**Kristy and the New Pledge**

by Bobbie Kaye (Cutie)

Kristy Spencer couldn't believe that she was actually a junior now. Her sophomore year had been successful in every way. She finished the term with a three-point-three grade point average, and she was right on schedule to graduate in two more years.

Her social life was busy, and she absolutely adored her sorority. As a Sister of Epsilon Nu Gamma, she’d made so many good friends, and benefited from the support provided by the close-knit group of young women.

Things were going to be different at ENG this year, though, and it saddened her that several of her close friends, including Melinda, had graduated. Darla, Julie, Sandy and the others; Kristy would miss every one of them, but Melinda most of all.

It was Melinda who had introduced the rather naïve Kristy to the joys of girl-girl love last winter. In addition to being beautiful, all of the Epsilon Sisters were to some extent bisexual. Kristy had been quite surprised to learn this, but after one glorious night and the following morning, in the arms of Melinda, she’d been convinced. Kristy now embraced, and occasionally indulged in, her own blossoming bisexual tendencies.

Kristy had also discovered, and quickly come to enjoy, another of Epsilon’s traditions. Every member of the sorority, in addition to indulging in bisexuality, was also into exhibitionism. They enjoyed flashing people, friends and strangers alike. During Hell Week last year, Kristy had been required, among other things, to turn cartwheels in a crowded spot on campus, while wearing an extremely short skirt. She’d also been made to strip down to panties and bra, with maybe a hundred people watching, and walk more than a mile back to the sorority house dressed in nothing but her undies.

She’d found it quite embarrassing at first, but as the year progressed, she came to enjoy showing off. Kristy’s favorite was answering the door in the nude, always enjoying the sometimes unexpected reactions of the visitor. Kristy would stand there before the FedEx man or whomever, one hand bouncing each of her generous breasts, while the visitor tried to take care of business.

And now it was a new year, with new sorority officers, and a new flock of eight young women hoping to pledge Epsilon Nu Gamma. This year Kristy would be assigned the task of helping to test the dedication of one of these pledges, and she was looking forward to being on the other end of the paddle.

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The Friday evening prior to the first day of classes, a meeting was held to introduce the eight new pledges to the rest of the girls. All eighteen Epsilon Sisters were present, and the new president, Christina, flanked by vice president Marie, called for everyone’s attention.

She introduced each of the Sisters first, then had each pledge stand and tell a little about herself. As was the Epsilon tradition, all of the pledges were exceptionally attractive, ranging in size and shape from the petite and pretty blond Katie, through the full-figured and quite buxom brunette Lindsay.

Christina explained what the pledges could expect during Hell Week, and informed them that any instruction given to them by one of the Sisters was to be obeyed immediately and without question. Each would be assigned a series of tasks over the course of the week, and completing those tasks was essential to becoming a member of Epsilon Nu Gamma.

A summary of the sorority bylaws was also passed out, and Christina briefly reviewed them, placing extra emphasis on those she felt were most pertinent. These included rules mandating loyalty to the sorority and academic achievement. Above all, what she stressed was the sisterhood they shared, and that trust between Epsilon Sisters was absolute.

After answering a few questions, Christina dismissed the pledges and instructed them to return to the sorority house Sunday evening at nine o’clock.

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Kristy and Jenni Lee headed out a little later, planning on a quick bite and a movie. Classes hadn’t started yet, and neither one had a date that night, so they thought they’d keep each other company. Jenni Lee was an auburn-haired stunner, full-figured with ample breasts and a winning smile. Jenni Lee’s beauty was rivaled by her companion’s, though. Somewhat more slender, Kristy was equally well endowed, with thick, shining black hair and a model’s face.

It was just a short walk over to Maple Street, where the multiplex and several restaurants beckoned. On the way, they noticed a blond girl sitting at a bus stop.

“Isn’t that… what was her name?” asked Jenni Lee. “One of the pledges?”

Kristy tried to remember her name. “Katie, wasn’t it?”

“That’s right,” Jenni Lee confirmed. “She looks lonely. Shall we invite her to join us?”

