lisa up towards the Swing. The Swing has a total of 11 straps hanging from pulleys attached to various points in the ceilings and walls by barely visible hooks. It cleaned up quite discreetly when not in use but was a quite elaborate contraption when used. The first thing that was done, was Lisa was laid over a wide belt of leather, about eight inches wide that hung straight down. Once she was lying with her tummy against the belt and her legs and arms dangling on either side, they lifted the belt until she was about six inches from the floor.   
  
Lisa was mumbling, barely intelligibly. “Jenna…” She called out to her friend. “I don’t feel good, can we go home?”   
  
Jenna walked over and knelt by Lisa’s ear. “Shhhhhh We will be leaving soon, why don’t you just rest here for awhile?”   
  
“Okay.” Lisa responded and collapsed, closing her eyes against the spinning room.   
  
Everyone hushed their laughter and chatter to Sonya’s request. “Just don’t swing her, she will probably throw up.” Jenna said as they started to strap more belts onto Lisa. One belt hooded around her chin and head. Another belt went around each shoulder. One went around each wrist, one on each thigh, one on each another was another one coming straight from the wall, but Jenna decided against using that one right now.   
  
“Okay, everyone pull your strings and I’ll tell you when to tie off.” Jenna instructed in a hushed voice.   
  
As the strings pulled and the pulleys turned, Lisa was slowly pulled out. Her shoulders and waist held her horizontal. The head and chin brace was pulled so her head was pulled back far. Her mouth drooped open and her eyes stayed closed. Lisa’s hands were pulled taut out to above her head and to the sides. Her thighs were pulled from pulleys in the ceiling corners to lift up and separate, Jenna slid the pulleys back on their tracks to allow a maximum pull on her thighs. Finally, Lisa grunted, as her legs were pulled so far apart that her pussy was forced to open slightly. Then, her ankles were pulled wide and far apart, removing some of the pressure from her thighs.   
  
“Well,” Jenna announced, satisfied at seeing Lisa spread wide. “I’d like to put her in a split, but we can do that another time.” Everyone cheered.   
  
Sonya meanwhile had whispered some instructions here and there and girls were bringing out leather cases and one brought out a cart with a variety of items from the refrigerator. “First things first.” Sonya announced. “I have to see if this little tart can ejaculate like that again.” She put a bucket underneath of Lisa’s pelvis. “But we won’t waste it this time!” She announced, laughing.   
  
Jenna looked to Sonya as if pleading for the opportunity to bring Lisa to another ejaculation and Sonya waved her hand towards Lisa’s body in approval. Jenna took a thin cucumber from the tray of food and approached Lisa. “We’ll see if it was a cucumber now my little slut” She pressed the cucumber against Lisa’s pussy lips and slid it slowly, turning it to gain entrance. Lisa was tight, at least in comparison to this inch and a half thick cucumber. Jenna pushed and twisted, bringing moans of pleasure from Lisa. She finally worked the entire thing into her, loosing her grip on it as Lisa’s pussy sucked the entire six-inch cucumber inside.   
  
Jenna laughed, as did most of the room. “I lost it!” She exclaimed. She stood next to Lisa’s prone body and pressed against her pelvis until she found the hard cucumber. She started to push, and hearing Lisa moan loudly knew that this is how she would get her off. She pushed until the cucumber peeked its head outside of her pussy, then she released and everyone watched and listened as the cucumber sucked back inside. Lisa moaned louder.   
  
Jenna laughed again and started to rub Lisa’s clit with her left hand while pushing and releasing the cucumber with her right. Lisa was non-stop moaning her way to another climax. She started writhing and squealing, the whole room knowing she was cumming hard again. But this time, no ejaculate fell.   
  
“Damn!” Sonya sighed, “It must have been a one time trick.”   
  
“Let’s try again.” Jenna smiled and began to slowly build Lisa up again, stroking her clit and pushing the cucumber in and out of her suctioning pussy. Again, harder, Lisa squealed as she hit her orgasm. She was red from head to toe, glowing in her orgasms.   
  
“Again!” Sonya commanded. The audience was getting very horny at this point and a lot of couples started drifting off to find secretive places to copulate. The whole thing was being taped so they knew they could watch it later. Sonya was on a mission now to see that ejaculate and she commanded for Jenna to make Lisa cum again and again and again and again. Jenna eventually handed over to Jordan, who eventually handed over to Kim. As they switched off, Jenna and Jordan were sucking Lisa’s two and a half inch nipples and running their tongues all around them. But as the girls all tired of bringing Lisa to an orgasm, Lisa never dried up and never ceased having orgasm after orgasm after orgasm.   
  
“Damn!” Sonya shouted, feeling defeated. “Pull that cucumber out, something isn’t right.”   
  
Kim tried to push it out, but it kept sliding back in, forcing more moaning from Lisa. Jordan and Jenna tried to help, but the cucumber was so slippery they couldn’t get a hold of it to pull it out. Finally, Jordan left and returned with a corkscrew. The girls all laughed. “Be careful Jordan.” Jenna offered as she pushed the cucumber to hold it in place while Jordan screwed. However, the cucumber simply turned around inside Lisa and made her moan and moan, reaching another orgasm quickly. Finally, someone got the idea to push hard from the inside while pushing hard with the corkscrew to get a hold and the end of the screw finally took hold. Lisa moaned and writhed as the girls carefully screwed the cucumber out of her pussy.   
  
When the cucumber finally was over half way out, Lisa screamed out in another orgasm as it pushed all the way out, followed by a loud splash. They had been blocking the heavy ejaculate inside Lisa’s womb and about a quarter of a bucket full splashed out all at once, splashing against the sides and over. The girls all stared in disbelief and fell back laughing in amazement.   
  
“Call fucking Guinness!” Sonya shouted above the laughter.   
  
The girls just sat there astonished for a while. Sonya, Jenna, Jordan, Kim and Denise were the only ones left, everyone else had grown too tired or too horny to wait any longer during Sonya’s experiment. “Shall we call it a night girls?” Asked Sonya, feeling tired and satisfied at the results of this evening’s activity.   
  
“One more thing.” Jenna said, standing and retrieving the cucumber from the thick, sticky pail of Lisa’s cum. She dangled one end in the bucket awhile, letting it get nice and coated with Lisa’s juices. Then she stood and pulled Lisa’s left ass cheek to the side with one hand, firmly placing the cucumber against her asshole. “I just have to see.” She started twisting and Lisa started squirming, tightening her ass muscles to save herself from the invasion.   
  
“Please.” Lisa called. “No. Don’t.”   
  
“Sorry sweetie,” Jenna answered her weak please. “It has to be done.” And she pushed hard, stuffing the cucumber forward. Lisa screamed out. “AHHHHH!”   
  
But Jenna kept pushing until she lost her grip and the whole cucumber was swallowed up into Lisa’s ass.   
  
“Holy shit!” Sonya said in disbelief.   
  
Jenna, Denise and Kim giggled in amazement.   
  
“I thought it would fit.” Jenna cried triumphantly.   
  
Lisa hung writhing and moaning uncomfortably. She started to contract her muscles in her stomach to push the foul invader out, but each time she would get the tip out of her anus, Jenna would laugh and push it back in. This caused Lisa to moan as the fullness and the friction on her anus started turning into pleasure.   
  
Lisa felt too full to leave it though and tried again to push it out. But again, Jenna waited for the vegetable to pass her anal ring and shoved it right back in, this time pushing her finger in to follow the invasive cucumber. This push against the cucumber caused Lisa to moan louder, the cucumber now imbedding deep inside her bowels. “Oh God no, please.” She begged beneath a deep moan.   
  
Lisa pushed hard again, trying to push the whole thing out at once, but again, Jenna was waiting and caught the cucumber against her palm half way through. She held her palm there for a moment then knelt and started pushing forward as Lisa pushed her bowel muscles to expel. They fought back and forth, Jenna easily shoving the intruder in, then letting it out, then in then out, effectively using Lisa’s desire to expel the cucumber to fuck her asshole with it. Lisa was shaking and moaning.   
  
Sonya, Jordan, Kim and Denise were all standing around Lisa, watching her convulse as Jenna used her to fuck her ass with the cucumber. “No please” Lisa begged, trying to push harder and harder, only to have the cucumber return all the way inside where she had to force it past the tight ring again. “No.”   
  
She was shaking all about, pushing and breathing fast and hard, her body involuntarily convulsing in its restraints. Finally she let out a yell. Louder than any orgasm she had before and Jenna held the cucumber in place as Lisa tightened her sphincter around it. She was bucking and screaming “Oh GOD Oh fuck Oh No” and then it happened. A rush of liquid shot out of her pussy, splashing into the bucket. It was thicker than the previous lot, visibly thicker and gooier, more like a man’s cum.   
  
Jenna let the cucumber fall into the pail as the girls all sat in disbelief. A few others had come in too late to witness the event, but knew the video would be awesome, based upon the open mouths of the five women standing there looking into the bucket, then at Lisa’s opening and closing action as her anus and pussy both gripped for something to hold onto.   
  
After a few minutes passed, Jenna broke the awed silence. “I think we should get her down before she gets too sober.”   
  
“Yeah” Sonya shook her head into reality. Then turned to Kim. “Kim, be a dear and pour this bucket into a plastic container and freeze it. I have some ideas, but I have seen too much for one evening.”   
  
Kim nodded and walked away with the bucket. Jordan and Denise helped Jenna to lower Lisa to the floor, then to carry her over to the couch where they all helped to pull the knickers, bra and skirt back on her body.   
  
“I could use a hand getting her back home.” Jenna said, asking for help.   
  
“Sure thing.” Jordan and Denise chimed in. The girls were pretty quiet as they carried Lisa to her dorm room. Every once in awhile one would say “Amazing” or “Incredible”, but they were simply too astonished at their new pledge to talk. When they got her back to the room, they undressed her and tucked her into bed and Jenna bid them farewell before climbing into her own bed and having the hardest time falling asleep.   
  
It was going to be a wonderful year.

Dizzy Goes to College Ch. 2

Lisa woke up with a crushing headache the next morning. Actually, it was closer to afternoon. Jenna sat in a chair next to her bed smiling as Lisa scrunched her forehead, trying to open her eyes beyond the pain in the back of her head. Aside from the strong, throbbing pain in her head, Lisa felt some discomfort from her pussy and her ass, which brought on a strong search for memories of what she did last night. There were none. She remembered leaving the room, showing up at the party, little bits and pieces, a few faces, but it was all disjointed, full of holes.

Jenna helped her, as she struggled to sit up, placing two pills in her left hand and a glass of water in her right. Without asking, she placed the pills in her mouth and chased them down with the entire glass of water. “You got a little wasted last night.” Jenna grinned. “I should have cut you off sooner. Sorry.” She smiled, knowing the pain that Lisa was feeling all too well. Well, the pain in her head anyway. “Want some more water?” Jenna offered, taking the empty glass and walking to the bathroom.

“Please.” Lisa answered, wishing the pills would take a quicker effect on her pounding head.

Jenna returned with a full glass of water and handed it to Lisa, who quickly gulped it down. “Why don’t you take a shower?” Jenna offered, helping Lisa to her feet. “The water usually feels good.”

Lisa struggled to her feet and walked into the bathroom, where Jenna followed her. She was about to undress when she noticed that Jenna was in the bathroom with her, pulling the door closed behind her. Lisa looked at her, as if to politely ask her to leave, but Jenna didn’t take the hint as she went about turning on the shower and checking the temperature. “Okay.”

Lisa initiated a dialog to encourage her to leave. “Thank you, but I’ll be okay from here.”

Jenna smiled, “Oh, you are shy? Okay, I’ll leave.” Jenna opened the door and walked out. She had apparently already showered and was wearing a knee length skirt and white blouse, hose and short heels. Lisa pulled the top up and over her head, throwing it to the floor, then sat down and removed her shoes and stockings. Then she felt a sudden urge and lifted the toilet seat, pulling down the skirt and thong around her knees.

She felt a strong necessity, nearly painful and was poised to release her bladder and her bowels at the same time, when the door from the other dorm room swung open. Lisa gasped and clamped down on her bladder and her sphincter to hold back the release. “Oops!” The girl holding the door open said in surprise. Behind the girl at the door were three other girls, all standing in the center of the room and looking inside at Lisa, sitting topless on the toilet.

Lisa hugged her arms around her chest and slammed her thighs together as the girl continued to hold the door open. “Hi!” The girl offered her hand and Lisa politely returned the handshake, barely covering her breasts with the remaining hand and arm. “My name is Julie. I guess we are like bathroom mates.” Lisa blushed bright red, beyond the embarrassment of sitting here topless, she had to release really bad and it was getting painful to hold it back.

“I’m Lisa.” She managed to return as Julie continued to hold her hand in a firm shake, which jostled Lisa’s breasts.

“This is my roommate, Kelly.” Julie offered and Kelly came up to shake her hand. The other girls seemed to be giggling as Kelly firmly shook Lisa’s hand, causing her boobs to bounce in and out of view from her arm. Meanwhile the pressure was building and she could feel her muscles struggling to hold back the dual necessities.

“And these are our friends,” Julie continued, holding back a chuckle as she noticed Lisa’s obvious discomfort. “Marcy and Joan.” Now they too came up and shook Lisa’s hand firmly. Lisa grunted with the pressure of holding back. Julie winked secretly to Kelly as Marcy and Joan met Lisa. “Well, we agree with the open door policy, so thank you for being so open.”

