**Kelly's Initiation**

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"Naked? Oh my God, no!" Kelly squealed in protest.  
  
"Yep. That's what you have to do," Lisa replied firmly.  
  
"No. No way," Kelly said, shaking her head. Her resolve congealed for a moment. "No way."  
  
"Fine. You don't do it, you don't get in. All those hours for nothing, we'll just drop you back at the dorm," Lisa sighed.  
  
Kelly gaped at her, her sorority Big Sister, her friend and protector. How could she ask her to do such a thing?  
  
"Come on, Kelly, don't be such a prude. We all had to do it to get in," Jo added.  
  
"You did?" she asked in astonishment.   
  
Jo nodded, as did Samantha. Kelly stared at them, wide-eyed. This can't be possible, she thought.   
  
"You guys are just teasing me, right?" she whimpered.  
  
"Wow, Kel, I had no idea you were such a big baby!" Lisa snickered. "You really are a stick in the mud."  
  
Kelly frowned at the insult. She had decided to pledge a sorority specifically to break out of her shell, but this was too much. Everything else she had done had been fun, sometimes naughty but this was way over board.  
  
"What if I get arrested?"  
  
"Deny everything," Lisa snickered. "We can't have the sorority getting in trouble."  
  
"You guys, no way! I'll totally get caught!"   
  
"Well, then just be extra careful. Come on, take another drink and then get on with it."  
  
Kelly took a big swig of her cocktail and stared out the window at the brightly lit compound, her heart pounding in her chest. Her scared eyes sought the comfort of her friends, but they were all egging her on. I have to trust them, she thought.  
  
"Thank God I'm drunk," Kelly muttered and reached back to undo her bra.   
  
She slipped it off and folded it neatly on the seat next to her. She started to take off her top but paused in indecision. The girls encouraged her again, and in a few moments she was topless as she wriggled out of her jeans. She leaned forward, an arm clamped over her boobs, ready to make a break for it, when Lisa stopped her.  
  
"Panties too," she ordered.  
  
"No, please, let me keep them on."  
  
"Nope. Butt-ass nekkid, only your flip flops."  
  
Kelly whined pitifully before complying. She had come this far, she might as well go all the way. With one last terrified look at her Big Sister, the freshman pledge hopped out of the car. Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God, Kelly whispered to herself. Her heart raced as the adrenalin surged through her veins. With one arm clamped over her breasts and a hand over her crotch, she started running as quickly as she could across the parking lot, directly into the well-lit buildings in front of her. She was terrified of getting caught. This was nothing like anything she had ever thought about from her small town upbringing. What would her mom think if she got caught? What would Pastor Smith think? She could barely stand getting changed with the girls in gym class, much less showering with them. Yet here she was, completely naked and out in public. Thank God I'm drunk, she thought.  
  
Hopes of making it across the bare expanse of pavement unnoticed were quickly dashed as Lisa laid on the horn, attracting the attention of everyone around. Kelly prayed the place was a deserted as it looked. She hoped that this was some kind of silly head game, that this wasn't happening, but she couldn't see how Lisa could have set something up this elaborate. Reaching the first building, she looked around for a moment to find a hiding place. There were none, everything was well lit and in the open. If anyone caught her she would be completely exposed.  
  
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Lisa grinned as she watched her Little Sister dash across the parking lot. Lisa had to admit, it did look intimidating. She had barely mustered enough nerve to do it herself, three years earlier. Fortified with the liquid courage her Big Sister had given her, she chalked it up to the alcohol and completed the course. Only later did she learn the shocking secret: the mixed drink she had been drinking contained no alcohol. It was instead an ingenious concoction that tasted like it had alcohol. In reality, pledges ran around the business park naked and sober. Now, she had forced Kelly down the same path.   
  
"God, I was so scared when I did this," Samantha giggled. "You gave her the unleaded drink, right?"  
  
"Yeah," Lisa nodded, watching the blonde's naked bottom reach the first doorway.   
  
Samatha and Jo tapped their drinks together in a toast. As full members, they were drinking the real stuff, and well on their way to being blasted.   
  
