**Hell Week for Luanne  
by Invictus17**

Luanne was 18 years old and a freshman at --- College. She was stunningly pretty, even beautiful; five-foot-four with long chestnut-brown hair that fell in gentle waves to her shoulders, sparkling hazel eyes, milky-white, perfect skin, and an innocent smile that could break your heart with its sweetness. Her body was perfect; just a touch on the chubby side, but curvy and delicious, with full hips, a beautifully round and protuberant bottom, and breasts just a little too large for her frame. Perfect, beautifully shapely legs and arms, pretty feet and hands, and a charming modesty and old-fashioned primness that made it clear she had no conceit about her beauty. She seemed innocently unaware of it.

It was Rush Week, and Luanne was the prettiest girl that had ever wanted to pledge the Delta sorority--and they hated her for it. The other girls--homely dogs, obese pigs, and ugly geeks--were viciously jealous of this sweet and beautiful girl. They decided to punish Luanne and make her innocent beauty a curse instead of something to be proud of. They would destroy her, making her a laughingstock and a public cunthole instead of "the prettiest girl at --- College." they began making plans the very day that Luanne showed up at their rush party.

Day 1

Luanne clapped her pretty hands with joy at being told she had been accepted as a pledge--but she didn't notice the sly looks that passed between the two girls who brought her the news, one fat with piggy little eyes, the other skinny, flat-chested and pimply. They smirked knowingly at each other, but poor Luanne took the smirks as friendly smiles. She would soon learn differently.

Luanne reported to the dorm basement that night; the Deltas had no sorority house. She learned that she was the only pledge that year--which she took as an honor, but which was merely part of the active members' plan. Luanne blushed when she heard the dress code for Hell Week: she would be allowed to wear no underwear, no panties or bra, all week. Short miniskirts and clingy knit tops with white thong bikini sandals would be all she was allowed to wear. She was to wear no nail polish on either fingers or toes, and no jewelry at all. It was all part of the active members' cruel plan.

And there was more.

On that first night, Luanne was required to strip naked in the dorm basement and wait, standing on a tabletop barefoot and without so much as a Band-Aid on, while the actives took all her clothing back to her room. The pretty virgin stood nervously, blushing an embarrassed red in the bright lights as the other girls giggled and pointed at her. Luanne felt horribly exposed and vulnerable, intensely aware that there was not so much as a stitch of her clothing in the room or indeed even in that wing of the dorm. She kept looking nervously at a large mirror on the wall opposite the table, mortified at her total exposure. She felt like she was on display.

The actives stared at her and hated her even more intensely. Luanne's bare breasts were as perfect as could be imagined; full, firm and pointed, with oversized, puffy pink aureolae as big as coffee cups and fat, prominent nipples that stuck out a half-inch. Her big bottom was round and firm, deeply split and as smooth and creamy as could be, without a trace of cellulite. Her belly was smoothly curved, pale and almost flat; her sweet pubis plump and tempting, her soft vaginal crevice visible through her sparse, virginal hair. There we're no sharp angles on her body--she was all curves, milky-white and flawless. Luanne looked like an angel, but a shapely and sensual one.

The other girls' jealousy and hatred knew no bounds. They did not frown, though; they laughed and sniggered and smiled cruel smiles as they made Luanne turn and pose and stick out her chest and bend over with her bare feet wide apart. Luanne could not help looking back at the mirror as she showed off her big, beautiful, bare white ass and gently swinging breasts.

The sorority officers came back, carrying...

"Oh, no," cried Luanne softly.

They were holding an electric clipper, a pan of water, a bar of soap, and a disposable razor. "Oh, no, please..."

Luanne was made to lie down on the table under the bright lights and spread her legs wide, holding her knees back with her pretty bare feet in the air while they shaved her pussy bare from her belly to her asshole. She was soon as pink and hairless as a three-year-old, her plump, tender vagina completely exposed. She was then told to hold her pussy as wide open as she could for "inspection," her knees back and wide apart and her pretty hands stretching her pink, perfect pussy lips to the max. Poor Luanne's face was bright red with embarrassment as she peeled her virgin labia back and showed off her tender, intimate opening for the very first time. Luanne was showing off her most intimate secrets, which no one but her female doctor had ever seen, to everyone in the room.

But that wasn't enough. At the actives' prompting, Luanne began squeezing her vaginal muscles as blatantly as she could, making her tender, perfect, virgin pussy open and close, squeeze and squelch, as obscenely as could be imagined. She could not take her eyes off the mirror on the opposite wall; she was displaying herself like a shameless whore. Her face was a deep, embarrassed red as she kept up her "cuntal exercises," as the actives called them.

It would have been even redder had Luanne known she was going out over a live video feed to every fraternity on campus, where the male students watched her "inspection" on enormous projection screens. They whooped and hollered in delight and lust--and recorded pretty Luanne's bald, three-foot-high, stretched-open and squelching hole--with her pretty pink-cheeked face just above it in the background--on videotapes that would be seen by every male in the college. She was looking right into one of the cameras which was concealed behind the mirror, and the girl working that camera had zoomed in on Luanne's wide-open cunt, making sure her pretty red face was visible as her squeezing, visibly juicy sex organs filled the screen.

Luanne had been on camera from the moment she had begun to strip, displayed naked to any man or boy who cared to watch.

Day 2

The next day, Luanne noticed the giggling, the pointing, the smirks and the whispered conversations that followed her wherever she went--but she ascribed them to her short skirt, her bare, pale, shapely legs, and the fact that she was obviously not wearing a bra. Luanne's heavy tits were clearly visible under her clingy blouse, her fat nipples outlined by the thin fabric, and they jiggled and wobbled as she walked. She carried a notebook most of the day as she went to her classes, clutching it to her chest modestly. That made it harder to control her short skirt in the wind, which was constantly threatening to expose her bare ass and shaved pussy. It was a long day for the modest, innocent beauty.

On the second night in the dorm basement, Luanne was once again ordered to stand on the table in the glaring, merciless lights--again, barefoot and totally naked, as bare as a newborn baby, pale and perfect. She wondered what would happen that night as she posed and postured at the actives' direction, doing backbends and Chinese splits and crawling on her hands and knees. Every pose and move seemed to exhibit her heavy bare tits, her big white ass, and her bare bald pussy, but Luanne hardly noticed. She had no thought of anyone but her sorority sisters watching as she looked at herself in the mirror.