Lisa was not encouraging an open door policy. In fact she was wishing that they would all leave so she could finish her business and her shower. But now Julie entered the bathroom, as did Kelly. They began looking in the mirror, touching up their hair and their make up. Meanwhile, Lisa was biting her lip trying to hold back, her face a deeper and deeper red as she strained on the toilet seat. “Don’t mind us.” Julie giggled to the side as she said it. “We will just be a minute.”

Julie and Kelly were thinking to themselves that this would be a very important lesson to Lisa to never again sit down without checking both doors first. Lisa groaned beneath her voice and couldn’t stop it any longer. The first splash of urine sounded so loud to her that she flushed even brighter. Once that happened, the floodgate opened and she released her bladder in a long and loud stream. Julie and Kelly giggled, knowing how embarrassing that must have been for Lisa.

“Well,” Kelly began to turn to the door, thinking the show and humiliation over. But just then, Julie noticed that Lisa was still tightening her face. She had to poop too! Julie giggled and grabbed Kelly’s hand. The door remained open, as Lisa held her arms over her breasts. “Why don’t you jump in the shower Lisa?” Julie offered. “I have to use the toilet. If you don’t mind.”

Kelly caught on quickly. “Yeah, its just us girls. Go on. Julie and I like to talk in the bathroom.”

Lisa was in agony. “Actually,” she managed to speak, “I’m not quite done.

Would you two mind terribly waiting outside?”

Julie had to admit, she was polite. Julie would have screamed at Lisa if the roles were reversed. “What do you mean?” Julie teased. “I heard you pee, it sounds like you stopped though that was a very long pee.”

Lisa was so uncomfortable she wanted to die. She was going to have to tell these four girls that she had to take a shit. “I…” Lisa stammered, “I have to do something else.” She couldn’t believe this situation.

“Like what?” Julie asked, playing the ‘dizzy blonde’.

“I have to move my bowels.” Lisa nearly grunted as she said it. “Please.” She pleaded.

“Oh!” Julie said. Kelly was turned towards Julie, shaking in laughter, trying hard to put on a straight face before turning around. “Okay, we should go then!” Kelly and Julie slowly made their way to the door and pulled it shut.

Lisa gritted her teeth over the laughter on the other side of the door, but groaned aloud as she released the pressure with a loud splash into the toilet. She flushed and stood, locked both doors and took her much-needed shower.

As she showered, Lisa continued to ponder the ache in her pussy and ass, the familiar ache of being fucked a long time, but she couldn’t remember doing any such things. She also couldn’t remember not doing them. She would ask Jenna later. As she opened the shower curtain, she suddenly realized that she didn’t have a towel. She came out, dripping onto the floor mat, and frantically opened the linen closet to find nothing but toiletries. “Damn!” she cursed herself for not thinking that far ahead.

She knocked at the door to her room, but received no response. She knocked harder and called out to Jenna, but there was no response. ‘She must have left the room for something.’ Lisa thought, finally opening the door. She looked around for a towel, hoping that Jenna had laid one on her bed. No such luck as she looked around the room to try to determine where Jenna would keep her towels. Then something caught her eye. The door to their room was wide opened and a guy was standing there and summoning his buddies.

Lisa jumped back into the bathroom, behind the door, peeking around.

“Please go away and shut the door.” She said to the guy, who now had two buddies next to him.

“No way.” The guy smiled at her. “But if you don’t hurry up, we will get some more people to watch the show.” He offered.

“Please!” She half-yelled at him. But the man and his friends refused to move and another guy joined them in the hallway. Lisa looked around frantically for something to cover herself with. There were only the clothes that she had been wearing, but they were dirty and she was clean.

Reluctantly, she pulled the door closed and slipped the skirt and top over her wet skin. The top, she would have noticed, had the mirror not been covered in steam, was nearly transparent from the wetness and the skirt quickly soaked up the wetness from her ass and pelvis and clung to her like a second skin.

Lisa came out in the dirty clothes, still wet from head to toe and stomped towards the door, angry with the peepers. They laughed and pointed and cheered, and finally closed the door and ran down the hall as Lisa stomped out after them, yelling “Perverts!” as she gave up chase and headed back to her room. She turned the doorknob and found, to her dismay that it was locked from the inside.

She tried jiggling it again, but it was still locked. “Damn!” she said aloud. The hallway filled with laughter as the guys continued to stare at her wet body. She scowled at them, flashing not only her angry eyes, but also her hardened nipples as they pressed against the tight, wet material of the top she was wearing. She turned, finally remembering the shared bathroom and went to her neighbors to knock on the door.

Julie answered, laughing to her roommates as Lisa nearly pushed into her room. “I locked myself out.” Lisa explained, “Can I please go through your door to my room?”

Julie laughed aloud, causing Lisa to blush, a normal pastime already and she hadn’t been here twenty-four hours yet. She slowly pulled the door opening, letting the guys enjoy the view as long as possible. Lisa jumped forward when she felt a hand slap her wet ass through the skirt.

“Thank you.” Lisa said above the girls’ giggling. “I can’t believe I did that.”

“Don’t worry.” Julie offered. “I’ve done it before myself in only a towel.” She stepped aside, letting Lisa walk to the bathroom door. Lisa grasped the handle and turned, ready to jump into her bed and climb under the covers and hide for the rest of the day. Locked.

“Damn!” Lisa cursed again. She hadn’t unlocked the bathroom door before leaving into her room.

Lisa and the other girls broke out laughing again. “Oh no! You didn’t leave it locked did you?” Julie asked.

“Shit!” Kelly added, causing the girls to burst into a loud spree of laughter.

Lisa just stood there, and leaned her head into the door. She let the laughter die down before turning to her bath-roommates. “You wouldn’t know where Jenna went would you?” she asked.

“I think she is at the cafeteria by now.” Julie offered.

“I don’t suppose one of you would get her while I wait here would you?”

Lisa asked the group.

“Well,” Julie led the response, waving her hand behind her back at the others to play along. She had a key to the door, but refused to relinquish such a rare opportunity to torment a freshman. “Actually, we have to go register for classes.” Julie knew they had all registered by mail months ago, but made the excuse for not helping their new ‘friend’.

“I completely forgot!” Lisa exclaimed. “I have to register for classes too!”

“You mean you haven’t registered for anything yet?” Lisa asked, as the other girls fell into hysterics. There would be little to nothing left for her to pick from now, all the good classes and good teachers would be taken by this time.

“Maybe we can help.” Kelly offered, thinking of all the worst classes they could sign Lisa up for. There were classes full of football players or dweebs or African-American studies, what a hoot that would be, Lisa being the only white girl in the class. It was great to be at such a diverse University!

It seemed the other girls were thinking along the same lines. “Sure!”

Julie smiled, “You can come along with us.” She winked at the other girls. “Thanks!” Lisa said, happy to be meeting more friendly and helpful people in her next-door neighbors. She smiled, and then looked down at her outfit. “You wouldn’t have a towel or something to change into. I promise, I’ll clean it when I am done, it is just, well, I wore these last night and I am drenched.” Actually, her skin was dry from evaporation, but her hair was a mess and the clothes she wore were still wet.

“Gee Lisa.” Julie said apologetically, “we just put our towels in the wash.” She lied. “What size do you wear?” she asked.

“A size 6.” Lisa stated, nearly questioning in hopes that they had something in her size, though from the looks of the four women, they looked closer to the 2-4 range. Damn her mother for passing on these wide hips and big boobs, she thought.

Her thoughts were quickly answered in kind. “I don’t even have a clean pair of sweats you could wear.” Julie lied again. Kelly grabbed her arm and whispered into Julie’s ear.

“True.” Julie answered the whisper, and then turned to Lisa. “We could buy a sweatshirt at the school store. Some shorts too. Do you have any money on you?” Julie asked, knowing the answer before she asked the question.

“No.” Lisa shyly answered and struggled to ask the next question. “I could pay you back. I swear. The money is right in my suit…” she trailed off, remembering the stolen luggage. “Well, I do have some money in my room. It should be enough to buy something.”

“I’ll tell you what.” Julie answered. “It is well after 12:00 already and classes are being picked through by all the freshmen. Why don’t we all go register for one or two classes before going to the store? Then I’ll spot you the money for the clothes and we can finish. There are a couple of classes between here and the store that I want to register for.” Lisa frowned at the prospect of walking the campus in her current dress and condition. But quickly saw no alternative. “Let me check on my roommate again before we go to see if she is back.”

“Sure.” Julie encouraged, “Let’s get going though, because classes are going to disappear quick.” She knew that Jenna would be gone all afternoon. She had told Julie that she was heading out shopping for the afternoon and even asked her to look in on Lisa if she had a chance.

The ogling college boys were still in the hall, waiting to see Lisa again.

Julie encouraged Lisa to keep knocking, letting the boys have their long stairs at her while she waited for the answer that would never come.

Finally, they encouraged Lisa to move on and they all left together to sign up.

It was a warm, sunny day. Lisa enjoyed the feeling of the hot sun as it immediately began to warm and dry the skirt and top she was wearing, not to mention her hair. Her hair was a mess; she hadn’t the opportunity for even a hint of hairspray. What she didn’t notice, was that as the sun dried out the “Dry Clean Only” top and skirt, they began to shrink, the fabrics tightening slowly around her body.

The four friends from next door, however, took notice almost instantly and pointed and giggled to each other in whispers as they five strolled across campus. Lisa had pulled the clothes on quickly in her anger and where the skirt was originally sticking to her waist, higher than last night, leaving only a scant inch and a half of material below her ass; it was now shrinking on both sides. The top of the skirt now clung to her hips, stretching as it dried to become even more see-through than the previous night.

The tightness of the skirt on her hips and ass left no question that she was without underwear. The bottom, meanwhile, was so high that the hem was catching between the bottom of her ass cheek and her thigh, exposing her pussy mound from behind. In front, the material was similarly catching up with each step and flashed quick views of her bush and mound from the front. Lisa felt the draft and pulled down on the skirt; much to the disappointment of the girls and the men they passed on the way to the first building on their list.

Unfortunately, this left the skirt dangerously hanging to the sides of Lisa’s hips and the slightest tug would cause the material to pull down.

In fact, as the material was still damp, it promised to shrink even more.

The very top of Lisa’s ass was shown from behind. She realized this, but felt it much more important that her ass be covered below as she continued to walk, barefoot through the grass.

On the upper half of her body, the material was not shrinking as much, being a thicker weight. However, it was originally too small for Lisa’s breasts and now barely covered her nipples, as Lisa continuously pulled the material up to compensate for the gravitational pull down and the jostling of her breasts. The material was going to take longer to dry out however, because of the saturation of the thicker fabric. Her nipples were prominently on display, only barely concealed by the white fabric of the top.

She was noticed the entire way across campus, however the girls tried to keep her distracted with small talk and began building up the classes they intended to sign her into. While they walked, the four friends took turns whispering from behind, two of them a few steps back, the other two at Lisa’s sides, captivating her in conversation. By the time they arrived at the Mathematics building, they had devised a plan where each of them would get one class to sign Lisa into and if she were up for more, Julie would get the rest, since it was all her idea.

It wasn’t as easy as just signing her up of course. They had to convince her, which the four girls decided that the one of them with the unanimously decided best reason would get dinner paid for by the other three. They selected their classes during the walk, and the time came for Joan to start her convincing story since the class in this building was her choice.

The class was basically high school math for the slower kids in college.

It was mostly jocks and jerks in the class. The kind that either never paid attention in high school or got a free pass for being in sports.

There were rarely any women in the class, and most of them would transfer out within a week. The class was notoriously rowdy and the professor was notoriously weak, honing the class work around the jocks and maximizing the passing percentages.

“How were you in math class Lisa?” Joan began, as the other girls giggled.

They all remained quiet however, to hear Joan’s pitch so they could grade her.

“I was never really strong in Algebra or Calculus, but I guess I did okay.” The response that Lisa had taken Calculus surprised the group of girls. They had pegged Lisa to be on the low end of the learning curve.

“Well, you have got to get Mr. Sines for your Freshman Math. He is a really good teacher.” Joan offered her recommendation. The girls were all biting back laughter at each lie that followed. Lisa listened intently, happy to take the advice of her new friends. After all, they had some experience on campus and could lead her in the right directions.

“He is kind of cute.” Joan continued, as Kelly couldn’t hold back a laugh.

“And will really help you from the basics.”

“Well, I was going to take Miss Madison’s Calculus I.” Lisa advised. “I am going to need Calculus towards my major. I think.” She added the last two words as if in doubt. This was just the opening Joan was hoping for.

“What are you thinking of majoring in?” Joan asked, formulating her coercions as she awaited Lisa’s response.

“I was thinking of majoring in Business Management and Computer Science.”

Lisa answered, again surprising the girls. “I learned a great deal about computers in high school and I enjoyed it. But, I want to do my own business and not work for someone else.” She shivered as she remembered what she had to do to learn about computers. The memory of the computer geeks of the school making her type naked so they could learn anatomy while she learned computers always caused her to shake the picture from her head.

“Well, this would be the perfect introduction.” Joan lied through her teeth. “This class is like an introduction to business and computer mathematics. It goes through all the basics again so that you can see them from the computer programmer’s eyes. Trust me, my friend is a Computer Science major and she swears by this class.”

Lisa was easy to break and the girls saw the challenge dissipate too quickly for their taste.

“Okay then,” Lisa agreed, “I’ll do it.” She walked with Joan to the front doors of the Mathematics Building. As they entered the doors, the wave of cold from the air conditioning hit like a wall. Lisa’s nipples instantly jumped into full erection, sticking out more prominently than ever, pushing the material away from her breasts.

