**Kristy the Sorority Girl**

by Bobbie Kaye (Cutie)

Kristy Spencer didn’t really understand why it was so important to her Aunt Shari that she pledge the Epsilon Nu Gamma Sorority. Aunt Shari told Kristy that she was a “legacy,” meaning that because she had belonged to the sorority, Kristy was almost certainly going to be allowed to pledge. To Kristy, it just wasn’t a big deal. Besides, her big sister Bobbie Kaye never joined this sorority, or any other.

But Kristy loved her aunt, and she was happy for this chance to please her. So she’d gone through all the various processes, filled out endless forms, undergone background checks, and endured multiple interviews, and she’d been tentatively approved. Sister Darla, the current president of ENG, seemed to like Kristy well enough, which hadn’t hurt any, and the fact that Darla’s mother had been friends with Aunt Shari was also a plus.

Kristy’s application had been declined her first year at the university, her lack of enthusiasm perhaps a little too obvious. She’d also failed to inform the sorority that she was a legacy, and therefore all but automatically entitled to membership. This year, however, she provided the evidence that Aunt Shari had been a Sister in the organization, and that was enough to help her get this far.

Three obstacles remained. Monday, the first day of classes, was also the opening of Hell Week. If Kristy survived whatever was going to happen to her then, there was supposed to be a coed party at the sorority house on Saturday night, during which there would be some sort of task to complete. Then the following Sunday, one week away, was the initiation.

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It was Sunday afternoon, the day before classes were to begin, and Kristy was sitting in her dorm room with her new friend and roommate Lynn, also an Epsilon Nu Gamma hopeful. Lynn was a very pretty young woman, with wavy, shoulder length hair the color of wheat, icy blue eyes, and a petite, slender figure.

Kristy was quite attractive in her own right, with straight black hair flowing over her shoulders, sparkling brown eyes and a perfect smile, in general a model’s face highlighted by dimples and mile-high cheekbones. Her figure was nothing like Lynn’s, though. Where her friend had a narrow waist, small chest and a cute bubble butt, Kristy’s figure was rather more voluptuous. She constantly struggled with her weight, but was looking fabulous after working out all summer. Large breasts topped an hourglass figure, with a flat tummy and full, round hips.

In the past, Kristy often wore loose fitting clothes, in an attempt to camoflage the ten to fifteen extra pounds that sometimes plagued her. But she was in top shape now, looking even better than she had last year during what she thought of as the “cheerleader incident.”

The year before, Kristy’s cheerleader squad was performing during a nationally televised football game being played in a rainstorm. Her cheerleader outfit, which had been sabotaged by a jealous member of the squad, quite literally fell off her body. She was left wearing nothing but her skimpy bra and panties, which quickly became soaked in the downpour.

The undies clung tightly to her full breasts and hips, leaving little to the imagination. She had no option but to run across the field to the locker room, and even then had to wait while the janitor took his sweet time unlocking the door, which shouldn’t have been locked in the first place. The entire experience was completely humiliating, but at the same time, something very positive and surprising had come out of it.

Kristy suddenly found herself inundated with requests for dates. Even some of the jocks from the senior class asked her out, which was highly unusual for a freshman girl, and she had a date almost every weekend for the remainder of her first year. Most of the guys were really nice, and Kristy had her pick of some of the cutest guys around. A few of her dates were of the hands-on variety, trying to grab her generous breasts, or other body parts, almost from the start. She was quite capable of warding off the overzealous, and very selective with those she allowed even to reach first base. But she was using birth control, and her sex life was good.

Another consequence of her experience at that football game was something that had left her confused. Just everybody had seen her in her soaking wet undies. And while she didn’t really understand it, she realized that being seen that way by so many people had actually been a turn on. The episode often replayed itself in her dreams, and each time she awoke with her hand between her legs, either enjoying or on the brink of a powerful orgasm.

This led her to engage in some online research, where she learned a little about exhibitionism. She discovered that some women intentionally flashed their bodies in front of strangers, just for the sexual thrill. Kristy found it a little difficult to believe, and she certainly knew she wasn’t like that. She’d been so embarrassed that night. Yet she couldn’t deny that the overall experience had somehow excited her.