“It isn’t against the bylaws, is it?” wondered Kristy. “I mean, she’s just a pledge.”

“I don’t think so.”

“Okay, let’s ask her.”

They approached the girl, who looked very sad sitting there by herself. They’d both noticed earlier how pretty she was, her shoulder-length blond hair tied in a ponytail, with wispy bangs, flawless skin, high cheekbones and a dazzling white smile. On that level, at least, she was certainly Epsilon material.

“Katie?” said Jenni Lee, and the girl jumped.

“Oh, you startled me,” the girl replied, wiping tears from her blue eyes.

“What’s the matter, Sweetie?” asked Kristy, genuine concern in her voice.

“Oh, nothing, Sister,” Katie replied respectfully, using the term pledges always used to address full members of the sorority.

“Then why the waterworks?” asked Jenni Lee, smiling sympathetically.

Katie looked at both of them and broke down, the tears flowing freely. “I don’t know if I can do this,” she said, sobbing quietly.

“What?” asked Kristy. “Do what?”

“I know what Epsilon is all about,” Katie said, drying her eyes. “I’m a legacy. My sister was Epsilon a few years ago.”

“Oh?” Jenni Lee replied cautiously. “And what, exactly, are we about?”

“Exhibitionism,” Katie replied, apprehension in her eyes.

“Well,” said Kristy, “that’s certainly part of what we’re about. Does that bother you?”

Katie took a deep breath. “Not in principle. My sister told me how much fun the Sisters always had flashing people.”

Both Sisters smiled. “True enough,” said Kristy.

“We do have a lot of fun with it,” added Jenni Lee. “You ought to see the looks we get sometimes.”

“Last week, Jenni Lee and I both took our tops off as an Amtrak train went by. You should’ve seen the faces on the passengers!”

“Yeah, but you two have something to flash,” Katie said, her voice trailing off as the tears resumed.

“You’re not exactly flat on top,” Jenni Lee pointed out, indicating Katie’s modest bust line.

Katie laughed sadly. “But I’m wearing a padded bra.”

“You are?” asked Jenni Lee.

“And it’s stuffed with tissue, too.” Katie sniffled, then added “My breasts are so tiny, they barely fill an A-cup bra.”

“So what?” Kristy asked.

“I’m just so ashamed of them. I want big breasts, like you two have.”

“What’s the big deal?” asked Jenni Lee. “A lot of girls have small boobs.”

“Have you ever had any complaints from a guy?” asked Kristy.

“I’ve never let a guy get… you know… that close to me.”

“You’re a virgin?” asked Jenni Lee, eyebrows raised.

Katie nodded, staring at the ground.

“Nothing wrong with that, either,” said Kristy. “I mean, if you’re waiting for marriage, or for the right guy…”

“Not really. I get a lot of dates, but I’m afraid if a guy sees how small my breasts are, he’ll laugh at me and leave.”

“You don’t know guys, then,” smiled Jenni Lee.

Kristy thought for a minute, then said “Did you hear what Christina said about trust? That trust between Epsilon Sisters is absolute?” Katie nodded. “Do you trust us?”

“Sure,” Katie replied cautiously.

Smiling at Jenni Lee, then meeting Katie’s eyes, Kristy said “You’ve just had a change in plans. We’re going shopping, and then we’re going out.”

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“I can’t wear that in public!” objected Katie.

“Come on, Katie,” urged Jenni Lee. “Try it on.”

Katie followed Kristy, who was carrying a skimpy yellow tube top, into the dressing room. Jenni Lee was right behind them. Steeling herself, Katie removed her blouse, her padded and stuffed bra coming into view. Her face bright red, she removed the tissues filling both cups, and with a resigned sigh, unhooked her bra. Two small but perfectly formed breasts came into view. Katie looked away as Kristy and Jenni Lee gave her a close visual inspection.

“Katie,” smiled Kristy, “your breasts are gorgeous!”

“You’ve been tearing yourself apart all this time,” added Jenni Lee, “and for no reason.” Katie was entirely unconvinced.

“Here, put this on,” urged Kristy, handing her the cute tube top. Katie pulled the top on. It hugged her breasts, and ended well above her belly button.

