**Hopeless In College - Choices Are Made**

by The Controverser

Hope Matthews was loving life. She was absolutely thrilled with the way things were going for her. She was finally following her dreams and she was standing on her own two feet as well.

At eighteen years old, she had a game plan mapped out for her entire life and it all started with college. Her grandmother's old college had been an ambition of hers ever since she had first picked up an old school Kodak camera. Even though she couldn't find any film for it, she kept it with her always as a reminder. Even when she was old enough to get her first decent digital camera, she always kept her Kodak nearby.

Meadows Ridge University boasted an amazing 92% success rate of all graduates and they offered a state of the art photography class taught by a former staff member of National Geographic which was always Hope's end game. That was the dream of dreams, everything she had been doing, everything she was doing, and everything she planned on doing in the future was leading her towards National Geographic.

Arriving at college had been bitter sweet. She was already missing her mother, her father, and her grandparents. She was so used to having them around that she had somehow taken them for granted. She also had the nagging fear that college life was going to be rough, not only because of the vast amounts of classwork but because both High school and College had something in common. Freshmen were on the bottom of the food chain.

Somewhere in the school, she had no idea where and she didn't care to know, was her cousin, Summer Holm. Summer hadn't spoken to her since her summer vacation ended two years ago and that was fine. She had felt bad about the way things worked out for Summer but she wasn't going to go out of her way to apologize or nothing. If she never talked to Summer again for the rest of her life, it would be too soon.

Much to Hope's delight, she had actually made it through the first week without being shoved in a trashcan or had some equally humiliating misfortune heaped upon her by an upperclassman. In fact, something strange had occurred but it ended pleasantly.

It was during lunch, Hope had been so overwhelmed that her mind was on her first class' lesson when she bumped into a senior girl who ended up with mashed potatoes on her dress. The girl was visibly mad and started to lash out when a friend stopped her. The friend leaned in, keeping her eyes on Hope, and whispered something into her friend's ear.

The girl with the mashed potatoes on her dress asked Hope what her name was. As soon as she told them, the girl's mood lightened and she warned Hope not to do it again. That had been four days ago and she had been incident free. She certainly wanted to keep her nose clean. It was bad enough that she had already had a close call-- she didn't want to draw any more attention to her.

No sooner had that thought crossed her mind when she heard someone shouting “hey you!” and instinctively looked around. Leaning up against a locker was a mean looking girl wearing a cheerleading skirt. She was next to two guys. Both guys were wearing black Letterman jackets with white sleeves. The girl crooked her finger and motioned for Hope to come over.

Hope slowly walked over, feeling as if she were sauntering to uncertain doom. As she approached, the girl reached out and took Hope's class schedule which she had been holding on top of her books and glanced at it. She grinned and showed it to the guys.

“I knew it was too good to be true. She's another of Compton's Photo Dweebs!” the girl said with a laugh.

“Just give me my schedule back,” Hope said with a sigh.

“What did you just say, Fresh?” the girl asked. “It sounded like you just demanded something.”

“Now you've done it,” one of the guys said, grinning. “Get her, Stella!”

Hope's eyes widened as she realized that all of the horror stories she heard about being a Freshman were true. She slowly started to back away but someone came up from behind her and grabbed her by the shoulders. She glanced up to see a redhead and a blonde girl both holding her tightly.

“Thanks, girls. Let's show this Fresh... what is your name anyways?” Stella asked, glancing down at the schedule.

Stella's eyes narrowed and then she looked up at Hope for a minute. She motioned for the girls to let Hope go but they didn't seem to get the unspoken message.

“Let her go. This is Hope Matthews! She has ties to Beta Alpha Delta. The last thing we want to do is piss them off,” Stella told her friends.

“Too late!” a voice called from over her shoulder.

Students in the hallway gasped and pushed their backs against the lockers. Hope felt like an innocent bystander in the middle of a bank heist. She had no idea what Beta Alpha Delta was but she liked the way it had just gotten her out of a jam. Slowly, she stepped aside and glanced at her rescuers-- immediately she wanted to throw up.

