**Kristy**

by[**BobbieKayeCutie**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4887237&page=submissions)©

**Kristy Ch. 01: Kristy the Sorority Girl**

*This is the first of four fictional stories inspired by my beautiful exhibitionist sister Kristy. These are exactly the kinds of adventures she may have had in real life. No sex in this story, that comes later.*  
  
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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 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.  
  
"Look at her!"  
  
"Nice boobs!"  
  
"Really pretty, too!"  
  
"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.

**Kristy Ch. 02: Kristy Kissed a Girl**

*Kristy Kissed a Girl - And She Liked It  
  
This is my second story inspired by my lovely sister Kristy. The story is fiction, but knowing Kristy, her introduction to girl-girl sex might have happened just like this!*  
  
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It didn't take Kristy Spencer long to settle into the routine of sorority life. She adored her fellow Sisters of Epsilon Nu Gamma Sorority, and they liked her as much. The sorority stressed academic achievement, and the Sisters were quick to help any one of their number who might be struggling in a given subject. Kristy had completed her freshman year with a grade point average of two-point-nine, but after joining ENG, halfway through her sophomore year she was up to three-point-one.  
  
But so much hard work didn't mean the Sisters were deprived of their share of fun, too. Individually or in groups, the Sisters had something going on virtually every Friday and Saturday night, and it rarely included studying.  
  
Kristy never had any trouble attracting guys to begin with, but as a Sister of ENG, she had a date nearly every Friday, and a party to go to on most Saturdays. Regardless of her almost unlimited opportunities, though, she was extremely selective as to whom she slept with. It wasn't that she had reservations about having sex, not at all. It was just that her standards were high, and only those guys she deemed worthy were allowed the pleasure of her body.  
  
And a gorgeous body it was. Kristy had struggled with her weight for much of her life, fighting to keep off that extra ten to fifteen pounds. But a careful diet and endless workouts were paying off, and she had a perfect hourglass figure topped by large yet firm breasts. She had thick, straight black hair past her shoulders, a dazzling smile, high cheekbones and sparkling brown eyes. Even among her ENG Sisters, she was quite possibly the most beautiful of them all.  
  
So when Sister Melinda, the sorority vice president, noticed that Kristy wasn't preparing to go out one Friday evening late in the winter, she was naturally curious.  
  
"Are you feeling all right, Kristy?" she asked, concern in her voice.  
  
"Oh, hi, Sister Melinda." Simply out of habit, most of the newer members of the sorority addressed the more senior girls as 'Sister.' "Yeah, I'm fine. My date, you know Scott? He called off this afternoon. Said his grandfather died."  
  
"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that."  
  
"Yeah," Kristy replied bitterly. "Scott called off a date with Christina last fall, with the same excuse."  
  
"That's so sad, losing both grandfathers so close together."  
  
"You think? He had a THIRD grandfather who died last year, when he had a date with Sister Beth."  
  
"Ah, I see," said Sister Melinda, nodding. "I think I'll ask Erica to mention that in our next newsletter. Scott... what's his last name?"  
  
"Turner."  
  
"Thanks. Erica will get the word out, and I don't think Scott Turner will be dating any more ENG Sisters."  
  
"You don't have to do that, Sister Melinda."  
  
"Well, if you object..."  
  
Kristy considered the idea for a moment. "No, I don't object. Blackball the creep."  
  
"Consider it done. So, you're just going to stay in tonight?"  
  
"I think so. No better offers. I thought I'd give my vibrator a workout."  
  
Another thing Kristy loved about her sorority was the candid discussions she was able to have about sex. She was experienced with men, but still had lots of questions, and no one in the sorority ever hesitated to offer frank, open explanations. She'd completely gotten past embarrassment talking about masturbation, too. She'd been pleasuring herself since her early teens, but had always felt a sense of shame. She now understood that masturbation was completely natural, and that most young women her age did it too.  
  
She'd even become accustomed to her occasional forays into exhibitionism, which were a mainstay of ENG traditions. Ever since the night she'd officially pledged the sorority, when she met the pizza delivery person in the nude, she'd learned to love flashing.  
  
That night last fall, her bottom still sore from the initiation paddling she'd endured, Kristy had accepted several twenties from Darla, the sorority president, who had asked that she pay for the pizzas when they arrived. When the bell rang, Kristy started for the door, pausing when Darla asked whether she'd forgotten anything.  
  
Kristy knew what Darla expected her to do. So she stripped naked and, scared yet incredibly excited, she struggled to push her embarrassment aside. She opened the door wide, expecting to see a nerdy young pizza boy with pimples and glasses standing there. She was surprised to find a girl instead, holding several pizza boxes. She was about Kristy's age, with long, straight brown hair, a slender, almost boyish figure, and a pretty face with perhaps just a bit too much makeup. She didn't seem surprised to have the door opened by a naked woman, and was unabashedly taking in every inch of Kristy's nude form.  
  
Kristy passed the money over, collected the pizzas, and brought them inside, allowing the delivery girl a view of her backside that rivaled the frontal view she'd enjoyed moments earlier. Before the red-faced Kristy could close the door, the girl flashed her a brilliant smile.  
  
"Lookin' really, really good there, babe," she said, blowing the naked girl an air kiss and giving her a little wink.  
  
Kristy reflexively thanked her, then closed the door and turned to face the rest of the girls, who promptly gave her a round of applause.  
  
"So, it looks like Ashli likes you," grinned Melinda.  
  
"What? You mean..."  
  
"Ashli's a junior," said Darla, "working to pay for school. It looks like she has the hots for you."  
  
"You mean, she's a... she's a lesbian?"  
  
"She's actually quite bisexual, Kristy," Melinda explained, biting into a slice of pepperoni. "Does that bother you?"  
  
"No, it's just that..." Kristy popped an icy beer and took a long swallow. "I've never had another girl flirting with me."  
  
"Well, you're playing in the big leagues now," Melinda smiled. "Everybody's grown up, and most of us are open-minded."  
  
"I'm open-minded," Kristy replied a bit defensively. "I'm just not... bisexual."  
  
Melinda had glanced over at Darla, who gave her a knowing smile.  
  
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"You're going to go broke buying batteries for that vibrator!" Melinda laughed. "You know what? My boyfriend Phil is out of town, and I don't really have anything to do tonight. Wanna order a pizza and watch some DVDs?"  
  
Kristy's face lit up. "I'd love it!" she beamed.  
  
"Great. Tell you what, grab some DVDs from downstairs, and I'll order the pizza. My treat."  
  
Kristy picked several titles from the sorority's DVD collection, and grabbed a six-pack of beer from the fridge. Melinda suggested they watch the movies in her room, one of only two private bedrooms in the sprawling, three story sorority house, the other belonging to Darla.  
  
The pizza soon arrived, and Melinda teased Kristy by suggesting if it was Ashli making the delivery, that Kristy flirt with her just a little.  
  
Kristy hesitated. "What if she thinks I'm hitting on her?"  
  
"What if she does?"  
  
"Well, you know, I'm not into girls at all. I wouldn't want to lead her on or anything."  
  
"Dare you!"  
  
Kristy smiled. She was a sucker for a good dare, and Melinda knew it. Still, it was completely against her nature to flirt with another woman. "Okay, I'll try," she offered.  
  
When the bell rang, Kristy automatically stripped, then ran naked to open the door. It was indeed Ashli standing there, holding the pizza.  
  
"Hi Kristy," she beamed, flashing a smile. "Lookin' hot as usual!"  
  