Lisa knew it was happening, but saw no solution except to draw more attention by covering her breasts with her arms. She just hung back, trying to use her friends as a blockade. Meanwhile, she felt the damp hair of her pubis chill with the introduction of the cold air through the fabrics of her skirt. She ignored the feeling as Joan led her to a table with a college guy who was aiding by signing people into the classes.

The boy’s eyes nearly popped out as he stared at Lisa’s hard nipples poking directly at him. “Math 050.” Joan told the boy, noting his dropped lower jaw. She decided to have more fun since it had been so easy to convince Lisa to sign up.

“Name please.” The aide asked, averting his eyes to the forms in front of him.

“Lisa Kingsley.” She answered with a smile.

The boy found the page with the lowest level math class and it dawned upon him slowly that this was the dumb class. “Umm.” He looked up to make eye contact, but never passed her breasts. “Are you sure this is the class you want?” he asked.

Joan interrupted upon seeing the look of doubt on Lisa’s face. “Does Lisa look pretty?” Joan asked the boy, causing both Lisa and the boy to instantly flush red in the face. The boy didn’t answer and could not avert his eyes from Lisa’s breasts. “Do you think she has nice tits?” Joan asked.

Lisa turned and glared at her, quickly folding her arms across her breasts, feeling her elongated nipples pressing into her forearms. “Joan! Please don’t!” She asked her friend, blushing with embarrassment. The boy was completely flustered by this question. “Err.” He couldn’t compose a thought and simply turned the form with Lisa’s name on the line. “I hadn’t really noticed. Please sign here Miss.” He pointed to the line with her name.

“Right.” Joan continued. “How in the hell could you miss them?” Lisa scowled and Joan smiled.

Lisa held her left arm across her nipples as she leaned in to sign the

form. She felt the draft of cold air on her pussy, but didn’t realize that bending over like she was had lifted the skirt, putting her on display to a growing number of guys and girls behind her.

Some dropped their jaws. One dropped his books. A father who was walking with his daughter nearly dropped dead. Lisa didn’t notice. She heard the gasps and muttered words, but continued signing, her ass shaking with the movement of her arm. She finished and stood up, her skirt clinging to her ass cheeks, just barely covering her mound.

They all turned and left, Kelly yanking Joan to the rear to tell her how Lisa’s pussy was fully displayed when she bent over. They stepped out into the warm sun again and Lisa was grateful as her nipples became less and less painfully stretched. “You need an English class.” Marcy stated, taking the lead as the five girls headed across campus. “I think Miss Jenkins will be the right one for you.”

The other three giggled aloud again. Miss Jenkins had a reputation as a flagrant lesbian. She was nearly fired two years ago for inappropriate relations with a freshman girl. Mostly boys tended to sign up for her class as word got out. She left the boys alone. Of course, there were those freshman girls who didn’t know and the lesbians on campus who welcomed Miss Jenkins with open legs. Miss Jenkins was going to love Lisa.

Marcy just knew it.

About halfway across campus, Marcy dropped her books, right in front of the center square. A large group of upper classmen and women gaped and more than one exclamation was heard as Lisa bent over to help Marcy retrieve her things. All of her pencils, pens and erasers had somehow escaped their plastic case and it took awhile to pick everything up. Meanwhile, as Marcy and Joan slowly helped Lisa pick up the dropped supplies, Kelly borrowed a camera and snapped a few pictures of Lisa’s naked crotch hanging below her skirt.

Julie got the owner of the camera’s phone number and name so they could pick up a copy of the pictures later. Kelly must have snapped off a half roll while Lisa was crouched there, skirt pulled up. Someone with a strong zoom was in front meanwhile, snapping off an entire roll of the view down Lisa’s top and of her pussy fully displayed from the front.

Lisa pulled down on the skirt as they stood up. It had nearly dried out completely, shrinking beyond what any of the girls had hoped for. In order to cover her crotch, Lisa had to display a full two inches of her ass cheeks from the top. This also left her long, curly blond pussy hair peeking up from the front of the skirt. The top, meanwhile, was also drying out and her nipples were becoming less and less obvious through the thicker material.

The crowd began cheering as Kelly tossed the camera back to the owner and Lisa looked around, wondering what the excitement was about. “They just announced that Tony Hobson will be coming here to play football this year.” Julie said to the group, knowing he had decided months ago.

Kelly walked up to the guy with the strong zoom and got his name and number as the other four girls walked on towards the English building.

Kelly caught up with a huge grin on her face. The camera was digital and the guy showed her the footage. He was going to put it on his website tonight. Of course Kelly had offered up her name, room number and the phone number in her dorm room, which she knew from Jenna. As she thought about it, Jenna would probably be pissed by all the calls they were about to receive at all hours of the night. But they could always change the number.

By the time they reached the English Building, the sun had completely dried Lisa’s clothes. She had said something to Julie when she thought she saw a bookstore, but her hopes were dashed when Julie told her that one was closed. It was quite precarious to walk anymore. The fabric, which last night was only about nine inches from top to bottom, shrank to a mere five inches. In order to cover her crotch, which Lisa considered the most important goal, the top of the skirt had to rest very low on her hips, leaving a full inch of pubic hair showing in front and a good three inches of her ass crack exposed in the back.

The torture that the skirt had taken was apparent. The skirt was stretching so wide now, the waist resting at the widest point of Lisa’s hips and ass. This accomplished two results. First, the material was so slight and stretched that it outlined Lisa’s mound as she took each step.

Second, the material had shrunken so much, the threads allowed enormous exposure so that by looking hard enough, someone could easily see that even her ass was lightly bronzed.

Lisa continuously wrestled the tiny piece of fabric to get the most coverage possible. It proved fruitless as each upward movement dangerously revealed her pussy while each downward motion revealed her ass. She wished she had at least a T-shirt to cover her from the top. Julie, Kelly, Marcy and Joan were meanwhile incredulous with the humor of Lisa’s predicament and quietly encouraged the onlookers. Some of the people that they passed were at the party the previous night and exclaimed their recognition quite loudly.

The top, on the other hand, had shrunken slightly, pulling across her nipples, but was no longer transparent and showed only contours as opposed to the actual coloring of Lisa’s brown nipples. The article had been only a strapless bra last night, and much too small even then. Now, Lisa had to expose part of her breast below the garment to keep her nipples covered.

She felt naked and the full-body tan she earned last summer was apparent.

“You are going to love Miss Jenkins.” Marcy said, hoping that she would be there in person to sign Lisa up for the class. They finally climbed the steps to the English Building; a score of boys looking up from below as Lisa gave them unrestricted visual access to her most private area.

The five ladies walked through the chilled air of the building and Marcy smiled brightly as they approached a desk. Miss Jenkins was there, signing some obviously uninformed freshman girl into the class. She was holding the form close to her as the young girl had to stretch forward to sign the sheet. Miss Jenkins was obviously being treated to an eyeful of the girl’s breasts when the five walked up and Marcy pushed Lisa forward, causing her breasts to bounce in the slight top.

The other freshman girl finished signing and stood up, shaking Miss Jenkins hand. Marcy giggled at the freshman girls’ expense, noting how firmly Miss Jenkins shook her hand, all the while looking right at her jiggling breasts.

“I hope you get all of your classes signed up. I look forward to seeing you in class tomorrow Madeline.” She said as she rigorously shook the girl’s hand. As Madeline stepped away, Miss Jenkins turned toward the group of girls and her lower jaw dropped. It was much like the teacher’s aide had done when Lisa signed on for the Math class. However, Miss Jenkins took the time to scan Lisa’s entire body, causing Lisa to blush red and feel extremely uncomfortable.

“This is Miss Jenkins.” Marcy introduced Lisa then turned to Miss Jenkins with a mischievous grin. “Miss Jenkins, this is Lisa. We told her all about you and she couldn’t wait to join your class.” Miss Jenkins was in her mid-thirties. She was a pretty woman, with hazel eyes, short brown hair. Her lips were quite full and led many men to dream of oral sex. She wore baggy pants that drew tight at her pelvis and a loose fitting blouse that betrayed her small chest.

Miss Jenkins was not blonde. Nor was she stupid. She knew what these girls were up to and thought about telling Lisa she should pick better friends.

However, further inspection indicated Lisa was absolutely naked beneath this tiny little ensemble and didn’t even wear any shoes. The girl must have known something! She extended a hand to Lisa. “Welcome to English Literature Lisa.” Miss Jenkins smiled.

Lisa returned the smile and extended her own hand. The handshake that followed caused one of Lisa’s nipples to momentarily pop out of the top of her bra. Lisa didn’t notice at first, but as Miss Jenkins licked her lips and stared at the exposed nipple, Lisa looked down and blushed deeply.

“Ooops!” she declared, tucking the errant flesh back into the top.

“Ooops indeed!” Miss Jenkins responded, gently pulling Lisa forward.

“Would you be so kind as to sign here Lisa?” She held the paper right in front of her, forcing Lisa to lean all the way forward. Miss Jenkins caught a number of stares and realized that the girl’s pussy must be fully displayed on the other side! She needed to see it herself and tore her gaze away from the breasts hanging only a foot away to think up her opportunity.

“Lisa,” Miss Jenkins began. The other girls instantly knew a plan was coming into play. “Would you be so kind as to fill out this questionnaire?

It will give me an idea of your background in literature so I can better decide how to structure the class.”

“Certainly.” Lisa responded, leaning forward to fill out the multi-page questionnaire.

Miss Jenkins stood up, struggling to leave the perfect view of Lisa’s breasts to walk around the table. “I’ll be right back dear. Just finish those forms.” As soon as she had disappeared from Lisa’s sight, Miss Jenkins circled around to look at her ass. She was not disappointed. There it was, fully exposed as Lisa’s little ass shook back and forth while she filled out the questions. She didn’t shave, that was obvious, just trimmed the edges for what must have been a concealing bikini.

Miss Jenkins blushed as she noted the four girls looking at her smiling.

She flashed them an evil smile back, then proceeded to mouth a Thank You to them. The girls mouthed a Your Welcome. Miss Jenkins then crouched down, scooting in on the involved Lisa.

Lisa meanwhile was impervious. She thought that it was wonderful that this teacher was taking her students’ experiences into consideration and she answered question after question with as much detail as she could muster in the space provided. The entire questionnaire was five pages, mostly essay style questions.

Miss Jenkins slowly moved in behind her, until her eyes were only inches away from Lisa’s bared mound. She couldn’t resist and gently blew at the two lovely lips. Lisa stood upright at once, eyes bulging in surprise. She was only on page two and was torn between embarrassment and the desire to complete the questionnaire. Miss Jenkins stood and walked wide around them, removing any indication that it might have been her that just blew against the young girls’ pussy.

Lisa felt the cool air more than ever as she bit her lip in realization that the single blow was causing her to get wet. There was no clipboard and Lisa struggled over the best way to lean against the desk to complete the form. “Why don’t you come back here and sit down to fill that out Lisa?” Miss Jenkins offered. Julie, Kelly, Marcy and Joan were laughing and decided to walk off to get something to eat.

“We’ll be back Lisa. Do you want anything to eat?” Julie asked as they departed. Miss Jenkins smiled like the cat that just ate the canary.

“Actually, I am a little hungry.” Lisa answered. “I’ll pay you back.” She promised.

“Sure, we’ll get you something.” Julie offered.

Lisa stepped around the desk to the side where Miss Jenkins sat. “Here Lisa, why don’t you just fill it out from this side?” the teacher asked.

Lisa was hoping for a chair, but noticed only one. “Or you can sit on my lap if you prefer?” Miss Jenkins offered. Lisa smiled, sure that it was a joke and then stood next to Miss Jenkins.

“Go on, finish it up.” The professor instructed. “You do speak Basic English don’t you Lisa?”

Lisa giggled. “Yes Ma’am.” She was such a lovely subservient girl. Miss Jenkins licked her lips.

Lisa crouched down next to Miss Jenkins. This caused her skirt to ride up high in front, fully exposing her slightly wet pussy, but being under the table, she hoped to avoid attention.

“That won’t do dear.” Miss Jenkins admonished. “Crouching like that is just poor practice for a young lady.” She took Lisa by the arms, standing behind her. “A proper lady always bends at the waist.” To drive her point home, Miss Jenkins reached between Lisa’s thighs, causing her to gasp in surprise. She placed her hand firmly against Lisa’s pelvis, just brushing her clit with the palm of her hand. Then she pushed with the palm of her other hand against Lisa’s lower back until she was fully bent at the waist.

Lisa moved the paper forward to the other end of the table so she could fill it out. Miss Jenkins gave her a light pat on her half-exposed ass, again alerting Lisa. However, Lisa continued to fill out the form, writing faster, shorter answers to each question. Miss Jenkins was not finished however and instructed her to slow down and give each question some thought.

“Do you like me Lisa?” Miss Jenkins asked, releasing her hand from her back, but somehow forgetting to remove the hand that now held Lisa’s skirt against her pelvis.

Lisa stopped writing, but was afraid to face her new teacher. “Yes Miss Jenkins. I think it is great that you take individual experience into consideration when planning your class.”

“No silly girl.” Miss Jenkins giggled. “I mean do you like me. Do you think I am attractive?”

Lisa stammered. “Sure, I umm, I think you are pretty.”

Miss Jenkins smiled brightly. “Are you attracted to me Lisa?” She asked, delighted as she watched Lisa’s naked ass jiggle back and forth as she restlessly shifted feet. Her pussy was delightfully wet now and Miss Jenkins blew warm breath against it. She was sitting now, her face only inches from Lisa’s exposed pussy. It was all she could do not to lunge forward and taste the girl right there.