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Kristy and Lynn arrived at the Epsilon Nu Gamma house at precisely nine o’clock Sunday night, as instructed. Each was given a sealed box, and was told that the packages contained the outfits they were to wear all day Monday. They were assured each outfit was the correct size, and they had to wear these items and nothing else. If approached by a Sister, they were to demonstrate that they had followed these directions to the letter. If they failed to do so, or to follow any instruction given by a Sister, they would be denied admission to the sorority.

Back in their dorm room, the girls anxiously opened the packages. Lynn withdrew a bright red miniskirt, a white top, white thong panties, and shoes. She looked through the package again, but couldn’t find a bra. She always wore a bra, she lamented, but there was none to be found.

Kristy found both bra and panties in her package, as well as a low-cut halter top and a flimsy linen miniskirt, plus shoes with about the highest heels she’d ever worn. On closer examination, she saw that the matching bra and panties were made from fine silk, the material impossibly thin. Not only would the bra be clearly visible under the halter, the slightest breeze would blow the skirt up and reveal her panties to anyone who happened to be looking. Both girls wanted to join ENG, however, and they knew they’d have to wear what they’d been given. Neither slept well that night, anticipating with trepidation the day to come.

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Monday morning, each girl dressed precisely as directed. Lynn was extremely nervous, and possibly a little excited, it seemed, as hard nipples pressed against the thin material of her top. Kristy found herself staring at the other girl’s breasts, their shape clearly outlined under the sheer white blouse. She forced herself to avert her eyes before the other girl noticed. Kristy wasn’t sure why she’d been staring. She wasn’t into girls at all.

Kristy had two classes that day, the first at nine o’clock, and then another at one. Despite her scandalous outfit, her first day went well, but she was eager to get back to the sorority house. She hoped she’d be allowed to return to her dorm and change into something a little more conservative, but she wasn’t about to do so without permission from her soon-to-be Sisters.

As she crossed the campus, about a mile from the ENG house, one of the Sisters called to her. “You look very nice, Pledge Kristy,” said Sister Melinda, vice president of the sorority, second only to Sister Darla. Melinda was a stunner, tall and slender with thick blond curls, big blue eyes, alabaster skin, and legs that seemed to go on forever.

“Um… thank you, Sister Melinda,” Kristy said with a nervous smile.

“I see you’re wearing the outfit we gave you,” Melinda observed.

“Um… of course, Sister Melinda,” replied Kristy. “I want to pledge Epsilon Nu Gamma, and I’ll do whatever it takes.”

“Excellent,” beamed the older girl. “I do need to confirm that you’re wearing the bra and panties we gave you, as well.”

“Oh, of course I am!”

“And you’re going to show me, right?”

“Um… show you?” Kristy asked, suddenly apprehensive.

“That’s right,” Melinda said reasonably. “You need to show me you’re wearing what we told you to wear.”

“Um… I… I can’t show you here, Sister Melinda,” said Kristy.

“Don’t be silly, of course you can.”

“You want me to, what, raise my skirt? Lift my top?”

“Certainly not,” said Melinda.

“Then how…?”

“Pledge Kristy, please remove your top and hand it to me.”

Kristy stared at Sister Melinda, then glanced around. There were students everywhere. A number of classes had just let out, and the grounds were crowded. Not just with students, either, but professors, school employees, there had to be a hundred people within a stone’s throw. No one was paying any attention, but if she took her top off, they surely would.

“Sister Melinda,” reasoned Kristy, “You expect… I’m supposed to take my top off here in public? You can’t…”

“Pledge Kristy,” Melinda repeated, “please remove your top and hand it to me.”

“But Sister Melinda,” objected Kristy, “All I have under this is the bra you gave me.”

“This is your third and final warning,” Melinda said sternly. “If you refuse, you will be denied admission into Epsilon Nu Gamma. Pledge Kristy, please remove your top and hand it to me.”

Kristy knew she had to do it. She also knew everybody would be staring at her, but she really wanted into the sorority. She placed her backpack on the ground, and pulled the halter over her head. She could feel her face turning red, but she figured it wouldn’t be any worse than what happened at the football game. She handed the top to Melinda, and was immediately aware of dozens of eyes focusing on her, as passersby slowed to watch.

“Very good, Pledge Kristy,” smiled Melinda.

“Thank you, Sister Melinda. Now may I please have my top back?”