"Hi Ashli," Kristy responded with a nervous grin. She could feel her face heating up as she said "You're lookin' pretty good yourself."  
  
Ashli's smile grew brighter. "So, Kristy, you... uh... you wanna hang out some time?"  
  
Kristy had been afraid of that. But she wanted to be polite, so she said "Um... sure, we'll... um... we'll make plans."  
  
Giving the naked girl a long look and an approving smile, Ashli blew her a kiss, then departed.  
  
Kristy put her clothes back on, and brought the pizza upstairs to Melinda's room. "Sister Melinda, that was kinda cruel, don't you think?"  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Well, I did kinda lead Ashli on. There's no way I'd be interested in her, not the way she thinks."  
  
"Don't worry about it, Kristy. We all flirt with Ashli from time to time."  
  
"But nobody's ever gone out with her, right?"  
  
Melinda didn't respond, she just grabbed a DVD and popped it in the machine. They thoroughly enjoyed the film, a Sandra Bullock romantic comedy, as they munched pizza and sipped cold beer. When it was over, Melinda offered to mix up a pitcher of margaritas to enjoy during the next film. She also put some popcorn in the microwave, and they were soon watching the next movie, a film called "Wild Things." It wasn't one of those that Kristy had chosen, but was from Melinda's own collection.  
  
Sipping a margarita, Kristy was soon engrossed in the rapidly developing, and fairly convoluted, plot. When it got to the scene where Kevin Bacon instructed Denise Richards and Neve Campbell to kiss each other, her eyes were glued to the screen. Melinda didn't miss her reaction.  
  
When the film was over, Melinda asked Kristy how she liked it.  
  
"It was great," she smiled, finishing off the last of the popcorn. "I sure didn't expect it to end like that, though."  
  
"You were paying pretty close attention when the girls were making out," Melinda pointed out. "With the guy, and then later alone in the pool. It was pretty hot, didn't you think?"  
  
"Um... well... yeah, it actually was."  
  
"Two beautiful women making out like that," sighed Melinda. "Tell you the truth, it kinda gets my motor running."  
  
Kristy's eyes opened wide as she stared at her beautiful blond companion. "You mean, watching girls kissing turns you on?"  
  
"Sure, especially such sexy women as those two."  
  
"But, you've got a boyfriend, Sister Melinda. You like men, right?"  
  
"I adore men," Melinda replied. "But..."  
  
Kristy just stared, not sure what to say. Several moments of uncomfortable silence passed before she asked "Do you mean that you..." She didn't know quite how to ask the question.  
  
Melinda smiled again. "Let's just say that I'm... flexible."  
  
Kristy sat in stunned silence, trying to sort out her thoughts. Finally, she bluntly asked "Have you had sex with other women?"  
  
"Does that shock you, Kristy?"  
  
"Well, yeah, a little." A long pause. "So, what's it like? I mean, being with another woman... like that?"  
  
"I didn't know you were so curious," Melinda teased, and Kristy's face turned red. "Haven't you ever kissed another woman, Kristy?"  
  
"No, never."  
  
"And you've never thought about it?"  
  
"Not really."  
  
"Are you thinking about it now?"  
  
Kristy stared at the floor. "Um..."  
  
"Do you think another woman could turn you on?" Melinda coaxed.  
  
Another pause. "I've never thought about it before."  
  
"Are you a little curious?"  
  
"Don't tell anybody?"  
  
"Not a word."  
  
"Maybe just a little."  
  
"Are you willing to try an experiment?"  
  
Kristy glanced nervously at the older girl. "What... what kind of experiment?"  
  
"Look at me, Kristy. Really look at me."  
  
Kristy took a good look at her friend. Melinda's lithe form, dressed in pink silk pajama tops, was the envy of many women. Her long legs were crossed beneath her, a glimpse of pink panties showing. She had thick blond curls that fell around her shoulders, and piercing blue eyes. She's truly beautiful, thought Kristy.  
  
"Do you think I'm attractive?"  
  
"Oh, Sister Melinda, you're totally gorgeous."  
  
"An experiment. Will you let me touch you, anywhere and any way I want to, for two minutes?"  
  
Kristy took a deep breath. She was definitely enjoying the effects of the margaritas. She was also feeling a bit less inhibited, and more than a little curious. She silently gave Melinda a nod.  
  
Melinda had Kristy position herself at the foot of the bed, hands on her lap, feet on the floor. She asked Kristy to close her eyes, then bent down and lightly brushed her cheek with her lips. Melinda sat down beside the other girl then, kissing her lightly on the neck.  
  
Kristy let out an involuntary moan when she felt Melinda's tongue tickling her ear. Time seemed to stand still as Melinda drew her mouth close to Kristy's, lips pressing against lips. Any resistance quickly melted away when she felt Melinda's tongue snaking its way into her mouth.  
  
Kristy, tipsy and lost in a fantasy world, eagerly returned the kiss. She wasn't thinking about whom she was kissing, she was simply lost in the pleasure of the moment.  
  
That moment ended abruptly as Melinda pulled away. Kristy opened her eyes, which were now filled with desire, with passion. She gazed longingly at the older girl, but said nothing, made no move.  
  
"So, what did you think, Kristy?" Melinda asked.  
  
Kristy had to catch her breath. "It wasn't what... it was..." She tried to find the words. "I didn't expect..."  
  
"Would you like some more?" Kristy nodded eagerly. "Do you trust me?"  
  
"Trust between Epsilon Sisters is absolute," Kristy quoted from the sorority bylaws.  
  
"Will you do exactly as I say?"  
  
"Yes, Sister Melinda."  
  
"I'd like you to get undressed, Kristy."  
  
Without hesitation, Kristy pulled the T-shirt over her head, revealing large breasts sitting high and proud on her chest, nipples fully erect. Her sweatpants came off next, followed by her white cotton panties. She stood fully nude before her friend, neither ashamed nor embarrassed, anxiously awaiting further instructions.  
  
Melinda lay on the bed, and motioned for Kristy to join her. Melinda put her hand behind Kristy's neck, pulling her close, and they began to kiss. Still dressed in her pajama tops and panties, Melinda started to explore her companion's body. She began by caressing the smooth skin of Kristy's back, then moved to her bottom, inches away from her secret treasure, which by then was soaking wet.  
  
They kissed deeply, passionately, while the older girl caressed Kristy's round breasts, lightly pinching erect nipples, enjoying the little moans her actions were eliciting. She noticed that Kristy's legs were slowly parting, instinctively affording easy access to her pleasure zone. Melinda brought her fingers lightly down to Kristy's vagina, stroking very gently, bringing her companion to the edge of ecstasy, but skillfully holding back from allowing her to climax.  
  
Melinda abruptly stood up then, leaving Kristy panting and wanting more. Kristy gazed expectantly at the older girl, who made no further moves.  
  
"Stand up please, Kristy," said Melinda, watching as Kristy obeyed. "You've had a lot to drink tonight, and I know you're feeling it. We're not going to do anything you'll regret in the morning."  
  
"Sister Melinda, I... I want to... I want you to..."  
  
"We can continue this tomorrow evening... if you still want to. For now, I want you to get dressed and go back to your room now."  
  
"But Sister Melinda..."  
  
"Tomorrow night, if you still want to, we'll pick up where we left off."  
  
Kristy stood dejected, wondering whether she'd done anything wrong. Under Melinda's watchful eye, she pulled her panties, sweats, and T-shirt on, then started for the door.  
  