“Umm” Lisa stammered, refusing to look back. “I, yes, I guess so.” Goose pimples climbed down her naked thighs as the warm breath caused her to get wetter. She tried to concentrate on the questions. How do you feel about romantic novels?

“Lisa,” Miss Jenkins began, blowing lightly across the wetting lips of her pussy as she paused. “I think you are very attractive. I would like to make you my special student this year. Would you like that?”

Lisa shuddered, gripping the far end of the table. “What would that mean?”

She managed. “What would I have to do?” Her voice was trembling with fear.

“I’ll tell you what.” The English teacher continued. She slid her hand back off Lisa’s pelvis, her fingers lightly trailing across her clitoris, then across her bare, moist lips, then away from her skin. “You fill out your questionnaire and if you like we can go back to my office to discuss the advantages of being my aide. It would look great on your resume and you will learn a lot more as we will have a lot more time together one on one.”

“That sounds good Miss Jenkins.” Lisa responded, going back to the middle of the third page.

“Yes.” Miss Jenkins answered. “It sounds wonderful.” She trailed her index finger up the inside of Lisa’s thigh, all the way up to the outer lip of her pussy. She then slid the finger along Lisa’s pussy lip, up to the back of her ass cheek. She tweaked the lower part lightly then blew against her pussy again.

Lisa’s legs were shaking. She could barely write. This was her teacher and she was touching her. Lisa was breathing deep and fast. She continued to write when the breathing against her stopped and collapsed against the desk top when it started again, this time with Miss Jenkins’ finger opening her pussy by pulling her left lip to the side.

“Come with me Lisa.” Miss Jenkins stood up, helping Lisa to her feet. She grabbed the pen and the questionnaire and led Lisa by the hand back the hall and around the corner. She pulled out a key and opened a door. “This is my office Lisa.” She told her, pulling her through. Lisa held her head down, ashamed and blushing at what Miss Jenkins had done to her. She watched as her newest teacher reached beneath her desk and a piece of the wall turned around on a hinge.

“This is my aide’s office Lisa.” Miss Jenkins smiled as she led Lisa back into the secret room. “It is completely sound proof and has an individual climate control. It is the result of many years of collecting and secretly building my little second office.” She pulled Lisa to an odd desk and chair in the middle of the room. Noting Lisa’s confusion, she led her step by step.

There was no seat. Miss Jenkins explained that the Chinese discovered long ago that sitting on one’s ass was one of the worst positions for your back over many years. “Instead,” she continued, “This chair puts your weight on your knees, thighs and chest, distributing the weight instead of forcing it all on one spot. Miss Jenkins helped Lisa to spread her legs and kneel on the padded crossbeam near the floor. Now, Lisa was kneeling with only her knees bent so her thighs and upper body were perpendicular to the ground. Miss Jenkins pulled a strap across the back of each of her upper calves to hold them in place.

Next, Miss Jenkins pulled Lisa’s feet so that the top of her feet rested on another cushioned cross beam, slightly elevated from the one for her knees. This caused Lisa to fall forward and Miss Jenkins quickly grabbed her shoulders, pulling her back so that her thighs now rested on a third padded crossbeam that mounted just above her ankles. Miss Jenkins strapped Lisa’s ankles and thighs to these beams.

Last, Miss Jenkins directed Lisa to bend at the waist so her rib cage rested against another padded cross beam. A single strap went across Lisa’s back to hold her tight against this bar. In fact, Miss Jenkins pulled hard on this belt until Lisa had trouble breathing. This beam was close to the desk and Miss Jenkins then began turning hand screws to adjust the chair.

Lisa wanted to run. She was afraid of this woman, but so afraid she couldn’t move. Now she was tied down, so she really couldn’t move. As the bars were pulled and cranked and tightened, the thigh bar forced Lisa’s ass up and her back was forced into a strong arch by the ribcage bar.

“This chair will save you so much in back pains in later years.” Miss Jenkins told her. “You will love it.” Lisa’s tits were tight against the rib cage bar, resting on them, straining forward. Her arms and hands were still free.

She pulled her skirt down lower to cover her crotch, leaving a full half of her ass exposed from the top. “Please continue with the questions.”

Miss Jenkins encouraged. “I like a thorough response.”

Lisa was in a panic. She was in a soundproof room that probably nobody knew about and she was tied to this chair. Miss Jenkins went about the room, flipping some switches and such. She was turning on her video cameras that taped every angle of the room, all centered upon Lisa. Miss Jenkins put a mask over her eyes and looked at Lisa, crouching in front of the desk. “Do you like me Lisa?”

Lisa couldn’t speak. She dropped the pen and it rolled off the slanted desktop and to the floor. “I …” Lisa began and stopped.

“Do I make you nervous?” Miss Jenkins asked, leaning down to pick up the pen. She leaned all the way down so her head was on the floor and she was looking straight up into Lisa’s mini-skirt. She licked her lips and unbuttoned and unzipped her trousers, before grasping the table and pulling herself back to a crouching position in front of Lisa.

“I…” Lisa began, unable to respond. A panic flooded over her.

“Hmmmm” Miss Jenkins purred, handing Lisa the pen. “I wouldn’t think that a girl who runs around campus without any knickers would get nervous from another woman. Why are you nervous dear? I could understand being nervous around a man. But me?”

“M-M-Miss Jenkins…” Lisa began, her voice cracking. “I have to go. Please?”

“Oh!” Miss Jenkins responded. “I’m sorry, do you have to shit or piss?”

Lisa’s mouth dropped at her teacher’s vulgarity. “N-Neither. I just. I have more classes to sign up for.”

“Oh! So because you waited until the last possible day to sign up for classes, I should somehow be inconvenienced by you not filling out my paperwork for my class?”

“N-no. I didn’t mean…”

“Bullshit Lisa. You are taking me for granted already and the school year hasn’t even started. Now fill out that damned form or you will never leave.” Miss Jenkins was shouting as she walked away behind her.

Lisa started writing quickly. She didn’t understand why her teacher was so angry, but she was afraid and wanted to get out. She dropped the pen again, when she felt Miss Jenkins yank her skirt up to her waist. She turned around with her mouth wide open. Miss Jenkins looked up from her admiration of Lisa’s ass and pussy to meet her eyes with a glare. “Dropped your pen again. Dammit Lisa, you are testing me.” She stomped around and reached down, grabbing Lisa’s pen up and held it high above Lisa’s head.

“Reach for it now Lisa. Show me you want this pen. Show me you want to please your teacher. Both hands dammit! Come on Lisa!”

Lisa was reaching as high as she could, forcing her back to arch harder as Miss Jenkins held the pen just out of reach. Finally, she tossed the pen straight up in the air and as Lisa felt it land in her outstretched hands, she felt the cool air of the room as Miss Jenkins yanked her top straight up and off her hands and tossed it to the side. She immediately dropped the pen and went to cover her breasts with her hands.

“God Damn girl!” Miss Jenkins shouted. “Your entire ass is naked and you are worried about those tits. And you dropped your fucking pen again.” She stepped behind Lisa, out of view and she leaned forward, covering her breasts in one hand and struggling to reach her pen with the other. “Too late. Lesson 1. Never drop your pen.”

Lisa squealed as the riding crop slapped across her left ass cheek. She released her breasts and reached back to cover her ass, but not before Miss Jenkins scored another slap across her right ass cheek. Miss J walked to the side then, smiling malevolently at her newest aide.

“Miss Jenkins!” Lisa screamed. “Please! I’ll be good.”

“I know you will sweet. It will take a lot of training though.” The crop swung down hard, stinging Lisa on her left nipple with the aim of a seasoned veteran. As soon as her hands left for her breasts, the whipping moved to her ass. Since the breast stung more, Lisa let her ass take the beating. Slap! Slap! Went the crop across one ass cheek, then the other.

Miss Jenkins moved the small one by one inch square of leather slowly across her ass, turning inch by inch from a light tan to a bright red.

Lisa squealed, screamed, struggled, and cried. About five minutes passed, and when Miss J felt Lisa’s ass was red enough she walked around to the front of her. “Lesson 2, never cover up in your Mistress’s presence. Now, lace your fingers together and put your hands behind your head.”

Lisa remained with her arms cradling her breasts, her face against the desk sobbing. Miss Jenkins grabbed her hair and pulled her head up. “Don’t be such a fucking baby Lisa. You are in college now, start acting like it.” The tears kept flowing and Miss Jenkins felt a little droplet of juice run down her thigh. She loved this.

“Lisa!” Miss Jenkins yelled, holding her head up by the hair. “Do you want me to really hurt you?”

Lisa’s eyes opened, bloodshot and sad. “No,” she responded, barely able to speak through the sobs and her dry throat. “Please don’t hurt me anymore.”

Miss Jenkins laughed. “Oh sweetie you must get out more often. I haven’t even begun to hurt you yet.” She laughed aloud. “Now be a good girl and put your hands behind your neck.” Lisa slowly did as she was told, a steady stream of tears flooding down her cheeks and onto her bare breasts.

Due to the position of the bars, her breasts were thrust out as if an offering to the Gods. Miss Jenkins accepted.

She grasped a pair of handcuffs and cuffed Lisa’s hands in place behind her neck. She then put a choker around her neck and connected the cuffs to the choker. She lowered a chain from the ceiling to hold Lisa’s head and hands in place. “None of this would have been necessary if you had just done what you were told Lisa. I’m sorry but you have to learn to respond faster to commands from your elders.” Lisa looked up at Miss Jenkins, her eyes pleading for mercy. There was none to be found.

Miss J slapped every inch of Lisa’s breasts into a bright red, bringing screams and sobbing and pleading that made Miss J drip with excitement.

Finally she could take no more and stood before Lisa, stripping naked. She removed the loose blouse; no bra was necessary with her minute breasts.

She pulled off her shoes and socks, then her trousers and finally the bikini underpants. Lisa could smell her; the musky scent of Miss J’s excitement was undeniable.

“It can all end now Lisa.” She began. “Well at least for today.” Miss Jenkins stood next to the desk and through her left leg up, pulling herself across so she was sitting, naked on the center of the desk. She grabbed Lisa’s hanging head in her hand and pulled her cheeks to force her to look into her eyes. “I’ll let you go from the ceiling chain now.” She smiled, releasing the clasp that held her in place.

Lisa slumped forward, and Miss Jenkins leaned back. Using experience and her balance, Miss J swung her legs up and dove her feet between Lisa’s arms as they formed little triangles of her upper arm, lower arm and neck.

She pushed out, hooked her knees on Lisa’s upper arms and pulled as she leaned back over the edge of the desk. The result, Miss J was holding her weight on the desk by Lisa’s arms. This also forced Lisa’s face into Miss J’s pussy.

“Come on Lisa.” Miss Jenkins commanded, using her legs to push Lisa’s face up and down against her wet pussy. “Eat me good and you can go.”

Lisa cried as her face was forced against the wet sex of her teacher. She opened her mouth to protest, but Miss J was watching and clasping her thighs on Lisa’s head, thrust her pussy into her open mouth, forcing Lisa to taste her sex. “That’s it Lisa!” Miss J yelled, “Talk into my cunt.

Lick me bitch.”

Miss Jenkins was now bent upon having an orgasm, whether Lisa helped or not. She used her thigh muscles to rub Lisa’s face up and down against her glistening, wet vaginal lips. She forced Lisa up and down, keeping her face buried into her cunt with her powerful thighs. “Stick out your tongue

Lisa!” Miss Jenkins commanded. She grabbed Lisa by the hair and pulled toward her, forcing Lisa to yell in pain and simultaneously thrusting her pelvis out so Lisa was forced to taste the steadily flowing juices of her newest teacher.

“How do you like me now Lisa? Tell me how you like the taste of my cunt.

Tell me bitch or I will ride your face all day.” Miss Jenkins was fast approaching her orgasm. She didn’t really expect Lisa to answer, particularly since that would mean releasing Lisa’s face from her pussy.

Still, Miss Jenkins was reaching new levels of excitement by taunting Lisa with her orders. Lisa made a muffled comment against Miss Jenkins cunt and it pushed her right over the edge.

Miss Jenkins’ thighs squeezed her head so hard that Lisa thought her skull would be crushed. Her jaws were forced open by the pressure, which was not good for Lisa. The first flow of milky fluid hit Lisa in her mouth. It was a little sour, but not a completely unfamiliar taste. Lisa just closed her eyes and held her mouth open, letting Miss Jenkins’ pussy juices flow into her mouth.

Miss Jenkins, meanwhile, rolled her eyes shut tight and screamed out in the pleasure of her orgasm. She panted and heaved, thrusting her cunt against the bound girl’s mouth, forcing her orgasm into Lisa’s mouth by contracting her pussy muscles again and again. She kept rubbing and sliding her wet sex against Lisa’s face, riding out the incredible orgasm until she felt as though she would pass out. Finally, she just hung there, knees hooked on Lisa’s elbows, slowly coming down as she felt Lisa’s breath hot against her pussy.

Eventually, Miss Jenkins released Lisa, sitting up on the desk and pulling her legs out of Lisa’s arms. She laughed when she saw Lisa’s face, coated in her cum, glistening in the lighting of the room. She jumped down from the desktop and grabbed Lisa’s chin, kissing her until Lisa relinquished the inside of her mouth to Miss Jenkins’ prodding, probing tongue. Then she licked Lisa’s face clean of her own orgasm.

