**Part of the Team**

by Earl Hofert

**Part of the Team, Part One**

**DAY ONE**  
Kimberly was just relieved not to have embarrassed herself during the first practice. It had already become apparent to her that of the four incoming freshmen, she was the least talented. She wondered, had it been apparent to the coach as well? To the returning players? She had certainly never been in this position in high school. She had been a strong athlete growing up, and when she went to high school and tried her hand at organized volleyball for the first time, she quickly established herself as her school’s best.  
  
But this was not high school. Every one of these girls had been a standout at that level, and most of them likely against stiffer competition than that which Kimberly had faced. The returning players all displayed a skillset far above her level, but that didn’t surprise her. But now, with a practice session’s worth of opportunities to get a read on her fellow freshmen, she knew she had her work cut out for her just to keep up.  
  
Shelley was the girl to whom Kimberly had taken the greatest liking. She had a head start in that regard; they had been in the same orientation group, and so had met before either of them had a chance to meet the other girls. There was a sense of risk about Shelley that Kimberly found enviable. Kimberly lived her life trying desperately not to create trouble, not to risk embarrassment, and she admired anyone who seemed above such fears. During a break in the orientation, Shelley had offered to share a joint! Kimberly had tried it once before, but in the safety of a friend’s house, with no adults around. This was right out in the open on a college campus. Kimberly didn’t dare risk getting expelled(or even arrested) before even beginning school, so she passed on the offer, and felt a twinge of jealousy towards her new friend, who seemed so carefree. Kimberly was smart enough to realize that sometimes the “bad girl” act was just that; an act. And she didn’t know whether that was true in Shelley’s case or not. But she decided it was pretty cool either way.  
  
She felt somewhat differently about Danielle, another of the incoming freshmen. Whereas Shelley seemed like a risk-taker, Danielle’s every word and movement seemed a bit too calculated, designed to curry favor. Asking just the right questions at just the right times, and always agreeing a bit too eagerly with whatever the coach and the veteran players said. Kimberly had always been similarly eager-to-please in high school, but knew it sometimes caused teammates to think of her as the “Coach’s Pet”; now that she saw another girl with an even stronger knack for such behaviors, she began to understand why they felt that way. Everything just seemed too easy for Danielle. She seemed serious about volleyball, but her fresh-scrubbed prettiness would seem more typical of a teen pop princess than a serious athlete.  
  
The other freshman was very familiar to Kimberly by reputation, having grown up in the same state. Zoe Crawford had in fact been the very best player in the entire state, and came to college with some fanfare. Her reputation was such that the returning players seemed well aware of her prowess from day one. Her high school had actually faced Kimberly’s when both were seniors, resulting in the most one-sided loss Kimberly had ever known. Zoe didn’t seem unfriendly, exactly; in fact she really was nice enough. She was just not terribly outgoing. She was very focused on her game, as one would expect from one of the best players in the entire nation. Kimberly felt more than a bit intimidated by her.  
  
All told, Kimberly had acquitted herself respectably, though not spectacularly, during the first practice. The coach gathered the team together for a few words of encouragement, after which some of the returning players called for a players-only meeting. Naomi and Vanessa introduced themselves as the only two returning seniors on the team. Naomi, who seemed to be the team captain, instructed the four new girls to step forward and introduce themselves in turn, which they did. Naomi then addressed the four of them directly: “As you can see, we have a small number of returning upperclassmen. This means the four of you will be counted on to contribute quickly. To that end, we will be offering an incentive program to you freshmen over the next couple weeks. When one of you shows impressive effort, teamwork, and sacrifice, you will be rewarded with a gold star. I’m not going to tell you right now what good a gold star does you. But trust me, if you don’t earn any, you will wish you had. These will be awarded based not on talent, but on effort. Also, two weeks from Friday night, we will be unofficially introducing the four of you to the student body at large. You will find out more about this as the date draws nearer, but you are expected to attend. Understand?”  
  
All four girls nodded.  
  
“Good. Welcome to the team!”  
  
The other girls cheered, and there were hugs all around. Kimberly felt encouraged. The whole “if you don’t earn any gold stars, you’ll wish you had” thing was a little ominous sounding, but she was glad this would be based on effort. If it was simply dependent on talent, Zoe would hog all the stars! Kimberly determined to eat early and get a good night’s sleep. She would prove she belonged by winning this little competition.

**TWO WEEKS LATER**  
Kimberly lay awake, paralyzed by anxiety. She recounted the mistakes of the last two weeks endlessly, as though she could rewrite events by doing so. Whatever this mysterious “gold star” contest signified, it was ended now, and she knew that at the players-only meeting tomorrow, the other shoe would drop. She had not acquitted herself well over the last two weeks.  
  
One thing was for sure; Naomi had told it true about rewarding effort over talent. Though it seemed to Kimberly that the particular talent being rewarded was butt-kissing. Danielle, the world’s most adorable sycophant, led the field by having collected five gold stars. She didn’t really seem to work harder than the other players, but she was always quick to agree with the coach, and to flatter the returning players. Zoe, who was clearly not just the most talented freshman but the best player on the whole team, was second, with four stars. She had a work ethic to match her immense talent, but lacked Danielle’s gift for buttering up the right people.  
  