"Sister Melinda?" she said, pausing. "Can I kiss you goodnight?"  
  
Melinda smiled, taking Kristy in both arms, meeting her waiting lips and tongue. Kristy eagerly explored the other girl's mouth, completely lost in the moment. Melinda knew she had to end the kiss, for her own sake. She needed to maintain control over herself, and she wanted Kristy's mind clear before they went any further. After a couple of minutes, she gently pushed the younger girl away.  
  
"If you still want to do this tomorrow night, we will. But no alcohol. I want your head clear, so that you won't be making any impaired decisions."  
  
Longing in her eyes, Kristy turned to leave.  
  
"One more thing."  
  
"What's that, Sister Melinda?"  
  
"If you really, really want to continue tomorrow night, I strongly suggest you don't masturbate tonight. You'll be twice as horny, and enjoy yourself that much more."  
  
It was extremely difficult not touching herself as Kristy lay alone in her own bed, but she followed the advice she'd been given, and sleep eventually found her. Dreams of beautiful Melinda filled her head.  
  
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Kristy dragged herself downstairs to the kitchen at about eleven the next morning, nursing a slight hangover and desperate for some coffee. The house was bustling, typical for that time on a Saturday morning. Several of the Sisters were engaged in regular Saturday cleaning duties, vacuuming the floors, dusting, washing windows, the usual chores that rotated from Sister to Sister each week. Others were doing homework, laundry, or cooking, while on the television a tennis match held the interest of a couple of the girls.  
  
Melinda, running the vacuum cleaner back and forth across the living room carpet, glanced nonchalantly at Kristy, offering no acknowledgement of what they'd shared the night before. She still had on the same pink silk pajama tops she'd worn the previous night, and every time she bent over, Kristy couldn't help but notice her white satin panties.  
  
Kristy realized she was looking at the older girl in a new light. Never before had she felt so drawn, so compelled to admire Melinda's long legs, her alabaster skin, her full lips that just last night had been pressed so intimately against her own.  
  
Kristy felt no regrets over what they'd done the night before, other than being denied the climax she so desperately craved. But she knew Melinda was right, that if she wanted to continue the experiment, as she thought of it, she needed to be fully aroused. Despite the headache, she was already off to a good start.  
  
"You finally awake, Sleepyhead?"  
  
Kristy looked up to see Stella standing expectantly before her. She'd forgotten that they'd made plans to spend some time in the language laboratory that day to work on their conversational Spanish for a class they shared. She wasn't feeling her best yet, waiting for the Tylenol to kick in, but she couldn't let Stella down.  
  
Stella was about the sweetest girl she'd ever known, the kind of person who would do anything for you. She was lots of fun to be around, pretty much the life of any party she attended. Everybody adored Stella, who was the epitome of self-confidence.  
  
That self-confidence might have surprised some people, though. Just to look at her, Stella probably fell somewhere between plain and homely. She was neither tall nor short, she had shoulder length medium brown hair, and her body was very average. Her face lacked the features that generally defined beauty, such as high cheekbones, arching eyebrows, and full lips. Physically, she was entirely unremarkable.  
  
But there was something about her, a kind of indescribable charisma that everyone just loved. Men and women alike were drawn to Stella, and she never lacked for a date. She could have been held up as an example of what self-confidence could do for any woman.  
  
The girls spent a couple of hours in the lab practicing their Spanish, then headed, not coincidentally, for Taco Bell for a late lunch. They tried to speak Spanish during lunch, but still lacked the vocabulary to say much.  
  
Stella excitedly told Kristy, in English, about her plans for that evening. She was going to a frat party with Ted Powers, star quarterback for the school football team. He was a junior, and rumor had it that he'd likely be a first round pick when the NFL held its draft next year.  
  
And Stella had a date with him!  
  
Kristy smiled, shaking her head. "You get the cutest guys," she said, a little enviously.  
  
Stella looked down, blushing. As she usually did, she tried to redirect the conversation away from herself. "How'd it go with Scott last night? He's pretty cute, too."

Kristy felt her face getting hot. She was suddenly embarrassed about last night, and about what she had planned later with Melinda. She certainly didn't want to tell Stella she had a date with the sorority vice president, or that she planned on kissing her, and hopefully more.  
  
"I'm done with Scott," she said after taking a deep breath. He called off with a really lame excuse last night."  
  
"His grandfather die again?"  
  
"You heard?"  
  
"He cancelled a date with me a couple months back, because his grandfather died."  
  
"He needs to come up with a new excuse, at least when ditching Epsilon girls."  
  
"It's worse than that," Stella said. "Our first date? I found out later he had a date that night with Christina. He cancelled her to be with me, and told her the same thing."  
  
"Melinda told me he did it to Beth last year, too."  
  
"He probably has so many grandfathers," Stella giggled, "because he doesn't know for sure who his father is!" Telling that sort of joke was completely out of characters for her.  
  
"Stella!" Kristy started to admonish her friend, but broke down laughing instead, and Stella joined her.  
  
"So Kristy, what are you doing tonight?" Stella asked, nibbling half an inch off a bean burrito.  
  
Kristy was suddenly serious again. She knew she was blushing. "No plans, probably just stay home and study. Maybe watch a DVD."  
  
"You want to come along with us?"  
  
"That's sweet, Stella, but I don't want to get in your way. You and Ted have a great time tonight. I'll be fine."  
  
"I have one question, Kristy."  
  
Kristy swallowed nervously. "What... what's that?"  
  
"How can you possibly eat that taco with two packages of fire sauce on it?"  
  
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The house was empty by seven o'clock that night, save for Kristy, who was watching "Wheel of Fortune" in the living room. Melinda had gone out that afternoon, and Kristy wondered whether she'd forgotten about their plans. Sisters Marie and Rita were the last to leave, offering Kristy the chance to go out clubbing with them. Kristy politely declined, promising that she'd love to join them another time. Dejected, she watched Vanna White touching letters on the electronic board, her mind elsewhere.  
  
Kristy jumped when the kitchen door opened, and she turned to see Melinda poking her head through the door. "Is the coast clear?" Melinda had come in the back way, apparently trying to keep secret their little rendezvous.  
  
Kristy's eyes opened wide. She'd about given up hope, but Melinda was here; she hadn't forgotten, or changed her mind. She immediately felt her juices begin to flow. "I was afraid you'd forgotten about... tonight."  
  
"Not a chance," smiled Melinda. "I've been looking forward to this all day."  
  
"So why the cloak-and-dagger stuff? Sneaking in the back door?"  
  
"I didn't want to embarrass you, that's all. I know this is new to you, and I figured you'd want to keep it hush-hush, at least for now."  
  
"It is new," Kristy admitted. "Twenty-four hours ago, I'd never have believed what I was planning to do tonight."  
  
"Shall we head upstairs?"  
  
"Please."  
  
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As Melinda closed her bedroom door, Kristy was suddenly apprehensive again. All day this had seemed like a fantasy, but the reality was now upon her. She wasn't about to back out, though. She had to try this, at least once, just to find out.  
  
Melinda moved close to the younger girl, wrapping her arms around her, pulling her close. Kristy was ready as Melinda brought her full red lips close to hers, and eagerly allowed her tongue to enter her mouth. Eyes closed, Kristy explored the dark recesses of this woman's mouth, enjoying her own body's responses.  
  