“Pledge Kristy, please remove your skirt and hand it to me.”

Kristy’s mouth fell open. She quickly weighed her options, though, and knew she had to do it. She could stall, but if she wanted into ENG, she really had no choice. A lot of people were watching now, but without further objection, she unzipped her skirt, stepped out of it, and handed it to the waiting Melinda.

Kristy’s face was burning. This was even worse than the football game, she thought, because that had clearly been an accident. But now, she was obviously undressing in public on purpose. She was determined to follow instructions, though, so she just made herself hold her hands to her sides. She resisted the powerful urge to cover up, not that she could have covered much, even if she’d tried. If Melinda insisted on embarrassing her, well, she was just going to cooperate.

A round of applause filled the air then, and Kristy’s face went even redder. As the applause subsided, she could hear comments from the crowd, both male and female.

“Look at her!”

“Nice boobs!”

“Really pretty, too!”

"Just gorgeous!"

“I wouldn’t have the nerve to do that!”

“Must be an Epsilon pledge!”

“Well, at least she still has her undies on!”

Kristy tried without success not to listen to what people were saying.

“Pledge Kristy, do you wish to be a part of Epsilon Nu Gamma Sorority?” asked Melinda.

“Yes, Sister Melinda, I do.”

“Pledge Kristy, are you prepared to follow our instructions to the letter?”

“Yes, Sister Melinda, I am.”

“Pledge Kristy, you’re halfway through this test. See you at the house!” And with that, Melinda flashed a gorgeous smile, then walked swiftly away in the direction of the sorority house, still holding Kristy’s clothes.

Kristy knew her face was bright red. She’d never been so embarrassed in her life. But she resolutely decided that she was going endure what she was about to do, and walk back to the sorority house at a normal pace, with her head held high. She even carried her backpack at her side, making no effort to shield herself from the eyes of those around her. Memories of the football game flooded back, and with them, she could feel the first hints of sexual arousal.

“Kristy Spencer?” The male voice came from just off to her right. She glanced over and saw Brad Jennings, the gorgeous upperclassman she’d been nursing a crush on since last year. They’d shared a class, but had barely ever spoken. He’d really never shown anything but a passing interest in Kristy, but he was so good looking, and she’d often dreamed he’d ask her out. And now, the first time they’d ever spoken outside of class, she was dressed in flimsy undies and nothing else.

“What’s up, Kristy?” he asked, making no attempt to conceal the fact that he was appraising her scantily clad form.

His attentions, while welcome, caused her face to heat up even more. “I’m… um… it’s Hell Week, you know, Pledge Week, and I’m…”

“You’re pledging Epsilon?” he asked with a knowing smile.

“Um… yeah, but… how did… how did you know?”

“You’re walking across campus in broad daylight in your underwear,” he grinned, and her face turned an even deeper shade of crimson. “And you do look great, I might add!”

The conversation quickly moved away from her state of undress, though, and even his eyes turned their attention to her face rather than her body. By the time she walked away, they’d exchanged phone numbers, and she’d accepted his offer of a movie. She practically floated back to the sorority house, her lack of clothing all but forgotten.

The skirt and top were returned to her at the house, and she was praised by Sister Darla for complying with Sister Melinda’s instructions. Of the eight pledges, each of whom had been given a different embarrassing task, two had already dropped out. Kristy didn’t know what they’d been told to do, and she didn’t ask, but she wondered if it could have been much worse than what she had to endure.

Back at her dorm room, she compared notes with Lynn. After her last class, one of the Sisters had made Lynn slowly pour two large cups of ice water down her front, and forbade her from covering up. The sheer white blouse clung to her slender form, and the icy liquid served to arouse her nipples. The material turned nearly translucent, leaving her smallish breasts and erect nipples clearly visible to anybody who looked. Through sheer force of will, she managed to return to the sorority house without covering up, in the process providing a nice show for a few dozen onlookers.

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Three more times over the course of Hell Week, Kristy was approached by a Sister, and was required to complete some humiliating task. On Tuesday, again wearing an atrociously short skirt provided by the sorority, along with panties as skimpy as those she’d worn the day before, Sister Yvette instructed her to turn a series of cartwheels. Of course she attracted a large audience as she did, and she found it nearly as embarrassing as what she’d done on Monday.