And then you had Kimberly and Shelly, who had been nearly inseparable lately. Kimberly had followed up her acceptable first practice with a couple of discouraging outings, making mistakes she never would have made in high school. She felt overwhelmed and intimidated, and it showed. After one such practice, her stress must have been evident to Shelley, who once again offered her a joint. This time, Kimberly accepted, and almost immediately felt a new kind of freedom. Not from the act of getting high itself, but from feeling unbound by the rules. She had worried too long about doing everything properly, about not making a spectacle of herself. She wanted to be more like Shelley now. That night, Shelley took Kimberly with her to a house party. The next, she got them both into a club, though of course they were both underage. Feeling adventurous in this wild and unfamiliar world of college, Kimberly and Shelley partied every night, regardless of the next day’s schedule.  
  
The lifestyle change had a predictable effect on Kimberly’s play. It may have affected Shelley, too, but she was more accustomed to partying, and seemed to bounce back more quickly. After one particularly egregious mistake, the coach made a relatively mild comment about Kimberly needing to slow down and maybe stay in at night during the week to get some rest. Naomi and Vanessa gave her a much more direct talking-to in the locker room after practice, which Kimberly knew she had coming. More humiliatingly, Danielle -her fellow freshman- repeated the same scolding, almost word-for-word the next day, in front of most of the team. Kimberly seethed, but knew she really couldn’t argue. It was the slap in the face she needed to convince her to reign in the partying and make one more serious effort at really contributing to the team.  
  
What she hadn’t even noticed amidst all the partying, however, was that two full weeks had gone by since that first practice. After today’s practice, Naomi had gathered the squad together and congratulated Danielle and Zoe on their fine practice showings over the last two weeks, with five and four gold stars, respectively. Zoe seemed slightly perturbed at finishing second to a lesser player, but didn’t complain. “However”, Naomi announced, “we also have two freshmen whose performances have been lacking. I’m talking about Kimberly and Shelley, each of whom has only TWO gold stars. Now they don’t know what the consequences could be for that kind of showing…”, most of the team laughed and cheered at this, which made Kimberly slightly uncomfortable, “...but they’re gonna find out tomorrow evening!” More cheers. “So we’re going to be generous. I have one last gold star, and either Kimberly or Shelley will claim it to add to their meager total. It could make a huge difference!”  
  
Kimberly had expected some sort of physical contest, but instead, Naomi administered a one-question quiz. In the last ten years, she asked, how many conference championships had their team won? Kimberly and Shelley were made to face each other, with hands clasped behind their respective backs. That way, they could each answer by holding out a number of fingers, but neither could see the other’s answer. Kimberly had absolutely no idea, though she knew it was at least one. When Naomi called for final answers, she held out two fingers. “Shelley says three”, announced Nicole, a junior on the team. “Kimberly thinks two” ,responded Vanessa. “The correct answer is...FOUR!” The squad cheered, except Kimberly. “Shelley is closest and gets the final star! Everybody be at our house tomorrow at nine, and good luck to our freshmen. Kimberly, in particular, will need a lot of it!” More raucous laughter, and a sophomore girl, Alexis, smacked Kimberly on the butt. “For luck!”, she laughed.  
  
That evening, Kimberly declined Shelley’s invitation to the nightclub, and turned in early. She didn’t know what kind of unpleasantness lay ahead, but she dreaded it. Why couldn’t she have been her usual, responsible self these last two weeks? She had fallen in love with the idea of living with no regard for consequences, but now that the consequences were near, she was terrified. She knew some sort of humiliating punishment probably waited her, and she couldn’t stand the thought. She had always had more than just a healthy fear of public embarrassment; she lived in terror of it! Why had she now stopped listening to that fear until it was too late? Though she had turned in early tonight, sleep still didn’t come til after three.

**Part of the Team, Part Two**

**AN UNUSUAL GAME OF CHANCE**  
Kimberly arrived early at the house rented by Naomi, Vanessa, and Nicole. It might be late in the game to impress her teammates with punctuality, but at least she wouldn’t compound her troubles by showing up late. When she got there at 8:45, most of the upperclassmen teammates were drinking, and some looked like they had started much earlier. To Kimberly’s relief, she was greeted warmly by her teammates. Among the freshmen, only Danielle had arrived earlier. She sipped from a water bottle.  
  
By nine, the others arrived, and Naomi began the meeting. She stood in the living room, in front of two large folding tables. On the tables were twenty identical square envelopes. “I think most of the team has been brought up to speed”, she began, “so this will only be new information for the freshmen...who it will affect.” Again the teammates laughed. “Friday night at midnight, we will introduce this year’s team to the student body by having a little parade around campus.” Cheers from the upperclassmen. “Most of us will wear our game uniforms. But the four freshmen, having not yet played in a game, have not earned that right. So they will get to create their own parade outfits from the items pictured within these envelopes.” This part didn’t sound so bad to Kimberly. It might even be fun. She might end up with some kind of crazy uncoordinated combo, but she could live with that.  
  