Melinda's hands moved from behind Kristy's back, gently caressing her full, round breasts. She lifted the bottom of Kristy's top and deftly pulled it over her head. Kristy's bra came next, releasing her breasts, exposing her erect nipples.  
  
Melinda moved them to the bed then, helping Kristy remove her sweatpants and panties. With Kristy now fully nude, the pair lay on Melinda's bed kissing deeply, while Melinda's hand resumed its exploration of the younger girl's body.  
  
"Wait," said Kristy, and the room became still. "I'd like to undress you, too."  
  
They stood, and Melinda smiled as Kristy slowly unbuttoned her blouse, pushing it back over her shoulders. Her bra came next, revealing the alabaster of Melinda's medium sized breasts. Kristy was pleased to see that Melinda's nipples were as erect as her own. It was important to her that Melinda was enjoying this as much as she was.  
  
Jeans and panties were next, and Kristy paused to gaze at the other girl's naked form. She'd seen Melinda nude many times; Epsilon Sisters were not shy about their bodies, and they all enjoyed showing off from time to time, even to strangers. But Kristy was seeing her in an entirely new light, and truly appreciated Melinda's sheer beauty.  
  
They both lay on the bed again and resumed kissing deeply, only now Kristy's hands were eagerly exploring Melinda's body as well. So much was new. Kristy had never touched another woman's breasts, yet she was eager to do so, rubbing and manipulating rock hard nipples in exactly the way she knew felt best.  
  
Kristy could feel an orgasm building, despite the fact that her vagina remained untouched. When Melinda did bring her hand down, deftly touching Kristy's swollen clitoris, she sensed that the younger woman was close. Not wanting to deny her the most exquisite pleasure she could give her, Melinda broke the kiss and brought her face down, lightly bringing her experienced tongue into direct contact with Kristy's primary pleasure spot.  
  
The climax hit within seconds, sending Kristy spiraling into new heights of ecstasy. Powerful contractions wracked her body, ultimately leaving her feeling weak as a kitten. A smile on her face, Kristy closed her eyes. Melinda started to stand up, but Kristy grabbed her by the hand.  
  
"It's your turn," she said seductively.  
  
"Don't worry, Kristy," Melinda replied. "Tonight was for you."  
  
"But I want to, Sister Melinda," Kristy pleaded. "I want to give you pleasure. I want to make you cum, like you just did me."  
  
Shaking her head, Melinda replied "No, you just rest now."  
  
"But Melinda," Kristy said softly, eschewing the usual title of 'Sister,' "I want this. I need it. I need to experience the other side, or all of this means nothing."  
  
Melinda paused, gazing into Kristy's sincere brown eyes. She lay down beside her friend, and the kissing resumed. It was only moments later that Kristy began to work her way down Melinda's body, kissing her breasts, her stomach, all the way down until she came to her parted legs, her secret treasure, glistening with moisture, lips invitingly open.  
  
Suddenly unsure of herself, Kristy let her instincts kick in. Using lips and tongue, she explored Melinda's vagina, purposely avoiding contact with her love button. Knowing exactly what felt best, the ideal rhythm, she soon went to work on the older girl's clitoris. She was taking in the taste, the scent, and loving every second of it. Melinda's hips were soon bucking in perfect time with Kristy's oral ministrations.  
  
When the orgasm hit, Melinda let out a series of little moans. Kristy continued until a pair of closing legs forced her up. Melinda grabbed Kristy then and kissed her deeply, tasting her own womanly essence on Kristy's tongue. Exhausted, both girls quietly collapsed on the bed. Melinda tugged the comforter over them and, arms and legs entwined, they were soon deeply asleep.  
  
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The sun was up before either woman stirred the following morning. Kristy greeted the older girl with a kiss, evoking a sleepy smile.  
  
"So, are you sorry?" Melinda asked quietly.  
  
Kristy gazed into Melinda's eyes, kissed her lips again, and said "Not at all."  
  
"You're really special, you know that?" Kristy just smiled, and Melinda continued. "I have to tell you something, and I hope it doesn't shock you."  
  
"What, that you like girls?" Kristy giggled.  
  
Melinda was serious, though. "Not just me, Kristy. With the exception of the five new pledges, you and the others..."  
  
"Stella, Courtney, Jenni Lee and Lynn."  
  
"That's right. The rest of us? We're all experienced with men and women alike."  
  
Kristy's eyes opened in surprise. "All of you?"  
  
"Why do you think Ashli, the pizza girl, always arranges to make deliveries here?"  
  
"I never thought about it. Has she... I mean, have any of the Sisters... you know... with Ashli?"  
  
"Sure, several of us have... myself included."  
  
"Wow."  
  
"She's a lot of fun, and she's pretty adventurous in bed, too. I've heard of some of the Sisters sleeping with Ashli and a guy, or three girls together. Rumor has it she likes to be tied up, too."  
  
"Now that surprises me."  
  
"I need to tell you something else, Kristy."  
  
"What's that?"  
  
Melinda was looking at her feet. "I won."  
  
"You won what?"  
  
"I won you."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"It's an Epsilon tradition that an older girl seduces one of the younger ones. It's usually decided by a flip of the coin, or random assignment. But with you..."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Everybody wanted a chance with you. Everybody wanted to be the one to pop your bisexual cherry, so to speak."  
  
Kristy's mouth opened, but not a word came out.  
  
"So we shuffled a deck of cards, and everybody drew." Melinda was actually blushing a little by then. "I got the ace of spades."  
  
"I... I don't know what to say."  
  
"We don't normally reveal any of this so soon. We would have told you later, maybe next year, and then it would have been your turn."  
  
"My turn?"  
  
"To seduce a new member. One of the new girls, next year, or maybe the year after."  
  
Kristy tried to digest this. She wasn't sure she liked being thought of as a prize, although she realized it was actually a compliment. "Well, you succeeded," she said, an unintended hint of bitterness in her voice.  
  
Melinda looked up, tears in her eyes. "I'm sorry, Kristy."  
  
They both sat in silence for a couple of minutes. Then, Kristy started to giggle. Melinda stared at her, and the laughter increased. Soon they were both laughing so hard they could barely sit up straight.  
  
"I didn't mean to react like that," Kristy said apologetically. "You just caught me off guard. Your explanation was about the last thing I expected to hear."  
  
Melinda took a deep breath. "You're not mad?"  
  
Kristy put her arms around the older girl. "No, Sister Melinda. You just gave me the greatest night of sex I've ever had, and you've opened my eyes to a whole new set of opportunities. I'd never even considered that I might be... bisexual, but that's one of the best things about Epsilon, that we open our minds and learn about a world full of possibilities."  
  
Melinda wrapped her arms around the younger girl then, and they shared a hug. Her eyes opened when she felt a tongue tickling her ear. "You wanna do it again?" Kristy whispered.

**Kristy Ch. 03: Kristy & the New Pledge**

*My third Kristy story. Kristy and her friend Jenni Lee take a new pledge under their wings, and try to build her self-confidence as they prepare to initiate her into flashing.*  
  
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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, big blue eyes, 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 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 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 done, 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!"

**Kristy Ch. 04: She Continues a Tradition**

*My fourth and final fictional Kristy story, about how she seduces a reluctant virgin into the joys of girl-girl sex.*  
  
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The area hadn't experienced a snowstorm as fierce as this one in several decades. Roads were closed, trees were down, and power was out across most of the city. The experts had predicted a strong winter storm, but nothing like this.  
  