One of the mandates of Epsilon Nu Gamma was that absolute trust must be maintained between Sisters, and that that trust must never be betrayed. On Wednesday, Kristy was led behind a Dumpster by Sister Brittney, and told to strip naked. She had to give her clothes to Brittney, who was going to take everything away for a short time, promising to be back soon. Determined to be accepted, Kristy took everything off and handed it all to the Sister. Trying to ignore her growing arousal, she waited behind the Dumpster for what seemed an hour, but in reality was fewer than five minutes. Sister Brittney brought her clothing back, and Kristy was allowed to dress. Then she was asked to acknowledge that the trust between Epsilon Sisters was absolute, and she did.

Thursday was Kristy’s most difficult task of all. She had to attend both of her classes wearing a tiny miniskirt, and no panties. It was one thing for people to see her undies, but quite another to allow strangers a peek at her closely cropped pubic hair. If she wasn’t extremely careful, she risked putting herself on display for all to enjoy. Even worse, if anyone got a good look, they might see glistening signs of the dampness caused by her nearly perpetual arousal.

But she survived the day with her modesty somewhat intact, certain she’d been able to keep her legs together, thereby denying anyone a peek at her pantiless treasure. There were no tasks to perform on Friday, but early that evening Kristy and Lynn met at the sorority house with the twenty full Epsilon Sisters and the five other pledges. The big coed party was on Saturday, and the pledges were informed that during a portion of the evening, they would be playing some games to entertain their guests.

Darla, the sorority president, explained the tradition to the nervous pledges. As their final test, the girls would take part in a series of competitions. The winner of each competition will have passed the test, be released from the game, and would only need to undergo the initiation on Sunday to gain full admission to the sorority.

Pledges would continue to be eliminated until only two remained. Those two would undertake a face to face contest, and the winner would be released to enjoy the party, and to face the initiation the following day. The one remaining girl, however, would at that time strip completely naked, and would spend the remainder of the party in the nude. Further, she would not be allowed to cover up or attempt to hide anything. If she refused to undress, she would be denied admission to the sorority.

Darla asked whether any of the pledges was unwilling to participate, and if they all agreed to the rules of the game. One girl, Carolyn, a slightly chubby redhead with a pretty face and green eyes, raised her hand.

“Sister Darla, why would you want to humiliate one of us like that?”

Darla smiled condescendingly. “Pledge Carolyn, what is the name of our sorority?”

“Epsilon Nu Gamma,” was the reply.

“And what are our initials, in English?”

“ENG,” answered Carolyn.

“And what do you suppose ENG stands for, in English?”

Carolyn looked around thoughtfully. She finally replied, “I’m sorry, I don’t know.”

“Any of the pledges?” asked Darla, looking around. No one responded. “Our reputation must have suffered,” she said. Glancing her vice president, she added “Sister Melinda, please make a note of this. In the past, our pledges have generally had at least some idea what to expect, what we’re all about. Perhaps we’ve been asking too little in recent years.”

Sister Darla looked at each of the pledges in turn. “ENG, in English, stands for Embarrassed Naked Girls. Each of the Sisters has, on multiple occasions, found herself in various stages of undress in front of audiences both large and small. You’ve noticed that all of the Epsilon Sisters are quite attractive, as are all of the pledges. We run a range of figures, from petite and thin, nearly flat on top…” Darla indicated slender Sister Marie. “…to full figured and voluptuous,” directing attention to Sister Beth. “But quite candidly, all of us are nothing less than beautiful. As are each of the six of you,” she added.

“The one unifying attribute is that we all find it quite exciting to show off in front of others. Pledge Kristy, will you please stand up?” Kristy nervously rose to her feet. “We’ve done background checks on all of you, of course. If any of you does not recall, there was an incident at a football game last year. The uniform of one of the cheerleaders came apart, leaving her in nothing but her bra and panties.” Most of the pledges recalled at least hearing about the incident, but it seemed that none knew who the unfortunate cheerleader was.

“That cheerleader was Pledge Kristy.” Kristy’s face turned red as everyone in the room turned toward her. “Pledge Kristy, despite your embarrassment, did that not turn into a positive event in your life, overall?”

“Um… I’m… I’m not sure what you mean, Sister Darla.”

