**Megan’s Hazing**

by Hooked6

**Megan’s Hazing Chapter 1**

Poor Megan. She was so excited about attending college! It was her first time away from home and she was so looking forward to being out from under the rules of her strict mother. Because of the date of her birthday she actually started school earlier than most and as a result was only 17 at the time of her high school graduation – a fact that perhaps caused her parents to hover over her as much as they did - she being much younger than her peers. University life offered her a chance for excitement and to experience things she had only read about or dared to dream about. Gone would be the in-crowd cliques of her former high school and all those bitches who thought they were better than everyone else.

True, Megan had a conservative outlook on life and never really attended parties or had much of a social life thanks to her parents, but she longed to spread her wings and try new things. Traveling away from home gave her the perfect chance to be the kind of person she secretly wished to be. None of her former peers would be there and she could in essence take on the persona of someone exciting and confident as opposed to the timid and shy person she really was.

The first thing she planned on doing was rushing for a sorority. She had heard such marvelous stories about the sisterhood – the support and reassurance of “belonging” to a select group and the camaraderie and enduring friendships that lasted for life, not to mention the added comforts of “house” living as opposed to the cold and cramped dorms she had seen on her orientation tour. Of course, the party life was what she really wanted to be a part of! Being a sister in a Greek House was like an automatic invitation to all the popular social gatherings. She would actually BE somebody for a change.

True, she had heard about Rush week and the hazing that eventual pledges were reportedly put through but that seemed like such a small price to pay to prove she was worthy to be a sister.

She had chosen Sigma Theta Chi. This particular sorority wasn’t known as being the wildest on campus but it had a great reputation both on and off school grounds for doing many charitable functions in the community which somehow justified the more decadent party-life that the sisters seemed to be a part of. Their Chapter house was off campus, a short walk through the center of town to the university. It was a beautiful old Victorian-style house that appealed to Megan’s sense of order and conservative character. Yes, Sigma Theta Chi was the PERFECT organization to rush for.

Applying was easy. She was actually welcomed by the sisters at the house when she made her first enquiries. They were all smiles and seemed happy for some reason that she was interested. This was something new for Megan. People generally didn’t take to her reserved personality right away. They gave her a tour of the house and were quite amicable towards the young girl making her feel as though she had a good chance of making the sorority. Naturally there was talk of “earning” the right to be a member as not everyone was appropriate to be part of such a close-knit group. They also discussed her willingness to do community service and chatted at length about her background and interests. Megan for her part extolled the virtues of her strict upbringing, figuring that would go a long way towards impressing the girls that she was of good character and moral fiber.

Time passed slowly as she awaited word on her acceptance as a pledge. She began to wish that she had rushed for other sororities instead of placing her eggs all in the one basket of Sigma Theta Chi. She tried convincing herself that she had done the right thing as she figured it would look as though she wasn’t truly dedicated to her chosen sorority by rushing for more than one. In fact she wasn’t even sure if that was even legal, so little did she know of Greek life.

A mild form of depression set in. Megan began to think that things weren’t going to be different at University after all. Just when she had decided that she wasn’t going to be selected, a note was delivered by an anonymous person congratulating her on being made pledge on the unanimous vote of all the sisters! Imagine - she was selected by ALL of the girls! Megan was ecstatic. It was as though she had just received all her Christmas presents all at once. That note reaffirmed what she had thought all along – that she wasn’t really unpopular or a nerd. She just had just been surrounded by a bunch of mean-spirited losers in high school.

The note advised her of a private and secret ceremony at the quadrangle near one of the dorms on campus Friday night at 10:00pm. She was told to not to say anything to anyone about her selection and not to bring anything with her – especially a purse or a camera, but just to wear the clothes on her back.

Megan must have read that note a hundred times. She couldn’t believe it. She was actually going to be a part of Greek life! This was the BEST thing that had ever happened to her. It seemed like forever for Friday to roll around. In fact she was so excited that she hardly slept at all that entire week – something that played havoc with her coursework.

True to her instructions she refrained from telling anybody about her good news. When the big day finally arrived she had the dickens of a time trying to select what outfit to wear. After all, she wanted to make a good first impression. She wanted to look trendy, but not too trendy so as to show up the sisters. She wanted to dress a little formal as this was indeed a big occasion for her, yet wear something comfortable not stuffy. She dared not insult the solemnity of the ritual ceremony either by wearing something too casual like her favorite jeans and a T-shirt. No, this decision needed careful thought.

Making such a weighted decision was not Megan’s forte. She must have tried on and trashed at least two dozen outfits before making her final choice – a simple blue dress that came to the knee. This dress was the most expensive thing Megan owned and she was proud of it. She had received many compliments about how good that dress made her look. It was also her lucky dress. It was the dress she had worn when she was asked on her first – and only – date in high school. It was also the outfit she had on when she received her first – and only – kiss from a boy. It seemed natural then that this lucky outfit be the one she wore to the best thing that ever happened to her. She also spent about an hour doing her hair and applying just the right amount of make-up. In her mind she looked FABULOUS!

She proudly walked across campus to the designated quad. She had scouted out the location a dozen times during the week just to be sure that she knew where it was and how long it would take to get there. Megan didn’t own a car and had to walk pretty much everywhere, which is why the sorority house was perfect for her to live in as it was just a short walk through the quaint but busy little town where the University was located.

Megan arrived promptly at 10:00pm. She made her way to the designated spot but saw no one else. She hurriedly re-checked the note she had received just to be sure she hadn’t made a mistake. It wouldn’t do to be late for something as important as this, so mistakes were not an option. She was expecting at least to find other pledges in the quad when she arrived but the quad was dark and empty. She had no idea if there WERE other pledges or how many actually had been invited. Maybe, she thought, just maybe each candidate had their own ceremony. Megan began to get nervous and panic began to set in. What if she was in the wrong spot? What if the note was meant for another Megan and was delivered to her by mistake? What if . . .

Just then an outside door opened from one of the dorm buildings surrounding the quad and a slow procession of girls exited the building, each carrying a candle as they chanted the sorority creed. It was beautiful! There was no mistake! Megan was in the right place after all and this was really happening!! It was all Megan could do to keep from squealing with excitement! If only those bitches from her high school could see her now!

The girls encircled Megan in a ring of firelight from the candles they were holding. It was all so surreal and so lovely. Finally one of the girls spoke up, “So you worthless form of human scum, do you really think you can be one of us?” She said that quite menacingly as the other girls looked on and laughed. Poor Megan didn’t know what to make of it. Why was she treating her this way? Everyone was so nice and friendly before, now they were all laughing at her. It was clear this girl was waiting for an answer.

“Um . . .” Megan spoke up timidly, “yes, I can be one of you.” Her voice was unsteady and unsure.

“YOU?” the same girl barked loudly, “YOU think you have what it takes to be a member of the greatest most notable sorority on campus? YOU think you are WORTHY to join our select group? Just look at you! Look at that ridiculous outfit you have on. Why it looks like something a total slut would wear not something that rocks like you were a member of an elite sorority.”

“You’re out of your league girly-girl,” another sister shouted mockingly.

“But . . . it’s my lucky dress,” Megan argued.

“Lucky? Honey you’d never get lucky in THAT thing.” All the girls were laughing and making fun of Megan as they began slowly closing circle that surrounded her. It was like high school all over again! Megan felt tears beginning to well up in her eyes. Why are they doing this to her. She began to feel very small and wanted to forget the whole thing and just run away but the sisters were blocking her path. Megan just stood there, swallowing her pride and endured her humiliation. What else was there to do? Clearly this had all been a joke. Clearly they never intended on letting her join. When confronting a bully Megan had found it best just to let them have their fun and they would soon tire of it.

“Look at this rag you’ve got on. Why the material is so cheap it’s a miracle it hasn’t torn . . . oops!” a sister said as she reached out a tore a piece of her dress causing hysterical laughter among the rest.

“Yeah, look at this cheap material,” another said as she too wretched another piece of cloth away from her shoulders. Megan’s favorite dress was slowly being stripped right off her body! It started slowly but soon turned into a frenzy and before she knew it her favorite lucky dress was laying on the ground in several pieces leaving Megan standing there in just her dark black bra and light colored panties.

“There’s only one thing to do with this old rag . . . BURN IT!” someone teased. Another girl tossed what smelled like whisky onto the dress and another girl dropped her candle onto the pile and in a flash Megan’s clothes rose up in flames!

The sisters all laughed as they watched the remnants burn into ashes.

“Didn’t you clean up before coming to this ceremony? How DARE you show up without taking a bath?”

“What? I did so take a shower!” Megan protested to no avail. The girls began pouring water over her head from their water bottles they had with them totally soaking the poor girl until her clothes were completely see through.

Everyone was mocking and laughing at poor Megan as she just stood there trying not to let them know how much what they were doing bothered her.

“Check out that bod of hers, girls. Miss little tits here needs some help up top, don’t you think? And those panties she’s wearing – they’re so skimpy all you see is her hips. I’ll bet she never shaves either.” They were all criticizing her body and how she looked. They made fun of her make-up and her hair which someone even wrapped it up and tied in a bun so they wouldn’t have to look at it. The water treatment she had suffered caused her carefully applied mascara to run down her cheeks. “She looks like a two-bit whore,” another called out. Megan had had enough. She was about to explode into a fit of anger.