All over the campus, the men were gathering in front of their huge-screened plasma TVs, laughing, opening beers, lighting joints and making sure their VCRs were getting everything. The pretty naked girl on the screen turned and posed innocently, looking into the eyes of her grinning, appreciative audience with an apprehensive expression that only made her seem more exposed and bare. Hundreds of horny men were watching her, but she had no idea of it. That made her exposure that much more exciting to the watching men.

At the actives' direction, Luanne was squatting low with her bare feet wide apart and her pelvis thrust forward blatantly, facing the mirror and leaning back on her hands, looking at herself and her bare, totally exposed crotch in the mirror--biting her lip in embarrassment at her buck naked display. She felt very unladylike; why, she was even showing off her pink, twitching asshole!

Luanne held that pose as the actives poured warm oil all over her white, naked body, rubbing it in and spreading it till she was thickly coated and gleaming from her bare feet to her hairline. When every square millimeter of her body was shining, she was told to stand up.

"Now dance naked for us, Pledge Luanne," said Wendy. "Dance dirty. Shake your tits and hunch your pussy and jiggle your ass. Get down and bump your hips like you're fucking. If you don't dance dirty enough, you don't get in." One of the other girls pressed a button on a boombox in the corner, and a lewd, thumping rock-and-roll beat filled the room.

The shy, modest coed hardly knew how to begin, but after some prompting by the cruel actives, Luanne was shaking her bare, perfect tits and bumping her freshly shaved pussy like a belly dancer, showing off her fat, delicious bare ass and squatting to hunch and stroke her totally exposed crotch, giggling with embarrassment and excitement--barefoot, shaved bare, and as naked as a newborn baby, gleaming all over with the shiny oil.

And all over the campus, men were cheering and whistling and shouting encouragement as they watched innocent Luanne bump and jiggle naked and gleaming with oil.

Luanne felt strange; she was really getting into the music, extremely conscious of her naked, glistening body, and growing sexually aroused as well. Her exposed pussy was swollen, her nipples hard. She was beginning to really work at putting on the nastiest and most obscene sexual display that she could. She had never felt quite that way before...

The girls had had plates of brownies and Cokes before the meeting began, and Luanne's brownies had been heavily laced with powerful Afghan hashish. Luanne was stoned.

To the actives'--and the avidly watching men's--delight, the pale, naked, barefoot beauty was soon giving it everything she had. Luanne was half-squatting with her bare feet planted wide apart, snapping her pelvis forward rhythmically to show off her shaved and shining genitals. She was bouncing and waggling her heavy, gleaming, hard-nippled tits, turning and shaking her plump, pale, oily ass, and bending over to stick it out as she arched and hunched and pumped her hips. She seemed unable to close her shapely legs, dancing with her glistening thighs wide apart the whole time.

The music changed, growing faster, the beat more insistent. Luanne jumped and stamped and bounced heavily on her heels, making every square inch of her pale, naked, shining flesh quiver and quake like Jell-O--tits flying, thighs working, bare feet arching and turning. Giggling, Luanne even squatted and stuck out her gleaming, swollen pussy and held it open, working her redly aroused cuntmuscles in time to the music. She bent over and crouched and pulled her fat, gleaming asscheeks apart to show off her flaring pussy lips and her shiny pink asshole, swinging her perfect, glistening tits wildly between her legs, bare feet still wide apart on the oil-spattered table. Then she squatted even lower and stuck out her ass as if inviting anyone watching to fuck her, brushing the table with her swinging tits, her fat, erect nipples leaving trails of oil.

In the men's dorms and frat houses, there was an uncharacteristic silence, broken only by the occasional exclamation: "God DAMN." "LOOK at that." "She's--oh, shit, look what she's DOING!" "Look at that bitch GO!" Most of the men had their hands down their pants, and a few were openly jacking off. No one made fun of them. Luanne was not dancing like the usual bored, languid stripper or pole dancer; this was something none of them had ever seen before.

Luanne danced naked for almost an hour. By the time she was done, there was not a single square inch of her oiled and creamy-bare body that she had not displayed as brazenly as possible, not an orifice that she had not exposed and opened and allowed everyone to see inside, not an ounce of pale babyfat flesh she had not shaken and jiggled and tossed wildly in her shockingly filthy naked sex-dance.

Day 3

The next day, Luanne remembered almost nothing. She went to classes with nothing on beneath her clingy top and short skirt again; this time, though, the men watched her with hungry stares, not smirks. Her skin seemed strangely soft and smooth; she wondered why.

That evening, Luanne reported as ordered to the parking lot behind the dorm. She felt more comfortable, since she had been allowed to wear underwear; a skimpy lace bra and a pair of tiny bikini panties under her skirt and blouse. She wondered what it meant.

A windowless van was waiting for her there, with several of the actives standing around it. She was told to get into the back, which she did. Inside, she was told to take off her skirt and blouse; Luanne did so, reluctantly, and waited fearfully in nothing but her skimpy undies.

The van began moving. "Wh-where are we going?" asked Luanne in a tiny, scared voice.

"Your first test, Pledge Luanne," said Wendy, the chapter president, a homely, lank-haired geek with thick glasses. "The Pledge Run."

Luanne felt "Oh, no...."

"Yes. We're going to drop you off on the other side of the campus, and you have to get back to the dorm the best way you can."

"In my UNDERWEAR?" the pretty coed whimpered.

"That's what makes it a test." The van stopped. To her horror, Luanne saw that they were squarely in the middle of the area where the men's dorms were.

"Not HERE!" she cried, but the heartless girls opened the door of the van and told her to get out.

Luanne could already hear the whistles and whoops from the windows of the surrounding buildings as she climbed out of the vehicle. Standing there on the sidewalk in nothing but her tiny panties and bra and string sandals, she looked around fearfully; every window seemed to be filled with boys, some looking at her through binoculars. She looked back at the girls in the van desperately. "Please don't leave me here like this!" she begged.

The girls conferred for a moment. "All right, Pledge Luanne," said Wendy as she got out and came closer. "We've decided you don't have to make the Run in your underwear."

"Oh, thank you!" said Luanne, relieved. She moved to get back into the van, but Wendy stopped her with a hand to her chest--

--and abruptly grabbed Luanne's bra between her breasts and tore it away. An instant later, she ripped Luanne's panties off as well, then quickly got back in the van, holding the rags of the horrified girl's only garments. "We decided you can do it BARE-ASS NAKED!"