“Too sexy!” exclaimed Jenni Lee.

“Twenty-four dollars,” said Kristy. “Can you afford it?”

“I guess, but…”

“Come on then,” said Jenni Lee, “we’re going dancing!”

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Katie nervously wore the tube top to the checkout counter and paid for it, while Jenni Lee put her old blouse and bra in a bag. Katie complained that she couldn’t go outside dressed like this. Everybody would find out how small her boobs were. Kristy explained that that was the entire point. She had to learn that most men didn’t care, and that a lot of guys preferred women with small breasts.

The club they were going to catered to the university crowd. No alcohol was served, as most of the clientele was underage, and they wanted to stay in business.

“Please, Sister Jenni Lee, Sister Kristy!” Katie pleaded. “I can’t go in there like this. Everyone will see how flat I am.”

“Well, if you don’t come in with us,” Kristy warned harshly, “you can pretty much forget about pledging Epsilon.”

“That’s right,” added Jenni Lee. “One thing Epsilon girls are not is shy.”

Katie took a deep breath, crossed her arms over her chest, and nodded.

“And none of that,” Kristy admonished. “No covering up. You’re here to learn that guys don’t care how big your boobs are.”

“Do you trust us, Katie?” asked Jenni Lee, compassion in her voice.

“Um…” Katie tried to recall the phrase. “Trust between…”

“Trust between Epsilon Sisters is absolute,” quoted Kristy.

“Trust between Epsilon Sisters is absolute,” Katie repeated, dropping her hands to her sides. “But if I die from humiliation, you two are paying for my funeral.” She took a deep breath and said “Okay, let’s go.”

The three girls were barely inside the front door when they were approached by a tall, good looking young man with an athletic build and a broad smile on his well-tanned face. Kristy and Jenni Lee, flanking Katie, both smiled back, but his eyes were focused on the young blond.

“Hi, I’m Tim. Would you like to dance?”

“Um… sure,” replied the very surprised Katie. Offering her hand, she glanced back at the Sisters, astonishment on her face as she followed the handsome young man to the dance floor.

Jenni Lee and Kristy soon found partners, and were dancing near Katie when a slow song came on. Tim pulled Katie close as they swayed in time with the music. By the smile on her face, Katie was certainly enjoying herself, and it wasn’t long before another good looking guy cut in.

When the evening was drawing to a close, Kristy and Jennie Lee collected the young pledge. Katie hadn’t stopped dancing all night. Kristy had given up trying to count how many men the pledge had danced with, but it had to be more than a dozen different guys. The smile on Katie’s face brightened the dark room.

As soon as they were outside, Katie threw her arms around Kristy, hugging her tightly. She did the same with Jenni Lee, and when she released her, they could see tears in her eyes, along with a radiant smile.

“Oh my God!” she squealed. “You two were so right! I’ve never danced that much in my life, and I exchanged phone numbers with four guys!”

“What?” Kristy asked mockingly. “You mean guys actually liked a flat-chested girl like you?”

“Who would’ve thought?” added Jenni Lee with a wink. “Your boobs are small, but all those guys didn’t seem to care.”

“What’s the world coming to?” teased Kristy.

“Thank you,” Katie said simply, and very sincerely.

“Now promise me something,” said Kristy. “No more padded bras, no more tissue paper, okay?”

“From now on,” added Jenni Lee, “you’re beautiful Katie, the girl with the small breasts.”

“I promise,” beamed Katie. “And I’m going to do whatever it takes to get into Epsilon, too. Even if I have to show everybody my perfect little boobs.”

“I hope you mean that,” warned Jenni Lee, “because it’s entirely possible that you’ll be doing exactly that.”

Katie pondered that for a moment, then smiled and said “Bring on the world!”

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At the sorority house the next day, Kristy and Jenni Lee were explaining to Christina, the new sorority president, and Marie, the vice president, what had happened the night before.

“Great job,” praised Christina. “One of the most important things we do at Epsilon is to build each others’ self-confidence, and it sounds like you hit a grand slam with Katie.”