Finally the tall girl said excitedly, “Looks like we have a winner!”

“Huh? What do you mean?” Megan asked now totally confused.

“Welcome to the Sorority, pledge Megan. You did well!”

“What?” Megan asked obviously totally disoriented. “You mean . . .”

“Yes, Pledge Megan, you have passed the first step toward sisterhood. You proved tonight that you can take it. Every member of Sigma Theta Chi has to pay her dues. As a Pledge you are at the bottom of the pecking order. You, my dear are the lowest of the low and will be treated accordingly. You must work your way up over time to become a real sister. During the next month you will have to prove that you are capable of doing what is asked of you. You must do this without hesitation or compliant. Failure is NOT an option. If you pass and are voted into full sisterhood you will be inducted into the sorority with full honors. Are you willing to accept the challenge?”

“YES!!” Megan squealed at the top of her lungs. “ABSOLUTELY!”

“Of course everything that happens as part of this process is totally secret. You cannot let anyone know what you are doing or why. We will disavow any knowledge of your actions, not to mention that you will be immediately struck off if it comes to our attention that you mentioned this process to anyone, is that understood?”

“Yes, most definitely. I won’t breathe a word.”

“Good,” the senior girl said as the others began making their way into the building. “See you back at the Chapter house. Don’t dawdle. We will be expecting you.”

“Okay! I’ll be there,” Megan excitedly. “Wait! How am I going to get there? I don’t have any clothes. Is someone going to give me a ride?”

“Ride?” the girls laughed. “You’re not a member yet sweetie, just a pledge. You can’t ride with us. It’s not allowed. You’re the lowest of the low, remember? It’s not far, just a short walk through town. You’d better hurry though, as we’ll be expecting you in half an hour. Oh, and don’t get caught by the Campus police. They frown on this sort of thing. Bye sweetie.”

With that they closed the door leaving poor Megan standing in the dark, soaking wet in see-through underwear.

Then the full weight of what she was expected to do dawned on her! She had to walk right through the heart of town in just her bra and panties in order to get to the Chapter house on time. There would be no time to play it safe and hide or take the long way through campus. In all likelihood she’d be seen by dozens of people. How humiliating! She had never done anything like that in her life!

She began to wonder if she could even do it! Even her bathing suit was a conservative one-piece that showed very little skin. She would just die if people saw her in her wet bra and panties! Could she really walk through the heart of town in her underwear?

Nervously she set out on foot trying not to draw attention to herself by running. She was ever so nervous and embarrassed as the first car, a pizza delivery vehicle, drove past her, the driver slowing as he spotted her nearly naked form on the sidewalk. Ten blocks and three traffic lights to go!

All Megan could think about was how suddenly the girls had turned on her and how good they were at humiliating her. She began to wonder if they just wanted to pick on her just for the fun of it and that maybe this whole sorority pledge thing was just a sham. Anger and doubt crept into her mind as she walked along. This was so embarrassing. People were looking at her and laughing as she walked along with her arms crossed around her chest.

Suddenly she spotted a girl she recognized from class with her smartphone in hand. She was making a movie of her!! “HEY MEGAN . . . TAG!” she shouted. “See you on Facebook!” Could this night GET any worse?

As she walked along tortured by her thoughts, Megan discovered something else as she pondered her situation – she was wet – excited sexually as she never had been before! She discovered that she liked being humiliated and exposed. If this is what hell-week was like she was all for it!

**Megan’s Hazing Chapter 2**

Megan managed to make her way in her bra and panties through town and to the Sorority House, embarrassed but without major incident. She climbed the wooden stairs that led to the porch and finding that the front door was locked she did the next logical thing and knocked.

No one answered. She peered into the full length, etched-glass window next to the magnificent wooden door of the Victorian-styled house and though the place was basically dark, she did detect a light on down the hallway but she could see no activity inside. Perhaps they didn’t hear her, she thought to herself, so she knocked again. Still no one answered her call. She spotted a brass bell hanging next to the door and pulled the cord several times thinking that its sound might carry better throughout the place possibly alerting someone that she was outside. Several nervous attempts at pulling the cord yielded no results.

Perhaps they were out back. After all it was a nice evening. Perhaps the sisters and the other pledges were assembling in the courtyard at the rear of the house. It seemed logical so Megan made her way along the side of the building and, upon reaching the backyard alas found it empty.

Megan began to get a little apprehensive. Surely they would have made it back to the Chapter House before she did. They had a car while she had to make her way on foot. Megan even went out to the front yard to double check the sign hanging over the porch just to be sure she had the right place. There it was in perfect Gothic calligraphy “Sigma Theta Chi.” She had the correct place.

She tried reassuring herself that she previously had the same doubts about being at the correct place at the quad earlier that evening yet things worked out as they were supposed to. She finally convinced herself that the Sisters must have had other pledges to see elsewhere and those events must be taking longer than the Sisters thought they would. She would just have to make the best of things and wait, which wouldn’t have been so awkward had she been fully dressed. Perhaps this was all part of the tests they had mentioned like all that taunting and the humiliating insults they hurled at her during the candlelight ceremony. Megan, like she had unwittingly done before, made up her mind the past this test as well. She DESPERATELY wanted to make this sorority.

She made her way back onto the front porch and, seeing a hanging porch swing off to the left she decided just to wait. She was nervous about being in her underwear but at least she would be relatively hidden in the shadows away from the prying eyes of any passersby as she awaited the others. As she plopped onto the swing her feet kicked something underneath. Peering down she saw a small, thin, rectangular box that she hadn’t noticed before. She picked it up and upon bringing it up to her lap saw her name, MEGAN WINTHROP, on an envelope attached to the box. There was no mistaking that the box might have been for someone else as it had her complete name on it.

She opened the envelope and the handwritten note said, “Megan, Sorry we couldn’t meet you. We forgot we had a gathering to go to. Please join us. The box contains a dress that should fit you. Put it on. The box also contains a small purse – DO NOT OPEN THE PURSE. Once you are dressed go to the 4th street commuter train station – three blocks down from the Chapter house. When you reach the station make your way down the stairs and go to the center of the platform, open the purse and follow the directions contained inside TO THE LETTER. “ The note was signed, “Stephanie, your Pledge Mistress.”

Megan opened the box and to her delight found a rather nice looking sundress. Eager to join the others she hurriedly put it on. As she looked down it appeared to fit her quite well, flattering her figure nicely so she grabbed the small purse, tossed it over her shoulder and headed out towards the commuter rail train station.

The fact that the sisters chose the train station as a meeting place made perfect sense to Megan. The campus was quite a distance from the next biggest city where all the trendy bars and popular nightlife hot spots were located – yet these were all within a short and cheap train ride from campus. The town that immediately surrounded the university was too small to attract such businesses so she figured the Sisters were going to travel to the city to party. Megan was so excited that, even though they told her she was now the lowest of the low, she was already being asked to do things with the “in-crowd.”

She practically ran the few blocks to Fourth Street and hurried down the stairs. “Holy cow – look at all the people!” Megan muttered to herself. The place was packed, which after some thought also made sense as it WAS Friday night – the prime party day of the week! “How in the world am I going to find my Sisters in the mass of humanity?” she wondered as she tried ever so slowly slithering through the crowd to make her way to the center of the platform as she had been instructed.

Upon reaching the appointed spot she tried to look around for Stephanie but there were so many bodies milling around she had a hard time recognizing anyone. “STEPHANIE!” she cried out at the top of her voice hopping to attract her attention from the midst of the crowd, but there was no answer. She looked around again hoping to recognize a familiar face. “STEPHANIE . . . OVER HERE!” she hollered waving her arms in the air desperately hoping she would spot her. Surely they wouldn’t have left her after going to all that trouble of leaving her a note and a pretty dress to party in . . . would they?

Suddenly she remembered the purse! The instructions had said she was to open the purse after reaching the center of the platform. Maybe there were further directions on where to meet them inside. She hurriedly undid the clasp on the purse and found another note. “Megan. Congratulations on making it this far. If you want to prove your commitment to our Sorority and further demonstrate that you are worthy of Sisterhood, you must help me with my art project. Strip off ALL your clothes and drop them on the platform. Do it now. Inside the purse there is a box of magic markers of various colors. Once you are naked, pass these out among the crowd, extend your arms and stand there. I’ll do the rest. Any hesitation will be viewed negatively. Remember, we are watching.”

Megan about fainted! They couldn’t be serious! Walking around the small town in her wet underwear was totally humiliating. Stripping naked in front of all these college kids – people she would likely see around campus again and again - would be mortifying! She wasn’t sure she could do it! Her mouth got totally dry as she looked around the station once again, perhaps hoping she’d spot a member of the sorority and they would tell her this was all a joke.

Suddenly an official-sounding, male voice blared from the overhead speakers, breaking the low indistinguishable mumble of those on the platform. “Attention passengers. Please direct your attention to the center of Platform A. Megan Winthrop needs your help with an art project her Sorority is sponsoring. Any assistance would be appreciated. Thank you.”

“OMG!!” Megan’s inner voice screamed inside her head at hearing her name being announced on the loudspeaker! It was Do or Die time. There was no turning back. She could run away, leaving her chances of making the sorority behind, or she could man-up as they say and prove that she could “hang” with the elite party crowd.