Lisa pulled out her e-vaporizer and took a big drag of the weed inside. Nothing to do but wait for about 20 or 30 minutes until Kelly finished all the stations.   
  
The challenge was brilliant in design. The complex wasn't really that close to campus, and at midnight on a Saturday it was completely deserted. No guards, no people, no problems. Lisa had even done a courtesy sweep as they had pulled up, Kelly blindfolded in the back, verifying there were no cars in any of the parking lots. The place was extremely well lit, though, and it heightened the feeling of exposure the pledges felt as they collected the badges that had been carefully placed earlier that evening.   
  
Lisa took another deep drag and settled back against the seat as her buzz set in, chatting with the girls. Finally, there was a lull in the conversation.  
  
"Shouldn't she be done by now?" Jo asked.  
  
"I don't know, when did she start?"  
  
"Feels like it's been awhile."  
  
"Let's give her ten more minutes."  
  
The girls started talking again. When they finally remembered to check the time, twenty more minutes had passed. A pang of concern crossed Lisa's buzzed mind.   
  
"What should we do?"  
  
"I don't know," Samantha finally slurred.   
  
"Should we go find her?"  
  
"What if she comes back while we are gone?"  
  
Lisa started the car and pulled up to the buildings, concern working its way into her drug-addled mind. Kelly was her little sister and she was responsible for her. Did she get lost somehow?  
  
"Okay, you two get out and look for her. I'll wait here for her. Call me when you find her."  
  
The girls got out and staggered on their way. Agonizing minutes passed, and suddenly Jo was running up to the car.   
  
"Did you find her?"   
  
"No, not anywhere, and there is a car parked on the other side," Jo gasped breathlessly as she jumped in the car.  
  
Lisa swallowed as the blood drained from her face.   
  
"What kind of car?"  
  
"Fuck, I don't know, a car with wheels!"  
  
"Who else is here at this time of night? Do you think our frat brothers figured it out?"  
  
"I don't know, I don't know!"  
  
Samantha arrived, equally empty handed, but she hadn't noticed a car. Lisa tried to concentrate over the squawking of her two friends. If she drove away, Kelly might reappear and they would be gone. If she stayed, Kelly might be stuck somewhere waiting for her. This was not how this was supposed to work. Her drunken friends were definitely not helping matters.   
  
"Should we call the cops?"  
  
"And tell them what? That we lost a streaker?" Lisa shot back, exasperated.   
  
"Then what should we do?"  
  
"Just let me think for a minute!" Lisa shouted and stared out the window. What, indeed, should they do?  
  
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Kelly whined in desperation before looking at the door. The door said 1003-1. She was looking for 1023-1. Which way to run next? She found another door, then another, before finding a sign with markers on it. Finally arriving at 1023-1, she snatched the envelope off the door and crouched down to read it.   
  
Well, done Pledge! You are off to a good start. This clue is "Apple". Your next clue can be found on door 2056-3. Go quickly before the guards come!   
  
Kelly squealed in horror. There were guards here? She looked around for a few moments before setting off again. Every rattle, every rustle of leaves put her on edge, frantically surveying the area to see if someone was about to catch her. She found clues "vodka" and "green" in short order and then ran to find door 3045-2.   
  
3045-2 was on the second story. The walkway to the door was well-lit and completely exposed to the parking lot below. She got to the door and to her surprise there was no envelope on it. She checked her last clue and verified that she was at the right place. She tried the door handle and it was locked. What the heck? Suddenly, her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a car pulling into the parking lot. In a panic, she slammed her bare shoulder against the door and it popped open. She jumped into the darkened office and slammed the door shut, cowering against the wall.   
  
Light from the outside trickled in. She could make out a very sparse office, with a desk, two office chairs, and a sofa. It didn't look occupied. She cowered in the darkness, eyes vainly searching for something to use to cover herself. To her horror, she heard voices. Male voices. Male voices coming closer. She quickly ran across the room to the closet and closed the folding panel door behind her. Kelly's eyes bugged out as she heard a key in the lock of the office she was hiding in. Moments later the door opened, the lights turned on, and two men entered the office, deep in discussion.   
  