“You should have seen her,” said Jenni Lee. “A total transformation in her attitude in just one evening.”

“If I’d realized how she felt about her breasts,” said Marie, “I would’ve talked with her myself.” Marie’s chest was possibly even smaller than Katie’s, yet her own self-confidence had always been through the roof.

“It might have been easier for you,” Kristy smiled appreciatively, “but I think we did okay.”

“We’re going to have to give her a special task for Hell Week,” said Christina. “We don’t usually make pledges get completely topless right away, but for Katie, I think it may be in order.”

“You think she’s up for it?” Marie asked Kristy and Jenni Lee.

“After last night,” said Jenni Lee, “her confidence is high. Four guys asked for her phone number last night, I think she said.”

“So, you have any ideas?” asked Christina.

Kristy smiled. “I think I might have just the thing.”

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On Katie’s first day of Hell Week, Sister Erica approached her at the end of her last class. She’d been given an extremely short skirt to wear that day, along with a pair of pink lacy panties. Erica instructed Katie to turn some cartwheels, a standard Hell Week stunt. Katie removed her backpack and began turning cartwheels, her skirt quickly gathering around her waist. A crowd soon surrounded them.

“Must be Hell Week,” somebody said.

“Looks like the Epsilons have another gorgeous pledge!”

“That’s all they allow,” said a female voice tinged with jealousy.

“Well, this one certainly qualifies!”

Slightly out of breath from the exertion, Katie knew her face was red, both from the cartwheels and from flashing her panties. She was also listening to the voices around her. She straightened up, brushed her skirt back into place, and smiled at Sister Erica.

“Good job, Pledge Katie,” beamed Erica. “See you back at the house at five.”

The show over, the crowd began to disperse. Katie just smiled, relieved to have made it through her first day, but wondering what was coming next.

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On Tuesday, Sister JoAnne had Katie strip down to her bra and panties and ask ten random men for a hug. She was a little uneasy because the bra she’d been given to wear was very skimpy, and it was obvious that her breasts were quite small.

But with some difficulty she pushed her embarrassment aside, and marveled at the reactions she got from the men she approached. Every one of them was a gentleman, giving her a polite squeeze, not a single one attempting any inappropriate touching.

On Tuesday evening, Sister Marie, the vice president, gave Katie a challenging task for Wednesday. Marie lent her one of her favorite T-shirts, telling Katie she had to wear it all day. The bright yellow T-shirt was imprinted with an image of a very flat-chested girl, with the words ‘Itty Bitty Titty Committee, Chapter President’ emblazoned on the front in large red letters.

The two were sitting in the sorority house kitchen, away from the other Sisters. Katie’s face turned red when she saw the T-shirt. “Sister Marie,” she said, “I can’t…”

“Ssh,” said Marie, and Katie stopped talking. “Look at me,” Marie said, turning sideways. “Are your breasts any smaller than mine?”

“I… I guess not, but…”

“And do you suppose I have any trouble finding a date?”

“No, but…”

“I know there are some men,” Marie interrupted, “a few, that are hung up on big boobs. You’d certainly get the impression that they all were, reading magazines or watching TV.” Marie let the younger girl think about that for a minute. “But I can tell you from personal experience,” she went on, “that men love breasts. Big, small, it doesn’t matter at all to most of them.”

“I don’t… I…”

“What men like most in a woman is self-confidence. If you smile a lot, and if you come across as self-confident, men will love you.”

Katie sat silently, reading and rereading the words on the T-shirt.

“Kristy and Jenni Lee told me about the club you all went to last Friday. They said you had on a little tube top that advertised your small breasts, and that you danced all night. Is that right?”

“Well, yeah, but…”

“Do you trust me, Katie?” asked Marie.

“Trust between Epsilon Sisters is absolute,” Katie quoted precisely.

“Do you want to be an Epsilon?”

Katie met Marie’s eyes. “More than anything,” she said sincerely.

“Then tomorrow, you will wear this T-shirt, and no bra. And no covering up, no crossing your arms. You wear the shirt, and smile a lot, and project self-confidence. That’s your Hell Week task for Wednesday.” She paused, watching Katie mull the idea over. “Are you up for it, Katie? Are you Epsilon material?”