“Dani received the most gold stars” Naomi declared, ‘so she will select her items first. You received five stars, so you may choose five envelopes”. Two-star Kimberly immediately realized what that meant for her, and she felt her head spin.  
  
All four freshmen girls were caught off-guard by what they had just heard. Even Danielle, who would be selecting five items, was clearly apprehensive as she approached the table. Before she could select, Vanessa interjected, “Just to get the fine print out of the way: Everyone will select their envelopes before anyone opens theirs. The items must be worn in the manner they were designed to be worn. No trading items! Whatever you pick, you’re stuck with, for better or worse. Go ahead Danielle, select your envelopes.” Danielle deliberated forever before making even her first selection. The second one took even longer. This was driving Kimberly crazy. It was all just a blind draw anyway; why waste so much time thinking about which ones to pick? Still, it seemed this wasn’t Danielle being her usual obnoxious self. She was genuinely trepidatious. When she had finally selected five envelopes, she returned to her seat on the couch, heeding the warning not to open the envelopes yet.  
  
Zoe was next, and proceeded in the same deliberate manner as Danielle had. Kimberly had never spent much time with Zoe off the volleyball court, and it was startling to see her unnerved and intimidated as she was now. She usually seemed so in control. She eventually chose her four envelopes and sat down.  
  
Shelley was next, and very quickly grabbed the nearest three envelopes. Again Kimberly found herself envying Shelley’s apparent confidence and decisiveness.  
  
As Kimberly approached the tables, her legs felt like they were made of lead. As she deliberated over the remaining envelopes, she heard Nicole tease, “You only get two. Better make ‘em count or you could really wind up giving us all a show!” Kimberly’s stomach was in knots. She selected one envelope from each table, and sat back down.

**THE ENVELOPES, PLEASE...**  
Naomi called Danielle to the front of the room to reveal the contents of her envelopes. Danielle fumbled at the first one before successfully ripping it apart to reveal a card bearing a picture of a tiny red thong. Danielle stared at the card in disbelief as most of her teammates whooped and laughed. ‘Well, that should be a crowd-pleaser”, Naomi observed, “but you still have four more chances to cover yourself. Let’s see that second envelope.” Danielle didn’t fare any better with her second draw, a Supergirl-style half cape too short to obscure her backside. After revealing her first two items, Danielle was left with an outfit that would expose her breasts and buttcheeks to the public, and she was blushing now, clearly worried. She managed to do better with card #3, a wifebeater tank top. The thin white material would be dangerously revealing, she didn’t doubt. But she looked relieved to not have SO much skin on display. She screamed in frustration when she saw card #4: a pair of sunglasses. Her veteran teammates found her frustration hilarious. With only one envelope left, she was at risk of having to parade around campus with her bottom half covered only by a miniscule red thong. She opened the final envelope, and breathed a sigh of relief. It was a little plaid skirt. Her movements, or even a stray gust of wind, might end up giving some lucky observers a glimpse of her cheeks, but at least she had avoided serious exposure. Of course it occurred to Kimberly that if Danielle’s five items left her so scantily clad, Kimberly’s modesty was in serious jeopardy with only two articles to protect it. Some of these items were little more than accessories, covering nothing!  
  
Zoe was next with her four items. The first was a t-shirt bearing the school logo, cut in half(truly, “half” might be generous; it looked to be about a third of a shirt). It would certainly reveal serious underboob, and the wearer’s nipples might not quite be covered. The second card at least solved the underboob concern; it was a black bra. Still, with two items remaining, Zoe’s entire anatomy south of her chest was still bare. Item number three was an apron, the type one would associate with a french maid. It would be sufficient to cover her from the front, but her buns would be completely uncovered. She had one chance left to cover her butt. She opened the envelope and looked at the card. “Motherf\*\*\*\*\*!” she exclaimed angrily, to the amusement of the team. Her final item was a tiara. There would indeed be a full moon on display Friday night. Zoe was clearly distraught at being the subject of ridicule, and Kimberly felt a bit sorry for this girl whose presence had always intimidated her so.  
  
Shelley approached the front of the room with her three envelopes, and looked a tiny bit anxious for the first time. Kimberly’s own nerves were growing unbearable as her moment of judgment was now only a minute or two away. Shelley’s first item was a pair of black boyshort panties. Next up was a blue bra. Kimberly was relieved for her friend. Not that anyone in her right mind would CHOOSE to stroll around campus in her underwear, but it really could be worse. And at a party a few nights ago, a too-tipsy Shelley had eagerly stripped to her bra and panties while dancing on top of a table. Clearly, this level of exposure would not be traumatic for her.  
  
Of course, Shelley had one more selection. On this one was printed a single word: STEAL. Shelley pondered it for a few moments before Naomi explained. “Girl, you got the wild card. This is the best thing you could have drawn. After everyone has revealed their cards, they will lay them on the floor at their feet, and you can steal any one item from who ever you want! And I don’t want to hear that person whine about it, either. It’s part of the game, and we all need to be good sports.” None of the other freshmen knew what to make of this twist, but it could clearly only be a good thing for Shelley.  
  