People on the platform began looking around the station, apparently trying to find this “Megan Winthrop” person the announcer spoke about. Time was running short. Hesitation would be viewed negatively, she recalled. Megan took a deep breath and yanked off her dress and tossed it on the ground.

People noticed. BOY, did they notice!

Ashamed of her less than prominent breasts, her panties were next exposing her pelvis to the crowd, which was now totally focused on what she was doing. The noise level in the station began to grow with a certain energy only making it harder for Megan to go through with what she had started. Reluctantly, her black bra soon followed leaving her completely naked surrounded by her fellow students. The fact that she didn’t shave was glaringly obvious to everyone who looked at her – something she was very embarrassed about. Her secret was out. She had meant to shave . . . someday perhaps . . . but she never expected to be naked in such a public place . . . so soon anyway!

Megan nervously began handing out the colored markers – girls, boys, young and old – to anyone who would accept the writing instruments. She then stood back as the crowd encircled her, closed her eyes and extended her arms. The first touch of a wet marker on her bare skin shocked her so much it almost took her breath away and she immediately opened her eyes to see who the brave soul was that started things rolling. It was Stephanie, her Pledge Mistress! At least this wasn’t all for naught. The Sisters were here after all!

Megan’s legs grew week as flashes from dozens of smartphone cameras went off from all over the room recording for the whole world her naked and exposed flesh.

Soon others began drawing on her body – ALL over her body – her arms and legs, her breasts and buttocks and yes, even between her legs! The sensation was INCREDIBLE!!! She had never felt anything so erotic and so sensual in all her life!! It was an IMMEDIATE turn-on and her arousal was instant and copious. Megan began to forget about her humiliation and started to enjoy herself - that is until she saw some girl with a video camera jockeying for a better position from which to record!! She shrieked in horror but people kept on scribbling. One boy even apologized figuring he had touched some inappropriate place with his marker. He had of course, and he kept on doodling on her labia when Megan appeared to ignore his admission of guilt. Another boy even drew around her pubic hair adding his own creative take on her private parts.

Soon Megan’s body was almost completely covered with graffiti. There were messages, words, flowers, and even numbers and mathematical formulas along with unrecognizable scribbles, all coming together as one unique design on her body canvas. As she looked down she wondered how she was going to get it all off. Still, she had to admire how unusually artistic and colorful this mess actually appeared. She looked over at Stephanie, who smiled and appeared pleased with Megan’s submission to “the rules.” That smile came as a great consolation to her, which she took as her chances having just improved for ultimately obtaining full Sisterhood. All the humiliation that was certain to follow later when word of this spread around campus would surely be worth it if she reached her goal!

After a few more moments, Stephanie grabbed Megan’s arm and led her against a wall. “Anyone who wants a photograph, feel free to take it now!” she shouted. Standing against the wall far away from the previously encircling crowd left her more exposed than ever! Anyone in the station could see an unobstructed view of her recently adorned yet completely naked body! New passengers continued to enter the station not having witnessed her decoration and began adding to the excitement. Megan, who by now was clearly relishing her time in the spotlight, beckoned others to join her against the wall. Several Sorority Sisters came over and posed with her as others took photos. Soon several guys came over and also posed for pictures with the pledge – some even making lewd gestures with their fingers. Suddenly Megan was the center of attention. For the first time in her life she was popular! Nudity can do that you know when you are reasonably attractive – make you popular that is – at least for a moment.

After literally hundreds of snapshots were made, Stephanie dismissed the crowd thanking them for their help.

“You were magnificent, Megan,” Stephanie exclaimed with pride. “I didn’t think you had it in you.”

“Thank you, Sister,” Megan beamed with pride. Truth-be-told, Megan didn’t think she had it in her either!

Megan began looking around for her dress and undergarments but they were nowhere to be found. “MY CLOTHES!” Megan screamed. “They’re gone!”

“Someone must have taken them as a souvenir,” Stephanie said with a certain mischievous tone in her voice. “No matter. You couldn’t wear them anyway.”

“What do you mean?”

“I told you in the note. You are my art project. You can’t wear clothes until my professor sees this.”

“What?!”

“Yes, my grade depends on my originality. You, my dear pledge, are my interpretive, multi-media, living art project. Now let’s get a move on.”

Megan was confused. This was all too much to take in. She was naked, covered in graffiti and had to show some art professor her body?! “Where are we going?”

“I told you, my art professor. We are expected.” Stephanie suddenly realized that they were headed towards the stairs which led out into the street.

“I can’t go like this!!”

**Megan’s Hazing Chapter 3**

All too soon Megan was once again out on the street, only this time completely naked, being escorted by Stephanie, her Pledge Mistress, and several other Sorority Sisters.

“You mean we have to WALK?!” Megan exclaimed nervously as they headed down the sidewalk back towards town. “Can’t we take a car?!”

Stephanie laughed and said, “No, you silly thing. I can’t have my grade reduced because you smudged my art project by sitting in a car seat. No, you’ll just have to grin and bare it.” Stephanie’s comment caused the other Sisters to laugh out loud.

Megan was afraid to protest further lest she ruin her chances of making it into Full Sisterhood. She had come so far this evening she just couldn’t take a chance by saying something to nullify all her accomplishments that she endured so far for such a good cause.

Once again cars passed by on the street honking their horns and flashing their lights as they spotted the naked coed walking along. Megan felt her face flushed with heat and she just knew it was beet-red from embarrassment. Of course her Sisters were only too happy to draw attention to the passersby by shouting and waving their arms wildly pointing at Megan causing her to cringe and try to cover up without actually touching herself lest she ruined the “art.” All she could tell herself to keep from passing out from sheer fright was the fact that this hazing would eventually be over and she would then be one of the “popular” girls.

After several blocks they headed up a walkway towards an ornate, two-story red brick house.

“We’re here!” Stephanie said with pride. “I can’t wait to show you off.” As the Pledge Mistress rang the doorbell, all Megan could think about was getting into trouble with the faculty. She could not afford to lose her scholarship by being kicked out of the University over a silly prank. What would she tell her parents?!

As the doorbell rang the second time, Megan noticed all the cars in the driveway and those parked in front of the house. How could she have missed that many cars? At the same time she heard voices, LOTS of voices from inside the house. People were laughing and carrying on and there was the distinct sound of popular music emanating from deep within the confines of the home. Before Megan could come to grips with the situation, the door opened.

“Oh . . .” a smartly dressed woman who appeared to be in her thirties said quite casually as she looked Megan over from head to toe. “I see you made it after all. I said your project was due today and today officially ends at midnight which is twenty minutes from now. You’re cutting awfully close, Stephanie.”

“Sorry, Professor Stanlin. It took longer than I anticipated. But we are here now and I’m ready to defend my project if that is still okay.” The tone in Stephanie’s voice was no longer confident but was rather subdued and had a distinctly serious quality about it. This was definitely no mere college prank. Megan was sure of that.

“I suppose,” the prof replied with a sigh. “It’s terribly inconvenient just now. I’m entertaining some guests. I can’t abandon my duties as host just to accommodate your lack of planning. Still, after seeing this creature here you have my curiosity aroused so I’ll make an allowance JUST THIS ONCE, understand?” Stephanie silently nodded her head as she broke into a small smile of relief. “I can’t leave my guests alone, however, so you’ll just have to present this . . . co-called project of yours to all of them . . . and Stephanie,” she said in a cautionary manner, “This had BETTER be good.” The professor then turned and strolled airily into the house motioning with her finger over her shoulder as if to say, “Follow me, please.”

Megan hesitated following the professor into the house. A little helpful shove from one of the Sisters effectively made her take the first few steps into the foyer. “Come on . . . come on, I haven’t got all night,” Professor Stanlin said a bit put out.

As they rounded the hallway and entered the great room, dozens of guests were seated or milling around all with drinks in hand carrying on a myriad of convivial discussions. All conversation stopped when they noticed the naked, graffiti-covered girl in their midst. Megan felt a huge lump growing in her throat that seemed to be threatening her ability to swallow or breathe.

“Sorry to interrupt your evening like this, but one of my students has just turned in her art project . . . at the last possible moment, mind you . . . but, no matter . . . I’ve given her leave to present her project and defend its purpose and I thought you might help me by observing her presentation.”

The guests all nodded their approval and began making themselves comfortable by rearranging chairs around the room. Megan was trembling at the very thought of what might happen and her thoughts were anything but positive.

“Okay, Stephanie, the world is your oyster,” the Prof said and added with a little bit of sarcasm, “Dazzle us, will you, with your effort. We’re waiting . . . “

Stephanie went front and center of the room and cleared her throat and with a little trepidation began speaking. “What is art? Well, it is different things to different people. What pleases the eye to one individual appears ugly to another. The human form has long been held as innately artistic –especially the female form, though the male physique has also been held in high regard among certain cultures. But even the human paradigm has changed over the centuries varying from the robust specimens of the Rubenesque style of the Baroque period to the currently embraced, skinny, flat-chested almost, anorexic models of the post-modern period such as we have here,” she said as she pointed at Megan’s boobs with a smirk, eliciting a few chuckles from the guests. “My goal for this assignment was to combine all the forms of creative expression into one representative piece – form and substance; concrete to the abstract.

“As you can see here etched upon her skin there are a variety of expressions: mathematical notations reflecting science as ‘art;’ erotic depictions such as this graphically depicted phallus rising from her pubic hair along with colorful symbols found in nature like this artistically drawn Sun on her left boob.”

