**Initiation.**

We were having a girls night in. I was the new girl in the area and it was my first meeting. You know, cakes and coffee followed by chocs and falling down fluid. We had exhausted the guys at work and clothes topics and were getting round to holidays. As we were going to expose more skin than at home we were checking up how much each of us shaved, armpits and legs obviously and then that ‘Bikini Line’ question. ‘Do you just trim the stragglers so they don’t peek out, like me, or do you whisk off more?’ asked Denise. ‘Bit more,’ said Sally crossing her legs, ‘I leave just a wide strip down the middle. Keeps my clit slit covered.’ ‘I’ve started so I’ll finish,’ I said, ‘I take the lot off. Nice and smooth. Gives me that little girl look and a lot of looks from the fellows on a nude beach. After all so long as I keep my legs together my pussy lips meet nicely in the middle so all I show is a nice smooth groove.’ ‘Have you done it lately?’ asked Denise. ‘Yup, today.’ ‘Go on then , show us.’ demanded Sally. ‘No way. For beach use only,’ I protested standing up with my empty glass and grabbing the remains of a bottle of wine. I felt two hand slip up under my mini skirt and grab the waist of my low rise shorts style knickers. I could not stop them being dragged down until I had put down my glass and bottle and by then they descended to my ankles. Being just ever so slightly tipsy I fell back onto the settee and they were whipped off over my high heeled sandals. ‘Now you can show us,’ said Denise gleefully, ‘Come on, lift that skirt.’ ‘I told you, no way, now come on give me my pants back.’ My skirt was quite long, for me that is, and rested on my bum before sweeping under my tummy at the front neatly exposing my pierced belly button with its bar and dangly love heart. I crossed my legs, tightly. Now so far only Sally and Denise had been teasing me to show them my shaved pubes and the other girls had simply lounged around laughing at my embarrassment. ‘Come on girls,’ urged Denise, ‘You hold her and I’ll get that skirt off of her.’ Too many willing hands grabbed my arms and legs and Denise had free rein to pop the button and unzip my skirt. I felt it ease from around my waist before Denise grabbed the hem and tugged it down over my legs and off. ‘OOoo! nice, ‘said Sally grabbing her camera, ‘I think we need a shot of this.’ The flash went off pop and my naked shaven pubes were recorded. For a brief moment I wondered if it was digital and my exposure would float around the web. ‘All right, you’ve seen my all. Now give me my pants back.’ I squirmed as much as I could while keeping my knees together. Sally held up my rather nice low rise shorts style knickers. ‘Rather snazzy,’ she said admiring them, ‘Do you have a matching bra?’ ‘Yes I do but that’s staying under my T-shirt I can tell you.’ ‘Oh no it’s not,’ chorused the group of harpies holding me down. Denise who had appointed herself my tormentor and stripper in chief took hold of my T-shirt and pulled it up over my B cup tits and, with a little help from her friends, off over my head. I was now down to a bra, which held my half exposed boobs and only just covered their nipples, on a plate and a pair of high heeled sandals. All of us being tipsy certainly made it a laughing rather than a crying matter. ‘Off, Off, Off with her bra,’ came the chant and, as I have said, Denise only too willingly unclipped my front loader and eased it out from under me. ‘Hey, Look she’s got nipple bars,’ said Denise taking a close look at my pert nipples, ‘And a pierced belly button. We’d better inspect her pussy lips to see if they follow the trend.’ ‘No they don’t,’ I protested as the camera was readied, ‘Not yet, anyway.’ ‘Better just check. Open her legs, girls.’ My tightly clasped thighs were prised open and that damned flash went off as I was held totally naked and splayed open at both ends. ‘She’s right,’ agreed Denise after a close inspection as my clit perked up to join my already bulging nipples. ‘ No clit clip. Better let her go.’ My tormentors released their hold and I stood up in just my high heels. ‘Now where are my clothes? Please, pretty please?’ ‘We seem to have lost them,’ agreed the group. ‘You’ll have to stay naked. You said you went on nude beaches.’ ‘That’s different,’ I said gathering up my glass of wine and taking a gulp to give me strength. Everybody else is naked there. You lot have still got all your clothes on.’ I sat down with a thump and curled up into a ball to drink it and cover my nakedness. I did not get my clothes back that evening My ‘friends’ just gave me my handbag with my door keys in it and pushed me out of the front door. I had to streak home naked. Lucky it was only a couple of hundred yards to my door. My clothes were on the doorstep next morning with a note thanking me for being a such good sport and promising that I could strip the next newbie at her initiation.

Jenny.