And now came the moment of truth for Kimberly. She meekly took her place before the assemblage, clutching both her envelopes tightly to her chest. She opened the first envelope, afraid to look, but knowing she had to. Pictured on the card was a pair of black thigh-high stockings. They would do nothing to conceal her nakedness. She held up the card for the room to see, and tried to ignore the chorus of laughter and whistles that came next. Tears started to well up in her eyes.  
  
Again she found herself bitterly regretting every misstep over the last two weeks. Why had she been so eager to shed her old, cautious persona? She had been right to fear risk, to fear embarrassment, and now she faced embarrassment far beyond anything she had ever considered.  
  
“This is so unfair this is so unfair this is so unfair”, she whispered to herself, though she knew she could have avoided this. She didn’t even know what the best case scenario was for envelope #2. But she knew it wouldn’t be enough to spare her unthinkable public humiliation. Resigned, she tore open the remaining envelope...and felt like a death row inmate who had just gotten a reprieve. It was a men’s dress shirt. She’d probably have to be careful how she moved(after all, she would still be bare underneath the shirt), but if she was careful, she could probably keep all the important parts covered! She held up the card to show her teammates, many of whom expressed disappointment.  
  
Well, that’s just too bad for them, she thought, as she broke into a smile for the first time all day. She supposed the public’s attention was now sure to be focused on Zoe’s bare backside. Better her than me, thought Kimberly.  
  
But the selections weren’t quite finished, as Naomi quickly reminded everyone. Danielle, Zoe, and Kimberly were made to stand side-by-side at the front of the room, with the cards they had picked spread out on the floor, face-up, in front of them. Shelley would get to “steal” one item of her choice from whichever girl she wished. Naomi and Vanessa made clear that no one was to say anything to try to sway Shelley’s decision.  
  
Shelley started by standing in front of Kimberly, but gave only a cursory glance to her friend’s meager two cards, barely pausing before moving on to Zoe. Now that she was out of danger, Kimberly found this part intriguing. She tried to put herself in Shelley’s shoes, imagining which garment she might choose. She looked down at Zoe’s cards. Shelley already had a bra, so she wasn’t likely to take Zoe’s. And she didn’t for a second think Shelley would take Zoe’s apron; there was no real animosity between the girls, and the apron was the only thing covering Zoe’s sex. Shelley already had her boyshorts to cover her private parts, so she didn’t need the apron that badly. The half-shirt was a possibility. It would give Shelley a little extra coverage on top, and wouldn’t rob Zoe of anything she badly needed. Of course, Shelley was such a free spirit, she might just choose the tiara and be content to strut around in her lingerie plus the accessory!  
  
  
After deliberating for quite some time, Shelley moved on to Danielle. On the floor at Danielle’s feet lay some intriguing possibilities. Danielle had been just as snotty towards Shelley as she’d been towards Kimberly, and Kimberly had often heard Shelley express a desire to take Danielle down a peg or two. Shelley now had the chance to afford herself some extra coverage while dishing out some humiliation to the girl who thought she was too good for her and her friend. Kimberly was consumed with the thrill of imagining Danielle’s predicament. She wanted to make a suggestion, but remembered that to do so was not allowed. “Come on, Shelley”, she thought to herself, “make this pick count!”  
  
Kimberly considered Danielle’s five items. The sunglasses and the cape were moot. Neither would truly benefit Shelley, and neither would really make a difference to Danielle, either. The thong was also unlikely; Shelley’s panties already offered more coverage. The short skirt was definitely an option. It would be of use to Shelley, and taking it would force Danielle to exhibit her thong-covered ass in public! But the best play here was to take the wifebeater. In a tank top, bra, and boyshorts, Shelley would be more covered than she typically would be at the pool or the beach, and nearly as covered as she would be in a club. But Danielle would be condemned to show off her tits in public, to the delight of many! What a well-deserved comeuppance! Kimberly pictured a tearful Danielle, desperately trying to shield her naked chest from an enthusiastic crowd of onlookers with cellphones. It was too sweet! She felt downright gleeful, in a way she hadn’t ever felt before.  
  
Danielle must have been considering the same possibilities, as she grew a bit pale, and breathed the way you only breathe when you’re truly terrified of what’s about to happen next. Kimberly couldn’t help herself. She stared at Danielle until that phony became aware of her gaze. When their eyes met, Kimberly gave her a big-time “that’s what you get” smile, and stifled a giggle with her hand. Danielle quickly looked away, suddenly seeming the meekest girl in the room. As awful as Kimberly had felt a few minutes ago when it had looked like she would be the one exposed, she hoped it felt ten times worse for her soon-to-be-humbled rival.  
  
Shelley took a step back, surveyed all the cards on the floor, and made her choice, leaning in Kimberly’s direction. “I’ll take the men’s shirt”, she announced, retrieving the card to an explosion of shock, disbelief, and excitement from the assembled girls.  
  