“Perhaps next time I will eat you.” Miss Jenkins stated as she released Lisa slowly from her bonds. First she released her ankles, legs and waist.

Lisa was still stuck in the chair with her hands above her head, held there by the handcuffs. Miss Jenkins finally, after a few more teasing slaps with her riding crop, released Lisa’s hands and helped her stand up from the chair.

She looked Lisa up and down. She stood, her skirt still hanging above her waist. She was just too tired to pull it back into place. “I can’t let you walk around like a whore anymore Lisa.” Miss Jenkins finally said. “Take off the skirt and give it to me.” She commanded.

Lisa was afraid. She was afraid with everything that had happened to her today, that somehow Miss Jenkins was going to further embarrass her by throwing her out of the office naked.

Miss Jenkins saw the fear in Lisa’s eyes; however, she felt that Lisa needed to learn that she was never to doubt Miss Jenkins. She frowned at Lisa, a look of disappointment crossing her eyes as she stepped forward and yanked the skirt down off Lisa’s thighs to her ankles and forced her to lift both feet out of the material. Lisa was now completely naked. Miss Jenkins stood up; slowly appraising Lisa’s body all the way and then grabbed her by the hair of her head and yanked hard, forcing Lisa to fall over the desk.

She immediately began swatting Lisa’s naked ass with the riding crop again. “Bitch, you will learn. Your ass may be red until the end of this year, but I will not quit until you learn. Never doubt me! Never hesitate again!” Miss Jenkins was still naked and flushed from her orgasm. This angry fit caused her to glow even more as she slapped hard across Lisa’s ass until she was out of breath and Lisa was sobbing.

“I should throw you in the hall naked and let the college boys fuck your little slut ass.” Miss Jenkins threatened as she finally stood up and pulled Lisa to her feet by her hair. “But I will give you another chance.”

She walked over to a set of drawers in the left wall of the room and slowly went one by one down the drawers, withdrawing certain items and balling them in her hands before turning and laying them all out on the desk.

“Put these on.” She ordered Lisa. She turned and walked out of the aide’s room and pulled her own clothes on as Lisa slowly picked up one item at a time and pulled them over her sore body. There was a thong panty, red in color that was too small and instantly pulled at her anus and clitoris when Lisa put them on. She then pulled on a short denim skirt, though it was much longer than the worn black, stretch skirt she had been wearing earlier. It was a little tight, but fit around her waist. The bottom was about halfway down her thigh, a relief from what she had been wearing, but still far from conservative.

The top was a white halter. It was a thick material, but as she pulled it on, Lisa frowned as she noted the darkness of her nipples, showing right through the material. Miss Jenkins walked in full dressed, her hair fixed back in place, but still wearing the mask over her eyes. She walked past Lisa and turned off the recording devices. Lisa never even noticed, she just wanted to get out of this place.

Miss J led the girl out into her office and went to fixing her make-up in a mirror in her private bathroom. Lisa walked up behind Miss Jenkins and asked to use the sink to wash her face. “Of course dear, go right ahead.”

Lisa leaned forward to cup some cool water in her hands. Miss Jenkins instantly thrust a finger inside Lisa’s thong and wiggled it into her moist pussy. Lisa moaned lightly as she accidentally splashed the water up, causing it to splash over the front of the white halter-top. Miss Jenkins pressed one hand against Lisa’s back, forcing her to bend at the waist, while wiggling her finger inside Lisa’s cunt. She felt it getting wetter as Miss Jenkins wriggled inside.

“Oh Lisa,” Miss Jenkins said in a soft, sexy voice, “You are so wet. Are you going to cum for me?” She kept wiggling her finger around inside Lisa’s wet pussy. Lisa was breathing harder and harder, moaning as she held onto the sink for support. Miss Jenkins’ finger never stopped, though a second finger soon joined it. When she was comfortable that Lisa would not get up, Miss Jenkins slid her other hand down to Lisa’s front, inside the knickers and began slowly stroking her clit over the hood with two fingers.

Lisa responded with a deep moan, feeling her orgasm coming quickly.

“Please, n-no Miss Jenk-kins” She stuttered.

Miss Jenkins saw Lisa’s pussy lips engorging with blood and heard her breathing coming harder and heavier and faster. She knew that Lisa would cum any second and she pulled both hands away suddenly. “Okay my dear.”

Miss Jenkins smiled as she watched Lisa move back with her hips, trying to rub against Miss Jenkins, to finish what was so close. “I won’t unless you beg me to.”

Lisa stood up, fixing the tugged and pulled panty into place again, frustrated, but unwilling to beg her teacher for an orgasm. She thought to herself that she would finish herself off, but knew she couldn’t do it in front of Miss Jenkins and doubted that her teacher would give her the privacy she so deeply desired.

“Oh my!” Miss Jenkins exclaimed as she noted Lisa’s nipples shown plainly through the wet material of the halter-top. She giggled, pointing Lisa’s nipples out to her in the mirror.

“Oh no!” Lisa shouted out in horror. “Can I please wait here until it dries?”

“No dear.” Miss Jenkins smiled mischievously, “I have to get back to my sign up desk and you have to get back to your friends. Thank you so much for eating my pussy. I really needed that to divert my day. I will see you tomorrow in class. You can bring these clothes back to me cleaned then.

And I’ll just give you back your things tomorrow as well, no since in you carrying them around the rest of the day.”

She opened the door and half-pulled Lisa outside. “Have a wonderful day!”

She slapped her hand hard and loud on Lisa’s sore ass. Lisa yelped as she hurried along, her breasts swinging back and forth in the loose, wet halter-top. Her friends were all waiting at the sign up table giggling when they saw Lisa approaching in her new clothes.

“She must have fucked her silly” Julie whispered.

“More like beat her silly” Joan corrected, noting the red hue that permeated the white top.

“Oh my God” Kelly added, nearly forgetting to quiet her voice, “Look at her fucking nipples on display!”

It was all quiet enough that Lisa only heard murmurs and giggles. “Hey!

Nice clothes!” Marcy exclaimed. “Where did they come from?”

The girls kept giggling and poking each other in the ribs. Julie held up a bag and a soda. “We picked you up something to eat, but we better get going. There isn’t much time left to sign up for classes.”

The girls all noted the big smile on Miss Jenkins’s face and the mouthed Thank You that she offered to them. They smiled back and then Kelly and Julie flanked Lisa, leading her out the doors and off to the next class sign-up sheet on their schedule.

Dizzy Goes To College Ch. 3

As Lisa was rushed along, Kelly to her left and Julie to her right, she allowed herself to be fully engaged in their conversation. She was still blushing, partially from the embarrassment she had suffered at the hands, or more appropriately, at the end of the riding crop of Miss Jenkins. Something else had her skin tinged red as well, though. She had been so close to an orgasm when Miss Jenkins was fingering her, she felt an undeniable need to complete.

The throbbing was slowly dulling, but the tight grip of the thong across her bloated pussy lips and her erect clitoris, kept her on edge. She remained excited and knew that she would need relief sometime soon. She longed for the privacy of her dorm room, though that had proven to be a façade this morning.

Meanwhile, as Lisa tried to block out the experience with Miss J and her excited state, Kelly pulled out a hot dog from the bag for Lisa to eat. Lisa went to reach for the light meal, feeling suddenly famished, but Kelly instead pushed the hot dog towards her mouth. “I’ll hold it for you.” Kelly offered, forcing the thick frank and bun past her lips as Lisa began to protest. Julie meanwhile, pushed a banana into Lisa’s left hand and a soda into her right.

Marcy and Joan were giggling in the background, keeping pace right behind Lisa and helping to rush her along. Lisa gagged as Kelly slipped, thrusting the hot dog to the back of Lisa’s throat. It was too wide and Lisa feared that if she bit down on the huge bite that was now forced into her mouth and throat, she would surely choke to death. She pulled back her head, trying to remove the invading frank from her mouth, but Kelly pursued. “Come on Lisa, you need to eat on the go, there isn’t much time left!”

The other girls agreed. “I don’t know why you took so much time with Miss Jenkins, but we only have a couple of hours to register for all the rest of our classes now. We really must hurry.” Julie added with a smile.

Kelly had put a more than generous amount of condiments on the beef hot dog. Mustard, relish, melted cheese, chili, and finely chopped onions were actually heaped around and on top of the hot dog. There was now a considerable mess, some on Lisa’s face from the thrust by Kelly’s hand, some on Kelly’s hand as she held the dog firmly in Lisa’s mouth. Lisa’s eyes grew with fear as she realized she would have to bite down to escape suffocation. She jerked her head back and bit down, taking about three inches of hotdog in her mouth. Kelly held the remainder to Lisa’s mouth, giggling as Lisa tried to chew the huge mouthful of food.

Kelly allowed the handful of mustard, relish, melted cheese, chili, and finely chopped onions to rest in her hand for the moment. She even squeezed the remaining 2/3 of the hotdog bun to force a fuller handful of the messy stuff. Lisa chewed and licked her lips to try to clear up the mess she could feel on her face. She had the chili-mustard mixture all over her lips, her nose and her chin.

When she finally chewed the dog enough to swallow part of it, she opened her mouth to berate Kelly for nearly choking her to death, only to receive the remaining five inches, shoved hard into her mouth, a full two inches penetrating her throat. She gagged hard, choking the hot dog up and loosing it on the ground. Kelly withdrew her hand now, and was cleaning the mess that was left on her hand with napkins from the bag.

The conglomeration of hot dog condiments was thrust into Lisa’s face. Kelly feigned a trip and looked shocked and apologetic as the mess splatted against Lisa, dribbling to her cleavage and on the white top in a yellow and chili-colored mess. Kelly finished wiping her hand and apologized profusely while wiping what she could with the messy napkin.

“Oh God! I’m so sorry Lisa.” She had used all the napkins to clean her hands and now only spread the mess more, though she did clean the globs from her face, knocking them to Lisa’s breasts. “Ooops! Sorry again.” She apologized as she wiped the globs off Lisa’s breast, smearing it into the white blouse.

Lisa was mortified. She could feel the mess on her face and could see it on her white blouse. She lifted her soda and drank to wash it from her mouth. “You pushed it in too fast.” She whined, choking a little as she did. “Look at me. I’m a mess.”

Joan and Marcey were holding their hands over their mouths to stop the laughter. People walking by looked disgusted and laughed and pointed as they passed the five girls. “Do you have any more napkins?” She asked Kelly.

“No, I used them all. And the rest rooms are closed in this building.” Kelly said with a disappointed frown. “We really don’t have a lot of time left Lisa. How many classes do you want to sign up for this semester? I would take a full schedule in my freshman year if I were you. Just to get a lot of the boring stuff out of the way so you can enjoy the later years more. A full schedule means we have at a minimum three more classes to sign you up for. Four if you want to really get off a good start.”

Lisa looked at the stained shirt and sighed. “Okay, let’s just stop a second at the first available rest room.”

“That’s the spirit!” Julie shouted, as she pushed Kelly and Lisa towards the West Science Building.

The five women climbed the stairs to the pillared entrance and entered the wide, wooden double doors into the great hall of the Galileo Building. The crowds were certainly thinning and it took only a moment for Kelly to take her bearings on the sign up sheet for Lisa’s next class. A young, brown-haired girl looked up from the papers before her, as the group of five approached and smiled to them with a secretive wink to Kelly.

“Hi, I’m Lisa. I’d like to sign up for beginning Anatomy.”

“Sorry sister, the class is full. Unless you want to volunteer as a lab assistant.” The girl behind the sign up sheet replied. “It isn’t a big deal. You just have to help out in class and sometimes with some preparatory work. But no-one has taken the job this year.”

Lisa frowned, then looked to her friends for guidance.

Kelly only shrugged, doing a magnificent job of hiding her knowledge of the five open slots in the class. “Why not?” She offered.

Why not indeed? Lisa thought back to Miss Jenkins and the unwanted position she was not being offered, or was it forced into as her assistant.

“Will it take up much out-of-class time?” Lisa asked the sophomore before her at the desk.

“No, hardly any at all.” The girl replied, brushing her long brown hair back off the front of her red shirt, which bore the insignia of the College over her substantial chest. “Better grab it though. I can’t hold it if anyone else comes up.”

“Okay.” Lisa accepted the slot with a sigh. “Let’s just hurry or I won’t be able to get in any more classes!” She signed where the girl indicated, then on a few extra forms that she didn’t take the time to read. The girl behind the desk had indicated something about a Lab Assistant Agreement. Whatever that was.

She finished signing, turned and sped away with Julie tugging her right hand towards the Arts Building nearby.

As they crossed the ground, nearly rushing now as it was after 4:00 with a little less than an hour to finish signing up for at least two more classes, Lisa felt a coming urge to use the rest room for more than just to clean up. She held her breath though, not wanting to share the beginnings of an uncomfortable pressure in her bladder.

“You okay?” Julie asked Lisa, noting the slowing of her step and nervousness in her expression.

“Fine.” Lisa responded.

“Okay. Here is the Arts Building. Come on.” Julie tugged Lisa up the steps into the center of the foyer and half-ran to a sign-up sheet. It was a sketching and sculpturing class where the students were required to pose as well as participate. It was totally devoted to upper level Art Majors, and a few voyeurs. Rarely, however, were there many female Art majors the likes of Lisa.

“Sketching and Sculpturing?” she asked Julie with an incredulous look upon her face.

“Yes, this is the same class I took.” “Do you understand the class?” Asked a longhaired boy from behind the various classes sign up sheets? “You are required to…”

“She knows.” Julie broke in. “I told her all about it.”