Kelly stood alone and naked in the darkened closet, trying the best she could to cover herself and praying they wouldn't find her. Her every fiber was poured into controlling her breathing so she would remain undetected. Was this part of the initiation? Were these fraternity guys? Kelly shook in fear as she cowered in the closet. She heard the men talking. They seemed to be talking about some schedule or something. Suddenly, the tone of their discussion changed and Kelly's blood froze.  
  
"You know, there are spies everywhere."  
  
"Yeah, I know," the other guy answered.   
  
"We could both be ruined if anyone finds out what we are doing before we are ready."  
  
"Oh, I know."  
  
Kelly's eyes widened in the dark. Spies? Was this some government plot? What if they searched the room and found her? The next sentence unnerved her even more.   
  
"So when are the exterminators coming over?"  
  
"Um, this...week? Tomorrow?"  
  
"You know, to clear out that terrible mouse infestation we have."  
  
Kelly instinctively curled her toes as she looked down. Were there mice in her? She hated mice!   
  
"Riiiight."  
  
"We can't move in until we get rid of the mice."  
  
"True, they would ruin our computers."  
  
Suddenly Kelly felt a mouse run over her foot. She shrieked, abandoning all pretense of stealth, threw open the door and ran out. She found her self face to face with a man in a suit. A second man in a suit stood near the door. Men, not boys from college. Kelly shrieked again, her hands trying to cover her naked body, and ran away from them and the mouse, only to find herself cornered in the empty office. There was no place to hide, no way to get out. The two men were looking at her and she was naked. One man took a few steps to her and she shrieked again.   
  
"Young lady, what are you doing in our office?" he demanded harshly.  
  
Kelly's vision started to narrow and she felt light headed for just moment before blackness closed in over her. The last thing she heard was Mary from the youth camp teasing her about her small boobs.  
  
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Matt closed the distance between them in a flash, catching the naked blonde girl in his arms before she hit the floor. She was completely out. Matt scooped her up and looked at Logan.  
  
"Well that was unexpected," he noted dryly.  
  
"Yeah," Logan agreed numbly, stunned by the sudden appearance of the nude girl.   
  
Matt couldn't help but gaze at the beauty in his arms, her perfect breasts, her shaved pussy. He swallowed as he stood with her draped over his arms.  
  
"Should we put her down?"  
  
"Yeah, yeah."  
  
Matt gently placed her on the couch and Logan joined him to stare at her.   
  
"Should we call the cops?"  
  
"Not yet," Matt leered.  
  
"Hey man, come on. We're not going to..."  
  
"No, of course not. That doesn't mean we can't have some fun."  
  
"We should cover her," Logan pointed out, taking off his suit jacket.  
  
"Hold on, I got a better idea."  
  
Matt unfolded two napkins from lunch and placed them strategically on the girl's body. The napkins hid her most private places, but they sure didn't cover much. Matt grinned lasciviously at Logan and started to lay out his plan.  
  
  
  
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Kelly slowly regained her senses, jerking to alertness as she realized where she was. The two men in suits had their backs to her, engrossed in a discussion on the whiteboard. How long had she been out? She had been covered with paper napkins, and clutched one to her chest as she tentatively touched her crotch. She breathed a sigh of relief as it didn't seem like she had been raped. She wondered if she should run for the door, but that would require going right past the men. She finally decided to sit up, awkwardly holding the napkins in place. She made just enough sound to alert them, and they turned to her.  
  
"Are you okay?" The tall guy asked. Kelly nodded numbly.  
  
"Well," pinstripes sneered, "It looks like our little thief has finally woken up. Did you have a nice nap?" Kelly stared at him mutely. "Well, thief, what do you have to say for yourself?"  
  
"I'm not a thief," she whispered.   
  
"We'll let the police figure that out."  
  
"No please, don't call the police."  
  
"You break into our office, which has priceless business plans in it, and yet you claim you're not a thief? Did you just get high on acid and decide this was a nice place to crash?"  
  
Kelly felt her eyes start to water. He was not being nice at all, but she didn't know what to say. She couldn't call the police, she would be arrested for public nudity and get her sorority in trouble.   
  
"Well, thief?" He demanded. Kelly stared at her toes, intimidated. "Young lady," Pinstripes roared, "I ASKED YOU A QUESTION!"  
  