It didn’t seem real to Kimberly. She hadn’t been punched in the face since a schoolyard fight in the second grade, but she remembered the feeling of pain, confusion, and panic. This felt just like that. The world spun around her.  
  
One thought popped into her brain. DON’T look at Danielle. Don’t don’t don’t don’t don’t...she couldn’t help it. With the whole room cheering and screaming, Danielle didn’t have to demurely stifle a giggle, as Kimberly had moments earlier. She walked right up to her and, with no pretext of subtlety, laughed triumphantly right in her face.

**Part of the Team, Part Three**

**FORMER FRIENDS**  
Kimberly was in a daze the rest of the evening. She kept hoping and praying that she would wake from this bad dream. Throughout high school, only two boys had ever seen her naked, and she had dated each of them for close to a year. She had certainly never been nude in a public setting.  
  
Most of the team was having fun, and many of them were friendlier to her than ever before, but she was in no frame of mind to be social. She avoided Danielle as best she could, though several times she became aware of her rival’s mocking grin. But at least there was nothing unexpected about Danielle being smug, vindictive, and cruel. It was Shelley who had blindsided Kimberly. She wanted answers, but she didn’t want to confront her friend in front of the team, and risk further humiliation. Shelley was avoiding any interaction with Kimberly, but when she finally went into the bathroom, Kimberly waited near the door.  
  
When Shelley came out, Kimberly was waiting. “I need to talk to you”, she whispered, guiding her former friend to a nearby bedroom where they could talk in privacy. Shelley came along, as though nothing was wrong.  
  
“What’s up?” Again, as casual as can be.  
  
“”What’s UP?!? What was up out there when you stole my shirt?”  
  
“That? Honey, I’m sorry, that was just part of the game. No hard feelings, I hope.”  
  
Kimberly couldn’t believe what she was hearing. “You could have stolen from anyone, from Danielle, even! Why me?”  
  
“Kimmy, it wasn’t personal. Hey, I was at risk just like you were. I was just trying to make sure I’d be covered as best I can. That men’s shirt just covers more than anything the other girls had, that’s all.”  
  
“But you already had underwear and a bra. That’s no big deal for you.”  
  
“Kimmy, drinking too much and doing a little striptease at a party with a few friends is one thing. But to parade around in my undies in public...with all those people...with cellphones. I don’t want to be all over the internet in my panties. I don’t want people back home to see me like that.”  
  
Kimberly shook her head and fought back tears. Friday, she would be in the position Shelley had just described, but much worse. All of her would be on display to hundreds of eager onlookers. Her most intimate charms would provide cheap thrills for classmates, acquaintances, and complete strangers alike. And the girl she thought had been her friend could have spared her this, but chose not to. “You dumb b\*\*\*\*”, she muttered bitterly.  
  
At this, Shelley looked momentarily wounded, then her face hardened. “I’m sorry you feel that way”, she replied coldly. “The only bit of advice I have for you is this: smile for all the cameras, you’re gonna be famous”. She left a stunned Kimberly alone in the room to dwell on just how wrong everything had gone.  
  
After a few minutes, Naomi and Vanessa entered purposefully. “Everything alright?” asked Naomi. “Everybody getting along?”, added Vanessa. Kimberly nodded reluctantly.  
  
“Good”, replied Naomi, gently, “because all this is meant in the spirit of good fun and camaraderie. We don’t need anyone being ugly to her teammates. Understand?” Kimberly wasn’t sure what to say.  
  
‘I know tonight you had some bad luck”, Naomi continued, “but look at it as an opportunity. You’ve slipped up a few times these last couple of weeks. Maybe you’ve left some of the girls wondering how badly you want to be part of this team. Getting through this with grace and class would be a great way to show them.”  
  
“Class?”, asked Kimberly, tearfully. “When I’m walking around with my tits out, looking like a whore? Let me have something, please, even just a towel.”  
  
Naomi shook her head. “No towel. Rules are rules.”  
  
“You won’t look like a whore”, Vanessa interjected, “you’ll just look like a scared, embarrassed naked girl. But you can still have some pride.”  
  
“And you will look”, added Naomi, “like a finely conditioned athlete whose body should be admired. And THAT is hot. Give us a hug”. Kimberly did so.  
  
As the two older girls left, Kimberly found herself unsure whether they had genuinely sought to encourage her, or whether they had been mocking her. Either way, she didn’t feel any better.

**THE DAY OF**  
Friday came, and Kimberly stayed in bed as long as she could. She forewent her classes that morning, and her afternoon would be spent with the team. The upperclasswomen were taking the new girls shopping for their outfits. Kimberly didn’t really see the point in going; she only required one item, which she could easily get herself. But it was made clear to her that she was expected to attend.  
  
The first stop was Victoria’s Secret, followed by Party City, and then Target. At VS, Danielle continued to ingratiate herself to her teammates by being a good sport and letting them select a thong for her. Kimberly meekly followed suit and accepted her teammates’ choice of stockings, as well. She made a point of not interacting with Shelley, and mostly kept to herself. She did win one small concession from her teammates. They had intended for her to pair her stockings with high heels; when she suggested that flats would be more practical, Naomi allowed that the girls could wear low heels if they so chose. It did nothing to make her situation more dignified, but at least she would be a bit more comfortable physically.  
  