The boy looked up at Lisa, large breasts, and nipples hardened and poking through a stained, white halter-top. He mentally undressed her and weighed the decision to see this sight or to possibly foul the vision by clarifying the requirements of the class that he felt certain the girl did not comprehend.

He finally decided to make a few calls to some friends in about five minutes to sign up again for Sketching and Sculpturing.

“Well, okay then.” He smiled. “Sign here.” He pointed to a blank space on the sign up sheet below about seven other names. “And here.” He pulled out a model release form that waved any compensatory rights to the use of her work if any material were subsequently sold.

Lisa signed again without reading and began shifting from one foot to the other, noticing the strengthening of the pressure in her bladder. She didn’t read a word and turned around after signing, looking frantically for a bathroom door. “Where is the bathroom?” She whispered to Julie.

“There are none open here.” Julie lied. “Can you hold out for a little longer? You need one more class at least. Then we can go to the Student Hall and you can wash up and use the rest rooms there.”

“Okay.” Lisa sighed. “But let’s hurry, I really have to go soon.”

“Okay. Let’s get you a Physical Education class and if you want, an easy elective. That should make for a relatively easy first semester.”

Lisa smiled, happy that she had met such helpful friends.

Julie smiled, happy that she had such a naïve plaything for a next-door neighbor.

The girls all rushed across campus at a full sprint, headed for the Sports Complex on the far side. Lisa’s breasts bounced wildly without the needed support, creating a terrific display for the many men that the girls passed. The other girls bounced within the confines of their bras, but were too delirious with their mission to worry about the few ogles that broke momentarily from the jostling tit meat of their new ‘friend’.

About half way there, Kelly exclaimed at the time. “It’s 4:45!”

Marcy made her well-rehearsed statement and question as the four girls all held their breath in anticipation of their latest secret move. “Lisa, do you want a full schedule?” “Umm. I don’t know, maybe I should just take it easy this first semester.” Lisa replied, continuing towards the designated building.

“Well, I would suggest that you take a full 21 credits.” Julie chimed in, as the other girls agreed.

“We don’t have time though.” Lisa replied, somewhat happy with that thought.

“I can sign you up.” Marcy offered. “If you want. I’ll just sign your name for an elective.”

“It’s up to you Lisa.” Kelly offered at the confused look for help from Lisa’s eyes. “I would, but it’s your decision.”

The pains in her stomach were increasing by the moment. Lisa crossed her legs as the four girls were no longer moving and relented the point. “Yes, sign me up.” She then reached for Julie’s hand and pulled towards the Physical Education Building. “Hurry!”

Lisa couldn’t exactly run in her current state. It was more like a waddling jog. She was afraid she would release soon if they didn’t stop, but pushed on with the looming of the clock so close at hand.

Julie nearly laughed, as she was sure her three friends were doing all the way to the Drama Building where they would soon have Lisa’s schedule completed with an acting class known for it’s requirements of various states of undress. The two girls came then to the building and walked inside at precisely 4:56.

Without a moment to spare, Lisa signed her name to the roster of the Women’s Soccer Remediary Class. It was a class designed to help the soccer team to stay in shape and ripen their skills for the next season. It was well known that the majority of the Women’s Soccer Team was dykes and better known that they loved to haze new girls, especially ones that weren’t very good at the sport.

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A few hundred yards away, Marcy struggled in the last few minutes with a decision. She considered signing Lisa up for the production of Hair, but realizing that she could easily wimp out of the nudity, she instead elected for a class called Self Actualization. The draw to the class was phenomenally low, only about a dozen participants. This was Mr. Eldrod’s class. Mr. Eldrod was eccentric at the least. Repulsive was a more accurate definition of the man and his classes.

He stressed Performance Art, a disgusting waste of spotlights to Marcy’s opinion. People relieving themselves on stage or masturbating or pouring food products all over themselves. Weird stuff abounded in this class and the odder the better when it came to the public display at the end of the semester.

“Perfect.” Marcy murmured, signing Lisa’s name as Kelly and Joan laughed behind her. They giggled quietly, not wanting to alert the confused looking young man behind the desk, but it sounded like a roar to Marcy and she couldn’t help but to release a little giggle of her own.

Before the boy at the sign up desk could ask, they were off again, running at full steam to the Student Union Building, to beat Julie and Lisa.

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Lisa was rocking back and forth, holding her legs tight together. The crotch of the small panty she wore was constantly rubbing her clit, pussy lips and anus while she walked. The sensations did nothing to help her forget her need for release. She looked about frantically for a rest room.

Julie giggled at Lisa’s discomfort and tugged at her hand, forcing her to walk. Lisa nearly cried as she felt a small trickle escape when she released the pressure of her thighs and gave in to walking.

“Hurry.” She whispered, as Julie led her through the doors and across campus once again. Lisa didn’t even notice the jeers and stares as her breasts jostled freely under the dirty, white, and halter-top. She had only one thing, one goal in mind.

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Marcy and Joan guarded the door as Kelly walked in to make sure there were no more boys in the rest room. They had turned away several already, while waiting for what they felt had to be the last of the men in there. Kelly found a quite vacant bathroom and went about her work quickly. She locked the first two stalls and crawled on the floor to escape the locked toilets. She then likewise locked the last two stalls, leaving only three unlocked stalls in the middle. She then did her best with a mop bucket and an empty cardboard box to hide the urinals.

It would never be enough, but if the girls could get her around to a sink first, it would be too late. She smiled a deep and devious smile before leaving to join her girlfriends outside. Marcy had already taken the sign off the door and held it behind her back when the three girls saw Julie with a very flushed and flustered look on her face. She squeezed her thighs tight together at the door as they paused to get their bearings.

Julie took her hand again and pulled towards her three friends. They all exchanged smiles as Lisa felt another trickle wetting the crotch of her panty. She waddled towards the door, afraid to take much of a step forward. She had attracted some unwanted attention in the hall full of returned students and tried to block out everything around her.

A few of those in the Union recognized her from the previous night and pointed and continued gleefully telling the stories of her enormous production of cum. Lisa couldn’t hear any particular sounds above the general murmur. She likely wouldn’t have believed a word of it if she had. She moved with sole purpose towards the door.

“Let’s get you cleaned up!” Kelly offered, pulling Lisa through the door and blocking her view of the urinals as they turned towards the sink. Once inside, the girls helped her, running the sink and giving her paper towels. Lisa was miserable. She just wanted to get into the toilet and the sound of the water didn’t help at all.

As Lisa was bent over, washing her face in the sink, holding her thighs tightly together, Kelly commented, “Why don’t you take off your top Lisa? You can clean it in the sink.” Lisa looked up, quite flustered with the situation. “You hate me don’t you?” Kelly asked, in the most pitiful voice she could summon. “I’m sorry I stained your top.”

“No,” Lisa finally replied, “I don’t hate you. It’s just very embarrassing and I really have to pee.”

“OH! I understand.” Kelly responded as if there were no clue to Lisa’s plight. “Do you want me to stay here with you?” Julie had already left to join Marcy and Joan in returning the MEN sign on the outside of the door.

“No, I’ll be out in a minute. I just need to clean up this mess.”

Kelly smiled at her and left. She broke into laughter as she saw the line of guys lining up to get in right behind her.

Lisa wished for a bit more privacy, but had been in enough locker rooms to accept that a woman might walk through the door any minute and see her breasts while she soaked the white shirt. She began thinking how much trouble she might be in with Miss Jenkins if she didn’t get the stains out. She stuck her thumbs under the shirt and with one motion, pulled it up and over her head and into the warm water in the sink. She pushed the soap dispenser and began rubbing the soap into the stain when she heard a sound.

She immediately put her left hand over her breasts, continuing to scrub the shirt with her right hand, expecting a woman to come around the corner at any second. Then the deepness of the voice struck the reality into her mind. It was a man! It was several men! She suddenly noticed the urinals against the wall that she somehow hadn’t noticed when they rushed in. Then she noticed the seven stalls behind her, and jumped for the one in the middle. She barely caught the first boy in the corner of her eye as she pulled the door closed behind her.

They saw her jump into the stall, topless and holding what she could of her oversized breasts in one arm. A few seconds later, Lisa was sitting on the toilet seat, holding her breasts in her arms and realizing that her halter was still in the sink. She sighed and waited for them to leave. A more pressing matter was urging her for release.

The boys took their time, talking out loud to one another and whispering to each other about the girl in the stall until one noticed her top in the sink. “What the hell!” He yelled out loud. “Someone is doing their laundry in here?” He laughed.

Some of the boys had found that Lisa didn’t notice as they looked down at her from the toilet seats on either side. She initially just sat there, arms around her naked breasts, leaving much of the flesh exposed, waiting for them to leave. When she heard the discovery of her top, she sank low, releasing her breasts and curling up her knees to her chest. She prayed they would leave soon.

All around her there were toilets and urinals being flushed as the boys feigned that they did not know she was in there. Actually, they really did have to use the bathroom. There was a lot of beer being circulated in the Union Hall and the boys had been holding out, not wanting to walk up a floor to use the second floor restroom. But now, their basic needs were satisfied and they took turns, silently climbing up on the toilets to either side, looking down at the topless, scared girl.

The guy who discovered her halter made sure it was thoroughly soaked, submerging it in the water entirely. Then he flung it at a friend, who laughed and jumped to the side. It wasn’t planned, but somehow the darned thing landed right in a urinal. The boys all laughed and encouraged whoever still had to go to piss on the garment.

Dizzy Goes To College Ch. 3

Lisa had no idea what was going on. She just wanted to get out of this stall, grab her shirt and run away from the Student Union forever. The boys showed no sign of leaving though and she finally relaxed, sitting back and releasing her breasts to the view of the boys from above. One of the boys then took the shirt out of the urinal with a pen and through it back into the sink.

Lisa couldn’t hold it anymore and the four boys standing on the toilet were hard pressed to withhold their excited sighs. She pulled the skirt up over her hips and slid the knickers down to her knees and released a steady stream of urine into the toilet. All the boys silenced one another, making the sound of Lisa’s release echo in the bathroom, magnified a thousand times in her head. When she finished, nearly two minutes after starting, Lisa leaned forward and cleaned up not only her naked vagina, but also her thighs and inner legs where she had dribbled earlier. She dabbed at the crotch of her knickers to dry them as well, much to the enjoyment of the voyeurs in the accompanying stalls.

The scene from above her was extraordinary. The guys were watching as Lisa leaned this way and that, her naked breasts jostling freely. Her skirt was rolled up to her waist, providing a clean view of her upper thighs and the boys were just wishing that she were naked so they could see the wet pussy lips they now imagined that this girl was dabbing with toilet paper.

The boys laughed constantly, sharing whispered tales of what they saw and encouraging all the newcomers to take a look. One boy actually helped her by moving her top in the soapy water, probably removing most of the urine smell in the process. He took a black market that he just happened to carry around for graffiti purposes and wrote PINCH MY ASS across the back. The boys laughed as they witnessed the writings and several of them silently filed out of the doors, some running to their dorm rooms for their cameras. Others rushed to call their friends.

Lisa waited and waited and as the boys finally cleared out of the room, tiring of looking at her breasts from the top of the stall, she found the long awaited sound of silence. Still, she dared not move. How did she end up topless in the Boy’s Room?

Outside, the crowds had gathered. Hundreds of cameras, video cameras, digital cameras, all awaited the exit of the chesty blonde with the soaking wet T-shirt with derogatory statements.

Inside, Lisa finally got up her nerve and stood up, lifting her knickers around her hips and letting her skirt fall to her thighs. She listened carefully, and then turned the lock on the stall door. She listened with her ear pressed to the door, her own heart pounding in anticipation. With one quick dash, she ran to the sink, withdrew the soaking halter and jumped back into the stall.

She resigned herself to worry about cleaning the garment back in the dorm room. She wrung it out into the toilet bowl, getting as much wetness as possible out of the garment. She noticed the black ink on the shirt, but dismissed it as somehow a part of the earlier mess she had made. With the article all balled up, there was no indication that the marks were synchronized letters or words.

Bracing herself for the chill, she pulled the wet top over her naked breasts. Her nipples instantly sprang out to their full two-inch length. She looked down in horror at the two thick, erect nipples that showed clearly through the wet, white material. She nearly broke down, but that would have to wait. She had to get home, back to her dorm room.

She waited for her nerve to coax her out into the bathroom, then into the Union Hall. She wondered if Julie and Kelly had known this was the Men’s Room. They were all upper classmen after all.

Outside, the natives were getting restless and several men tried to push towards the door to further torment Lisa from inside. But they were held back and hushed as everyone fought for the best possible view of Lisa’s exit. The beers and wine coolers had circulated for hours already and a few men actually needed to use the rest room again. They held out though, all waiting in anticipation of the wet halter clad woman with the large breasts that they had all heard about.

Slowly and as quietly as possible, Lisa opened the door to the stall once again and moved toward the door. Her skin tingled as the cooler air of the open room rushed in against the soaking material of the top. She moved towards the door, cautiously planning a sprint back to the stall if necessary. In the fifteen steps that seemed to take an eternity, she reached out at last for the handle to the door. The taste of victory, the sweet smell of escape filled her senses and she swung the door open, thrusting herself out into the open Hall.

Lisa had intended to quickly mingle through the crowd, out the front door and quickly move to her dorm room. Nothing could have prepared her for the bright lights that sprung to life as she opened the door. She was blinded when the flashes and video camera lights went off, nearly simultaneously. Then she remained blinded and confused as the cameras continued to flash and the video lights stayed trained on her. She put a hand up to her eyes and looked straight down, but all she could see was blackness, pierced by bright spots.