So the girls who hadn't left Epsilon House prior to about six o'clock that Saturday afternoon were stuck. No one else would be leaving, and nobody who was gone would be coming back any time soon. Five Sisters, all with plans for later that evening, were trapped, sheltered within the confines of the sorority house, but disappointed in having those plans changed.  
  
Kristy Spencer was one of those unlucky Sisters. She'd been planning on going to a club that evening, along with her good friend Jenni Lee, and the sorority vice president, Marie. Katie and her boyfriend, Jess, had planned a double date with Lindsay and her guy, Dave; but between the time the guys arrived and they were able to leave, the unparalleled storm had abruptly set in. They were probably lucky, though, as they might have been on the road, rather than safe and warm inside Epsilon House.  
  
The power had gone out almost immediately, and Marie quickly gathered candles, providing enough light to see by. She added a log to the seldom-used fireplace, and a crackling fire proved sufficient to warm the living area. Katie and Jenni Lee assembled a platter of chips, pretzels, and dip, while Lindsay made sandwiches and Kristy mixed up a pitcher of margaritas.  
  
Following their improvised dinner, Jenni Lee suggested a game of "Truth or Dare." With nothing better to do, the seven stranded students gathered near the fireplace and waited for someone to start.  
  
Marie began. "Kristy, truth or dare?"  
  
"Truth," Kristy smiled.  
  
"When was the last time you masturbated?"  
  
Had the lights been on, the group would have seen that both Katie and Jess were blushing. The question didn't faze the unflappable Kristy, however. "It's been a really long time, you know?" she said.  
  
"Yeah," Marie pushed, "but when?"  
  
"Not since last night," Kristy said seriously, and everyone laughed at that. "I usually need it twice a day, at least." More laughter.  
  
The game proceeded in this way for a while, with a series of embarrassing but lighthearted questions. But when it came to Katie's turn, emboldened by one of Kristy's very strong margaritas, she said "Dare!"  
  
Jenni Lee had been instrumental in helping Katie get past her embarrassment about her little breasts. Katie had long disguised her small chest by wearing a padded bra, and then further enhancing her look by stuffing it with tissues. Both Jenni Lee and Kristy had helped her realize that she didn't need such artificial aids, that most men didn't care about the size of a girl's boobs, and that many actually preferred smaller breasts. And with Katie's petite figure, her breasts were in perfect proportion to the rest of her.  
  
So, responding to Katie's choice of 'dare,' Jenni Lee told her to remove her sweater, blouse and bra, and show everyone her boobs. Katie wasn't expecting this, and her old inhibitions rose briefly to the surface. But she quickly overcame her hesitation, removed her sweater, and began to unbutton her top. She had her blouse off in a few seconds, then hesitated only a moment before removing her bra, exposing her small but perfectly formed breasts, her nipples surprisingly erect, to everyone. Her face turned bright red as everyone applauded, but as the room was still a bit chilly, she quickly pulled her sweater back on.  
  
When Lindsay's turn came up, she also selected 'dare.' Marie instructed her to select one of the other Sisters for her boyfriend, Dave, to make out with for one minute.  
  
That caught Lindsay off guard. She wasn't used to sharing her boyfriend. She glanced around, her eyes returning to Marie. "Okay, Sister Marie, I choose you."  
  
Marie and Dave stood up and moved slowly toward each other. Dave put his arms around her, and their lips met. They kissed deeply and passionately, Lindsay keeping one eye on her boyfriend and Marie, the other on her watch. "Time's up," she said before her watch reached the sixty-first second. She quickly grabbed her boyfriend by the arm and dragged him back beside her on the sofa, to the amusement of all. Lindsay pretended to be annoyed, but seeing Marie's lipstick on Dave's face, she broke up in laughter.   
  
When it was Kristy's turn to ask a question, she turned to Katie's boyfriend, Jess. "Truth or dare, Jess?"  
  
"Truth," he replied nervously.  
  
"Have you and Katie made love yet?"  
  
Jess's face turned red. "Um..." Katie's face was just as red, and she looked the other direction. "Can I change my mind?" Jess asked. "Can I say 'dare' instead?"  
  
"Okay," Kristy responded, "but no chickening out, all right?"  
  
"What do I have to do?" he asked, trepidation in his voice.  
  
"Anything I say," Kristy replied firmly.  
  
Resignation in his voice, Jess said "Okay."  
  
"All right, Jess. Katie took her top off for us. You're going to take your pants off, and keep them off for the next ten minutes!"  
  
Jess's eyes grew wide at that. He glanced at Katie, who gave him an encouraging smile. Jess gave a defeated nod, then undid his belt. He slid his jeans down, bringing into view his white cotton briefs. He expected to hear 'tighty-whities,' but no one was laughing.  
  
It was Lindsay's turn to ask a question, and she called on Katie, who requested a dare. "This one should be easy for you," said Lindsay. "I want you take off your top again, and make out with Jess for two minutes."  
  
Katie smiled. This one really was easy. She stood, whipped off her sweater, and faced a very nervous Jess. She put her arms around him, and lips met in a comfortable and familiar kiss. She pulled herself close to him, her small breasts pressed against his chest. When the two minutes were called, Katie broke the kiss and stepped away, pulling her sweater back on.  
  
But the rest of the Sisters were letting out hoots and hollers, responding to the rather powerful erection pressing out from Jess's underwear. When Katie noticed the cause of the unexpected response, her face turned three shades of red, a color matched only by Jess's own. Only Dave refused to stare, and Jess was glad for that.  
  
When Dave's turn came around, he looked at Kristy, then glanced over at Jenni Lee. "How about it, Kristy? Truth or dare?  
  
Kristy, finishing up her third margarita, said "Dare!"  
  
"I dare you to take your top off, and make out with Jenni Lee for two minutes."  
  
Both girls' eyes lit up at that! Kristy had her top off in less than thirty seconds, her large, firm boobs and erect nipples on display. She eagerly took an equally enthusiastic Jenni Lee in her arms, lips and tongues immediately seeking those of the other girl. Even after the two minutes had elapsed, they almost had to be dragged apart.  
  
Wild cheers erupted from most of the others, although Jess was a little restrained, and Katie was silent. Kristy noticed the lack of a smile on Katie's face, and made a mental note to ask her about it later.  
  
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Before the night was over, each of the five Sisters had bared both top and bottom for the group, although neither of the guys had to expose anything beyond his underwear. The girls knew that, while the Epsilon sisters were exhibitionists, the guys probably were not. They wanted their guests to have a good time, and pushing them to go any further than their underwear might have been too much.  
  
It was after two in the morning by the time the alcohol had pushed everyone beyond their limits, and sleeping arrangements were being discussed.  
  
Both of Lindsay's roommates were out, so she grabbed a candle and led Dave to her room. Marie, more than a little tipsy, staggered back to her room, alone. Katie and Jess, both tipsy as well, sat awkwardly on the sofa, while Kristy and Jenni Lee were making out again, hands exploring each other's bodies.  
  
"I don't believe what I'm seeing," mumbled Katie, kissing Jess and asking whether the sofa would be all right for him, because she was going to her room. Jess told her it was fine, and she gave him another kiss before disappearing up the stairs.  
  
Oblivious to Jess's presence, Kristy and Jenni Lee soon had their tops off. Jess pretended to go to sleep, but kept his eyes open a crack, enough to watch the nearly pornographic display before him.  
  
A few minutes later, Kristy and Jenni Lee were fully nude and engaged in the sixty-nine position. The last thing Jess remembered was seeing the two women lying on the floor in front of the fireplace, pulling a blanket over themselves and, arms and legs intertwined, falling asleep.  
  