“Didn’t you become quite popular following the event? Your unintentional exposure?”

“Um… I…”

“Pledge Kristy, didn’t your dating life take a big upturn, once the entire school, and a national television audience, saw you in your underwear? Not to mention sheer, soaking wet underwear?”

“Well… um… I guess…”

“Pledge Kristy, please answer the question directly and honestly.”

Kristy took a breath. “Yes, Sister Darla. The truth is, I had more dates after that football game than I ever had in my life.”

“Thank you, Pledge Kristy. Now one more question, and I expect another direct and honest answer, is that understood?”

“Yes, Sister Darla.”

“Did you find the experience of being so exposed to untold thousands of people to be sexually exciting?”

Kristy’s mouth fell open. She’d wondered whether getting turned on by being exposed made her some sort of freak. She still couldn’t comprehend that people would do it on purpose.

But she had to answer the question, and in a small voice, she replied “Yes.”

“Pledge Kristy, please explain, in detail, how being exposed made you feel.”

Kristy could feel her face growing hot again. “I don’t know why,” she said hesitantly, “but when everybody saw me in my underwear at the football game…” She took a deep breath, and lowered her voice. “I got really turned on.”

“Pledge Kristy, did you masturbate that night?”

How could Darla possibly know that? And how could Kristy admit she was right? She closed her eyes and nodded.

“Pledge Kristy, please tell us about it.”

This was just too humiliating. But she had to say it. “When I got home that night, I… I was so… um… I was so wet. I didn’t intend to, but I was dreaming about it, and I woke up with my hand between my legs, and I… my orgasm was… it was so… amazing…”

The other pledges, and some of the Sisters as well, stared at Kristy, open mouthed. The fact was that most were awestruck, and filled with admiration, both for what she had done, and also for being so forthright about it.

“Pledge Kristy,” said Darla, “I am very proud of you.” Kristy’s eyes met the other woman’s, and found her smiling. “I truly believe you have what it takes to be a Sister of Epsilon Nu Gamma.”

“Thank you, Sister Darla.”

“Do you have any questions?”

“Um… yes, Sister Darla, I do. Do you…” She glanced around at the other Sisters. “Do you all get… excited by showing off?”

Every Epsilon Sister was smiling, all nodding in agreement.

“And do you all… you know… pleasure yourselves?”

There was not the faintest trace of embarrassment in any of the Sisters’ faces, as they proudly confirmed what she was wondering.

“Pledge Kristy,” said Darla, “Every young, healthy woman, unless she’s in a thoroughly satisfying relationship, and those are rare, by the way, we all masturbate on a regular basis.” Kristy stared in disbelief, both at what Sister Darla said, and at her absolute frankness. “There’s nothing wrong or shameful about it. It’s normal, it’s healthy, and it should be done as often as necessary to keep yourself satisfied. And one other thing, Pledge Kristy. No one has ever gotten pregnant, or a sexually transmitted disease, by masturbating.”

Everyone laughed at that, especially Kristy. Darla and the other girls were making her feel so good about herself, and she appreciated that more than she could express. However, there was one pledge in the room who wore an unpleasant look on her face.

“You’re all crazy,” shouted Carolyn, the chubby redhead, as she leapt to her feet. She’d been sitting quietly during the interchange between Darla and Kristy, but could no longer hold her tongue.

“You’re all a bunch of immoral sluts,” she said. “Flashing your sacred bodies in front of strangers, pleasuring yourselves, and trying to make us do the same?”

The room was silent. Sisters and pledges alike stared in dismay at the clearly troubled young woman.

“There is no way I’m playing any stripping games, and there’s no way I’m going to touch myself that way, let alone brag about it. I’m sorry I put up with those stunts I had to do this week, but if I’d known it was a way of life, I’d never have agreed!”

Carolyn’s Hell Week tasks had been considerably milder than those Kristy endured. The worst was when she was required to ascend several flights of stairs in a scandalously short miniskirt. She knew any number of guys had seen her panties, and probably lots of girls too. She’d found no pleasure in the process, though, only humiliation.

“I’m out of here,” she said sharply. “I wouldn’t join your sorority if you asked me!” And with that she was out the door, slamming it behind her. The remaining Sisters, and the five pledges, stared at the door in stunned silence.