The door slammed and the van sped off, ringing with cruel girlish laughter--leaving poor Luanne standing on the sidewalk in full view of hundreds of howling, whistling men, wearing nothing but her tiny sandals. Her heavy breasts were bare to her fat nipples, her pussy bald and exposed, and her plump white ass gleaming under the streetlights.

Luanne ran. She had never known such panic and desperation. Her pretty hands struggled to hide her bare, waggling tits and her crotch, but that slowed her down; after only a moment, she dropped them and just ran.

The cries followed her: "Look at those titties BOUNCE!" "She doesn't have ANY clothes on!" "WOO! Watch her BARE ASS jiggle!" "WOW! She's got a SHAVED PUSSY!" "She's NAKED!"

Luanne ran desperately, letting her bare tits fly and her bare buttocks shake as she sprinted naked across the open campus as hard as she could. She was horribly conscious of her shaved pussy as she headed for her distant dorm--and she was also conscious that she was growing wet there.

Luanne was horrified and panicked at her raw exposure--but she was also, somehow, thrilled and excited. She did not have time to wonder why. She just ran naked as hard as she could.

Luanne somehow made it back to the dorm, where she hammered desperately on the glass door till one of the actives let her in. "Now that wasn't so bad, was it?" said Wendy, waiting in the dorm lobby as Luanne stumbled in, naked, gasping and breathless. "Kind of a thrill, wasn't it?"

Still wearing nothing but her bikini sandals, Luanne was led to the basement and ordered up onto the table again; she wondered what she would have to do that night.

She didn't have to wonder long. After being told to remove her sandals--"Whenever you're on the Pledge Stage, you have to be absolutely naked," said Wendy--Luanne was told to squat and masturbate.

The still-shy coed refused at first, but after some teasing and stern commands, she finally squatted, pale thighs wide, and began to stroke her pink pussy and massage her naked, exposed lips tentatively. She blushed in humiliation as the actives pointed and laughed at her exposed--and visibly juicy--vagina. "Look, she's sloppy-wet!" "We thought you were MODEST, Luanne!" "Hold it open so everybody can see!"

The crowds of men far away were howling in anticipation as naked Luanne bit her lip and exposed her gleaming hole to the merciless camera. She looked at the mirror--and into their grinning faces--with horror at her brazen, slutty display. Her shaved pussy was red, swollen, and dripping-wet.

Finally, naked Luanne slipped a pretty middle finger into her shiny bald hole to cheers and whoops that she could not hear. She began to slide her gleaming finger in and out, and soon she was fingerfucking herself in earnest as the other girls reminded her that she had just run naked across the campus in full view of hundreds of men. "And that turned you ON, didn't it, Luanne?"

The naked beauty whispered "Y-yes," rubbing her swelling clit and digging her finger deep in her shaved pussy. "You'd like to do it AGAIN, wouldn't you, pledge?" She nodded rapidly, her face red, lips pursed and blowing, eyes squeezed shut in embarrassment and concentration.

The other girls kept up the teasing. "Your BARE TITS were bouncing all over the place, pledge!" "And EVERYBODY saw your SHAVED PUSSY!" Luanne gasped at each utterance, knowing them to be true. "Your BARE ASS was jiggling like crazy, Luanne!" "You were BUCK NAKED in PUBLIC!" Her face grew distorted with sexual heat as she fingered herself frantically, rubbing her clit and pumping her finger in and out with a lewd smacking sound.

As the actives--and every boy she knew, and dozens she didn't--watched, naked Luanne began to hunch her hips in sexual urgency, squatting flat-footed and slapping her hairless crotch as she pumped her finger faster and faster. She was mewing and whimpering, shivering with her intense strain, perfect tits quivering and nipples stiff with arousal as she jacked her pussy off for the cameras, unknowingly showing hundreds of leering men how her face and cunt looked as she rose toward orgasm. The frat houses rang with chants of "CUM! CUM! CUM!" as Luanne spread her pale thighs wider and cocked her pussy upward, biting her lip and fingering herself frantically. She began to use two fingers, and they cheered and whooped.

Finally, as the actives has instructed her, at the moment of her climax Luanne held her glistening, fiery-red pussy open wide and rubbed her swollen clit hard, staring blearily into the mirror and grunting "I-I'm cuh-COMING!" in a strangled voice as the men in a dozen places howled at her spasming, open hole and her distorted, grimacing, but still pretty face. Luanne was totally exposed from her polishless toes to her squinting eyes as she came on the giant screens, long and hard and jerking deliciously, stretching her spasming cunt into a lewd red funnel and showing off how she gushed fluid and how her cuntmuscles worked and squeezed convulsively as she shuddered and quivered and orgasmed, squinting at the mirror, mouth open, still shocked at her whorish display even as she came for more than a full minute.

When the cameras were finally turned off, dozens of VCRs were unplugged and the men hurried to their rooms, eager to rewind their tapes and jack off to naked Luanne's fingerfucking show.

The active members giggled when naked Luanne, quivering and weak from her powerful orgasm, mumbled "Sure glad no one else could see me do that..."

Day 4

The next day, Luanne was required to walk the entire length of the Mall--wearing nothing but her sandals and a T-shirt decent by half an inch. The shirt said "DELTA PLEDGE" in red letters six inches high.

Stares followed her, and not only because of her beautiful, bare white legs and pretty, almost-bare feet; it wasn't too hard to guess that she wore nothing beneath the shirt from her pink, embarrassed face and her careful walk. Her large, stiff nipples and loosely wobbling asscheeks being clearly visible and obvious didn't help, either. By the time she climbed back into the van--flashing a dozen staring men with her hairless crotch--her upper thighs were slick and shiny with juice from her swollen, dripping pussy.

Back on the "pledge stage" in the basement, Luanne was took off her T-shirt and sandals and stood naked, shivering with humiliation and excitement and wondering what could possibly happen now. She secretly hoped she would be ordered to masturbate again; the scary thrill of walking the Mall braless and bottomless had made her hungry for it even as she was horrified and ashamed.

It wasn't that. It was worse. She was handed a long, thick, obscenely bumpy electric dildo, and told to use it. After only a moment's hesitation, she did, sliding that fat plastic dick deep into her sloppy-wet pussy and turning it on. The watching men in their dorm lobbies and frat house rec rooms whooped and sniggered at Luanne's innocent "Ooo!" when she felt the vibration. She began to slide it in and out of her shaved cunt, tentatively, staring at herself in the mirror--her pretty face red with embarrassment and violated modesty, but still betraying a reluctant but eager sexual excitement.