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With no alarm clocks working, no one was up before eleven o'clock the following morning. Marie was the first one to stumble through the living room and into the kitchen, desperate for a cup of coffee. Dismayed that the power was still out, she found that at least the hot water was working. She tried to make a cup of instant coffee using just hot tap water. The coffee didn't fully dissolve, but she was desperate enough to drink it anyway.  
  
Soon everyone but Katie had gathered in the kitchen, making do with cold cereal and fresh fruit for breakfast. Kristy was keenly aware of the young blond's absence. Exchanging a concerned glance with Jenni Lee, she headed upstairs.  
  
Hearing no response to a few lights taps on the door, Kristy let herself into Katie's room, finding her lying perfectly still under the covers, a pillow over her face. Kristy sat on the edge of the bed and gave Katie a light pat on the shoulder. Katie shook her shoulders defiantly, refusing any further response.  
  
"Katie?" No answer. "Katie, are you all right? Talk to me."  
  
Katie abruptly sat up, angrily tossing the pillow aside. Her red eyes showed that she'd been crying. "What do you want, Kristy?"  
  
Kristy was taken aback. In all the months they'd known each other, it was the first time that Katie didn't address her as 'Sister Kristy.'  
  
"What is it, Katie? What's the matter?"  
  
"I had so much respect for you!"  
  
"Had?"  
  
"You and Jenni Lee both."  
  
"I don't understand."  
  
"I'm not that naïve. I know guys like watching girls make out."  
  
"Yeah, and?"  
  
"But you and Jenni Lee were enjoying yourselves. And then, when we were going to bed, you were at it again."  
  
"I don't see what the problem is."  
  
"Two girls together is... it's unnatural."  
  
"Feels pretty natural to me," Kristy replied casually.  
  
"But I've seen you with guys lots of times," Katie said with a sob, tears filling her eyes. "I never imagined you were a..."  
  
"A what, Katie?"  
  
"A lesbian. Okay, I said it. Is that what you wanted?"  
  
"I'm not a lesbian," Kristy replied softly.  
  
"But..." Another sob. "You and Jenni Lee... you were..."  
  
"Katie, have you ever told me that you loved me?"  
  
"Yes, I did. And I meant it. But now..."  
  
"Well, I love you, and I love Jenni Lee."  
  
"What's that got to do with..." Katie choked back another sob.  
  
"And sometimes we like to express our love. Especially on a cold, lonely night. Like last night."  
  
"But my mother always told me that having sex with someone of the same gender..."  
  
"Yes?"  
  
Katie took a deep breath. "It's a sin."  
  
Kristy's worst fears had been confirmed. She gave it a moment's thought, then said "Well, what about showing off your body for strangers? Isn't that a sin, too?"  
  
Katie considered the question. "Well, I suppose so..."  
  
"So why did you do it? Why do you keep doing it?"  
  
"Well, I did it to get into Epsilon. It was a requirement."  
  
"And you learned to enjoy it, right?"  
  
Katie was looking at her bare feet. She didn't respond.  
  
"And why do you enjoy it?"  
  
Another deep breath. "Well, you and Sister Jenni Lee taught me to love my body. Once I realized that guys didn't care how small my boobs were, it was like this huge weight was lifted from my heart."  
  
"Keep talking."  
  
"I was so ashamed of my breasts, you know that. When I realized how perfect my boobs were for me, I wanted to show them to everybody." A trace of a smile crossed her face. "And I loved the reactions I got, too."  
  
"So you enjoy flashing?"  
  
"Yeah," Katie said softly. "I really do."  
  
"Even though it's a sin?"  
  
The tears began to flow again. "Oh, Sister Kristy," Katie sobbed. "I'm so confused."  
  
Kristy offered her arms, and Katie fell into her warm embrace. They held each other for several long, comfortable minutes.  
  
Having collected herself, Katie finally broke the silence, and the embrace. "I haven't even had sex with Jess yet."  
  
"Still holding on to your cherry, huh?" Kristy grinned.  
  
"I want to have sex. I'm ready. But I think Jess is nervous. I think he's a virgin, too."  
  
"But you'd have sex with him, if he asked, right?"  
  
"If he ever does, yeah, I would."  
  
"But isn't sex before marriage a sin, too?"  
  
Katie met Kristy's eyes. "My God, I'm such a hypocrite, Sister Kristy."  
  
"Tell you what, Katie," Kristy smiled. "Talk with Jess, if you want to. Tell him you're ready. Make sure he wears a condom, of course."  
  
Katie blushed at that. "But what if he doesn't want to? I mean have sex?"  
  
"He wanted to last night. The bulge in his underwear made that pretty obvious."  
  
"I don't know."  
  
"Do you trust me, Katie?"  
  
Katie nodded eagerly. "Trust between Epsilon Sisters is absolute."  
  
"He's not going to turn you down. I think he's nervous, but I promise you he wants it too."  
  
"Okay," Katie said, putting on her first smile of the morning. "I'll do exactly that."  
  
"Then if you want to talk about... other things, I'm always here for you."  
  
Katie's smile brightened. "I do love you, Sister Kristy!"  
  
"Oh, and I love you too, Katie. Now go talk to Jess, and go get laid!"  
  
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A busy week followed. Between classes, homework, and cleaning up after the storm, the Sisters were left with little spare time. The following Saturday morning was the first chance Katie had to talk with Kristy.  
  
"We did it last night, Sister Kristy," Katie said, not a trace of excitement in her voice.  
  
"Did what?"  
  
"Jess and I had sex last night."  
  
"You don't sound very enthused."  
  
"It wasn't exactly what I'd expected."  
  
Kristy offered a sympathetic smile. "Hurt, huh?"  
  
"Yeah, it did. And it was over so quickly. Once he was inside me, well..."  
  
"Did you get anything out of it?"  
  
"We did a lot of kissing and touching first, but... well, he did admit he was a virgin too, and he..."  
  
"He was clumsy, and awkward, had no clue what he was doing, right?"  
  
"Yup."  
  
"He knew where to put it, and he did, and it hurt, and then it was over."  
  
Katie giggled. "What, were you watching?"  
  
"No, but I've taken a couple of guy-cherries, and they're always the same," Kristy told her. "Give him a little more practice, if you want to. He'll probably get better."  
  
Kristy always had a way of making Katie feel better. Katie smiled and gave her a hug. "Thanks for being there for me, Sister Kristy."  
  
"Any time, Sweetie. Any time."  
  
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Another week went by, and Katie approached Kristy on Saturday morning. "Got a minute, Sister Kristy?"  
  
"For you, I have two," she chuckled.  
  
"Jess and I had sex again last night."  
  
"Was it any better?"  
  
"It didn't hurt so much this time, but I still didn't get much out of it."  
  
"What do you do when you masturbate?"  
  
Katie's mouth fell open. "Sister Kristy!"  
  
"What?" Kristy asked innocently.  
  
"That's kind of personal, isn't it?"  
  
"At Epsilon, nothing is too personal to discuss with your sisters, Katie. You know that trust..."  
  
"...between Epsilon Sisters is absolute," Katie finished for her.  
  
"So tell me!"  
  
Katie hesitated, her face pink. "How do you know I masturbate?"  
  
"Let me check something," Kristy said, placing her hand over Katie's heart. She moved her hand down long enough to caress Katie's breast very lightly, causing the younger girl to flinch, then withdrew her hand.  
  