“Don’t worry, Carolyn,” Sister Darla said to the girl who was already gone. “We won’t be asking you.” Everyone in the room laughed at that, and the good mood was quickly restored.

Darla confirmed with each of the five remaining pledges that they were willing to play the game at the party Saturday night, even though they all understood that one of them was going to end up naked in front of a room full of guys and girls. But comparing the uptight attitude from Carolyn to the easygoing demeanor of the Sisters, they all knew which way they wanted to go. And if that meant getting naked in front of a crowd, then so be it.

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The following afternoon, besides Kristy and her friend Lynn, the petite blond, the other three surviving pledges were preparing for the party that evening. Courtney was a tall, slender brunette, with straight, jet black hair that fell nearly to her waist, and an exceptionally pretty face. There was Jenni Lee, an auburn haired beauty with a smile that would light up a room, a full, curvy figure and large breasts.

But probably the most intriguing of all was Stella. This young woman was ordinary in almost every respect. She was of average height and weight, with shoulder length, medium brown hair. Her face, if you only saw her picture, fell rather somewhat short of being pretty. Yet in person, no one would ever notice. Stella had an indescribable charm, a bubbly personality that everyone, male and female alike, was drawn to. Her lack of physical beauty was more than compensated for by her charisma. Even the day before, when Darla described all the pledges as beautiful, Stella was naturally included. No one ever considered that she was anything but.

Once the party was underway, each of the pledges had a couple of drinks, and any trepidation about the upcoming stripping game was temporarily forgotten. There being more guys at the party than girls, they were all dancing almost nonstop.

At nine o’clock, Darla called for everyone’s attention, and announced that it was time for the games to begin. She collected the pledges, each girl quickly growing nervous again. They knew what was coming, and most likely everyone else did, too. Darla ensured that everyone in attendance knew the pledges by name, and she announced the first game.

“We’re going to start with a simple game of darts. We’re not using the standard dart board, but a simple bull’s eye. Each ring has a value, you see, with twenty five points for hitting dead center. The first pledge to reach a hundred points, with each pledge having thrown an equal number of darts, will be declared the winner, and will be released from the competition.”

Lynn easily won the dart game, and she took a deep breath. She knew she was safe, at least for tonight, but wondered what the future held.

After another drink, Kristy, Jenni Lee, Stella and Courtney moved on to the next event, air hockey. The sorority kept an air hockey table in the basement, which was usually occupied by visiting fraternity guys. Courtney, the tall brunette, easily defeated Kristy, who had never played air hockey in her life. Jenni Lee, the pretty auburn haired pledge then defeated Stella, the charismatic charmer that everyone liked.

The pressure was on, and Jenni Lee and Courtney played right down to the wire. They exchanged the lead twice before Jenni Lee finally put her opponent away. This left Jenni Lee with Lynn, both safe from exposure, at least that night, although they both realized they would almost certainly face their time.

Kristy exchanged nervous glances with Courtney and Stella, all three very much aware that one of them would soon be partying naked. Kristy was mostly quiet, as was Courtney. But Stella was chattering and giggling almost nonstop as she nursed another drink.

Twister was next, which was bound to prove embarrassing in its own right. Each of the pledges was wearing a fairly short skirt, and they knew that panties were going to be flashed as they played. The pledges were obviously the focus of the party now, guys hovering around, and each was getting her share of attention as they waited to begin. And despite their nerves, they were actually having a good time. The alcohol they’d been consuming was helping them relax, but was also leaving them just a tiny bit unsteady on their feet.

The game commenced, and the girls contorted their bodies as necessary, attempting to reach the colored spots with the appropriate hand or foot. Kristy’s skirt quickly worked its way up nearly to her waist, but she tried to concentrate on the game. Showing off her panties now was far less embarrassing than what she might be facing later if she didn’t do well.

Courtney seemed to dominate the game, bending her lithe body into seemingly impossible shapes, and was soon declared the winner. Standing, Kristy glanced at Stella, who never stopped smiling. First chance she got, Stella whispered to Kristy “I’m scared to death!” Still she smiled.

“If you lose, are you going through with it?” asked Kristy.

“Yeah,” the other girl giggled. “I have to. But I’ve never been naked in front of a group before.”

“What did you have to do this week?”