Everyone laughed outright as Stephanie continued to casually point to various areas of her body, subtly teasing both Megan and the audience with her antics all the while trying to sound scholarly. Admittedly some of the points she was making were indeed purely academic but this was all but lost on the audience as she playfully pulled at Megan’s body tugging at her nipples to allow a better view of some illustration or another, turning her this way and that, bending her over ostensibly to point out some markings that just happened to be located near some very explicit and well-seen sexual anatomy. Her tongue-in-cheek references were entertaining as well as being pseudo-educational and the guests loved it. They were obviously already in “party-mode” long before Stephanie’s arrival and this little presentation was the icing on the cake. Megan wasn’t so sure about the Professor, however, who seemed to consistently portray a stone-cold expression that was hard to read.

The defense of her project went on for some time all the while humiliating Megan in ever-more clever and embarrassing ways in front of this room full of strangers. The Sisters were laughing themselves silly, the guests were hanging on every word that Stephanie uttered but the professor just sat there without expression or movement.

Finally as Stephanie was about to wrap things up, Professor Stanlin interrupted her and brought her presentation to an abrupt halt with one single word, “Trite.”

“Trite?” Stephanie repeated obviously confused.

“Yes, TRITE, as in overused and consequently of little import; lacking originality or freshness. Trite – that about sums up what you have presented so far.”

The room suddenly got deafeningly silent. Stephanie appeared dumbfounded. “How could this be,” she thought after all the planning she had put into this.

“Unless you have something more substantial to add to this presentation I fear I must give you a failing mark for this assignment. If you don’t, I see no need to continue this little antic any further.”

Megan began to panic. The Professor obviously had seen through her Pledge Mistress’ little charade. Thoughts of her getting turned out of the University started filling her head and fear was about to overtake common sense. Stephanie, however, was a wise and clever student, not one to be outmaneuvered. She hadn’t become the most important figure in her Sorority by accident. With total confidence she spoke up as if she was annoyed by the interruption and continued bluntly, “I was just about to get to that IF you will bear with me for a moment longer. The conclusion is the most essential part of my project. May I continue?”

The Prof crossed her arms in front of her chest and replied mockingly, “Oh by all means, astonish us with your brilliance. Pray continue.”

Stephanie took a step back and whispered something into the ears of her fellow Sisters who then quickly left the room. A moment later they returned with what appeared to be a couple of ordinary buckets. “If I may prevail upon your kind indulgence for a moment longer, I’d like to ask that we all adjourn outside to the front lawn and I promise I will finish shortly.”

The Professor was not amused but her guests seemed enthusiastic about seeing the rest of her project as they all got up and began heading out the front door. Staying behind or intruding would have made the Prof seem a poor host after imposing on her guests by allowing the presentation in the first place so she got up and followed the rest outside.

Once everyone was assembled, Stephanie grabbed a bucket and continued, “For this next part I will need a volunteer . . . Professor, could I prevail upon your good offices for some help?”

As the Prof hesitated for a moment a male voice in the back of the crowd shouted out, “Go on Betty. Help the poor girl out. I’ll do it if you don’t.” His comment elicited a chorus of encouragement from her guests to the point that she felt she had no choice.

Stephanie put her hand into the buckets and pulled out a wet soapy sponge and handed it to her instructor.

“Just what am I supposed to do with this,” a flippant Prof asked?

“You hold in your hand a great power,” Stephanie said in a very animated manner. “Like many Kings, Dictators and Religious leaders the world over you can change the world. This seemingly simple thing you now possess is the key to my project. Please, I humbly ask that you wipe this magical and highly potent secret solution all over Megan here and watch the most amazing thing happen right before your eyes. I promise that there will really be a profound effect easily seen by all and anticipated by nary a soul.”

The professor shrugged her shoulders and much to the delight of the crowd she began rubbing the wet sponge over Megan’s upper chest. Megan jumped at the sensation of the cool liquid on her skin and winced when the lady began rubbing it over her breasts and now sensitive nipples as well.

“Look,” someone shouted, all the colors are blending together.” Others murmured their approval clearly anticipating something wonderful was about to happen.

“Keep rubbing,” Stephanie instructed. “That’s it get her wet all over her body. Don’t stop now. Use more of this potent solution. Get everywhere, front and back and don’t forget between her legs and under her arms.”

Seeing the embarrassment of the poor student in front of her, clearly at her mercy, coupled with the fact that her curiosity had been piqued by what Stephanie was on about drove her to enthusiastically carry out her assigned task. Megan’s nipples grew even harder and her audible gasps of pleasure and excitement titillated the crowd causing them to really get into the action. They verbally expressed their delight and literally cheered Betty onward. Clearly the Professor was getting into her role as she had never been one to avoid the spotlight or in fact avoid any possible moment of fame. She rubbed harder on tender spots and playfully over private spots which she gave extra-special attention. Each time that she made Megan blush the guests all cheered.

Megan for her part was totally humiliated and wanted to run far, far away from all these crazy people yet her deep desire to be popular kept her in place, enduring what few girls would ever endure – being made a naked spectacle of herself.

Finally when she was scrubbed front to back, upside and underneath, the Professor stood back as if waiting for something spectacular to happen right before her eyes . . . but nothing did. Megan just stood there naked in front of everyone, wet and shivering- clearly aroused and nervous as the others ogled her body. Her discomfort was palpable and intoxicating to the crowd but still nothing magical appeared.

“I thought this solution was supposed to be powerful and something truly compelling was supposed to happen. I don’t get it.”

“Oh, but something compelling DID happen. You, my dear professor, held the power of success or failure in your hands, you alone wielding the fate of my art. Wielding it, you totally destroyed my creation forever! Yes, my friends, just like the Nazi’s were cheered , just as you my friends cheered your host, these evil men of power caused many creative and artful books to be burned because they were deemed NOT acceptable or pleasing; yes, like many barbarian conquerors throughout history who thought the priceless and revered artworks of certain cultures were nothing more than trash and demolished them forever like pieces of garbage; and just like developers of today that bulldoze beautiful and irreplaceable historical buildings because they fail to appreciate their value, YOU, my learned Professor, deeming my creative and expressive work of art as TRITE, took it upon yourself to destroy it for all time, never again to be replicated or appreciated by others. My conclusion is self-evident: that art is fleeting. Care should be taken to learn to see and appreciate art for art’s sake and not rush to judgment over what it means as a whole. Art is beyond definition and should never be limited or censored based on one person’s judgment or moral or intellectual compass. Failure to appreciate art for art’s sake robs us all and makes us lessor as a culture. That is the point of my project - quod erat demonstrandum. Thank you for your kind attention.”

The guests were stunned at what they had just heard and awkward silence filled the air until a person in the back started clapping, then another, then yet another until everyone was applauding. Even Professor Stanlin was clapping. “Quite remarkable! I misjudged you, Stephanie Abrams. High marks for creativity. Well done!” Megan was then invited to join the rest back inside as the party continued - still naked and still quite aroused.

**Megan’s Hazing Chapter 4**

Megan spent at least another hour being chatted up by those in attendance at the Professor’s Party. She felt awkward and embarrassed but at the same time something of a celebrity. Everyone it seemed wanted to speak with her – especially the men. Many wanted to know if she was an art major whiles others were curious as to how she felt having her Sorority Sisters using markers all over her body. When the guests found out how her body-art was REALLY created they were even more impressed - especially when they learned that there was a video recording it all. Several begged to see it. Stephanie feigned ignorance about the video but stated that it wouldn’t surprise her if someone at the station in fact had recorded the event. Of course she was smiling as she stated that.

When it was time to leave, Stephanie walked Megan outside and thanked her for her help and was quite aloof as she left. “Well . . . see you around, I guess. Bye.” With that the girls unceremoniously left her on the sidewalk as they headed back towards the Sorority house whispering and giggling amongst each other the whole time.

“Hey! Wait a minute!” Megan called out, “You can’t just leave me here like this! I don’t have any clothes!” Her pleas fell on deaf ears as the girls just kept walking into the darkness. Even though Megan had just spent the past hour or so naked in a room full of strangers at least there had been some logical and plausible reason for her nudity - she was an art project being displayed among academics. Walking home alone and naked was only asking for trouble.

She really had no choice. She couldn’t just hang out on the Professor’s porch despite the fact that walking home was risky. As she stood there pondering her options the front door opened. “Oh, you’re still here. Good,” the Prof said eagerly, “I’m glad I caught you. I didn’t get your name.”

“Megan . . . Megan Winthrop,” she answered nervously.

“Are you a Student here?”

Megan didn’t really want to reveal any more information than was necessary but she felt she had no choice. “Yes, ma’am, I am.”

“Good. I’m sure you’ll do well. In fact I KNOW you will. I was wondering if I could discuss something . . . wait, do you need a ride home sweetie? I can take you home if you do.”

“Well, yes, as a matter of fact I could use a ride. Mine has apparently stood me up.”

“Wonderful. Just come along to the kitchen and when my guests have left, which they are about to do, I’ll take you. It will give me a chance to talk with you some more.” With that Professor Stanlin took her hand and led her around the yard to the back door which was off the kitchen.

Megan sat at the kitchen table patiently until she heard Betty’s voice, “Well, they’ve finally gone.” She took a seat opposite Megan and looked at her skeptically for several awkward moments and then said, “So . . . Megan is it? I must say you are either very brave coming over here like that or are a very serious art student. Which is it?”