The edge in his voice stung her and she started begging.  
  
"I'm sorry," she whimpered.  
  
"Who sent you here? Who do you work for?"  
  
"No one," she offered meekly, unwilling to even raise her eyes.  
  
"So you expect me to believe," Pinstripes growled as he closed in on the helpless girl, "That you just decided to break into our office and spy on us on your own? Do you know that industrial espionage is a FELONY OFFENSE?"  
  
"I'm not a spy!" she protested. "I'm not a thief," she repeated.  
  
He was very close now, towering over her small body, snarling. He was telling her she was going to go to prison for spying on them. He pointed to a stack of papers on the desk and told her that she had been reading their secret business plans. The words stung her ears: Felony. Prison. Twenty years.  
  
"No, please," she trembled, "I'll do anything."  
  
"Yes, you'll do anything to keep with your thieving ways. Drug money? Is that what you're after?"  
  
"No, please, I don't do drugs."  
  
"You mean to tell me," growled quietly, "you just decided, stone cold sober, to strip naked and commit a felony for the fun of it?"  
  
Pinstripes paused, silence deafening her ears as she stared at the ground.   
  
"What should we do with her?"  
  
"We have to call the cops. This is a big deal," the other guy said. He sounded calm, at least, unlike angry Pinstripes man.  
  
"No, please," she sniveled, but they ignored her.  
  
"It's a felony, should we call the local cops or the FBI?"  
  
"FBI, obviously, I think I have the agent's card right here," he said as he started to rustle through the desk.  
  
Kelly's eyes snapped up in a panic. She noticed a gleam of gold on his finger—he was married! Surely he was a nice guy!  
  
"No, please! I'm not a spy! Please don't call the cops! I'm a college student!"  
  
Both men paused and she searched their faces for a tinge of hope. They were both older, not like the boys at college. They were both strong and imposing in their suits. Mr. Calm glanced at Pinstripes as he approached her again. Her eyes dropped immediately as he approached, and she pressed herself even further into the sofa.  
  
"This ditz is not only a spy, she's a dimwitted one," Pinstripes snickered. He leaned into her. "You are obviously a spy, thinking you were going to distract us by being naked," he snarled at her. "If you weren't, you would be calling the cops yourself."  
  
She winced from his comment, guilty eyes darting to Mr. Calm's for an instant.   
  
"Matt," Mr. Calm said, quietly and backed him off with a nod of his head. Pinstripes took a few steps away and the two men studied her.  
  
"What is your name?" Mr. Calm asked.  
  
"Kelly. Kelly Pierce."  
  
"Where are you from?"  
  
"UVA. I'm a college student."  
  
"Give me one good reason that I shouldn't call the cops right now."  
  
"I...I...," Kelly searched. "I'm a college student."  
  
"What is your major?"  
  
"Business law."  
  
An awkward pause filled the air. "Then you know how serious a crime industrial espionage is," Mr. Calm said quietly.  
  
Kelly nodded, still staring at their shoes. None of her classes had covered anything like industrial espionage, but they had told her that she could face a long prison sentence for what she did. Her life hadn't even started yet and now it was over.  
  
"What classes are you taking?"  
  
Kelly's mind went blank. She couldn't think straight. What classes was she taking? What day was it? Suddenly she couldn't remember anything about her classes.   
  
"Um..."  
  
Pinstripes snorted. "Can't even recite her cover story. Definitely a spy."  
  
"No, I, um," Kelly's mind raced. "I'm taking math!" Right? Everyone takes math in college.   
  
"Math, huh? That sounds important. College math?"  
  
Something about his demeaning sneer, the way he implied she wasn't smart enough, snapped her out of her daze.  
  
"Calculus I. Professor Adams. I have an A," she whispered.  
  
"And? Anything else?"  
  
The dam burst and she recited her entire class schedule, complete with buildings and times. The men paused for a moment.   
  
"Well, what do you think?" Mr. Calm asked Pinstripes.  
  
"I don't know. We obviously caught her red-handed, I say we call the cops and let them figure it out." Kelly's heart fell. "Besides, she is probably lying about being a college student."  
  