Stella giggled some more. “The worst was Thursday. I had to do calisthenics in my underwear, just outside the Administration Building, right about noon. There must have been a hundred people watching me!”

“Did you ever do anything like that before?”

“Never,” she smiled. Then she softly added “Not like you.” There was admiration in her voice.

Kristy was a little surprised by this, though she knew what Stella was referring to. “But you’re a freshman. You weren’t here for the football game last year, were you?”

“No, but I was watching on TV. I haven’t mentioned it, but I knew you the first time we met.”

“You knew me? How?”

“I recognized you from TV. When you were on that pyramid, just before it collapsed, the camera focused right in on your face, in high definition.” Kristy blushed at the memory. “The cameras followed you when you ran off the field, too. Your cheeks were even redder then than they are now!” Stella added good-naturedly.

Kristy never realized she’d been featured in such a close up. She’d avoided the pictures that were published in the local newspaper, and she’d never seen the videos. She never really wanted to. But now, she was curious enough to want to investigate.

That would have to wait, though. Darla was announcing the final competition, between Kristy and Stella. Rock, Paper, Scissors! The two pledges turned to face each other, and the game began. First to lose ten rounds was going to be stripping, so everything, including their modesty, was riding on it. Kristy had a minor advantage, though, as she’d always loved the simple game.

And her experience paid off. Feeling quite tipsy, Stella was flustered, and she lost the first three rounds. She never recovered, and when the game was over Kristy joined the others, while everyone in the room watched as poor Stella, giggling, began to fumble nervously with the buttons on her blouse.

Stella put on a brave face, but behind her giggly demeanor, she was clearly terrified. She didn’t hesitate, though, and within seconds her blouse was on the floor. Everyone cheered as she unzipped her skirt, allowing it to join her top. She never missed a beat, and when her bra came off, revealing her very average breasts, the applause increased, as did her own nervous laughter. Stella kicked off her shoes, then tucked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties, and two seconds later she was as naked as she’d ever been. Kristy immediately noticed that Stella’s pubic hair had been shaved, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination.

The raucous applause continued, and a red-faced Stella, totally embarrassed but in the spirit, began to dance around, smiling at everyone, running her hands seductively up and down her nude form. It was obvious to Kristy exactly why everybody seemed to like this young woman. Despite her average body and somehow less than pretty face, the entire package came together to form one of the most charismatic, just plain likable people she had ever met.

The party continued into the night, and Stella remained naked throughout. She must have danced with every guy there, it seemed, and her spirit never wavered. When the night finally ended, and the pledges were shown to what would officially be their rooms following their initiation on Sunday, Stella was exhausted, but still wore a smile.

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The pledges were allowed to sleep late the following morning, but at eleven a.m. they were roused from bed. Kristy and her roommates Courtney and Stella were brought light breakfasts of fruit, toast and coffee, and were told to shower and fix their hair and makeup. They were instructed to wait in their room, naked, until one o’clock. At that time they would be escorted downstairs for one final test before the initiation ceremony. Lynn and Jenni Lee, also sharing a room, were given similar orders.

Kristy downed her breakfast, along with a couple of Tylenol for the mild hangover she was suffering, then jumped in the shower. When she was done, she brushed her long black hair and pulled it back in a ponytail, then proceeded to apply her usual light makeup. After that, she sat nervously on her bed, Courtney and Stella waiting apprehensively beside her. None had a stitch on, and they silently counted the minutes until one. Even Stella was uncharacteristically quiet.

At one o’clock sharp, Sisters Melinda, Marie and Julie came into the room, each carrying a blindfold. Melinda wrapped one around Kristy’s head, completely obscuring any light from possibly passing through, while the other Sisters did the same with Courtney and Stella. Melinda led her naked pledge by the hand through the hallway and down the stairs into the living room. Kristy was told to stand along the wall and face forward, with her hands behind her back. She could hear the other pledges as they took their positions on either side of her.

“Pledges, may I please have your full attention,” said Sister Darla. “First, and I stress this, keep your hands behind your backs. No covering up. Now you should be aware that present in this room at this moment are five male guests from the party last night.” Surprised gasps came from the row of pledges, and although some struggled with the instruction, all five managed to keep their hands behind them.