After a long, deep breath, Katie said “You’re darn right I’m Epsilon material, Sister Marie. I have small breasts, and I’m proud of them.” Katie thought for a moment, then added softly “At least, that’s what I’m going to keep telling myself, until I believe it.”

“And I’m proud of you, Pledge Katie.”

Katie smiled.

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When Katie arrived at the sorority house Wednesday afternoon, still wearing the T-shirt, her smile filled the house with sunshine. She found Sister Marie and threw her arms around her, repeating “Thank you, thank you, thank you!”

“I take it you had a good day?”

“I had three guys ask me for my phone number,” she beamed. “Really nice guys, and they were all so good looking. They loved the T-shirt, and one told me he admired my self-confidence!”

“So I was right?” asked Marie.

“Sister Marie, you were so right! Trust between Epsilon Sisters is absolute!”

“You can keep the T-shirt, if you want it,” offered Marie, earning another hug from the pledge.

When Katie released the older girl, she had tears in her eyes. “You guys have all been so… so amazing! Epsilon is the best thing that’s ever happened to me, and I will do absolutely anything to join. I’ll do anything you tell me to do. You, and Kristy, and Jenni Lee…” She gave Marie another hug. “I really understand now.”

“What’s that?”

“Trust between Epsilon Sisters really is absolute. I’d trust any of you with my life.”

“Maybe not your life, Katie,” Marie smiled, “but do you trust us with your modesty?”

Katie smiled again. “Absolutely!”

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Katie didn’t know what to expect on Thursday. She knew it was the last day of Hell Week, and she knew she’d be expected to do something potentially embarrassing. But that was okay. She loved college life, she loved the Epsilon Sisters, and she’d never in her life felt better about herself.

She went to a discount clothing store Wednesday night and bought herself a sexy 30A bra. She knew it was exactly the right size, but she’d never purchased one so lightweight before. All though high school she’d worn padded bras, at least a B cup, and then stuffed the cups with tissue paper. It felt good to buy something she knew was just right for her. She also picked up a semi-transparent white blouse to wear the next day, knowing that her bra would be partially visible through the thin material. The thought that guys would be able to see her bra actually excited her a little.

When her second class let out, Katie was met by Kristy and Jenni Lee, and she knew something was up. She was certain they weren’t going to let her get all the way through the day without making her do something really embarrassing. But she was ready for them. Her newfound confidence told her she could handle anything they might throw at her.

Katie greeted the Sisters with a hug, and they started walking toward the football field. Her mind was racing, wondering what they had in mind. The fact that both Sisters had come for her told her that it was going to be big. When Kristy led them toward the men’s locker room, however, she began to get nervous.

Kristy disappeared inside, while Jenni Lee took Katie to a fairly secluded area behind a set of bleachers. Football practice was scheduled to begin shortly, and when Kristy emerged from the locker room, she was trailed by thirty-five young men in full gear, ready for their warm-ups.

The entire football team followed Kristy to the spot behind the bleachers where Jenni Lee and Katie were waiting. The players gathered in a semicircle, every pair of eyes facing the two Sisters and the young pledge. Kristy asked for quiet, and began to speak.

“Guys, I’d like you to meet one of our Epsilon pledges, Katie. Katie, this is the football team.”

Katie could feel her face turning pink as whistles and catcalls came from the players. Suddenly filled with dread, she screwed up her courage, put on a bright smile, and said “Hi guys!”

“Hi, Katie!” was repeated, along with more whistles and cheers.

“So, guys, do you all think Katie’s pretty?” asked Jenni Lee.

The team replied with more whistles, and numerous positive comments.

“Well,” announced Kristy, “you guys are in for a treat today. By a show of hands, which one of the three of us is going to take her top off and show you her boobs? Majority rules.”

Katie’s heart shifted into high gear. She thought she was ready for anything, but she hadn’t expected this. She managed to keep on smiling, though, and willed herself not to cross her arms over her chest.