Towards the end of the shopping trip, at Target, they ran into three guys from school who seemed to be pretty good friends with some of the girls. Kimberly didn’t catch any names, but one of these guys was very handsome. His eyes met hers, and she awkwardly smiled at him, suddenly feeling very self-conscious about the contents of her shopping bag. Sophomore Alexis explained to the guys that they would be introducing this year’s team by parading across campus at midnight. She further explained that the incoming freshmen had not yet earned their uniforms, so they were shopping for “alternative” uniforms, and that the guys wouldn’t want to miss this, so they should make sure to be out and about at the appointed hour. This certainly got the boys’ attention, and one of them(not the cute one) asked about the outfits. “If you’d like a preview”, Danielle interjected, “we can have Kimberly here go into one of the changing rooms and get into her outfit. It’ll take no time!” The guys were starting to catch on that these outfits were going to be revealing, and Kimberly was aware of six eyes roaming up and down her body, imagining what it might look like in a less-clothed state. Worse, there seemed to be some support among her teammates for Danielle’s ridiculous suggestion. There was no way! Not here, in a crowded store…  
  
“You won’t actually have to walk around the store or anything”, said Alexis, who was clearly all for the idea. “Just go into the changing room and get ready, and we’ll bring the boys over to have a look at you.” Kimberly couldn’t believe it. Many of her teammates wanted her to just strip naked and show herself to these three guys she had never met before! Finally, Naomi came to her rescue. “Nope, no spoilers before the big unveiling”, she decreed. The guys, and several of the girls, couldn’t hide their disappointment. “If you boys want a look, be out on University Drive at midnight. And tell your friends.” Kimberly was relieved at being spared the immediate humiliation, but wished Naomi would make less of an effort to drum up a big crowd of spectators for tonight.

**THE BIG NIGHT**  
Finally, it was almost time. At her dorm, Kimberly couldn’t stop trembling as she showered. When she got out of the shower and saw herself in the mirror, she felt a chill as it occurred to her that soon friends, strangers, and rivals alike would be seeing everything she was looking at right now. Even though she already knew deep down there was no getting out of this, part of her held to the idea that this all might be a bad dream. Until this moment. Seeing herself naked in that mirror was a gut punch, a forceful reminder of just how exposed she would be. She stood transfixed, seeing herself through strange eyes; first imagining being a guy leering at the skin on display, then a catty girl mocking every flaw. Tears welled up in her eyes, but she steeled herself; she had promised herself that no matter what her fellow students would see of her tonight, they would not see her cry. She would not give her enemies that cruel satisfaction. She got dressed(she wasn’t about to walk to Naomi’s house wearing nothing, after all!), threw the stockings in her purse, and set out.  
  
She got to the house a few minutes early. Most of the team was already there, wearing their volleyball uniforms. A couple of them had brought their boyfriends to the house, which dismayed Kimberly, but she knew no good would come of saying anything against it. Naomi greeted her. “The other freshmen are in the bedroom. You can get changed in there. We’ll call you out one at a time to strut your stuff here in the living room and let the team get a look at you before we head out.” Kimberly’s eyes darted to the guys in the room. “They’d be seeing you soon enough anyway”, Naomi pointed out, a touch of kindness in her tone. Kimberly nodded, and walked to the bedroom.  
  
Danielle and Zoe were in the room, already in costume. No sign of Shelley yet. Danielle sat on the edge of the bed, wearing her plaid skirt, wifebeater, and a short cape. Her sunglasses were raised up above her hairline. Kimberly couldn’t help staring at Danielle’s nipples, which were quite visible through the fabric. Danielle caught her and smiled. “Just wait til they see you”, she purred.  
  
Zoe stood with her back to the wall. She had on a maid’s apron over a cut-off t-shirt. She held a tiara in her right hand. She was uncovered enough that Kimberly took notice of her tight, flat stomach and strong legs. Though her rear end was hidden by virtue of being turned towards the wall, Kimberly knew it was completely bare. They smiled awkwardly at each other.  
  
Kimberly didn’t really want to take off her clothes until the very last second if she could help it(and having to strip in front of smug Danielle made it worse!), so she fiddled unnecessarily with her shoes for a bit before taking them off, then stood there trying to think of ways to stall. “Nervous?”, asked Danielle, mockingly. Kimberly shook her head and muttered, “no”, not fooling anybody.  
  
The bedroom door opened, and in walked Shelley, carrying a men’s dress shirt. Naomi yelled from the living room, “All right, girls, you’re all here now. Be ready in five minutes!” Shelley matter-of-factly started undressing. Kimberley did the same. Somehow she felt less vulnerable if someone else was disrobing at the same time. Of course, once each girl was down to her bra and panties, Shelley got to cover right up by putting on the long shirt. Kimberly, on the other hand, had to continue undressing. She thought bitterly of how easily she could have been in Shelley’s position. As she unclasped her bra, she was aware of Danielle’s stare, but didn’t acknowledge it. She knew Danielle wanted her to see the victorious smile on her lips, to be aware of how her humiliation provided her rival with such splendid amusement. Stoically, she took off the bra, and set it on top of her dress. She turned to the side, took a deep breath, and yanked down her panties in one quick motion. She kicked them off her ankles and onto the pile.  
  