Several girls, identically dressed in black jeans, black t-shirts, and pink leather jackets with the initials “BAD” on the left breast started walking towards them. In the back of the group, Hope recognized the wavy hair of her older cousin Summer.

“Chloe, this is a misunderstanding,” Stella tried to reason.

“Right. You expect me to believe that you didn't know who she was? I made it clear that she is a Bad Girl and you still had to go after her,” the head girl, a brunette said.

“I think there has been a big mistake. I'm going to go to my next class,” Hope said.

“Stay where you are, Hopeless. As for you two,” Chloe pointed to the girls who had grabbed Hope. “Go stand with Stella. You three are going to be famous today.”

Hope watched as both girls made their way over to their friend, their legs appeared to barely work. The guys did absolutely nothing to defend the girls, they just watched the scene unfold as if they were invisible.

“Please,” Stella tried to reason once again.

“Okay, girls,” Chloe said, ignoring her plea. “Panties off. Give them to Hopeless here.”

“Panties off? We can't! These skirts are so short!” one of Stella's girls cried out.

“One...” Chloe started to count, raising a finger for visual aid.

“Hurry up,” Stella barked, reaching under own skirt.

Hope watched in amazement as all three girls removed their panties in the crowded hallway. One by one, they walked up to Hope and handed her their panties. As they returned to where they were standing a moment ago, each girl tugged at the hem of their skirts to try and lower them a little.

“Okay, Hopeless. You've got a decision to make. Option one, give them their panties back and Beta Alpha Delta will turn its back on you. From that moment on, you take your chances. I know you've now had two run ins. Our reputation saved your ass twice now. That goes away if you give them their panties back,” Stella told her.

“Option two?” Hope asked, glancing at the three commando cheerleaders.

“Option two is you throw them in the trashcan over there,” Stella said, pointing to a large round trashcan. “If you do, then you belong to Beta Alpha Delta. That means no one else is going to mess with you but fair warning, all members above Freshman year are going to make this semester a rough one for you. You'll get it worse than the other freshmen who pledge.”

“Why?” Hope asked.

Chloe grinned and turned back towards Summer. Summer smiled and stepped forward.

“Like you don't know! Hopeless, look around you. You are screwed no matter what you do. The humiliating experiences that you caused me to go through are going to be NOTHING compared to your Freshman year,” Summer said. “So, you can take your chances and give their panties back or you can accept your fate and know that while everything you go through will be humiliating, it'll be somewhat controlled and it'll come at the hands of our sorority and not every Senior, Junior, and Sophomore in school.”

Hope thought about her decision. Part of her wanted to tell everyone to go to hell and leave the school but that wouldn't just crush her dreams, it would shatter them.

Dealing with a handful of evil bitches was better than looking over her shoulder every single time she walked down a hallway. Walking to the trashcan, she tossed the panties in. Chloe walked over to her and smiled, petting her on the head like a dog.

“Okay, you two assholes, hand them over,” Chloe said, looking at the two guys and holding her hand out.

“What?” one of them asked, looking confused.

“The jackets! Hand over your Letterman jackets,” Chloe ordered.

Both guys stripped off their Letterman jackets and handed them over. Chloe put them over her arm and then addressed the two guys again.

“When your teammates ask what happened to your jackets, tell them that you pissed off Beta Alpha Delta and that they belong to us now,” Chloe said. “Now run unless the girls want to add their pretty little skirts to the trashcan.”

They all rushed off, the girls careful to keep their skirts from raising to high. Chloe turned back to Hope and Summer. She examined their jackets in her hand and tossed the short of the two to Summer. Chloe handed the larger jacket to Hope.

“Okay, Hopeless, try the jacket on,” she ordered.
One of the girls took Hope's books, freeing her hands to try the jacket on. The guy who used to own the jacket had been considerably taller and a little more bulky. The jacket was extremely loose and came down a few inches above her knees. Chloe grinned which made Hope's stomach drop yet again.