“All right,” said Jenni Lee. “Who wants to see Kristy’s breasts?” Out of thirty-five players, three of the youngest held up their hands.

“And who wants to see Jenni Lee’s breasts?” asked Kristy. This time, only two hands went up, both also belonging to freshmen.

“Okay,” said Jenni Lee with a knowing smile. “Who wants to see Katie’s breasts?” Thirty hands shot up at once, as the players began to chant “Katie! Katie! Katie!”

Katie turned her back to the team, a look of terror on her face. “I can’t…” she said so softly that Kristy and Jenni Lee could barely hear.

The older girls exchanged glances. “Do you want to join Epsilon?” asked Jenni Lee, a hint of impatience in her tone. Katie offered a feeble nod.

“And do you trust us?” asked Kristy.

Katie took a deep breath. “Trust between Epsilon Sisters is absolute,” she whispered.

“Then Katie?” said Kristy. “Trust us. This will be a thrill you’ll never forget."

Katie still hesitated. “Have we been wrong yet?” asked Jenni Lee.

Katie glanced from one Sister to the other, and said “No, and you’ve helped me so much. You’ve made me feel so good about my body.” She thought for a moment, then added “And I love you guys.”

Kristy smiled. “Then just do it,” she said softly. “Take off your top, and your bra, and show these guys how proud you are of your perfect breasts.”

Katie handed Jenni Lee her purse and put on her best smile. Turning to face the team, she undid the top button on her new blouse, to an eruption of cheers. Seventy male eyes were on her as she undid the second, and while she couldn’t believe what she was doing, she opened the third, letting her skimpy bra into view.

The guys were going wild, offering shouts of encouragement. Katie heard “pretty,” “gorgeous,” “sexy,” “hot,” “beautiful,” and many more complimentary words. Something happened inside her head then, and suddenly she wanted to show them her breasts. She quickly undid the remaining buttons, pulled the blouse off, and twirled it around before tossing it to Jenni Lee. All eyes were glued to her little performance.

Katie’s face was bright red with embarrassment, but there was something more to it. She was reveling in the attention, and her smile reflected her enjoyment. She reached back and unhooked her bra, allowing the straps to fall free, but holding the cups over her breasts with both hands. After several moments’ uneasy hesitation, she finally pulled the bra free, tossing it to Kristy, baring her boobs before thirty-five young men.

And those young men were going crazy! Whistles, howls, cheers, and endless compliments buoyed Katie’s confidence. She was absolutely glowing, and Kristy and Jenni Lee almost had to drag her away so that the team could begin their practice.

As the players headed for the field, one tall, handsome dark-haired young man hung back. Katie was starting to put her bra back on when she noticed him. She let the bra fall to her side and faced the young man, making no effort to cover herself. He managed to tear his gaze away from her chest, and looked into her iridescent blue eyes.

“Hi, Katie,” he said nervously. “I’m Jess. I’m the team’s starting wide receiver,” he said, “and I was wondering if…” Katie looked at him expectantly. “Do you suppose we could… you know… go to a movie… some time?”

“Sure,” she replied, projecting a sense of calmness that she didn’t feel. “I’d like that. Call me,” she added coquettishly, retrieving her purse from Jenni Lee and pulling out a scrap of paper and a pen. She wrote her number down and handed it to him.

Katie couldn’t help but notice that he was staring at her breasts again. She glanced down, surprised to find her nipples fully erect. She could feel her facing getting hot again, but when she looked at Jess, she saw that he was blushing too. That surprised her.

“Thanks,” he said, smiling shyly. “I’ll call you tonight, if that’s okay.”

“I’ll be waiting,” she said coyly. She watched as he jogged back into the locker room, her number in hand. Katie turned to face Kristy and Jenni Lee, and again the tears began to flow.

“What’s the matter, Katie?” asked Jenni Lee, putting her arms around the pledge.

Fighting back the tears, Katie said “Nothing,” and she began to laugh. “Nothing is wrong,” she giggled. “Everything is perfect!”

Kristy collected a hug, and they headed back toward the center of campus.

“Um… Katie?”