Megan’s heart rate soared at her question. Unsure how to answer she stalled for time, “Well, you see, I’m . . .”

The Professor interrupted, “Before you say anything that you’ll regret I must tell you that I KNOW you aren’t an art student and I know you aren’t that brave. So why’d you do it? Are you pledging Sigma Theta Chi, is that it? If you are, they can get in serious trouble as Hazing is prohibited. Oooo, I’ve been wanting to nail that uppity Stephanie Abrams for some time now and you can help me.”

Megan was horrified. She couldn’t betray the very Sorority that she was trying so desperately to make yet here she was, trapped like a common thief in an interrogation room. She had to think and think fast!

“It’s alright dear it’s not your fault. I know you didn’t do this as an art project. Those girls were just trying to put you through your paces and have a little fun with the pledge, isn’t that right? I wasn’t born yesterday you know. I’ve been around this University far too long not to know what goes on. You were being hazed, admit it.”

“NO!” Megan exclaimed without thinking. “That’s not it at all.”

“Megan?” the Professor asked skeptically as a mother would her child when being told a lie. “Look, I know you want to be a part of Greek life but there are much better Sororities on Campus than Sigma Theta Chi, which is nothing more than a sleazy party house. That’s not for you. You can do much better. I can tell you’re a good girl and not the slutty party type. I’m a tenured member of the faculty and I have connections – SIGNIFICANT connections all over this town in fact. Tell me the truth about what really happened tonight so I can nail that bitch and I’ll help you get into any other Sorority of your choosing.”

“But it wasn’t like that at all . . .”

“Megan? I must warn you not to lie to me. I too can make your life pretty miserable at this university you know. It’s best to come clean.”

“No, you’ve got it all wrong. I wasn’t being hazed, honest,” Megan said with her voice quivering.

“Oh really? So why did you do it then?”

Megan really had to think fast. Not only was her academic future at stake but so were her plans to be part of Sigma Theta Chi. “It’s like you said, I like art and . . .”

“Fine, if that’s the way you want to play it, so be it,” the professor said angrily as she shoved her chair away from the table. “I don’t take kindly to being lied to as you’ll soon find out.”

“WAIT!” Megan exclaimed in a panic. “Okay, I’ll come clean.”

The Professor smiled from ear to ear as she sat back down prompting Megan to continue.

“You’re right. I’m not an art student. In fact I haven’t declared a major as I only just started my studies. The reason I helped Stephanie is that . . . well . . . this is going to sound silly but . . .”

“Go on.”

“Well, I’m not being hazed like you think. I just like, you know, being seen.”

“Being seen?”

“Yes, you know, I guess I am a bit of an exhibitionist. I like the adrenalin rush – that sort of thing.” Megan knew what she had just said sounded silly but it was the only thing she could think of on short notice that sounded plausible without betraying her Sisters.

The professor laughed heartily at Megan’s explanation. “Oh I hardly think so. You were blushing and shaking so badly in front of my guests earlier there is NO WAY you like to flaunt your goods. You were being hazed. Why don’t you stop this nonsense and just come clean.”

“I am too an exhibitionist. I was shaking before because . . . well . . . that’s part of the rush.”

The professor looked Megan directly in the eyes and studied her for a moment and then broke into a broad smile. “Okay, let’s just say I believe you are telling the truth. I suppose that you wouldn’t have any trouble then PROVING to me that you are what you say you are, right?”

Megan swallowed hard. “I . . . I guess not,” she said with her voice quivering. “What do you mean by PROVING?”

“If you can satisfy me that you are really into this and are NOT being hazed like I still think you are, then I’ll let you off the hook. Otherwise I’ll have to turn you and your Sorority pals into the Dean. Sound fair?”

"Yes . . . I guess so.”

“Good. Meet me at the Hilton Hotel tomorrow afternoon around 6 o’clock.”

**Megan’s Hazing Chapter 5**  
Professor Stanlin took Megan home as promised but the ride was anything but cordial as nary a word passed between them. Until this situation was resolved one way or the other there was nothing more to be said. Besides, Megan was too afraid that by engaging in polite conversation she might accidentally say something she might regret later on and that wouldn’t bode well for her new friends or for her academic future. She was relieved that the professor hadn’t pushed the issue any further.   
  
The next day was Saturday and Megan had no classes. She spent the morning sitting in the commons area of her dorm recalling the events of the previous night. So much had happened! She discovered that she could do things that she never thought she could do. To her it had all been worth it. Her goal of making a Sorority and being part of the in-crowd was close to being a reality. Megan looked upon all her embarrassment and humiliation the previous night as just “paying her dues” and she was glad that it was over.   
  
Still it was embarrassing and the conflicted feelings she felt of shame and arousal, excitement and guilt were difficult to get a handle on. She knew deep down that what she did was wrong yet she enjoyed herself. Having spent most of her teenage years with low self-esteem and being ashamed of her lack of endowment yesterday was an epiphany of sorts. For the first time Megan saw that people looked upon her with . . . lust . . . perhaps . . . admiration, most definitely.   
  
Nevertheless, experience had taught her that she surely must be mistaken about being appreciated for the way her body looked. History dictated that surely they were only mocking her, not enjoying her naked flesh. Which set of feelings were correct, she wondered? She was so unsure. One thing was certain, however, she was wet just thinking about it all and relished reliving the experience as she sat there enjoying the early morning. But could she do it again? She had painted herself into a corner with Professor Stanlin and now she would have to live up to her web of deceit. Was she capable of proving that she was really an exhibitionist like she had said she was? Could she convince the Professor that the lie she had told was in fact a reality? Megan already knew the answer: not in a million years! It took everything she had just to make it through yesterday’s events. She could NEVER do it again. “Not in a million years,” she found herself mumbling over and over, “Not in a million years!”   
  
Fear began to overtake her as she wondered what was in store for her at the Hilton Hotel. Was Professor Stanlin calling a meeting of the Dean and other notable faculty members to question Megan further? If that was the case Megan was doomed. She wasn’t a convincing liar by any stretch of the imagination. Would she be made to strip off and model naked again for this auspicious group to prove her love of the arts? Could she even do that if she were called upon to demonstrate her self-confidence with her body? Megan knew she would cave and rat out her Sisters if these people questioned her as a group. She was terrible under any sort of pressure. Perhaps she should just give in and do the obvious and tell the truth, which she probably should have done in the first place. It would all be simpler that way. Of course she could kiss her dream of hanging with the “in-crowd” goodbye too if she ever told the truth. No, she had to at least TRY and make this work. She just HAD to try! Who knows, it might be fun, she thought. If only . . .   
  
She tortured herself like this for the rest of the day until it was time to get ready. She decided to take a long hot bath and then dress in her most conservative and professional outfit in order to make a good first impression if she indeed was to be given the third degree by those in authority.   
  
As she relaxed in the soothing warm water in the tub in her small dorm room, she closed her eyes and tried to think of calming and relaxing thoughts. She pictured herself downtown in her favorite big city across from her beloved department store, Macy’s. Megan LOVED to shop. Whenever she felt stressed she would go shopping. It always seemed to relax her and take her mind off of her troubles. It didn’t matter if she ever actually bought anything. Just shopping was pleasure enough. In her mind’s eye she could see herself standing on the sidewalk, the tall buildings forming a canyon around her, the vivid sounds of cars motoring down the thoroughfare, the smell of hot dogs being prepared by the street vendors all combined to transport her away from her dorm room and all her troubles. Suddenly . . . she was naked!! She saw herself standing on the sidewalk completely naked exposing her assets – or lack of them – to all the passersby right in the middle of the city!! She wanted to run but heard a guy’s voice calling out to her. “Have anything to say to your dad? I’m recording this!” She then saw a cute man holding a video camera pointing right at her naked body!  
  
“Oh sh\*\*, Sorry dad! . . . SORRY!! I love you . . . Oh SH\*\*!!” she heard herself saying aloud as she abruptly awoke from her daydream, her heart racing and her breathing labored. OMG, she thought to herself. “What if my dad really does get a hold of that video of me naked at the train station?” Megan knew the answer – she’d just die!  
  
She finished washing up, applied her make-up, fixed her hair over and over until she was satisfied that it was the best that she could get it, put on her outfit and headed for the train station. She had to take the train the short distance to the next town as that was where the hotel was located. In fact it was where all the professional buildings, accountants and lawyers and the like were located.  
  
Lawyers?! Did Professor Stanlin want to meet her at the Hilton because she wanted attorney’s involved? It would make sense. Why else would she want to meet there rather than the college? Megan felt her legs grow heavy at the very thought of getting involved in any legal proceedings. Based on what Betty had said about nailing Stephanie it wouldn’t surprise her if she did in fact involve attorneys! Megan tried to calm herself. Surely she was just making a mountain out of a mole hill.   
  
Her arrival at the train station brought back memories of her naked graffiti episode from the previous night. Seeing the spot where she stood exposed to the crowd in the middle of Platform A made her moist, but she wasn’t sure why, exactly.   
  
The journey was all too short and soon she found herself on the streets of the next town. It wasn’t a HUGE city by any means but it was a typical downtown business district with multi-story buildings, city buses and the like. Megan could see the prominent hotel up ahead a couple of blocks away. It was across from the modest-sized convention center and several trendy bars and restaurants.   
  