Kristy put on a serious face, and said "You're breathing, and you have breasts. That's how I know you masturbate."  
  
Katie broke down in giggles. "Okay, you caught me. But it's still kinda personal."  
  
Kristy shook her head. "We all do it, every girl in the sorority, every girl on campus, every girl in the state. We all do it, and there's nothing wrong with it, either."  
  
Katie nodded. "But still..."  
  
"You have any plans for tonight, Sweetie?"  
  
"Not really, but..."  
  
"You do now. See you around seven?"  
  
"Okay, if you say so."  
  
"Great, then it's a date."  
  
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The house was empty, except for Kristy and Katie, who'd been sitting in the living area, watching an old black-and-white Sherlock Holmes movie on the big screen TV.  
  
"I need a favor, Katie," said Kristy. "If you don't mind."  
  
"Sure, Sister Kristy. You know I'll do anything for you. You've done so much for me."  
  
"I need some inspiration. Would you mind coming upstairs with me?"  
  
Katie hesitated only briefly as Kristy bounced up the stairs. Curiosity overcoming any doubts, the younger girl darted right up the steps after her.  
  
"Have you learned anything from me, Sweetie?" Kristy asked.  
  
"Oh, only enough to fill a library or two," Katie smiled.  
  
"And do you trust me?"  
  
"Trust between Epsilon Sisters is absolute!"  
  
"Well, as the Brits would say, I need a good wank." Katie stared, mystified. "I need to masturbate."  
  
Katie still stared silently, her face turning bright red. "Then I guess I'd better leave."  
  
"No," Kristy said sincerely. "I want you here. I want to watch you while I touch myself."  
  
Total shock. "You do?"  
  
"We talked about it a little, a couple of weeks back, remember?"  
  
"You mean you and Jenni Lee?"  
  
"Yeah. You don't need to do anything. I just want you to undress for me, and let me watch you."  
  
That was about the last thing Katie was expecting. "Um..."  
  
"Will you do that Katie," Kristy asked. "For me?"  
  
Katie considered for a moment, then began to unbutton her blouse. Kristy did the same, and the young blond found herself riveted by the sight.  
  
Once nude, Kristy lay on the bed and unabashedly brought a hand down between her widely spread legs. Her eyes were fixed on Katie, and she took in every detail of her petite body as she slowly undressed. Katie removed her blouse and bra, surprised to find her nipples fully erect. Kristy marveled at the perfect shape of Katie's small breasts, as she continued to caress her sex.  
  
And Katie couldn't tear her eyes away. She soon had her jeans and panties off, and she too reached for her womanly treasure. Each girl watched the other, arousal growing. Katie sat on the far end of the bed, slowly exploring the folds of her labia, her middle finger quickly focusing on her clitoris. Within a couple of minutes, Kristy couldn't hold back any longer, and let the orgasm course through her body. This was all Katie needed, and she too was soon moaning in pleasure.  
  
Suddenly the room felt very cold. Kristy crawled under her comforter, silently inviting Katie to join her. Weak-kneed after her amazing climax, Katie moved over to Kristy and slid between the covers. The two naked young women, reveling in post-orgasmic bliss, wrapped their arms around each other. Within minutes, both were sound asleep.  
  
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Katie awoke with a start when Kristy's bedroom door opened. Kristy's roommate Taylor stumbled in, obviously tipsy, but still in full command of her senses. When she saw Katie in Kristy's bed, she didn't bat an eye. She changed into her pajamas, waved goodnight, and padded out of the room, closing the door behind her.  
  
"Sister Kristy," Katie whispered, and Kristy opened one eye. "Sister Taylor saw us together."  
  
Kristy opened her other eye. "And?"  
  
"She saw me in bed with you," Katie said. "She's going to think we had sex."  
  
"My God," Kristy said mockingly. "She's going to tell Christina, and they'll kick us out of Epsilon! We'll be expelled, never get a job, and wind up living in a shopping basket." She closed her eyes and lowered her head to the pillow.

"Sister Kristy!"  
  
"All right, Katie. What did she do?"  
  
"Well, she changed into her pajamas, waved, and left."  
  
"End of the world!"  
  
"Sister Kristy!"  
  
"Listen to me, Katie. We didn't have sex, but even if we did, not a single Epsilon Sister would care, except to hope we enjoyed ourselves." Katie stared blankly at Kristy. "I've made love with Taylor a couple of times. And every Epsilon has had sex with one or more of the Sisters. We're all bisexual, at least to some extent."  
  
Katie put her head down, thinking about what she'd just been told. "It's just hard for me to accept," she said. "All my life, my mother warned me about 'homos and dykes,' and how I had to stay away from them."  
  
"What else did she tell you?"  
  
Katie thought about it for a long time, then began to giggle. Not a small chuckle either, but all-consuming laughter. Kristy gave her a look, but it took a couple of minutes for Katie to calm down. When she did, she told Kristy that she just remembered something.  
  
"When I was about fourteen, I remember my mom asking me when my boobs were going to grow. I'd never really thought about it. It didn't bother me. I was still totally flat, but I had my period and everything, just no breasts. But I wasn't the least concerned."  
  
Kristy watched with interest, waiting for the story to continue.  
  
"Mom told me that a girl needed big breasts, if she ever wanted to get a man. She told me that men only like women with full, round boobs, and that if they didn't come in soon, that I might as well become a nun."  
  
Kristy was predictably outraged. "That's horrible," she said.  
  
"But I believed her, and I've believed her for the last four years. That's why I was so ashamed of my little boobs."  
  
"But no more, right?"  
  
"No, of course not, thanks to you and Sister Jenni Lee and Sister Marie and all the others. Besides Jess, I've had lots of guys ask me out. None of them cared how flat I was."  
  
"So, do you think she might have been wrong about 'homos and dykes,' too?"  
  
"Yeah, I kinda think she's full of it in that area, too." Kristy smiled, and Katie looked at her. "You know, old ideas die hard, but..."  
  
"But what?"  
  
Katie took a deep breath. "Sister Kristy, I'd like to try a little... experiment, if it's okay with you."  
  
"What kind of experiment?"  
  
Another deep breath. "Sister Kristy, could I... could I... kiss you? Please?"  
  
Kristy's face broke into a smile. "Of course, Sweetie. I'd like that."  
  
Katie sat up, looking from Kristy's eyes to her lips, then back again. She was clearly nervous, as she tried to overcome years of conditioning. Determined, she moved her face close to Kristy's, allowing her lips to part ever so slightly. Kristy remained passive, not wanting to push the younger woman any further or faster than she was ready for.  
  
Katie placed her hand behind Kristy's head, pulling her a little closer, until their lips met. Kristy allowed Katie to exercise the initiative, parting her lips slightly. She wasn't surprised, though, when she felt Katie's tongue beginning to explore, first her lips, then seeking out Kristy's own tongue. Katie was understandably nervous, but Kristy quickly deemed her a good kisser.  
  
When they separated, Katie looked the other way. She was sobbing softly.  
  
"Katie? What's the matter, Sweetie?"  
  
"I'm really angry right now."  
  
"Why?" asked Kristy, mystified. "Did I do something?"  
  
Katie turned to face her, eyes open wide. "My God, Sister Kristy!" she exclaimed, wrapping her arms around Kristy's neck. "Never! You're like this goddess, this perfect goddess. You could never do anything wrong."  
  
"Then what?"  
  
"Did your mother ever fill your head with garbage?"  
  