The dildo was heavily veined and ridged and covered with knots and bumps; the very sight of it disappearing into her bare, slick hole and sliding out again, visibly stirring and flipping her swollen pussy lips, was the filthiest thing she had ever seen. Luanne stared at herself in the mirror and opened her bare legs wide to make it easier to see. The men were hooting and whistling and howling, but she couldn't hear them.

Soon Luanne was pumping that big bumpy buzzer openly, all modesty forgotten as she cocked her shaved pussy upward with her bare white thighs wide open and fucked herself naked on the table. She was sweating and shuddering, her heavy, pointed tits shaking and bouncing and her belly rippling like jelly as she stuck out her naked pussy and pumped her drooling cunt like she was trying to saw herself in half. Drops of her fucking-fluid sprayed from her cunt and flew through the air as she pulled it out and slammed it home, again and again. She began pulling it all the way out, exposing her open, dripping hole completely, then punching it all the way in again, enjoying the brutal invasion of her tender, sensitive, and baby-bald vagina over and over again.

The watching men were speechless, staring at the pretty, innocent, unknowing, naked girl making a sexual spectacle of herself on videotape.

Finally, Luanne jammed it in to the hilt and held it there, eyes and mouth wide--and came so hard on the vibrating dildo she was babbling gibberish and drooling. She was jerking uncontrollably and bouncing urgently on her bare feet, pretty toes curled up tight and clenched, saliva from her mouth hanging to her bouncing, shaking bare tits.

They made her keep going.

Poor Luanne was made to hold the buzzing dildo right on her swollen, distended clit and just take it as she tried to count slowly to a hundred. The pale, sweating, naked beauty struggled desperately to remember the numbers as she strained and shivered in orgasm after forced orgasm with hundreds of jeering men watching her every grimace and hearing every hiss and moan. She had to start over eleven times, and never got past her age--seventeen.

Again, she walked naked and trembling back to her room as scores of men hurried back to their own, to add Luanne's newest jack-off show to their collections--after shooting their loads to her unknowing exhibition. Luanne could have bathed in the sperm she had caused to spurt that night. As on the other nights, every square inch of her pale, perfect, heartbreakingly naked body was stared at and examined and drooled over, in stop-motion, slow motion, and frame by frame, till long after the sun came up.

Day 5

Luanne went to her classes amid laughter and pointing and long, hungry stares, red-faced and embarrassed once again. She assumed that everyone was still remembering her naked run across the campus, and maybe ; she tried to maintain a little ladylike dignity and poise, but it was difficult with her heavy tits wobbling and her bare ass and pussy so constantly near to exposure under her short skirt.

Luanne was grateful for her twice-a-week Physical Education class; the coach tolerated no nonsense from fraternities or sororities, and it was the one time when she could feel properly dressed and not in danger of exposure in her T-shirt, gym shorts, and required sports bra. The Deltas had a plan to wreck that, of course. They knew the coach left the campus after the girls went to their showers.

When Luanne stepped out of her shower, stark naked and dripping wet, she found that all of her clothes were gone--even her PE uniform and sneakers. There was nothing by her locker but a towel.

"Where are my clothes?" she cried plaintively.

"Looks like someone stole them, Luanne," said one of the other girls--a Delta. "Guess you have to walk back to the dorm in nothing but your towel..." She grinned cruelly and left. Luanne was alone in the locker room with no other hope of covering.

She looked around frantically, but there was nothing. Finally, she picked up the towel and her heart sank.

It was not even her regular towel. It was thin and threadbare, and smaller than her own. Luanne tried wrapping it around herself; it was barely long enough, and she had to hold it in place. She found that if she wrapped it high enough to cover her full breasts, it left her shaved pussy and half her plump bottom exposed; if she wrapped it so it just hid her nipples, it was decent by half an inch.

There was nothing else she could do. Holding the towel closed beside her breasts and using her arm to partially hide the pale upper mounds of her breasts and hold it closed at her hip with her other hand, she walked barefoot to the door of the field house, wondering how it could get any worse.

Then she opened the door.

The PE field house was at the far end of the football field, and even after that it was a long walk back to her dorm; and she saw that the way there was crowded with grinning men who had obviously been given advance notice of her predicament. It took all the courage and dignity she could muster to walk out of that door and into the storm of whistles, cheers and catcalls.

The curvy coed was blushing bright red, but she tried to walk calmly through the howling mob. All but naked, she held her towel on precariously and walked barefoot across the field; it took everything she had not to run, but she knew if she did she would lose the towel. The hooting men goggled at Luanne's beautiful white legs, bare all the way up. They cheered at glimpses of her generous breasts and her lovely, round, pale ass. When she lost her grip on her towel for a moment and the wind caught it, they whooped at a flash of her hairless crotch and laughed at her desperate efforts to cover herself again.

And when she dropped the towel completely and hurriedly bent to pick it up, they high-fived each other and took pictures with their cell phones and cameras of her exposed bare ass and waggling bare tits.

No one would help her. No one offered his coat or sweatshirt. They were all there to watch the pretty girl try to get back to her dorm in nothing but a tiny towel, and to enjoy her embarrassment, her humiliation, and most of all her lush, ripe, creamy-white body.

It took poor Luanne almost half an hour to get back. She dropped her towel eighteen times.

Finally, the building was in sight. Luanne quickened her pace, hurrying for shelter at last, her bare feet moving quickly on the hot sidewalk.

The door was locked, of course. Luanne had to walk all the way around the building, dropping her towel twice more to the huge entertainment of the watching men. Finally, the other girls let her in.

The men all disappeared from the grounds outside the dorm the moment she went inside. They were all back in their frat houses and dorm lobbies, preparing to watch Luanne's newest ordeal on live TV.

The girls took Luanne straight to the basement, where she mounted the stage without her towel--naked, barefoot, trembling, and involuntarily excited. Like her naked run across the campus, her long walk in front of the crowds of men in nothing but a thin and too-small towel had left her with taut nipples and a swollen, squishy-wet, and steaming-hot vagina. She was literally dripping, her inner thighs shiny and slick with her juices.

The other girls made Luanne display her sloppy-wet cunt openly, and she stared at herself in the mirror in horrified fascination. Her bald pussy was flaring open, her cuntlips fat, red and gleaming, her fucking-juice drooling to the table between her bare feet as she squatted and held herself open for her unseen audience. She could not hear their triumphant whoops and cheers as she looked directly at them from their enormous plasma screens and exhibited her beautiful, gushing, ready-to-fuck pussy.