"Look at me," Mr. Calm demanded, and she dutifully looked up at him. "Do you have a facebook account?"  
  
"Yes sir."  
  
Mr. Calm opened his laptop. "What is your account name and password?"  
  
Kelly swallowed and looked down again. She knew she wasn't supposed to give out her password, but she was trapped. She told him as she clutched the thin scraps of paper to her body as the men logged into her account. She was sweating from the stress and the napkins were starting to disintegrate. Their conversation paused as the men stood in thought.   
  
"Excuse me," Kelly asked meekly.  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Do you have anything I can cover myself with?"  
  
The men appraised her for a moment.   
  
"Yeah, yeah, of course," Mr. Calm said and produced a men's undershirt.   
  
He tossed it to her and then turned back to talk to Pinstripes. Kelly considered asking them to turn around, but given the circumstances opted not to. They seemed focused on her Facebook page and not her. She stood and turned her back to them and quickly pulled the undershirt on. It fell almost to the middle of her thighs, a decent length, but the fabric was really thin. Kelly turned and sat back down, thighs clamped tightly together. The vee of the undershirt's neck dropped between her breasts and her nipples protruded obscenely. She pressed her arm across breasts to conceal them. Kelly wondered for a moment why her nipples were hard before being struck by the realization that she was aroused. Her mind reeled at the thought that this horrible event was turning her on. Before she could contemplate the situation further, the men turned to her.   
  
"Kelly, look at me. Are you a spy?" Pinstripes asked.  
  
"No sir, I am not," she whispered.  
  
"I believe you," he finally answered. "However, this is a very serious matter. There are two ways we can resolve them. First, we can call the police right now and let them deal with you." Kelly shook her head vigorously. I can think of one other way to resolve this." Kelly raised her head expectantly.

"It would be unacceptable to allow a teenage miscreant get away with out punishment. However, we can mete out your punishment here."  
  
Kelly nodded, relieved that the police would not be involved and that she would not be going to jail.   
  
"Your punishment will be a spanking, appropriate for a young troublemaker like yourself," Mr. Calm stated.  
  
"Ex...excuse me?" Kelly gulped. A yawning pit formed in her stomach as she processed their judgment. Her eyes jumped from one to the other before shame overwhelmed her and she looked down. Spanked? She had never been spanked, not even as a child.  
  
The men stood there, impassive, as they watched her. Finally Mr. Calm spoke again.  
  
"It's your choice, young lady. Which way will it be."  
  
Kelly stared at the ground, gape jawed, for a long moment.  
  
"Okay," she quietly resigned.   
  
"Okay what?"  
  
"You can spank me," she whimpered, the words burning into her soul as she felt a twitch from her between her thighs.  
  
"Young lady, we do not want to do this. If you want to keep the police out of this matter, you will ask properly."  
  
Kelly's eyes widened as she glanced back up at him. She struggled to understand what she had to do.  
  
"Please, sir, I would like to be spanked rather than calling the cops," she whispered. She felt her temperature surge as the words came out, demeaning beyond any experience she had ever had. A blush flooded up her neck and into her face.  
  
With a nod from Mr. Calm, Pinstripes walked over and sat down on the office chair. Kelly swallowed. She had assumed Mr. Calm was going to spank her, not Pinstripes. Her eyes pleaded with Mr. Calm, who merely returned her gaze silently.   
  
"Come here, Kelly," Pinstripes ordered.   
  
With a gulp Kelly stood and minced over to him, one arm clamped over her breasts and one covering her crotch. Her mind was going numb, unable to comprehend what was happening to her. Her entire body was aflame. Pinstripes appraised her for a moment before grabbing her wrist and suddenly pulling her down across his lap. Kelly yelped in surprise and futilely tried to pull the undershirt down over her bottom. In a moment Pinstripes had wrestled her into an arm bar across the low of her back. She continued to fight, her legs flailing pointlessly in the air, her flip flops falling off.  
  
"Young lady," Mr. Calm snapped, causing her to freeze. "You agreed to this punishment," he continued calmly. "You will cooperate. Now stop your struggling and let's get this on with this. I don't have all night."  
  