Upon entering the lobby she took a seat and nervously waited. She checked her smartphone for the time – it was 5:55pm. “Good,” she thought to herself. “I’m not late.” She looked around the lobby and it was crowded for some reason with people all smartly dressed traveling to and fro or standing around engaged in casual conversation. She tried to spot the Professor but she was nowhere to be found. Six o’clock came and went and still no sign of the Professor. Perhaps she had changed her mind and had forgotten about the whole thing. One could only hope. Still, Megan thought it best to look around just to be sure she hadn’t missed her. It wouldn’t do to miss their pre-arranged meeting which would only serve to anger her more.  
  
After making the rounds she came up empty. It was 6:15pm and Megan wasn’t sure what she was supposed to do. They had discussed nothing more than meeting at the Hilton at six. She decided to check at the desk. “Excuse me. I was supposed to meet someone here and I don’t seem to see her.”  
  
“Who were you going to meet?” the friendly clerk asked as she shuffled papers behind the counter.   
  
“Professor Stanlin from the University.”  
  
“Are you Megan Winthrop?”  
  
“Yes.”  
  
“There’s a message for you. Hold on.” The clerk went to the counter behind her and returned with a small envelope. “This is for you, I believe.”  
  
Megan read the note: “Megan. I’m in room 1232. Meet me there when you arrive. Betty Stanlin.” It was as she had feared. She had arranged a room so they must be meeting with others. Were they faculty members including the dean or lawyers or worse, the police? The 12th floor was where all the suites were located, a perfect venue for holding a private meeting. Well, she had no choice but to follow this through, she thought. She had made it this far so she might as well find out what the Professor had in mind. To run away now would seal her fate. She might still be able to pull this off.  
  
As she apprehensively knocked on the door of Room 1232 she tried to take deep breaths and calm herself. She must not appear nervous under any circumstances. She had to give the appearance of being in control no matter what her stomach may be telling her otherwise. To her relief, Professor Stanlin opened the door and greeted her warmly. “Megan, I’m glad you could make it. Come in, come in.”  
  
Megan entered the suite and looked around. “Are we alone?”  
  
“Why yes, were you expecting someone else?”  
  
“No . . . not really, it’s just that . . . well never mind.”  
  
“Thanks for making the trip. I often come here to unwind on the weekends. I am expecting a friend of mine later but for now, it’s just us. Take off your clothes and make yourself comfortable. I’m sure you know why you are here.”  
  
“My clothes?”  
  
“Yes, I’m sure you prefer being less dressed . . . being an exhibitionist and all. Go ahead, get naked. I don’t mind,” the professor said with a sly smile, “Unless of course you lied about that part yesterday.”   
  
“Oh . . . um . . . okay. I’ll just use the bathroom to change, if that’s okay.”  
  
The Professor got a cynical look on her face raised one of her eyebrows and said. “The bathroom? An exhibitionist who does her exhibiting in private?”  
  
Megan blushed and awkwardly dropped her purse on the small coffee table. She almost blew it by falling into her trap! “No, I was only thinking of your sense of propriety,” she said proud her effort to sound plausible. “I’ve no wish to offend.” Megan then with some trepidation began disrobing. When she got down to her bra and panties she heard a knock on the door. Immediately her eyes darted towards the door wondering who it could be.   
  
“Get that will you,” the Professor said grinning. “It will give you a chance to practice what you supposedly like to do.”  
  
“Pardon?”  
  
“Being seen . . . last night you said you help Stephanie because you like being seen. That IS what you said wasn’t it?”  
  
“Yes,” Megan said in a half-whisper and headed towards the door.  
  
Megan opened the door a crack and saw another college-aged girl and a young man standing at her side. “Yes? Can I help you?”   
  
The girl just laughed and barged right in like she owned the place, ‘BETTY!” she exclaimed excitedly. “I was so excited to get your invitation!” The young man who appeared about the same age silently followed the girl and entered the room – neither giving a hint of concern that Megan was standing there in her underwear.  
  
“It’s good to see you too,” the Professor replied. “It’s been ages!” Then turning to Megan she grabbed her hand and escorted her to the middle of the room. “Ann, this is Megan, a Freshman, I think. Isn’t that right, Megan?”  
  
“Yes, I just started my studies.”  
  
“And this marvelous young man is her boyfriend, Chad.”  
  
“Pleased to meet you,” Megan said meekly as she stared at the floor.   
  
The professor lifted Megan’s cheek and continued, “Megan, here, says that you two share the same hobby!”  
  
Megan was shocked! “Well . . . I . . . that is to say I . . .”  
  
Ann just laughed and said jokingly to the Professor, “Are you kidding me? She looks so young and naïve. Are you SURE she likes to flash the cat?”  
  
“Oh I’ve seen her in action,” the Professor said giggling, “Well . . . at least she SAYS she does. Like you I’m not so sure. She told me she likes to do a bit of showing off and likes to be seen apparently. I thought you might like to play together this evening. You once told me that play partners are hard to come by so I arranged this little get together just to say thanks for your help on my grant application last term.”   
  
“Oh you are a dear!” Ann said as she practically leaped across the room and gave Betty a hug. “So what did you have in mind?”  
  
Megan couldn’t believe what she was hearing! This girl apparently likes to streak around and flash her charms and the Professor not only knew about it but was okay with it as well?   
  
“Just a little test . . . I mean a challenge really. Do you remember the duct tape prank you pulled when you celebrated homecoming last year?”  
  
Both Ann and her boyfriend laughed out loud. “I SURE DO! Is that what we are going to do tonight?”  
  
Megan nervously spoke up, “What’s the Duct Tape prank you guys are talking about?”  
  
Suddenly the jovial nature of the Professor turned serious as she stared coldly into Megan’s eyes. “You’re going to soon find out. Why are you still in your bra and panties? I told you to get naked, didn’t I?”  
  
Megan’s better judgment told her to stand her ground but her desire to make the sorority trumped even common sense. Even though these two strangers were looking at her she continued to obediently strip off, placing her underwear on the coffee table in front of the sofa.   
  
Chad looked at her naked form with desire in his eyes – a feeling that she secretly liked so she made little attempt to cover herself. Besides if she did try and act modest now, her cover story would be blown.   
  
“Okay, Little Miss Art Model, here’s how this is going to work. Yesterday I asked if you would prove to me that you weren’t lying and you agreed. Here, put this on,” she said tossing Megan a small thin piece of fabric. Megan’s eyes got wide as she clumsily tried to catch it.  
  
“What’s this?”  
  
“It’s a thong – a TINY thong but something to wear nonetheless,” she said matter-of-factly as Megan put it on. Even though she was wearing something she still felt naked. She watched as Betty tossed a pink roll of what looked like tape to Ann, who then tore off two small squares – VERY small squares of tape at that and began putting them over Megan’s nipples.   
  
“That ought to do it,” Ann said as she too began stripping off. When she was down to her pink bra and black panties she turned to the Professor and said, “I assume this is as far as I’m allowed to go, right?”  
  
“For now, my dear, for now,” the Professor said with a grin. “Chad, I want you to do me a favor and record this with your phone, can you do that for me?”  
  
Chad eagerly replied, “You mean I get to go along? You bet I’ll record this for you!”  
  
“Record? Record what, exactly?”  
  
“Well, Miss Artsy-girl, I’ll believe that you are really what you claim to be if I see on this video that you appear to be enjoying yourself.”  
  
“Enjoying myself doing what exactly?”  
  
“You, my silly girl, are going to go down to the hotel lobby JUST LIKE YOU ARE, order something at the bar – a Coke or something and then mingle with the guests. Chad and Ann here will accompany you as witnesses. Ann knows what I want. Listen to her and do EXCATLY what she says. When you are done, return to this room and I’ll watch the video and see how you did.”  
  
“Why don’t you just come along with us,” Megan snapped back flippantly, “You seem to be relishing all this.”  
  
“I don’t associate with people in bars – especially students not old enough to drink. But Ann and Chad won’t mind. Look at it this way – at least you have company looking out for your safety. Take my room key and put in in your thong strap and hit the carpet. I’ll be waiting. Oh and remember do EXACTLY what Ann tells you to do, when she tells you to do it. Got it? The fate of your little sorority buddies depends on it.”  
  
Megan swallowed hard. Did Betty realize just how many people were down in the lobby?! It was PACKED!! Before she could protest she heard herself say, “Yes, Ma’am.”

**Megan’s Hazing Chapter 6**  
Megan left the suite and was escorted down the hall by her partners in crime. Even though she was wearing a thong and two small squares of pink duct tape to hide her nipples, she might as well have been naked. Her butt cheeks were jiggling as she walked along the hallway and her breasts swayed with each step. To make matters worse, Chad was recording everything on his Smartphone!  
  
“Isn’t this fun?” Ann asked enthusiastically.  
  
‘Loads,” Megan replied. “Let’s just get this over with.”  
  
“What’s your hurry? Do you have another appointment or something?”  
  
Megan, realizing she was being observed quickly changed her attitude. “No, I mean, let’s just get down there. I can’t wait.”  
  
Just then the elevator bell rang and the door opened up. Inside there were a woman and a man conversing with each other. They stopped talking when they caught sight of the two half-naked girls. “What’s up with that?” one of them asked.  
  