The actives brought out an even bigger dildo than the one Luanne had used before, a thick, black monster almost a foot and a half long. They stuck it to the table with Krazy Glue between Luanne's bare feet, and she looked down at it. Both horror and fascination were evident on her pretty face.

There was a white rubber ring around the dildo, just beneath the lemon-sized head. "Wh-what's that ring for?" asked Luanne in a tremulous voice.

"Your job, pledge," said Wendy with a cruel grin, "is to fuck that dildo and push that ring all the way to the bottom."

"Oh, no," whimpered Luanne. Her obvious fear and humiliation were rendered a bit less pitiful by the fact that her fat pink nipples had grown instantly hard and were sticking out like spikes. The men in their frat houses and dorms howled with laughter and lust as the camera zoomed in on them, as big as Luanne's fingertips and tautly erect.

"Now get on it," Wendy ordered. Just as Luanne crouched naked over the huge dildo, Wendy stopped her. "Wait," she said--and turned it on.

It emitted a loud buzz, and was visibly, strongly vibrating, a black blur. "Now," said the chapter president. "Squat on it. Let's see you push that ring all the way down."

Looking in the mirror with fear in her eyes, the naked, horribly embarrassed beauty slowly lowered herself onto the massive rubber dick. She bit her lip and shut her eyes tight as her swollen pussy lips touched the powerfully vibrating head, and she shivered at the intense stimulation, her heavy tits quivering.

Luanne struggled to work that monster into her hairless, glistening cunt, but the buzzing, shaking rubber dick was so enormous, she had to twist and bounce fetchingly to work it in. Luanne's face was distorted with pain and lust as she hunched and bounced desperately on the gigantic phallus, her big tits bouncing and dangling as her swollen pussy lips stretched to their limit.

Finally, Luanne's pussy had completely covered the head, and she paused in a sensual half-squat, gasping with a mindless expression of gaping lust on her pretty face as the giant dildo buzzed in her hole. All over the campus, men were taking pictures and capturing freeze-frames of the lovely, curvy, naked coed posing on her pretty toes with a gigantic black dildo protruding from her pale, bald crotch.

"Come on, pledge!" the actives taunted her. "All the way down!" "Stuff that pussy full!" "What's the matter, Luanne? Does it feel GOOD?" She shook her head quickly--then nodded, and the other girls laughed at her, making sure not to stand between Luanne and the hidden camera.

The pale, trembling beauty slowly worked her way down on the huge dildo, pushing more and more of the thick black shaft into herself, jerking and shuddering and crying out at the fierce sensations in her cunt. Luanne was still less than a third of the way down when she was shaken like a leaf in the wind by her first cataclysmic orgasm. She bent forward, breasts dangling and shaking, mouth open and eyes clenched shut, and shivered and jerked in her most intense climax yet. Just as she peaked, she opened her eyes and looked at the mirror in desperation, holding her gaze as she grimaced and moaned with sexual agony--

And of course she was not allowed to get off the dildo for even a single second's rest.

Luanne began to bounce desperately, tits flying and teeth gritted, as she worked to drive more and more of the huge, buzzing phallus into her spasming hole. She was shattered by orgasm after cramping orgasm, squatting lower and lower, every inch of her pale, perfect body shining with sweat.

Finally, the beautiful, naked girl, a disheveled wreck now though still stunningly pretty, leaned back with her plump bare asscheeks nearly on the table and displayed the stump of the dildo protruding from her stretched-out cunt between her bare feet--and the white rubber ring was all the way down to the base. Luanne had fifteen inches of wrist-thick vibrating rubber dick buried in her beautiful pussy, and again hundreds of leering men caught the moment on film and video. "I did it," she quavered, and the actives cheered and clapped. "Now get started," said Wendy with a cruel grin.

"Wh-what? I'm fuh-finished," whimpered the exhausted beauty in confusion.

"Nope. Now you have to FUCK it, pledge, like I told you. Now do it!"

They made her slide all the way up and and all the way down on that big buzzer for another twenty minutes of mindbending climaxes. Luanne's thighs were quivering with fatigue and her body dripped with sweat, but she kept going as the videotapes recorded her every groan and grimace and tit-waggling forced orgasm.

Finally, they let her stop and stand up. Luanne shakily announced that she needed to pee. Rather than letting her go to a bathroom, the actives made her crouch naked over a bucket and hold her wet, red, distended and stretched-out pussy wife open as she pissed naked on camera. Then they finally turned them off.

Every man watching had either openly masturbated to spurting orgasm or had cum in his pants at least once, and many more than once. Every single one.

Day 6

The Deltas' vicious plan was to break Luanne completely. They intended to destroy her innocence, rip away her charming modesty, crush her self-respect, and brutally reduce her to a cheap, degraded fucking slut, a contemptible public cunthole who would do anything for anybody. That night, their plan would come full circle and Luanne would learn what had been done to her--and that worse, much worse, would follow.

That morning, Luanne had been told she could dress normally again. She had passed all the tests, they said, and nothing remained but the formal induction ceremony that night.

Hugely relieved, Luanne went to her classes with renewed confidence and poise; she still blushed at the smiles and snickers she encountered, which she assumed were the aftermath of her naked run and her adventure with the towel, but she thought all that would eventually pass.

That evening, Luanne reported to the dorm basement as usual, looking forward to becoming a full-fledged Delta. The room was lightly decorated, with streamers and tinsel and a banner reading "Luanne FINALLY GETS IT". She thought the phrasing odd, but was still touched by the trouble the other girls had gone to.

Soft-rock music was playing, and there was a table with punch and brownies--but one of the girls handed her a loaded plate and a full cup as she walked in the door. It was the fat, pig-eyed girl who had first brought her the news that she had been accepted.

She smiled sweetly and said, "Come in, Luanne. Here, have a seat on the sofa. You're the guest of honor!" She led the pretty coed to a large couch which had apparently been brought in just for the occasion. Luanne noticed that an enormous big-screen TV had been placed opposite. Were they going to watch a movie?

Before she could ask, one of the actives sat down beside her and indicated the brownies. "Eat up, Luanne," she said. "We made them special, from scratch." As Luanne took a bite, the girl smiled. "This is going to be a very important night for you. Are you excited?"

