Initiation at work

Not a great story, but seeing other posts thought I would share. This happened to me two years ago just after I turned 18. I started work at a local call centre to make some money after finishing college. I worked with a lot of girls my age and a few guys. I am pretty good looking, 5'4" blonde good body, and seemed to fit in with everyone else. It was about a month after I started work and I knew something was going on. A lot of the other girls giggled and laughed when I walked past, and a few of the guys had a look like they were pretty excited about something. This carried on for the whole week until five on a Friday came around. The managers had all left early, as they do on fridays, so it was just us sales people about. A group of six girls, including my friend Rachael, came up to my desk. I asked what was going on and Rachael said not to worry, it happened to everyone. She winked and then all the girls jumped me. I was pinned to the floor, one girl holding down each arm and leg. I felt my shoes being pulled off and then the zipper on my skirt go. I was screaming and struggling, but they had hold of me too well. My skirt was pulled clean off and thrown with my shoes. Then I felt my tights being rolled down. There was a big group of people around now, some helping and some just cheering, both guys and girls. I was trying to kick free as I lay there in my knickers. Then my shirt was unbuttoned. It was quickly pulled over my head and discarded. I was then picked up and carried to my chair wearing just my bra and knickers. We all sat on those leather swivel chairs with the big arm-rests, and that's where I was held. The two girls not holding me then proceeded to gaffer tape my arms to the rests and then gaffer my feet around the chair. As much as I struggled I could not escape, tied for all to see in my underwear. They all stood back. Then Rosie said I had a final initiation to pass. They were all going to tickle me. If I made it five minutes without saying stop they would let me go, get dressed and we would all go out. If I said stop after two minutes they said they would leave me there in my underwear for the cleaners. However, if I said stop within the first two minutes they said there would be big trouble. Then they attacked me. I am insanely ticklish, and being in my current state of dress made me all the more vunerable. There were people at my feet, on my belly, under my arms and on my ribs. I thrashed and screamed for what seemed like an eternity. Then it just happened, I shouted STOOOOOOP at the top of my voice. They all stopped and looked at Rachael. She checked her watch and paused. Then she said, one minute forty seconds. Everyone cheered and one girl said there was trouble now. Rachael and another girl called Rosie went to a drawer and came back with scissors. I screamed for them to stop, but they laughed. I felt the blades under my bra straps, heard the snip, and then felt them fall loose. Rachael then unclipped my bra and threw it to the floor with my other clothes. The desks we sit at have drawers on each side which can be locked. They locked the drawers and wheeled the chair over. They then cut the gaffer on my legs and re-tied them to a drawer on either side. I was now spread eagle at my desk, with only my knickers to protect me from whoever came through the door. That did not last long. I felt the snip on each side. I was begging them not to do it, but with a dramatic pause they pulled my knickers off leaving me butt naked and totally on display. A few of them took pictures and then people started to drift away. I laughed and told them they got me good. Rachael just looked at me, laughed, gathered up my clothes and said, we haven't got you yet. That will be when the cleaners find you. I thought they were joking, but they left and did not come back. An hour later a group of ten, male, cleaners came through the door. They looked at me in all my glory, my face burning with embarrassment and laughed. They left me like that while they did their cleaning before finally undoing the gaffer. Rachael had left my car keys on my desk which I grabbed as I ran. All I heard from behind me was a man saying, guess they got another ticklish one. I had to drive home naked that night, and i must admit I cried myself to sleep. But hearing that cleaner made me realise that they must do it to everyone. I did go back to work, where I was treated as a star for taking it so well. Rachael explained that they had got her the same way, and she had not even made a minute of tickling. Then, to top it all off one of my friends came to work for the company. I had known her for years and we were always playing pranks on each other. Then one day Rachael came up to me and said the words I wanted to hear. She said, come on Donna it's time to initiate your friend..