Ann happily replied, “Sorority prank.” Megan raised an eyebrow upon hearing her remark as Sorority Hazing was the reason she had gotten into this mess in the first place. It seemed odd to her and she wondered how much Ann really knew.  
  
The girl in the elevator laughed. “You go girls! Have fun. I wish I could hang around and watch – oh those were the days, Remember, Fred?” she asked turning to her boyfriend who had his eyes glued to Megan’s chest. “FRED!” the girl chided as she elbowed him in the ribs making Ann and Chad laugh aloud.  
.  
Obviously caught, he cleared his throat and replied, “Oh, yes babe, those were the days.” He then met Megan’s eye and smiled wide and winked. “Those were the days!”  
  
All too soon the elevator made the trip to the first floor lobby. Before the door even opened Megan could hear the noise from the crowd that occupied the lobby and adjacent bar area. “OH dear,” Megan said half to herself as the crowd came into view.  
  
Ann grabbed Megan’s hand and led her through maze of people who all dressed to the nines in business attire. The hotel was full off convention goers who sought out the Hotel’s bar after the convention concluded. Comments ranged from, “Oh my goodness, would you look at that?” to more subtle snickers uttered by people covering their mouths and pointing which made Megan feel all the more embarrassed. It was one thing to be naked in a train station in a University town full of partying college kids. It was quite another to be so inappropriately dressed in such a proper place among professional business people. This was more humiliating than having graffiti inked all over her naked body. She just knew she looked ridiculous!!  
  
Ann took her to the bar and ordered a beer for her and her boyfriend. After checking their ID’s the young man asked Megan if she cared for anything to which she replied, “I’ll just have a Coke.” People huddled closer and closer to the half-dressed girls standing at the bar. Megan swore her butt was groped several times while she stood there waiting for her order – totally by accident of course. When the drinks finally came, the bartender said, “That will be $12.50, please.”  
  
“Go on pay the man,” Ann said looking at Megan with a smile.  
  
“I don’t have . . . oh, wait a minute . . .” Megan said as she recalled the Professor’s room card stuck in her Thong strap. “Just charge it to my room. Here’s my room key.”  
  
“Name?”  
  
“Betty Stanlin.”  
  
The bartender handed Megan a slip to sign and Megan almost signed her own name as she wrote a capital “M” on the receipt but she caught it just in time and signed instead “Ms. Betty Stanlin.”  
  
Ann pouted a bit saying, “That was uninspiring to say the least.”  
  
“What?”  
  
“Charging it to Betty like that. Why do you think I put you on the spot to pay for the drinks?”  
  
“Um . . . I don’t know, to be mean?”  
  
Ann let out a sigh, “You could have at least had some fun with it and offered the guy a blow job instead of cash just to see what he’d do.”  
  
“Yeah, or at least said you didn’t have any money and if he didn’t believe you asked him if he wanted to search you or something,” Chad added.   
  
Megan blushed profusely.  
  
“You’re new at this aren’t you? You CAN’T be very experienced at playing and teasing getting all embarrassed like that over something so innocent.”  
  
Megan took her drink and wandered away from the bar and the octopus-like hands of those guys that were standing next to her and found a table and sat down. She was soon joined by Ann as Chad stayed behind to chat with the guys at the bar – obviously relishing his position of being in the company of two half-dressed women.   
  
Ann persisted, “You AREN’T really into this are you?”  
  
Since Chad was no longer filming as he was occupied at the bar, Megan dropped her head and reluctantly admitted, “Well . . . I am . . . sort of . . . it’s just that I got myself into a bind. I was going through some hazing as a pledge of Sigma Theta Chi yesterday after being accepted into the sorority and things got out of hand with Professor Stanlin and . . . well . . . here I am.“  
  
Ann looked puzzled. “Wait, let me get this straight. You were being hazed YESTERDAY after being accepted into the Sigma house?”  
  
“Yes.”  
  
“YESTERDAY?”  
  
“Yes . . . why?”  
  
“Wait right here. I’ll be right back. I need to get Chad’s Smartphone.” Ann hurried over to her boyfriend and plucked the phone from his grasp while he was still gloating and made her way back to the table. “What’s your name again?”  
  
“Megan, Megan Winthrop.”  
  
Ann continued punching the screen with her thumbs. “Aha, I thought so!”  
  
“What?”  
  
“Honey, I don’t know how to tell you this but you ain’t no Sorority girl.”  
  
Megan was shocked and just looked at Ann for a moment before asking skeptically, “What do you mean? I had a candlelight ceremony last night and everything!”  
  
“I really hate to break this to you but all the pledges were named and inducted weeks ago. Look here,” she said as she handed the phone to Megan, “See your name anywhere?”  
  
“No but . . . what’s this I’m looking at?”  
  
“It the official list of all Sorority members of Sigma Theta Chi – both old and new. Look at the date it was published at Sigma’s website.”  
  
“Why . . . it was three weeks ago!!”  
  
“Were there any other pledges inducted with you at this candlelight ceremony?”  
  
“Well, no . . . but . . . Stephanie gave me a tour of the Chapter House and everything and SHE’S a member. Says so right here!”  
  
“Honey, you were duped. Tell me all about this and what’s your involvement with Professor Stanlin.”  
  
After all she had been through, Megan couldn’t believe what she had just learned and a few tears began welling up in her eyes. Then anger took hold and she bucked up and spilled the beans telling Ann everything – holding nothing back.  
  
After listening to Megan’s account, it all began to make sense. “Honey, I get it. There are some things you really need to know between Professor Stanlin and Stephanie Abrams that you obviously aren’t aware of. I really like you so I’m going to help you. How’d you like to be one of the most popular coeds on campus and at the same time get even for what’s happened to you?”  
  
Megan didn’t have to think very long, “You bet. What do I have to do?”  
  
“Just play along with me for the rest of the night like you were originally going to do. After we leave I’ll meet up with you and explain everything. We still have to make this look good for Betty though or this won’t work. Are you up for it?”  
  
“Hell yes, I’m up for it!”  
  
“Good, because you are about to get naked - just follow my lead,” Ann said as she stood up motioning for Chad to join her.

**Megan’s Hazing Chapter 7**  
“Follow me,” Ann said as she started quickly walking towards the main lobby with her boyfriend at her side.  
  
“Where . . . where are we going?” Megan asked half out of breath from trying to catch up to them. Ann didn’t respond but headed right out the main entrance to the hotel and onto the sidewalk in front of the building.  
  
Megan went as far as the door but stopped short of joining them outside. People in the lobby were laughing as they took in the sight of this nervous girl so ridiculously attired. “Ann! I can’t go out there! What are you DOING?!” Megan shouted in a forceful whisper as she held the door open just a crack. “Come back here!”  
  
Ann just wiggled her finger in the air beckoning Megan to follow her outside. Megan refused shaking her head violently causing the people in the lobby to laugh all the more. It wasn’t until she saw Chad bringing his phone up in the air pointing it at her that she realized that she had better change her tune and act confident because she knew Betty would eventually be watching this. Whatever Ann knew about Stephanie and the Professor was still unknown and whatever she was planning to square things for her seemed to depend upon deceiving Betty a little while longer. Megan HAD to play along. As bad as it seemed, she just had to trust Ann.   
  
Swallowing hard Megan walked out the door and forced a wave at the camera chad was operating. Ann led her around the corner of the hotel building and into the small covered alcove in front of a small store located on a side street. Mercifully the store had closed an hour earlier. Megan furiously scanned the area to be sure she was safe.  
  
“OW! What the hell?” Megan shouted as Ann literally ripped one of the small squares of duct tape covering her nipple off from her body. “That hurt!” She added as she rubbed her tender breast trying to ease the stinging. Not wasting any time Ann tore the other piece off as well leaving her completely topless before Megan had time to react.   
  
“Now give me your panties.”  
  
Megan almost fainted dead away. “Right here?!” she asked almost pleading with her voice not to have to do that but seeing Chad filming she added trying to sound playful, “Are you sure you don’t want to take them off for me?”  
  
Ann laughed and motioned with her finger to continue stripping. Megan reluctantly slid her last remaining article of protection away from her body and handed it to Ann for safekeeping. The feel of the breeze against her bare flesh was intoxicating. It reminded her that she was naked. The sounds of the multitude of cars driving past on the main road reminded her that she was not only naked but naked in a place she could get into serious trouble if she were spotted! Megan nervously looked around to see if people were watching but so far no one had taken any notice. Everyone seemed to just be going about their business paying her no mind.  
  
“Okay . . . now what?” she asked Ann not really sure she wanted to know the answer.   
  
“Stop covering yourself up, for one thing,” Ann said giggling. Megan put her arms at her side. She was now completely naked, outside, downtown in broad daylight. Megan’s heart was pounding and her mouth was dry and her skin tingling as if it were on fire. Megan was also so fiercely aroused that she could literally feel the moisture oozing from her loins. If this wasn’t such a dangerous hobby she could get addicted to this! Ann motioned for Chad to stop recording and then said, “Right, now you are ready to go. You may not believe this but what I am about to tell you to do is exactly what Professor Stanlin had planned for you to do all along. She told me about this in her email to me when she invited me to come up for the weekend.”  
  
“Oh . . .? Go on . . .”  
  
“You are going to run down this sidewalk here for two blocks, cut across the street and make your way to the entrance to the convention center – see it up ahead there on the left?” she asked pointing up the road.   
  