“Okay, perfect. Go to the girl's bathroom. Don't go into a stall, right in the middle of the bathroom, you are to take all of your clothes off. When you are standing there naked, you may put the jacket and only the jacket back on. Come back out here and toss the rest of your clothes into the trashcan,” Chloe ordered.

“And just to be clear,” Summer added. “This is a timed task. I don't care of there are no girls in there, ten girls in there for every girl in school is in there. As soon as you are in there, the task needs to start. If not, you'll be re-buying these books.”

“Not to mention going to class buck naked,” Chloe added.

Hope wanted to die. This was not how she expected things to go when she woke up this morning. Her eyes moved to the door of the girl's bathroom just down the hall and she slowly started making her way there. When she reached the bathroom door, she paused and looked back at the group, hoping that it was just a gag.

No such luck.

Inside, two of the stall doors were closed and one girl, probably a Freshman, was fixing her makeup at the sink. With trembling hands, Hope set the Letterman jacket down on a sink and started pulling her shirt off. The girl at the sink turned around, her mouth formed into the shape of a perfect “o”.

“Whoa, girl, what the ...?” she asked. “What are you doing?”

“What's going on?” one of the girls in a stall asked.

“She is stripping!” the girl said.

“Just shut up and watch the show, Fresh,”she heard from the other stall.

For the first time, Hope noticed the gray smoke coming from above both stall. She rolled her eyes. Smoking in the girls room... how original.

“Can I record it?” the Freshman asked no one in particular.

“Sure,” one of the girls said. “We'll be out in a minute.”

Before Hope managed to pull her shirt completely off, the girl had her phone out and was recording the whole thing! True to their word, a moment later both stall doors opened and two girls wearing blue jeans and white t-shirts with the college's logo on them stepped out. They looked at Hope and grinned.

Setting the shirt down on the floor, Hope pulled her shoes off and then her socks. She wanted to die of shame as she unsnapped and unzipped her pants and pushed them down. She was now standing in front of three other girls in just her bra and panties.

Reaching behind her back, she undid her bra and pulled it from her breasts. She felt her cheeks reddening as the Freshman gasped and uttered the words “Holy Shit”. Finally, she reached her thumbs into the waist of her pink cotton panties and yanked them down to the ground.

That was it. She was in college, in the middle of the girls' bathroom, butt naked. Her fuzzy little bush and breasts, about the size of softballs, were completely exposed to their view. She reached for the Letterman jacket but the Freshman rushed over and snatched it away from her.

“Please, give it to me,” she begged.

“You might want to listen to her, Fresh. I've seen this before. It's one of Beta Alpha Delta's favorite games. You do not want to piss them off,” one of the upper class girls warned.

“Aw, damn. I was hoping that I would hear about a girl going to class naked today,” the girl snickered.

“That can be arranged,” one of the girls said with a grin. “Give her the jacket.”

Hope had never been more grateful for a single piece of clothing. Once she had the jacket on, she zipped it up and was even more grateful for the fact that she was completely covered up. She reached down and gathered up all of her clothing before heading towards the door. The last thing she heard before stepping out into the hallway was one of the older girls ordering the Freshman to strip.

“Way to go, cuz!” Summer said with a giggle. “Finish it.”

Hope walked over to the group who were waiting next to the trashcan and she tossed her clothes inside.

“She even threw her shoes and socks away! Now that is dedication!” Chloe said with a laugh.

“Okay, Hopeless. Here are your books. Don't drop them until you get to your next class,” another girl said, handing them to Hope.

Before Hope could object, Chloe moved forward and unzipped the jacket all the way down to Hope's naval. Instinctively, Hope looked down to see that most of her breasts were now exposed. With nothing else to do, Hope made the longest trek of her life as she headed to her next class. The reactions she got from other students made sure that her face was as red as Summer's ass was two summers ago.

She really was Hopeless...

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