Closing her eyes tight, she waited for the assault on her vision to pass. Then she felt something tug at her hand. The next feeling was that of being surrounded. As her eyes slowly began to focus again, she found herself pressed body to body from all directions as nearly every man in the Hall moved towards her. She was fondled continuously, hands reaching under her skirt, squeezing and pinching her uncovered ass cheeks.

Since someone had told everyone about her top being pissed on in the urinal, no one went for her breasts, but they were all sure to take a long look at the unbelievably long nipples that clearly shown through the saturated material. Lisa twisted her hips and pushed through the crowd. She was embarrassed and ashamed at all the attention to her ass.

Every time a hand would leave her left cheek due to a strong swing of her hips to the right, some other hand would squeeze hard on he r right cheek. When she swung back from that hand, another one or two would grasp the left cheek again. Some of the boys would grab her through the denim of her skirt; others yanked upward and grabbed her bare ass. Each squeeze buried the taut material of the red thong tighter against her ass and crotch.

Lisa would never know it, and neither would her closest friends, but Kelly snuck into the crowd and grabbed at Lisa’s ass, pushing her finger down along the thong towards the wet crotch of the garment. Lisa jumped when the caress touched her outer lip, the thong buried between her lips now due to the constant twisting of her hips.

Kelly brought her finger to her lips and snuck back out, returning to the dorm room to masturbate and think of Lisa.

Lisa was slowly making progress towards the front doors, but every step pushed her into more and more groping hands. She held her left arm around her chest and used her right hand to tug down on her skirt. This kept the boys on the right out, but the ones at the left saw this as a challenge now and one boy got braver than the rest. Counting upon the swarm of men to cover his actions, he tugged up hard on the left side of her skirt, baring the thin hip strap of her thong. He then opened a pocketknife, slid the dull edge between panty and skin and tugged out hard.

He nearly cut another guy with the outward cut when the material ripped and released the knife. He pulled in quick though and folded and returned the knife to his pocket before grabbing her now completely naked left ass cheek and pinching it hard.

Lisa felt the skirt jump up and struggled to pull away. But as she did she felt her own forward thrust rip the waistband of the panty. The hard squeeze and pinch on her cheek barely registered. What did register was a flashback to the daily walks in the halls of her old high school, where mostly her girl friends would lift her skirt to give every pair of eyes behind her a clear view. They would sometimes make her go with no knickers and flash not only her naked ass, but also a rear view of her pussy lips.

Lisa shrugged the thought from her head and released her hands from her body, using them instead to push through the crowd. She pushed and squeezed, handled every step of the way. She could feel the left band of her panty hanging loose against her thigh in front and against her ass cheek in back. The thong was buried between her ass cheeks and held up.

She was moving much faster, and in the confusion, the predicament of her panty escaped most of the men as well. Until one boy sighted the dangling fabric. He was pushing towards her from behind and having a great deal of difficulty pushing through the throng of men to catch her. Every time he was within reach, she would squeeze through another couple of fondling guys and he would have to squeeze past them in turn.

She was only a few steps from the door and the man saw his opportunity passing. He could easily get to her past the doors, but without the veil of anonymity, he would lose his nerve. Finally, in a move of desperation for a perverted thrill, he shoved forward, landing on his knees right behind her and reached out for the loose waistband. He closed his hands around it and yanked down hard.

Lisa bit her lip. She had hoped to get out with her clothing in tact. She felt so exhilarated, only a mere five steps from the door. Then it caught her. More precisely, he caught her. Someone grasped the loose piece of her panty and tugged down, yanking it from her right hip, pulling free from where it had imbedded in her ass cheeks and pussy lips. The remains fell down her leg and as she lifted her foot, the fell to the floor.

Lisa nearly turned around to grab the lost underwear, but when a finger pushed suddenly against her naked pussy, she changed her mind and shoved forward, stumbling over the next five steps and out the front door.

The evening air was cold and it kept her nipples aroused on the long run home. Still barefoot, she made good time across the grass. She finally reached her dormitory, pressed through the gaping mouthed voyeurs at the front lobby and up to her room. She prayed a quiet request that Jenna would be back as she jumped forward and pounded on the door.

The door swung open and there stood Jenna, smiling as her roommate nearly ran her over to get inside the room.

“I missed you too Lisa, but this is ridiculous!” She laughed.

Lisa didn’t laugh, she was panting from running so hard and she was shaking all over. Jenna took a moment to look her over then moved her hand up to stroke Lisa’s cheek. “Are you okay?”

“No!” she replied plainly.

“Oh Lisa. What happened? Come on, let’s get you into a bath and calm you down and you can tell me all about it. Jenna walked to the door and locked it, making sure that Lisa saw her do it, then walked by her, knocking on the bathroom door. Satisfied that it was empty, she opened the door, locked the adjoining door, and turned on the water to the bathtub. She returned and sat down on the bed, pulling Lisa to sit down next to her.

Lisa just breathed heavily, still worn out from the hard run to the dorm. Her face was flushed red with exhaustion and embarrassment. Jenna smiled and took control.

“Lift your arms.” Jenna instructed, gently taking Lisa’s wrists and pulling them upwards until the girl followed of her own accord. Jenna pulled out and up, sliding the halter off Lisa’s body. She tossed it to the floor in a soggy pile. “Stand up.”

Lisa was exhausted in every way imaginable and had no resistance as she leaned forward and stood in front of her roommate. Jenna unbuttoned and unzipped the denim skirt and pulled it down her hips, biting her lip to hold back her surprise at the lack of knickers. Jenna stood then and undressed as Lisa stood in front of her.

She made a meek effort to cover herself, but finally gave up on the attempt, realizing that she and her roommate would likely see each other naked on a regular basis. When Jenna removed the last of her articles and laid them down on her bed, she took Lisa’s hand and pulled her towards the bathroom. Lisa did not resist, and stepped into the tub with Jenna’s guidance, sitting down as Jenna sat behind her.

Jenna took a sponge and slowly washed Lisa’s back. She was gentle, but thorough, washing her neck and every inch of flesh down to the back of her ass where it hit the tub floor. She then washed each arm and each hand and each finger. Lisa relaxed completely under her touch.

“There is another party tonight.” Jenna whispered.

Lisa’s eyes popped open, she never made a sound, but the sudden tension in her muscles showed Jenna her reaction. “We don’t have to go of course. We could just stay here and maybe take a long bath and talk.” She smiled, contemplating the long bath a little too long until Lisa broke the silence.

“I will go if you really want to Jenna.” Lisa stated with a voice that hinted that she hoped her friend would not want to go. “But for me, I would prefer to stay in tonight."

“Okay Lisa.” Jenna answered as sweetly as possible. “We can watch a movie

or something.” Jenna slowly moved forward, spreading her legs around Lisa until her nipples brushed against her back.

Lisa straightened her back a little to pull away, but Jenna rubbed her shoulders with the sponge and relaxed her again. Jenna pulled Lisa closer by pushing back on her shoulders until Jenna’s breasts were pressed against her back.

Lisa could feel Jenna’s nipples hardening as her tit meat squashed against Lisa’s back. She was nervous and afraid. Every thought in her mind was to get out of the tub, but she couldn’t move. It felt too good and she was too exhausted.

Jenna noticed her roommate’s discomfort and it made her all the more excited. She continued to sponge Lisa with her left hand and moved her right hand behind her. She pushed her ass up from the tub floor, slowly, gently and nearly without a sound. Jenna continued to rub the soft sponge over Lisa’s left shoulder and across her neck. Then slightly, inch by delicate inch, shifted forward until she felt Lisa’s ass brush her spread pussy lips.

Jenna slowly lowered herself, biting her lip against the excruciating pleasure as Lisa’s ass cheek stroked against her lowering lips. She returned her right hand alongside the left and dropped the sponge as she began using her hands to massage Lisa’s neck and shoulders.

Jenna would have laughed if she had seen Lisa’s eyes pop open when she felt the tickle of what had to be Jenna’s pussy brushing against her ass. She felt her entire body flush red and felt a need to get out of this tub as quickly as possible. Then came Jenna’s expertly performed massage on her neck and shoulders and soon all thoughts of escape were vanishing quickly away. Lisa closed her eyes and let herself enjoy the massage.

Lisa’s relaxation was short lived however. As Jenna felt her muscles loosening and witnessed her shoulders slowly dropping, she became more and more brave with her massage. Before Lisa ever noticed any change, Jenna’s hands had worked their way down to the tops of her breasts. Alongside the forward motion of her hands, Jenna successfully pulled Lisa’s torso back, firmly pressing her breasts forward against the smooth, naked flesh.

Lisa began to lean forward upon realizing that she was in such an awkward position. She reached for the soap and leaned forward to wash her feet. Jenna accepted the temporary defeat and decided on a more certain course of action. She quickly washed herself, leaving her hair dry.

“Well, you finish up and join me. I think we will go to the party after all.” Jenna smiled as she stood up and took a towel. She dried a little, and then walked with the towel held in her arm, swinging her hips hard to ensure that Lisa would look at her naked ass.

Lisa finished bathing in silence, wondering what had just happened and where her relationship with her roommate was heading. She felt excitement from the contact, but repulsion at the same time. She did not want to be a lesbian, though it seemed that women were the only ones interested in her lately.

Meanwhile, outside the bathroom door, Jenna was busy stirring up a cocktail with a drug mix that one of her male friends had given her. It was like a ‘date rape’ drug in its blocking of the memory and contained an aphrodisiac as well. Add a few drinks and one of these pills was rumored to be capable of getting a nun into bed.

Jenna crushed two of the pills into Lisa’s drink. She also pulled out an outfit that she had purchased for Lisa earlier that day. It was a knee length, spandex dress with strategically positioned slits on the thighs and hips and a back that went all the way down to the top of the ass. The garment was made to expose the lack of undergarments of the wearer.

Jenna also pulled out a pair of heels and thigh high stockings that she had purchased specifically for Lisa to wear tonight. She put on a similar dress for herself, similar in color and material, but allowing her to wear knickers and a bra underneath. Jenna dressed and awaited Lisa’s arrival with a drink in her hand, sipping and planning.

Lisa finally finished soaking and sulking enough to get up from the bath and dry off. She unlocked the opposite bathroom door and tightly wrapped the towel around her body, tucking it at her breasts. She emerged some twenty minutes after Jenna’s departure and closed the door behind her.

One look at the outfit on the bed and Lisa began to shake her head. “No. I can’t wear that Jenna.”

Jenna smiled. “Of course you can. I bought it for you. You aren’t going to disappoint me and let all that money go to waste are you?”

Lisa looked up for a moment, then back and shook her head again. “You can’t even wear knickers with it! No, Jenna. I don’t know why you thought I was that kind of girl, but I would never wear anything so risqué.”

“Risqué?” Jenna sarcastically pointed at the dress. “It comes down to your knees. You can be such a prude sometimes Lisa.”

Lisa pouted. “Dammit Jenna. I don’t mean to hurt your feelings, but I just do not wear things like that. I’m sorry if you do and that insults you somehow, but I do not run around without underwear.” She thought of the events earlier that day. “Usually.” She smiled a little and soon joined Jenna in a laugh.

“At least try it on.” Jenna handed Lisa a drink. “If you really hate it, you can wear a pair of my sweat pants or something.”

Lisa took the drink and sipped, looking at the dress. “Fine.” She sat the drink down on her desk. “I’ll try it on, but I already know I won’t like it.”

“We’ll see.” Jenna grinned mischievously, “We will see.”

Lisa finished toweling dry, turned away from Jenna and pulled the skintight dress over her head and tugged repeatedly to get the material down her body. It was as revealing as Jenna had hoped and Lisa had feared. The chest of the garment actually had an under wire inside to negate the need for a bra. It pushed her breasts up high and the tight material stretched hard to cover her nipples.

The dress actually held on by a strap around the neck, which Jenna buttoned into place. From the throat hung two thin strips of fabric that slowly widened and split into four strips. The four strips further widened as the outside flowed down her naked sides into a dress just below her hips. The center strips connected just below her cleavage, and then separated to encase each breast, pulling it up and presenting the top to Jenna’s pleased view. Each breast was thereby able to jiggle and move of its own volition.

There was no back to the dress at all. The entire garment was fabricated to hug at the waist and breasts, allowing a magnificent volume of flesh to be exposed. The outside straps of fabric circled around the base of her breasts to just beneath them, then continued once again as just thin straps. The straps criss-crossed above her navel, then widened to hold the fabric that became the lower half of the dress.

Dizzy Goes To College Ch. 3

The straps turned into a dipping V at her hips, one V in the front, the tip ending just an inch above her clit and the other in back, revealing about three inches of her ass crack and a decent amount of her upper ass cheeks. The material on her hips was brief, it quickly separated, only about a quarter of an inch of material as a large opening allowed her hips, outer ass cheeks and the front sides of her pelvis to be exposed. Just below her ass, the material completely wrapped around her, hugging her tightly so that the fabric stretched across her ass cheeks.

Below this singular circle of fabric, the dress opened once more with long, oval shaped cut outs on either side, stretched and connected a final time just below her knee. There the material hung loosely for about three inches, shifting with every step of her nervous feet. Jenna stood open mouthed and nearly drooling over the fit that went beyond her hopes when she had the dress made. Just by looking down at the front of the dress and the revealing sides, Lisa knew she didn’t want to wear this dress. “Not a chance.” She laughed.