“Yes, Sister Kristy?”

“You might wanna put your clothes on now.”

Katie looked down, blushing again, and slipped into her bra, and then her blouse.

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The sorority lost four of their eight pledges over the course of the week. Each was unwilling to perform one of the daring typical stunts expected of all Epsilon pledges. Besides Katie, the three other pledges, all full-bosomed and all gorgeous, completed every embarrassing task, and they were ready for more.

Katie attended the sorority party on Friday night, and one of the other pledges ended up losing the traditional competition and spending most of the night partying naked. Something inside of Katie tried to convince her to throw the competition, but she couldn’t do it. She knew she’d be flashing people soon enough. But it seemed that more guys were paying attention to her over the course of the evening than to any of the other pledges.

She passed the kissing test on Saturday, in which all of the pledges, naked and blindfolded, had to kiss each of four guys, remember his technique, and then identify one of them by kissing him again, still blindfolded.

Sunday was the most difficult part of the initiation for Katie, the test of obedience. Each pledge had to endure ten very hard swats on her bare bottom with a wooden paddle, repeating “Thank you Sister, may I have another, only harder?” after each one.

Katie had to watch the other three pledges go through it first, and by the time she bent over, she was quite literally shaking in fear. The other three were crying openly before they were finished, and Katie was terrified. She was tempted to quit right then and there.

Kristy took her aside, promising her that she would survive, and that it was okay to cry, but stressing that being an Epsilon Sister would make it worthwhile.

So Katie, naked and scared to death, bent over to provide a target. The first blow was tolerable, and she said “Thank you Sister, may I have another, only harder?”

The Sisters rotated, and the second obliged the required request, putting everything she had behind the blow. Katie screamed and fell to her hands and knees, tears pouring from her eyes. There was no way she could endure eight more swats. Kristy knelt down next to the crying girl, and asked whether Katie trusted her.

“Trust…” she sobbed, “between… Epsilon… Sisters…” she sobbed again, trying to catch her breath, “is… is… absolute.”

“And do you want to be an Epsilon?” Kristy asked.

“More… than… anything,” Katie managed to answer, “but… I… don’t…think…”

“Katie, will you do this for me?”

Kristy’s face was blurry through the tears, but Katie knew she’d do anything to please her. Catching her breath, she resumed the position and said “Thank you, Sister, may… may I have another, only… only… harder?”

With the goal of proving herself worthy of Kristy’s friendship, Katie endured the remaining swats, which grew no softer. Over the years, most of the Sisters had been brought to tears when going through this rite of passage, and Katie was expected to pass the test the same way the rest had done. It was the most difficult thing she’d ever had to do, and after the tenth strike, sobbing almost hysterically but determined, she started to repeat the same phrase, “Thank you, Sister…”

But Kristy took her into her arms, whispering softly in her ear, “It’s over, Sweetie. You’re an Epsilon now.”

Katie collapsed into Kristy’s arms, allowing her friend to console her, making no effort to hide the tears. Her bottom was the color of a fire hydrant, and hurt too much even to rub. But she looked into Kristy’s eyes and said “Thank you, Sister Kristy.”

The official swearing in ceremony was conducted that evening, with the pledges fully clothed. Katie stood throughout the ceremony, her bottom still tender.

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On her first date with Jess, the football player, Katie asked why the players had mostly voted to see her breasts. “Kristy and Jenni Lee are both so gorgeous, and their boobs are big. Why did you all want to see little old me?” she asked with a coy smile.

Jess blushed. “Well, for me, it was… well, you’re about the prettiest girl I’ve ever seen,” and Katie blushed too. “And you may not realize this, but to most guys, boobs are boobs, and we love them all. The stereotype that all men only like giant hooters, well, it’s just not true.”

“So you like my little ones?”

“I love them, Katie, and I hope it won’t be long before I get to see them again.” He gazed into her eyes. “See them, and more,” he added shyly.

“You play your cards right, you might just get that chance,” she smiled.

“Besides,” Jess explained, “Kristy and Jenni Lee have been around campus for a year, and we’ve seen both of them naked lots of times!”

The end