"I'm thrilled," said Luanne. "You all put me through a lot, but after tonight that's all over and I'll be one of you."

The girl said nothing; she only patted her hand, smiled, and walked away.

Luanne sat by herself and ate the brownies. She wondered why none of the other girls came by to say hello; something to do with waiting till the ceremony, she thought.

Luanne was hungry; someone had said they would be having dinner--"lots of eating" were the girl's actual words--so she had skipped the cafeteria, where the boys all stared at her and whispered anyway. The brownies were good, but tasted odd. She ate all that were on her plate.

After an hour or so, Luanne was growing uncomfortable; when was something going to happen? The girls all seemed to be waiting for something.

She was also growing woozy. Colors seemed brighter, the music seemed especially hypnotic and rhythmic. She was very conscious of her body--and of a growing sensation in her pussy, a kind of tingling. She felt herself growing wet. She vaguely wondered if she could borrow a dildo later, and giggled.

That seemed to be a signal. The other girls gathered around her, looking down at her with what struck Luanne as strange expressions. Some were smiling, but some looked at her with what looked like hatred. She was confused.

"Are we going to start now? I feel funny," she said.

"Oh, yes, Luanne. We're going to start now," said skinny, homely Wendy, staring at her from behind her thick glasses. "Right now."

She nodded at two of the other girls, and suddenly Luanne felt her wrists seized and pulled wide apart. Loops of rope were slipped over her hands, and she found herself tied to the sofa, arms spread wide.

"What are you doing? What's happening?" cried the pretty girl, her mind fuzzy, more confused than ever.

No one spoke. Knives and scissors were produced, and the other girls began cutting her clothes off. "No! This is my best dress! I wore it special! What are you doing? Stop!" There was no reply.

In moments, Luanne was stripped completely naked. Two of the girls grabbed her bare feet and pulled her down on the sofa so her bare ass was at the edge, her arms stretched wide above her head; and then they pulled her bare legs wide apart and tied them to the sofa too, knees bent and tied back so her crotch was completely exposed. Luanne was helpless; wide open, stark naked, and totally vulnerable. "You didn't really think we were going to let you into our sorority, did you--you stupid bitch?"

Luanne looked up at Wendy and blinked blearily. This didn't make sense. She was dizzy and confused, her mind reeling, her pussy alive with a crawling itch.

"You thought you could be one of us? Why? So you could be the prettiest girl in the room all the time? You, with your perfect tits, your perfect ass, your perfect legs, and your baby face, making us all look like something the dogs dragged in? Well, forget it, cunt! We decided it wasn't enough to tell you to go to hell--we decided to send you there! Take a look!"

Someone punched a button on a remote, and the huge screen in front of Luanne suddenly lit up--with the image of naked Luanne with her bare feet in the air, getting her pussy shaved bald.

"What--what did you--oh, my GOD! You TAPED me?!?". Luanne struggled against her ropes, horrified beyond words. "Who else saw this?"

The screen switched to another scene; dozens of fraternity boys cheering and whistling at a huge screen showing Luanne's open, hairless pussy as she stretched it open and worked her cuntmuscles. Her red, embarrassed face was clearly visible in the background above it, looking right into the camera. On the enormous screen, Luanne's open hole was the size of a washtub. Every crease and wrinkle of her most secret and intimate place was displayed for all to see, blown up to billboard size. Her tiny clit looked like a pink doorknob.

Luanne began to cry, weeping hysterically as the scene in front of her changed to another group of howling, laughing men staring at her open vagina--and another, and another, and another.

Luanne was shaking her head, tears streaming down her cheeks, murmuring "No... No... No..." The scene changed again; now the laughing men were chanting "CUM! CUM! CUM!" as Luanne, staring at the camera open-mouthed, pumped a big bumpy dildo in and out of her totally exposed pussy, tits shaking and hips hunching lewdly.

"Bet you'd like that dildo right now, huh, Luanne?" taunted one of the girls cruelly. Even in her agony, Luanne was staring at it hungrily. Her cunt was driving her crazy; her exposed hole felt like it was filled and covered with crawling ants.

She could not take her eyes off the screen; there she was, fuck-dancing naked and gleaming with oil, shaking her bare shiny breasts and undulating her glistening shaved pussy as the men stared at her and rubbed their crotches. She vaguely remembered starting the dance, but she could not believe what she was seeing; her own hands pulling her fat white asscheeks apart to show off her rhythmically squeezing asshole, as she swung and shook her bare tits between her widespread legs. The men on the screen howled, and Luanne sobbed--while unconsciously pumping her hips in time to the music.

Luanne thought she was losing her mind. This can't be happening. It just can't be.

As the scene switched to her squatting on the huge black dildo and shuddering in orgasm, Luanne cried out, "WHY DID YOU DO THIS TO ME?"

"Because we could, cunt," said one of the girls, the pig-eyed one. "It was FUN!"

"You may be feeling a little funny, Luanne," said Wendy. "Your brownies were full of hashish--and another little item; a ground-up Cantharides beetle. Usually it's called 'Spanish Fly.' We wanted to make sure you enjoyed yourself tonight--and that you're enthusiastic about meeting our guests."

"Guests...?" Luanne whimpered.

"Later. Do you like your movies? The men do. They made hundreds of copies. You can buy them at dirty bookstores all over town. And we used your real name, too. You're famous, Luanne. You've got a famous sloppy cunthole."

Even in her humiliation and despair, Luanne was growing more and more desperate for relief from the fierce, blazing itch in her vagina. "Please--oh, please put something in my pussy..." Her ass was grinding against the sofa cushion, her hips working desperately, pumping her empty cunt on nothing.

The girls grinned at each other. "Oh, that will be taken care of, Luanne. Never fear." The girls began to move toward the door. As they looked back at Luanne--shaved, stark naked, and tied wide open, hips hunching hungrily--they smirked and giggled. "Have a nice night, Luanne." "I'm sure you'll feel better by morning." "Don't work too hard."

As the girls filed out of the room, Luanne cried out, "Stop! You can't just leave me here like this! What if someone comes?"

The girls burst into gales of laughter, but didn't answer. The door closed and Luanne was alone.

They had left the videotape playing. On the screen, Luanne watched herself doing naked deep knee bends on that gigantic dildo, bare feet planted flat and quivering thighs close to exhaustion, completely exposed as she impaled her distended hole on its enormous length and girth--and even in her horror and despair at her knowing that hundreds of men had seen her like that, she ached to get on it again. Her big nipples were so hard they hurt, her bare toes were clenched tight, and her insanely itching pussy was swollen and red and dripping-wet. She was conscious of every square inch of her exposed skin, but still unaware of her pumping hips. Her eyes were bloodshot and her mouth dry; she was extremely stoned and achingly, desperately hot to be fucked, though she hardly knew it.