"My sister and I have great parents," Kristy smiled. "The only thing they filled Bobbie Kaye and me with is love."  
  
"It's just, I'm starting to wonder whether I can believe anything my mother ever told me."  
  
"Well, that's why they invented college, Sweetie. It's where we go to grow up, and learn about life for ourselves."  
  
"I love you, Sister Kristy."  
  
"I love you too, Sweetie."  
  
Holding each other, both soon drifted back to sleep.  
  
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A couple of Sisters saw Katie leaving Kristy's room the next morning. Katie was prepared to feel embarrassed, but it didn't happen. Nobody paid any attention, and she realized Kristy was right, that nobody cared.  
  
The next few days passed uneventfully. Friday came and went, and sex with Jess, while a little better, still failed to bring Katie to climax. She wondered whether she was doing something wrong. So Saturday afternoon, she again sought Kristy's counsel.  
  
"I don't know, Katie," Kristy said. "Is he too quick, or too rough, what?"  
  
"When you and I kissed," Katie said, her face turning just a little pink, "It was so... so..." She searched for the right words. "...tender. So loving. There was no aggression."  
  
"That's the nice thing about kissing another girl, Sweetie. Girls usually care more about pleasing their partners, than pleasing themselves."  
  
"Do you think... maybe..." Katie's face turned a deeper shade of pink. "Could we... would you... you know..."  
  
Kristy smiled sympathetically. "Would you like to stay in my room again tonight?"  
  
Cheeks bright red, Katie nodded. She opened her mouth, but nothing came out.  
  
"Would you like to find out how a loving partner can please you?"  
  
A silent nod from Katie, who was unable to meet Kristy's eyes.  
  
Kristy touched Katie's chin, turning her face upward. "I'd be honored," she said softly. "I need to make a couple of phone calls."  
  
"I don't want you to change your plans because of me," Katie protested.  
  
"Ssh," said Kristy. Epsilon Sisters are always there for each other," she quoted from the handbook. "Brian will understand, and I'll make it up to him next week. Then I have to call Taylor and tell her not to come home tonight."  
  
"Don't do that, Sister Kristy. It's not fair to Sister Taylor."  
  
"But if she comes home and sees us in bed..." Kristy began.  
  
"She won't care," interrupted Katie. "Will she?"  
  
"Not a bit. How about we get a bite to eat around seven, then we'll come home and play "Girls Gone Wild!"  
  
Katie just flashed her trademark blinding smile.  
  
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That evening, Katie took Kristy to her favorite salad bar, and both stuffed themselves with healthy veggies. Kristy slathered ranch dressing all over her salad, knowing that she'd been good all week, and could afford a few extra calories that night. A very nervous Katie picked at her own dinner. She was still trying to get past a lifetime of conditioning, freeing her mind to enjoy the upcoming encounter.  
  
After dinner, they headed back to the sorority house, and straight to Kristy's room. Once there, Katie began feeling very awkward. She was actively trying to push any second thoughts out of her mind. Kristy sat on edge of the bed, waiting patiently to see whether Katie really wanted to do this. She wasn't about to apply any pressure. This had to be entirely Katie's decision.  
  
Katie eventually padded over to face her oh-so-wise Sister. Kristy was ready for Katie to change her mind, and that would be all right. She wanted Katie to be happy, and never wanted the young blond to go any further than she was ready to. But suddenly, and to Kristy's delight, Katie pushed her back on the bed and jumped on top. Within seconds, they were kissing passionately.  
  
Kristy silently tried to get Katie to take it a little easy. She was clearly eager, but that was Jess's problem, too much aggression. Kristy had to show the younger girl how to make love, as opposed to having sex.  
  
Gently pushing Katie away, she said "slowly." Then she pulled her close again, offering the tenderest of kisses. Katie quickly picked up on this, and they slowly began to explore, licking, gently probing with tongues. The passion was quickly building, as they shared soft, loving kisses.  
  
Kristy was pleasantly surprised when Katie began caressing her full breasts. Rearranging positions, Katie pulled Kristy's top over her head, then fumbling to unclasp her bra. Katie wasn't accustomed to unhooking a brassiere from this direction, but she managed. Kristy couldn't help but let out a little moan when Katie took her fully engorged nipple into her mouth.  
  
In moments both were totally nude. Hands were beginning to explore the other girl's womanly treasures, and Kristy was finding herself more turned on than she'd been in some time. When Katie's fingers made contact with Kristy's clitoris, she knew she had to slow things down again.  
  
Placing one finger to her lips, she signaled Katie to hold on. She then laid Katie back on the bed, and slithered down between her legs. Using her expert tongue, Kristy teased Katie's labia, gradually circling in on her target. When she finally reached Katie's pleasure spot, it was only seconds before the orgasm hit. Katie let out a gasp as waves of pleasure washed over her. When it was finished, she wasted no time switching places, intending to return the favor.  
  
Kristy flashed on her first time with Melinda, how amazing that night had been. She also recalled how desperately she'd wanted to please Melinda, and how she practically had to beg to do for Melinda what Melinda had just done for her. Kristy wasn't about to discourage the still-eager Katie from making it complete.  
  
And Katie never hesitated. She was a bit clumsy, as Kristy imagined she must have been that first time. But the young blond persisted, and soon brought Kristy to a powerful climax. The two satisfied young women crawled under the covers.  
  
"So, did you learn anything?" Kristy whispered.  
  
"I learn something every time I'm with you, Sister Kristy." Katie kissed her.  
  
"Anything you can use with Jess?"  
  
Katie thought a moment. "Yeah. When I was trying too hard, and you slowed me down? I think, if I try that with Jess, it might work with him, too."  
  
"Brilliant deduction, Watson," Kristy teased.  
  
"Sister Kristy?"  
  
"Yeah Sweetie?"  
  
"Was I any good?"  
  
"Nope."  
  
Katie looked crestfallen. "What did I do wrong?"  
  
Kristy laughed. "You weren't good, you were amazing!"  
  
Katie smiled at that. "Sister Kristy?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"What's best? Sex with a man, or with a woman?"  
  
"How about with a vibrator?"  
  
"Okay, that too. Which is best?"  
  
Kristy smiled. "Out of the three, with a man. But good sex with a woman is better than bad sex with a man. Vibrators are good, but only as a last resort."  
  
The door opened then, and Taylor stepped inside. "Sorry, I just need my pajamas."  
  
Katie refused to be embarrassed this time. With one eye on the intruder, she gave Kristy another deep kiss.  
  
Taylor laughed. "And they said no woman would ever seduce Kristy!" she quipped, then left the room.  
  
Katie raised an eyebrow at that comment. Kristy just laughed. "She's teasing you, Sweetie," she said.  
  
Katie giggled. "Well, I guess she got me."  
  
"So what's next, Katie?  
  
"Next week, Jess is gonna get a few lessons in basic lovemaking one-oh-one."  
  
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The following Saturday, Katie recounted for Kristy every magnificent detail. Jess had paid close attention to everything Katie had to say, and both were quite pleased with the end result.  
  
"Sister Kristy?" Katie asked nervously.  
  
"Sweetie?"  
  
"Will you and I ever... you know... what we did... will we ever do it again?"  
  
"Of course, if you want too. But don't forget, there are a couple of dozen other Epsilon girls who would jump at the chance to make love with you."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Do you trust me?"  
  
"Of course I do, Sister Kristy," Katie beamed. "Trust between Epsilon Sisters is absolute."