Kelly nodded silently, resigned to her fate.   
  
"Young lady, do you even know how to get spanked?" Pinstripes asked.  
  
"No sir," Kelly whispered.  
  
"Figures. Probably why you are such a troublemaker, no discipline nowadays. Hands and feet on the floor, young lady. Now, I think 30 spanks would suffice. Agreed?"  
  
"Yes sir," Kelly whimpered.  
  
"I wasn't talking to you, young lady."  
  
Kelly felt him lift the back of the undershirt and her hands flew back to cover herself.   
  
"Hands on the ground," Pinstripes ordered harshly. Kelly trembled as she complied, her bare bottom now lewdly on display. "If you do that again I will add five to your punishment. Now, you will count off and say thank you after each one. Understood?"  
  
"Yes, sir."   
  
Kelly kept her thighs pressed tightly together, attempt in vain to hide her most sensitive parts that seemed to be burning in a wholly inappropriate way. She wondered if the men could smell her, or if they thought so little of her that they didn't even think that way. A sharp crack filled the room, like a whip shattering the silence, and in an instant a sharp, stinging pain reached her brain. Kelly cried out in pain and embarrassment, her arms and legs thrashing aimlessly. Moments later a second spank fell on her other cheek. Kelly wailed again, hands instinctively trying to cover herself. She finally noticed that he stopped spanking her and calmed down. She was breathing hard and tears spilled from shame.  
  
"Young lady," Pinstripes observed dryly, "You are neither counting nor maintaining your position. If you are unwilling to cooperate, we will be here all night. Now, we will start again."  
  
Another spank fell, and this time Kelly forced herself to hold her position. Heat radiated across her firm butt, seeming to nestle in her sex.  
  
"What do you say, young lady," Pinstripes sighed, as if bored.  
  
"One sir! Thank you sir!" Kelly yelped.  
  
Another spank fell, and she managed to both hold her position and recite her line. By the fifth strike she was crying, and by the tenth she was sobbing. Each spank seemed to produce color in her mind, flashes of red and orange.  
  
"Ten sir! Thank you sir!" Kelly sobbed. Her ass was on fire.  
  
"You are one third of the way through your punishment. Let me know when you are ready to continue."  
  
Pinstripes had paused, his hand resting indecently on the searing flesh of her rear, cupping her buttocks. Kelly knew a few short inches from his fingers lay a secret that she was desperate to keep hidden, but she couldn't seem to control her squirming thighs, now moistened with her juices. She wasn't just wet, she was soaked. Kelly finally controlled her crying and nodded. She didn't want to get hit again, but she knew if his hand stayed on her any longer she might embarrass herself even more. He started again and the pain was immediately intense, only now there was even more heat between her legs. Her sobs and counts were becoming suffused with a throaty moan. When he paused again after the twentieth spank and placed his hand on her rear she couldn't help but to buck into it.  
  
"Only ten more to go, young lady. Do you want to stop and call the police instead?"  
  
Kelly shook her head.   
  
"I'm ready," she panted.  
  
Pinstripes laid on nine more hard strikes. Kelly was unable to suppress a moan as he delayed the last one and instead caressed her scarlet bottom. Her hips were squirming obscenely and her thighs were no longer able to stay closed. Finally he delivered the last one and she lay sobbing across his lap, her body shaking from need and broken pride. This man, this powerful man, had dominated her in a way she had never even imagined. When he helped her to her feet she curled, wailing, into his chest as he gently stroked her hair. Finally he lifted her chin to look at her.  
  
"I'm very proud of you, Kelly." Her heart quivered at his approval. "Now no more breaking into offices, okay?"  
  
Kelly nodded mutely, shaking with arousal. It was all she could do to stop her hands from diving between her legs. She could feel her wetness all over the tops of her thighs. If he wanted to have her, she would gladly let him. A voice snapped her out of trance.  
  
"Come here, Kelly," Mr. Calm said.  
  
Kelly swallowed as she turned. She had almost forgotten about the other man in the room. Mr. Calm cupped her face and dabbed her eyes dry. She was so turned on she felt like she almost came just from his gentle touch.   
  
"Now let's get you home."