The door opened again, and for half a second Luanne's heart leaped with joy--it was all a joke, they were coming back to let her go--and then she saw the men crowding into the room.

"Oh, no...." Luanne began to cry again as the men gathered around her, looking down at her and at each other with broad grins, shaking their heads in wonder. The pretty coed was a sight to behold, so pale and curvy and perfect--so naked and wide open--and pumping her generous hips so hard her heavy, pointed breasts quivered in rhythm. "Please help me," Luanne whimpered.

"Depends on what kind of help you want, honey," said one of the men. The others laughed. "What can we do for you?"

On the screen, Luanne was jerking in orgasm, fingering her cunt frantically and crying out. On the sofa, she struggled hopelessly against her ropes again, and the men watched, grinning and rubbing their crotches. "Please--" she whimpered, "Please--"

She meant to say "Untie me," but her stoned gaze was drawn to the screen, and what came out of her mouth was, "Please put something in my pussy!"

The men cheered and high-fived each other, and Luanne burst into tears again, weeping bitterly as they began to unbuckle their pants. "Please--I'm a virgin--" she cried, even as her ass levered up and down, pumping her drooling, swollen cunt in front of them all.

"We know. We thought Steve here should be the one to break you in, baby. Should make for some good video." for the first time, Luanne saw that four or five of the men were holding camcorders, aimed at her face, her pussy, and her whole naked, tied-wide-open body. "NOOOO!" she cried, as a man stepped in front of her.

He was at least six-foot-five, and beefy; his shirt was off, and he was massive and muscular and rubbing his crotch languidly. He was also very black, the color of Hershey's dark chocolate. He grinned at Luanne with teeth that were brilliantly white against his dark skin, and said in a deep, thick bass voice, "Don't worry, Mama. I be treatin' you right." Luanne was bawling like a baby now, sobbing with humiliation and despair--and desperate need.

Steve dropped his pants and revealed an enormous black cock, almost as big as the huge dildo Luanne had fucked on camera. It was only half-hard, swinging heavily as he climbed onto the couch and dangled it in the naked girl's face.

"Suck on it for a few minutes, white girl," he rumbled, "and I'll put it in your cunt." He spoke as if he were telling her the time.

Luanne saw the cameras zoomed in on her face, she saw all the men avidly watching--and she felt her empty pussy, exposed to them all, sizzling and burning like it was being fried in oil.

She opened her mouth wide, to cheers and whoops from the watching men. She waited for him to stick that huge black dickhead into her mouth.

Luanne slurped and slobbered on it wantonly, licking and sucking and doing her best to bring that huge black dick to full hardness, desperate to feel it inside her. She was so stoned, she even began to show off, desperate for it, kissing and licking it while looking fearfully at the cameras, her mouth smeared and drooling and dripping with spit and pre-cum.

Finally, the huge black cock stood at full erection, and Steve took his place in front of Luanne's wide-open thighs. She stared at his dick hungrily, hunching her hips for it. "Please--please--in me," she mewed, half insane with her stoned need.

"Say it, baby," growled the big black man that she had never seen before. "Say it and I'll do it." He stroked his iron-hard boner, inches from her pumping, aching hole.

Luanne was weeping again, beyond humiliation. She bit her lip and looked helplessly around at the crowd of grinning, merciless men, tears streaming down her face. "SAY IT! SAY IT! SAY IT!" they chanted, as Steve waved his enormous black cock at her open, runny, red hole.

"FUCK ME!" she finally burst out, and the men whooped and howled and laughed. "FUCK ME! FUCK MY CUNT! FUCK MY HOT PUSSY WITH YOUR BIG HARD DICK!" As Luanne sobbed in defeat, Steve grinned and stepped forward.

Luanne lifted her pussy to him eagerly, and he slid his enormous dickhead up and down her spongy, swollen pussy lips for a moment, making her shudder and jerk. Finally, he said cruelly, "Smile for the cameras while I slide it in, baby! Let's see that pretty white-girl smile!"

Poor Luanne struggled to smile, looking at the grinning boys with the camcorders--and Steve slid his huge, bare, black cock into her all the way to his balls in one stroke. The restrained girl cried out and spasmed, still trying to smile for the cameras, as he began to fuck her, sliding it in and out, all the way in and all the way out, pumping her deep.

The contrast of her milky-white bare skin with his coal-black was too erotic for words; the sight of her wet pink pussy lips stretching to accomodate his enormous black bone was shockingly obscene, especially with the naked coed's desperate grimacing smile as she lost her precious cherry to a black man she didn't even know.

He fucked her for twenty minutes. Luanne slowly stopped crying, and began to puff and gasp, her eyes shut tight as she concentrated on the sweet friction and relief in her blazing-hot hole.

Two other guys bent to her lovely breasts and began to suck on her big, tender pink nipples, and Luanne moaned and humped harder on the huge cock stirring her belly. "Oh, yes," she finally began to groan, involuntarily. "Oh, YES--slide it in and out--FUCK me--FUCK me GOOD--suck on my TITTIES--CHEW on my KNOBS--"

The men laughed and watched eagerly, their cameras catching naked Luanne's every quiver and cry. The perfect cunt was finally fulfilling her purpose in life.

Luanne was still aware of the cameras, but they didn't matter any more. One of the men climbed up and stuck his dick in her face, and Luanne sucked it eagerly as the big black dick pumped and plunged and reamed out her itching hole. When the dick in her mouth began to spurt copiously, Luanne moaned and licked and kissed it as her pretty face was covered with sperm. She didn't even know whose sperm it was, and she didn't care.

Steve finally began to shiver. "I'm gonna shoot, baby," he quavered in his deep voice. "I'm gonna shoot in your hot white pussy..."

Luanne whimpered and pumped her hips faster, wanting it, wanting his thick white spurts in her brutally violated pussy. "Shoot it--shoot it in me--give it to me--" She squeezed and worked her stretched-tight cuntmuscles on him, caressing his brutal cock with her itching, burning cuntal tube. "Oh, mama, you're milkin' me off," he said for the benefit of the staring men. "You're makin' me shoot--"

And he did. Steve grunted and rammed his huge cock into her all the way, and as the cock-crazed naked girl convulsed against her ropes in a shattering, spastic orgasm, he blasted her trembling cervix with hard jets of thick, gooey sperm, so much that it dripped and oozed from her shaved, stretched hole. The cameras caught it in closeup, with Luanne's distorted face in the background, looking at the camera in grimacing, helpless climax.