“Wait!” Jenna interjected before Lisa could disrobe. “Spin for me please?”

She asked.

“NO!” Lisa exclaimed, and started to walk towards Jenna’s chest of drawers in search of a pair of sweats.

Jenna stepped behind her, watching in delight as Lisa’s little, tight ass wiggled back and forth in the hugging material. “Just wear it here.” She demanded, pulling Lisa back so they were both sitting on the bed. “We’ll drink awhile and then we can both change into some sweats okay? That way you won’t feel out of place with me in a dress.”

It made perfect sense to Lisa’s wavering conscious thought and she finished a couple of drinks, including another memory erasing cocktail. Soon the two girls were laughing and singing and putting on high heel shoes. Jenna had timed everything perfectly. It was precisely 8:45 p.m. when they made their way out the door and down the hallway.

On the way across campus, Lisa and Jenna sang and had their arms around each other. They were about half way through one of Lisa’s favorite songs when Jenna began to test the waters. She tugged at the side of the dress, twisting the material at her waist around, pulling against the straps at Lisa’s breasts. The straps kept pulling the material back into place, as it was designed to do, so finally Jenna tugged, holding the material with her hand firmly on Lisa’s hip. She had tugged the V to Lisa’s hip. This caused two interesting situations. Lisa’s pussy was now exposed by the hip hole in front of her and her left ass cheek was completely exposed as the other hip hole circled it.

People fell into line, ogling at Lisa as Jenna paraded her across the campus. As they approached the steps to the House, Jenna released the lower part of the dress. It was stuck however, hugging her ass cheek and only falling about a quarter of the way back into place, revealing the right side of Lisa’s pubic area completely exposed.

“Starting already are you Jenna?” a familiar voice broke through the laughter and discussions that now surrounded upon the pretty blonde and her askew dress. Sonya reached through to hug Jenna.

Jenna whispered, “WE should start early tonight. What is happening tonight anyway?”

Sonya held the hug as Lisa watched. Someone pinched her ass, she assumed through the back of the dress, still not realizing that her cheek was completely exposed.

“I think we have to shave her for certain.” Sonya began, “then we have a band playing out back later, maybe we can convince Lisa to dance on stage.” She giggled.

“Okay, but I want to play with the swing again tonight okay?” Jenna continued.

“Okay, but you have to let me in tonight. I am the Housemistress after all.” Sonya commanded softly. “I’m going to cover the poor girl back up for now though.” She broke the hug and leaned forward to hug Lisa.

Lisa returned the hug, and then felt Sonya’s hands shift downward and rest on her ass cheeks. It took a few squeezes until she realized that one cheek felt different than the other and Lisa blushed her normal bright red. Sonya whispered into her ear. “You have to be careful with these dresses. Mine gets turned around all the time.” She released Lisa’s ass cheeks and pulled the dress back into place.

“Thank you” Lisa managed to whisper in return. “I think I will go now, I must have embarrassed you enough for one night.”

“Don’t be ridiculous.” Sonya returned. “Hardly anyone noticed and those who did got to see a fine ass, not the thing you see every day.”

“Thank you again.” Lisa blushed, then began to feel uncomfortable with the lengthy hug and slowly backed away.

“I’m so glad you made it tonight Lisa.” Sonya said aloud as she and Jenna led Lisa into the house. “Last night was just too busy to get to spend any quality time with you, and I do so love to meet all the new pledges before we start hazing.”

“Hazing?” Lisa asked, “What kind of hazing do you do?”

“Just the normal stuff.” Jenna interrupted. “Pranks and spanks. A little prance in front of guys in your underwear, that kind of thing. It’s fun, you’ll love it.”

Lisa visibly tightened her muscles. “I don’t know about fun or loving it.”

She muttered.

Jenna and Sonya laughed and each wrapped an arm around Lisa’s waist from either side of her. They soon found Jordan and Kim. The six women exchanged hugs and soon ended up in the kitchen near the blender.

Lisa never noticed that there were two blenders and by the third Pina Colada, she had no clue that the ice cubes used were made from her orgasms the previous night. The other girls knew and gave each other knowing looks and grins whenever Lisa took a sip. They kept asking her how it tasted and laughing whenever she said ‘good’ or ‘great’ or ‘wonderful’.

“Jeff just fucked me well a few minutes ago, want to see?” Sonya blurted when the dry conversation had made the switch to the erotic. Before anyone could respond, she lifted her left leg onto a chair, pulled her skirt up and her knickers to the side, exposing her cum filled pussy.

Lisa stared wide-eyed and with her mouth gaping open. She could not believe Sonya’s nerve. The other girls laughed and likewise exposed their pussies, pulling up their skirts and pulling their knickers to the side.

Lisa looked around from cooze to cooze, her mouth open, her eyes unblinking. “Come on Lisa, don’t be a prude. Did you have sex tonight?” Sonya asked and she released her own skirt to pull up at Lisa’s. Lisa pulled away. “No!” She blushed as she realized she had just offended the housemistress. “I mean I didn’t have sex.”

“Prove it!” Jordan and Kim cried out in unison. But Lisa stood still, hands uncomfortably pressed against her dress.

Jenna just smiled at her as Lisa turned to her roommate for help. “Just do it quick and get it over with Lisa.” She offered. “Otherwise they will fuck with you all night.”

Lisa blushed and closed her eyes as she leaned forward and grasped the dress at the bottom. She slid it up to mid-pelvis in one quick tug and lifted her left leg to expose her pussy to the girls. She felt hot breath down there and went to open her eyes, but soon felt a kitchen cloth wrapping around her eyes.

“It’s a game Lisa.” Jordan whispered in her ear as Lisa felt her wrists securely grabbed from either side. “You like games don’t you?”

Lisa felt the breath getting closer and closer, hotter and hotter with the proximity of her pussy to the mouth. She sighed aloud. “Please let me go.”

“Shhhh,” Jordan whispered into her ear. “The game is to guess who is near your pussy. As soon as you guess correctly the game is over and you get to play. Consider it part one of your hazing.” She laughed.

Without further warning the mouth closed the gap and opened against Lisa’s pussy. She squealed out loud from the sudden, unexpected sensation. She tried to close her legs, but felt hands at her ankles, holding her in place. The mouth pressed hard against her pussy, the tongue pressing flat against the outer lips as the mouth’s lips closed and opened, toothlessly biting her pussy lips.

“Oh My GOD!” she exclaimed, thrusting her pelvis away from the invading tongue.

“Shhhh,” Jordan whispered so closely that Lisa could feel the dampness of her warm breath against her ear. “Just think about it. Who do you think has a mouth like that one?”

Lisa resigned herself to play this silly game; it wasn’t like she had much of a choice in the matter. “Ummm… oh GOD!” she mumbled, trying to formulate words above the sensations she was feeling.

Lisa couldn’t believe that one of these girls was eating her pussy. The thought disgusted her though her body overtook the condemnation of her mind and forced enjoyment upon her. She felt her pussy lips parting, opening to the growing pleasure of the warm mouth closed about her pussy lips. As if responding to the beckoning call of her desire, the mouth’s tongue departed the confines of its lips and entered her.

Lisa felt her sanity flying away. “Please Jenna, no!” She responded in a throaty, breathless voice.

“Okay Lisa.” Jordan whispered into her ear. “Who is sucking your pussy do you think?”

“I can’t…” Ripples of pleasure jolted through her body and her words were lost before they ever reached her mouth. “Please… Jenna…” She stammered.

“Wrong answer Lisa. Good luck with the next one.”

Lisa began writhing as the tongue began to enter her, the unknown mouth opened wide and the lips pressing hard against her sex. The flattened tongue curled inside her and began wagging back and forth and up and down. The mouth pressed against her outer labia and her clitoris, clamping down and sending undeniable pleasure up through her body. She felt the last of her energy dissipate as she relinquished her body to this pleasure and began pressing her pelvis forward against the talented mouth that tortured her so exquisitely.

While Jenna continued to dine upon her roommate, she almost gave herself away, stopping for a moment when Lisa had indicated her by name. Jenna wondered how Lisa could have possibly guessed who was devouring her juicy pussy. Jordan had been quick though, summarily discounting the correct guess for the request for help that it really was and forcing this ‘game’ to continue. The other sisters were not so interested in tasting of Lisa’s treasures and thus would remove any chance that she would guess correctly as Sonya departed the kitchen and began lining up any single boys and the toughest looking lesbians she could find.

Jordan and Kim were holding Lisa’s wrists and arm, forcing her to stand and blocking any attempt to stop the fun. In the passing minutes, however, Lisa’s fight had left her and their job was quite easy. Finally, they were just holding her up, making sure that her relaxed stage of excitement did not permit her to fall to the floor.

The line was long, but very quiet as Sonya warned them all against making any noise whatsoever. Sonya, meanwhile, could not resist touching her own sex as she watched Jenna feasting on her roommates open cunt. She came back to her senses then and left the room, returning a few minutes later with two video cameras. One she sat on a tripod to provide a full sized view of Lisa. The second she carried, zooming in on the action.

Jenna was in heaven. She had longed to taste her roomy for so long and now it was happening. She slid her left hand between her own spread thighs, sliding her fingers inside her knickers and rubbing herself. She wrapped her right arm around Lisa’s waist and pulled her hips down and forward, forcing Lisa to impale herself on Jenna’s tongue.

Lisa suddenly began to shake and Jenna sighed in anticipation of the mouthful of cum that she knew would soon be pouring into her mouth. Lisa’s legs went limp and her body was held up by Jordan and Kim on each arm and by her pussy pressed hard against Jenna’s face. She moaned uncontrollably, spasming in the delight of her orgasm.

Her juices flowed freely, like a dam bursting into Jenna’s mouth. Jenna choked; she hadn’t really anticipated the volume, even after seeing it last night. She tried to swallow and take another mouth full, but the girlcum in her throat forced her to cough hard against Lisa’s orgasming pussy, resulting in the flow splattering against Jenna’s face and flowing down her chin. She pulled back to regain her composure, but the orgasm did not stop and the front of her dress was instantly soaked by the falling liquid of Lisa’s orgasm.

Jenna continued to sputter and cough and Sonya just grabbed her mouth tight to keep from yelling aloud. Lisa, meanwhile, strained against the continuing orgasm and leaned back against the counter to keep from falling. Jenna crawled away and retrieved a bucket from under the sink, still coughing now and again to clear the girlcum from her throat.

Jordan whispered into Lisa’s ear. “Did you cum?”

Lisa couldn’t answer, she only sighed aloud.

“I thought so.” Jordan continued. “Are you ready for the next person?”

Lisa startled from her daze. “Oh please Jordan, no more. I can’t possibly do this, it is too humiliating, orgasming in front of my friends. Orgasming with my friends! Please put a stop to it?”

“Sorry sweetie. We all went through the same thing. You’ll have to guess correctly. Try really hard.” She giggled as Sonya led some freshman boy up on his hands and knees and pushed his face into Lisa’s pussy.

“Oh God!” Lisa cried out as the boy went straight to work, sucking and lapping at her pussy. He was not nearly as good as Jenna, but at this point, Lisa would take little else to cum again and again.

Sonya, meanwhile, had one of the other Sisters shaving the men’s faces so they would be as smooth as any of the women when they went down on Lisa. Jenna took the opportunity to place the bucket between Lisa’s spread legs.

Lisa just shook her head from side to side, moaning with pleasure.

“Who is it Lisa?” Jordan whispered.

“Ummm..” Lisa stammered. “Oh my God…”

“Itssssssss”

“Sssssonyaaa”

She through her neck back and her pussy forward, nearly knocking the poor boy over when her hips pressed against his face. The freshman was sucking and lapping like a dog, shoving his face as hard into Lisa’s cunt as possible, coating his face in her juices.

“Sorry Lisa.” Jordan replied. “Wrong answer.”

Lisa shook again and rolled her head towards Jordan. “Whhhho is it?”

“Now I can’t tell you that Lisa, that would be giving the game away.”

Jordan responded. “After all we keep playing until you guess correctly.”

“Oh no.” Lisa replied. She started moving her hips up and down against the boy’s face, bringing her pussy closer and closer to its next orgasm.

Jenna went to the upstairs bedroom to change and clean up a bit. She looked in the mirror and smiled at the mess looking back at her. Her hair was wet and disheveled. Her face was glistening with a wet coating of Lisa’s cum. She could smell the strong scent of Lisa's juices in her nose where she knew it would remain for days to come. She went into the

bathroom and washed her hair, reapplying her makeup and doing the best she could with her hair. She was careful not to clean her nose, savoring that scent.

She soon saw her face flushing in the mirror as she realized her hand was buried tucked under her own skirt, diving into her knickers from the side and bringing her closer and closer to orgasmic bliss as she relived her first taste of her roommate. She listened carefully and above the heaviness of her own breath, she heard Lisa moaning and screaming in delight, saying ‘no more’ though her voice held no resolve.

Jenna grasped her left breast through her blouse with her left hand, pinching her nipple through the fabric as her right hand slid faster and faster up and down the opening of her cunt, rubbing herself from clitoris to perineum and back again. She began bucking her hips wildly, picturing Lisa returning the oral pleasures that she was receiving as her climax arrived. Jenna bit her lower lip hard to stifle the moan that still escaped.

She watched her red flushed face slowly returning to its normal color as she straightened up her clothes and hair and once again fixed her makeup. She opened the door to the sound of Lisa orgasming once again.

A wide and tooth-filled smile crossed her face as she descended the stairs towards the kitchen.