“Yes I see it but what the hell? You want me to streak down this busy road in broad daylight in front of all these cars?? Are you out of your mind? I’ll get arrested for sure!”  
  
“Calm down, will ya. The cops hardly ever come down here on a Saturday. Your chances of getting caught by them are very slim.“  
  
“Slim, but not impossible . . . and just what am I to do when I get to the convention center, hmmm? Go inside?” Megan said flippantly.  
  
“Yes, that’s it exactly.”  
  
Megan just looked at her incredulously. “You can’t be serious. Okay, quit the clowning around. I’m outside naked and I’m taking HUGE risks just being here, so cut the kidding and tell me what am I really supposed to do.”  
  
“I told you. Go inside,” Ann said giggling.  
  
“Oh this is so NOT funny.”  
  
“No, I mean it. You are really supposed to go inside. It will be alright. Why do you think Betty is staying at this hotel in the first place? It’s because she knew what was going on at the Convention Center this week.”  
  
“Huh? What are you talking about?”  
  
The Center was hosting the Adult Novelty Convention yesterday and today. See the sign on the Marquee? It ended about an hour ago. They should just about have started the breakdown of the booths and cleaning up. She wants you to stroll around the various booths and exhibits. No one will mind. They’ve seen worse things during the day. You’ll fit right in.”  
  
“I can’t do that! What if . . . what if someone tries to . . . you know . . . take liberties or something?”  
  
“Oh, you are PRICELESS! You’re so sweet and innocent! Look, Chad and I will be there with you. Just look at him – He’s a big muscular guy. Nobody’s gonna mess with you. Besides I’ll be right behind you and I’m not exactly dressed either. It’ll be fun, you’ll see!”  
  
“Oh no? Just look at your clit. I think it’s saying that it wants to,” Ann said teasingly as she pointed to her pubes. Her boyfriend laughed as he noticed Megan’s clit prominently sticking out from under its hood causing Megan to blush even harder.  
  
“You win,” Megan said with an embarrassed giggle. You’re right, I do think it will be exciting but I just don’t want to get into trouble. Can’t we just go back or think of something else?”  
  
“Not if you want my plan to work. You just have to play it by her rules and everything will work out. Now quit stalling. If we wait too long they’ll be locking the doors. As it is now the front entrance will probably be unattended. Are you in or not?”  
  
“Okay, I’ll try it but if I get arrested I’ll be your worst nightmare when I get out.”  
  
Ann laughed. “Give Chad and I a few minutes to get down the sidewalk a ways so we can record your streak then just come out and join us and remember, try not to draw attention to yourself. Just relax and look like you belong out here.”  
  
As Chad started walking down the sidewalk, Megan began to have doubts. She called after Ann, “Say . . . how do you know so much about the Center and whether the doors will be unattended and everything?”  
  
Ann laughed heartily as she hurried down the sidewalk. “Cause I did this last year!”  
  
Megan nervously watched as her new-found friends headed causally down the sidewalk. She took heart in the fact that nobody seemed to take notice of them, even with Ann being dressed in her bra and panties as she was. When they got almost to the Convention Center they stopped and turned around. Ann then waved to her beckoning Megan to come out from her hiding place. Megan’s heart was pounding now! Such an adrenalin rush she had never felt before. But it was more than just simple fear. It was something else too. A sexual excitement that was almost overwhelming. It was as if she desperately wanted to get laid and would do anything to make it happen! She knew she wasn’t thinking clearly. She hadn’t thought all this through – the risks she was taking, the trouble she could get it. Oh, she had those thoughts but they were fleeting. She was being driven, like an addict needing a fix. She HAD to do this, not for revenge or even to please the Professor. She had to do this for herself. She just had to find out what it would feel like to be naked and free – yes, even an object of desire! She wanted it and wanted it bad. The thoughts of her graffiti experience were still fresh in her mind. It was exciting and here was a chance to live it again only better.  
  
So why wouldn’t her legs move? She tried but they seemed frozen to the concrete. She looked around and the street was filled with cars – LOTS of cars and people were milling about along the sidewalks looking into shop windows and the like. She was relatively hidden in her little alcove away from prying eyes. She knew the moment she stepped out and reached the sidewalk along Main Street she’d be totally exposed and would look terribly out of place. Like the hotel lobby before – this was different.   
  
She took a deep breath and decided to boldly take a chance. The first step was the hardest. She had done it. She was out in the open and naked! She wasn’t one to relish the moment. She hadn’t time. She had to reach her friends and get out of sight! She began walking down the Main Street sidewalk trying to act like she owned the place. Two steps . . . then four and then some more, she was doing it! She was actually walking naked in broad daylight along a tremendously busy street in a pretty good sized city! She was on cloud nine!! This WAS fun! Ann had been right.   
  
Suddenly she looked up at Ann who was frantically waving her arms at her pointing to something behind her. At first Megan didn’t get it. Then she turned her head around to look behind her and she saw it – A POLICE VAN! It had just turned the corner and the intersection behind her and was heading her way. There was nowhere to hide. She instinctively put her hand behind her body trying to cover her butt – as if THAT would somehow make her appear less naked. She picked up her pace! She didn’t want to actually run fearing that would surely draw attention to herself yet she didn’t want to just hang around naked waiting for them to pull up and cuff her! She was in panic mode!! She glanced over her shoulder again and they were still coming, no blue lights flashing but they were ever so close and getting closer. “GAWD!!” she squealed as she feverishly headed towards the next block. “If I can only make that next street corner perhaps I can hide behind that building until they pass,” she thought. A lady on the sidewalk glared at her with a puzzled look as if she couldn’t believe what she was seeing – a naked girl jogging down the sidewalk in the middle of town!  
  
She wanted to kill Ann. She had said that the police never came downtown on Saturdays!! What a liar!!  
  
She reached the street corner and ran across the road and turned down sidewalk until she found a small alcove in a business’s doorway like the one she had been hiding in before and quickly ducked inside. Peering around the wall she saw the police van pass the side road. Her heart felt like it was going to burst!!  
  
Her friends stood watch on the sidewalk and soon were waving her out to join them. Nervously Megan ran up to them but stopped at the corner to peer around the wall. Sure enough the van was waiting in traffic a block down the road stopped at a red traffic light. “OH my GAWD!” she said to Ann. “THEY saw me for sure!! I gotta get out of here!!   
  
“Relax,” Ann said calmly, though her breathing was almost as rapid as Megan’s was. “They didn’t see you. I was watching the whole time. They were talking to each other as they drove by. SEE? They’re leaving now going straight ahead. They’re not coming after you. See?”  
  
Megan let out a sigh of relief then punched Ann in the upper arm. “You RAT!!”  
  
Ann and chad just laughed. “Well, at least you’ve made it most of the way.”  
  
“Give me my thong! If the Police come back at least I’ll be covered.”  
  
“No can do, Kiddo. I left it on the bench at the store you were hiding in front of when I took your boob-tape off. I HAD to. It made for great video seeing it lying there as you stood next to it naked! Anyway, we’re almost there. We just have to cross the street.” With that Ann started walking across the road before the light changed and traffic got heavy again.   
  
“I’ll stay here and get some footage from behind,” Chad said in a suggestive tone.  
  
Ann called out laughing as she continued to walk, “You just want to look at her bare ass. You’re not fooling anybody.”  
  
The light changed just as Ann made it across the street and traffic began moving along. Megan was too exposed near the wall so she dashed to a spot between two parked cars and crouched down waiting for an opportune time to dash across the road herself. She wasn’t looking forward to whatever awaited inside the convention center but she knew one thing, it was safer than being out on the open street like she was! Naturally Chad was right behind her getting all sorts of shots of her naked ass.   
  
After several false starts she finally ran out from behind the parked cars and darted across the street with Chad trying to record everything running along behind her. Reaching the other side of Main Street she began looking around. “Where is the entrance to the Convention Center,” she wondered? There were so many doors with no signs. She couldn’t see the main sign as it was out on the street and she hadn’t paid much attention to what door Ann had entered through. If she picked the wrong door she’d be entering some business and they would likely be offended and call the Police. She decided to quickly hide in an old telephone booth on the sidewalk for a moment to see if she could figure things out. Cars were again passing by heightening the panic she felt. She decided to walk a little further up just to get her bearings. She couldn’t make a mistake and enter the wrong building but she didn’t want to stay naked on the street either as surely another cop might pass by only this time spotting her! She reached the next intersection and was still unsure of the correct building or entrance. She saw a man standing in front of a car so she made a half-hearted attempt to hide between two more cars but he spotted her and asked if she was okay.   
  
Megan gave up the pretense of trying to hide and walked right up to him and asked if he knew where the main entrance to the Convention Center was located. He casually approached her and stood by her side and simply gave her directions. “You just missed it,” he said politely, “It’s that door over there.” He wasn’t rude or crude. He simply acted as if he wasn’t fazed by a naked girl on the street in the least. Megan was grateful and relieved. She also so close to having an orgasm she could barely stand it. She was so close . . . so VERY close!!  
  
Megan thanked him and started towards the door he had indicated. Then she spotted it - the entrance. It was labeled Convention Center. She had found it! Not wasting another moment, she dashed inside without hesitation.  
  
As soon as she did she began questioning her sanity. Why did I trust this girl?