Steve pulled out, and the camera focused in on Luanne's cum-dripping, twitching, open cunthole.

She was still humping her ass. "Please, more," she gasped. "Somebody, please--keep fucking me--fuck me--FUCK me--please--"

The guys crowded in for their turns. A redheaded boy with an average-sized dick stuck it in using Steve's copious wad as lube, but Luanne spasmed and came again as if it had been a foot long. He only held his sperm back for a minute or so in her clenching, squeezing tube, and then he was replaced by another man who fucked her fast and hard. Luanne didn't even open her eyes to see who was fucking her; she just humped back at him hungrily, pumping her ass and grunting with effort.

The third guy finished, and the men released her ropes--and Luanne instantly grabbed her legs beneath her knees and pulled herself open even wider, exhibiting her cum-oozing hole to them all. "Keep fucking me," she croaked. "Don't stop. Fuck me more." She looked around woozily. "I--I want everybody to fuck me. I want all your dicks in my hole. Fuck me all night..."

They did. Luanne took cock any way they wanted; she stick her beautiful white ass in the air and took it from behind; she straddled them and pumped her pussy on their dicks, shaking her heavy bare tits in their faces; she squatted naked on their hard-ons and jacked them off with her hole, bouncing her tits to give them a show while she made sure everyone could see her swollen, bald cunt squelching up and down on whoever's cock was in her.

Luanne sucked them off with her pretty mouth and jacked them off with her pretty hands and even jiggled her pretty breasts on their cocks, squeezing their dicks between them and milking their cocks till they spurted cum all over her baby face.

She took her first cock up her ass as everyone watched, and Luanne came as it slid up her rectum to the delight of the men. She took two dicks at once and loved it, squatting naked between two men with one up her pussy and the other up her asshole--and sucking off a third as she bounced and came.

Luanne even took two dicks in her pussy at the same time, shuddering in orgasm and crying out, "I LOVE it!" as they fucked her cunt in unison and the cameras caught it all. She giggled and blew kisses at the cameras as they recorded two cocks shooting in her sperm-sloppy hole.

By sunrise, the hashish and Spanish fly had long since worn off. Luanne kept fucking.

Her pale, curvy body was shining with sweat and smeared with cum from face to toes. Her nipples were swollen and sore from being sucked and chewed all night, her asshole was red and inflamed, and her pussy was raw. Her clit was as big as a marble, purpilish-red and distended. Luanne was exhausted, trembling with fatigue, but she was still fucking and sucking. Some men from the night before came in for a morning fuck before their classes, adding to the twenty or thirty more that had come in during the night after word had spread that "that pretty girl" was taking on all comers.

Luanne fucked for eighteen straight hours without a break. More than three hundred loads had been spurted in her pussy, in her mouth, between her tits, up her ass, and on her face. Many men had taken her more than once, sitting back to watch the show till they were hard again and ready to take another turn.

About two in the afternoon, Wendy and some of the other Deltas came in to look at her. They found Luanne as the last of the men had left her, lying naked in a pool of thickening sperm on the floor. She was smeared and splotched with it from matted hair to sticky feet, and her face was gooey from hairline to chin. She was half-unconscious, dozing in exhausted torpor. As the girls came in and stood around her, she looked up wearily.

"Well, cunt. Did you make some new friends last night? Looks like you made a lot."

The naked girl blinked at them stupidly. They waited, smirking, for her to burst into tears--and then, to their shock, she smiled.

"I sure did. You made me a fucking slut, all right. A fucking whore. A naked cunthole." She laughed. "And I love it! Every man on this campus wants my pussy--and he can have it! I LOVE fucking and sucking dick and taking it up the ass. I'm a famous sloppy cunthole, like you said--but that's all I want to be now!"

Luanne had been thinking for hours after the drugs wore off, even as she fucked. And she had changed, and made a decision.

She grinned at the stunned girls, licking a dribble of cum from her mouth that had run down from her forehead. Then she laughed again. "I got more dick last night than all of you put together will ever get in your whole lives! How does THAT make you feel?"

Laughing at the girls' confusion, Luanne sat up and wiped a blob of sperm from her breast--and ate it as they watched. "I'm still prettier than any of you will ever be in your wildest dreams. I have a body that any of you would kill for. And now every man here wants to fuck me and knows he can do it whenever he wants. You thought you were sending me to Hell?"

She laughed at them. "Wrong! It's Heaven, you mean, ugly bitches! You meant to hurt me, and you did--but that girl is gone. You killed her. Now I'm a happy fucking slut, and you're all just mean, ugly bitches that no man will ever want!"

As the girls left in confusion, she laughed at them and called out, "Enjoy it, you empty cunts! Everybody knows what you did to me! I'll be a happy whore, but the only ones who'll need to be ashamed are YOU!"

Luanne dropped out of school, of course, but stayed nearby in her own apartment--giving gangbang parties at $50 a cock. The men paid gladly; Luanne, with her pale, perfect body and childlike, innocent face, would entertain them with stripteases and amazingly lewd, stark-naked dances, then gaily flop on her bed with her lovely legs spread wide and chirp, "Line up, boys! Who's first?"

A private session was $200; all night with her was $500, and she was worth every dime. Bring her a joint and you would get the best fuck you've ever had, but even straight she was amazing. She could make a 70-year-old man shoot five wads in one night, and revel in every second of it.

She claimed copyright on the videotapes the Deltas had made of her, as well as the tapes of her virgin gangbang--it was easy to get a cut from the stores where they were being sold; she just had to point out that she was underage and the tapes were illegal. After she found a distributor, those cruel, hidden-camera tapes of her exposure and violation became a bestselling series on DVD. Between those and her earnings as a gangbang whore, Luanne was getting seriously rich.

Beautiful, innocent-looking Luanne loved being fucked, loved being gangfucked even more, and loved being tied up and gangfucked hard even more than that; but her greatest pleasure?

Most of all, Luanne loved driving by the campus in her Aston Martin convertible and designer clothes and sticking her tongue out at the Deltas as they trudged to class. She knew it was childish, but it always made her laugh.

The End