Dammit, she thought. Why hadn’t it occurred to her to put on the stockings BEFORE taking off everything else. Putting them on now, she would just be giving Danielle more of a show to savor. She grabbed them from her purse and put them on while standing, acutely aware of how exposed she was.  
  
Now there was nothing to do but wait. This kind of uncomfortableness couldn’t be broken by small talk, but Kimberly didn’t want to betray her embarrassment by just looking down at the floor. So she held her head high and stared straight ahead.  
  
Finally, Danielle broke the silence. “Did you see?”, she asked, standing to approach Kimberly, “there are a couple guys out there”. She smirked, but what Kimberly noticed was that Danielle’s nipples were even more prominent than they had been a few minutes ago. “I’m sure they’re going to love this look for you”. She circled Kimberly, looking her up and down.  
  
Naomi opened the door ad poked her head in. “In a minute, I’m going to call each of you in, one by one”, she instructed. “When I call out your name, strut your stuff down the hallway into the living room, do a little runway turn so the girls can get a good look at you, and then stay out there. Nobody’s going to say anything mean. These are your teammates, they’re your sisters!”  
  
Within half a minute, club music with a thumping beat began blaring from the living room. Naomi raised her voice to be heard: “First up...DANI!!!” Danielle strode through the door into the hallway, swishing her hips boldly. As she disappeared from sight, the girls left behind in the bedroom heard laughter, shouting, and applause from the living room. It went on longer than Kimberly had expected. She had thought it would be a matter of a quick walk and turn, and then on to the next girl. But Danielle must have been playing to the crowd a bit. She never missed a chance to ingratiate herself to her teammates.  
  
It must have been a full two minutes before Naomi called for Shelley. She exited the room, legs bare but the more essential parts covered by the men’s dress shirt. Kimberly and Zoe heard continued applause, but a bit subdued next to what Danielle had received. Shelley was never as eager to please as Danielle, nor was she as well-liked by their teammates.  
  
“Opting for a cheekier look...”, Naomi announced, “...is our own ZOE!” With surprising calm and grace, Zoe left her safe spot against the wall, crossed the room, and opened the door. Although Kimberly knew Zoe wouldn’t have anything on under the apron, she still felt shocked to actually see the girl’s bare ass as she exited the bedroom, and she knew many others -guys included!- were about to be given the same view.  
  
The blood rushed to Kimberly’s head, and her feigned confidence evaporated. She saw herself in the mirror, and tried to cover her charms with her hands. She heard raucous screaming and whistling from the living room. Zoe must have just come into view. Covering her breasts with her arm and her womanhood with her hand, Kimberly practiced walking in the mirror. If she adjusted her arm ever so slightly, a nipple would come into view. She had never felt so scared in her life.  
The commotion in the living room turned to a disappointed “Awwwwwww”, then back to hopeful cheers, then to a frustrated groan, then finally to an explosion of enthusiasm. The sounds told the story; Zoe must have balked at turning around before finally relenting and giving the group the much-anticipated rear view.  
  
It took a while for things to quiet down, but when the commotion subsided a bit, Kimberly knew it was her turn. “And finally…”, Naomi began, “...the most daring of all our new teammates.” Applause for this. “I don’t have to tell any of you she’s really committing to the team by doing this, so no mean comments, we’re here to build each other up. Appreciation only! For...KIMBERLY!!!” Kimberly felt as though she was watching from outside her own body as she strode into the hallway, still covering with her hands as best she could. After a few steps, the crowd in the living room came into view, meaning they could see her, too. They went crazy. Phones out everywhere. Yelling and screaming. It was all so disorienting, she had no idea what anyone was saying. Suddenly remembering that there were guys present, she scanned the room for them, and wished she hadn’t. Seeing their eyes roam up and down her body made her feel powerless, like a plaything. Another roar went up, and Kimberly looked around, bewildered as to what had happened. Then she looked down and realized her right nipple had popped out from behind her forearm. In a panic, she covered it back up. She looked to Naomi, hopeful that she would put a merciful end to this spectacle. Naomi signaled for her to spin around. Kimberly took a deep breath and turned around, revealing her butt to those assembled, who expressed their appreciation with whistles and shouts. She couldn’t believe all these people were seeing her like this. She stood mid-room with the other three, still trying to hide what she could.  
  
Danielle spoke up, over the noise. “I sincerely just want to say how brave I think Kimberly is for showing us this side of herself”, she said, a coy smirk on her face. “Didn’t she do great?!?” The room once more broke into shouting and applause. “Teammates FOREVER! Come here, Kimberly!” With that, she opened her arms, inviting Kimberly in for a hug; one that would expose all that Kimberly was desperately trying to keep hidden. Kimberly didn’t move, but she didn’t know how to get out of this. The chant went up: “Hug! Hug! Hug!” Danielle looked Kimberly in the eyes, and the message didn’t have to be verbalized: I got you. She waved her arms, beckoning Kimberly in for the embrace.  
  