Kristy’s heart was racing. Five guys were staring at her, and she was totally naked! Yet even as that thought danced in her head, she quickly became aware of the moisture developing down below. She could also sense her nipples beginning to harden. She experienced a brief rush of embarrassment, but suddenly felt somehow empowered by the experience. She began to consider the sort of influence she might have over men, how the promise of what those men might attain could possibly be used to exert a degree of control over them.

Sister Darla was speaking again. “All of you are going to kiss each of our five guests. You will be given the name of each man before you kiss him, and the kiss will last for exactly one minute. There is to be no other physical contact, just mouths, lips and tongues. You will remember the technique each uses when kissing you. Once you have kissed each of our guests, you will kiss one of them a second time, still blindfolded, and you will be asked to identify whom you are kissing.” Darla allowed this to sink in before continuing.

“We are looking for several things during this final test. We want to see how well you kiss. You will secretly be rated by each of the men you kiss. In addition, we want to see how much attention you pay to detail. Among our many attributes, the Sisters of Epsilon Nu Gamma are known across the campus as the best kissers in the school. As ENG Sisters, you will be expected to uphold those standards.”

The pledges were separated then, and Kristy felt herself being led toward a different part of the room. Sister Melinda’s voice was somehow comforting as she whispered into her ear, “Pledge Kristy, your first kiss will be with Mike. Pay attention to his technique, you may be kissing him again later.”

Hands clasped firmly behind her back, Kristy tilted her head back slightly until she felt strange lips pressing against her own. Mike began by kissing her softly, lips to lips, before she felt his tongue slowly prying her mouth open. She was trying to take mental notes, rather than simply enjoying the kiss, as she was inclined to do. It was difficult, but she maintained her concentration as best she could.

“Pledge Kristy,” whispered Melinda, “your next kiss is with Eric.”

Again Kristy tried to pay attention to details, the movement of Eric’s lips and tongue as they explored each other’s mouths. She then kissed Vince, Armando and Chad, trying desperately to remember which was which. She paid attention to other details as well, such as their scents, anything to help tell them apart.

Once all the pledges had kissed all the guys, they were faced with the task of identifying one of them. Still blindfolded, hands still clasped behind her back, and still as naked as she could possibly be, Kristy began her second kiss with one of the guys. After only a few seconds, she was certain beyond any doubt that she was kissing Vince. After the full minute had lapsed, Kristy was asked to whisper her decision to Melinda, who confirmed that she was correct.

Besides Kristy, Courtney and Stella correctly identified the man they’d been kissing. Jenni Lee and Lynn guessed incorrectly, and had to kiss another guy. Lynn nailed it on her second attempt. But when Jenni Lee missed the second time, she was told to try again, and it soon became obvious that this was less a test than a rite of passage. It took four attempts, four naked kisses before a flustered Jenni Lee was able to identify her partner, and was deemed to have passed the test.

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Later that afternoon, the still-naked pledges had to submit to the traditional Test of Obedience, wherein each was to bend and grab her ankles, while receiving a series of ten swats on her bare bottom with a wooden paddle. After each swat, the pledge was to repeat “Thank you, Sister, may I please have another, only harder?”

Some of the pledges found this more difficult than parading about in the nude, but each endured the paddling. The swats were quite hard, and by the third strike, Lynn was sobbing openly. She stoically held her position, however, repeating the required phrase each time. Her raw determination actually earned respect from the Sisters.

Not surprisingly, Stella giggled through the ordeal, despite the tears flowing from her eyes. Both Courtney and Kristy took their medicine well enough, but Jenni Lee proved the most resolute in handling the pain. She remained calm throughout, her expression betraying not the slightest hint of discomfort. When it was over, she was the only one who refused to rub her bottom.

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That evening each of the five pledges was sworn in as a full Sister of Epsilon Nu Gamma Sorority. Following the Loyalty Oath and the rest of the official swearing in ceremony, during which everyone was fully dressed, the Sisters ordered several pizzas, and broke out a couple of cases of ice cold beer. Darla produced several twenty dollar bills and asked Kristy to pay for the pizzas when the delivery guy showed up.

The doorbell soon rang, and Sister Kristy was on her feet and on her way to the door, when Darla asked whether she’d forgotten anything. Sister Kristy glanced at her sorority president, thought about it for a moment and, blushing, began to undress. Sister Darla smiled.

The end