Finally, Naomi stepped between the two. “Nice try, Dani”, she laughed. “We’ll give Miss Kimberly at least one little break; she’s still got a long night ahead of her.” More applause. “It’s 11:30, we’re starting from the lot on University Drive. You can drive there if you’re sober, or walk there if you’re not, but we need to get going. I’m going to drive these four in the van.” Danielle spoke up again, “Real quick before we go, can I show you what I brought?” “Quickly”, nodded Naomi. Danielle went into the bedroom, and came right back out with a huge white roll of paper. She unrolled it, and revealed what Kimberly had to admit was a pretty great looking banner with the school logo, the inscription “Women’s Volleyball”, and the first name of each girl on the team. “It’s just long enough for four people to carry. I thought the four of us could walk side by side, holding it overhead.” Kimberly was furious at the suggestion. She knew what that would mean in terms of her coverage! The same thought must have occurred to Naomi. ‘The only thing is…”, she started, but was shouted down by most of the team(and of course, the few guys present!), who were all for it. Naomi had gone against the popular opinion minutes earlier in not making Kimberly hug Danielle, but maybe she feared pushing her luck. Resigned, she blurted, “Fine, it looks great. Girls, into the van!”

**Part of the Team, Part Four**

**PARADE**  
The girls filed out the door behind Naomi, with Zoe and Kimberly unavoidably giving the room a goodbye moon as they left. Once in the driveway, Kimberly waited impatiently for the few seconds it took Naomi to open the van. Irrationally, she found herself panicky that someone driving by might catch a glimpse of her. How was she going to endure being on display in public? Her brief exposure back in the house had been the most embarrassing experience of her life, and what lay ahead would surely be much worse.  
  
It was only a five minute drive, and the girls rode in silence. Kimberly had some time to ruminate on what Danielle’s banner meant for her. She had hoped to deny onlookers an unobstructed frontal show by covering with her hands, but that was no longer an option. She would now me walking with her arms outstretched, holding the stupid banner overhead, leaving her nudity completely uncovered. She knew that was why Danielle had brought the banner. It crossed her mind to simply reach over and tear the thing in half before anyone could stop her; then they couldn’t make her carry it. But she was on thin ice with many of her teammates, who were no doubt judging her based on whether she would be a good sport about tonight. Any many of those teammates were disposed to take Danielle’s side over hers. If she made waves now, there’s no telling what additional humiliations they could inflict upon her.  
  
They arrived at the lot and parked. Some of the others were coming on foot, so they would wait about fifteen minutes. University drive was at the edge of the campus area. On one side of the street was student dormitory housing; on the other was a row of bars and clubs which catered to the college crowd. Slumping in her seat to stay hidden, Kimberly looked out the window. It wasn’t like multitudes were out there, but there was a fairly consistent stream of foot traffic, particularly on the off-campus side of the street, as groups of students hopped from one bar to another. She couldn’t see far enough down the street to tell if it got better or worse.  
  
“Don’t worry about the turnout”, Danielle interjected, “I told everyone I know to be out on the sidewalk at midnight to cheer us on. I imagine we’ll have a big crowd of spectators once we get up the block in front of Nash Hall.”  
  
It was 11:55, and the entire team had gathered in the lot, congregating around the van, along with a few others who Kimberly didn’t recognize, including two big buff young guys. Naomi opened the van door so the four girls could hear as she addressed the team. “We walk up University Drive at a steady pace. Slow enough to acknowledge our supporters, but keep it moving. We turn onto Sycamore, and when we get to the Mitchum building lot, Jen will be waiting to drive our freshmen back to the house. Seniors at the front, then juniors, sophs, and the new girls bringing up the rear, carrying the banner overhead.”  
  
“Are we okayed for this?”, someone asked.  
  
“Well, it’s not like it’s an official university event on the academic calendar or anything, so I guess it’s not technically okayed. But campus security is okay with it - in fact, Brad pretty much insisted we do this”. A number of the girls laughed at this, and Naomi smiled. “Yeah, I know, he’ll be too busy taking pictures to interfere, right? And the city cops will stay out of our college fun as long as nothing gets violent or out of hand. Speaking of which, Mike and Bobby, raise your hands.” The two muscular guys raised their hands. “Since our freshmen are rather scandalously attired, we need to make 100% sure they are safe. Mike and Bobby will follow behind them and be their bodyguards. Nobody gets to touch, feel, or rub up on our girls. This is a look but don’t touch experience for the spectators. These four are part of the team now, and we look out for them. That means if some creep is giving them trouble, Mike and Bobby rip his damned face off. Thank you Mike and Bobby!” The team whooped and hollered for the two young men. “But don’t play it off like you’re good Samaritans”, Naomi joked, “this is a pretty enjoyable security detail for you!” They fellows had to nod in agreement and laugh.  
  
As the only two seniors, Naomi and Vanessa stood side by side to lead the team. The juniors formed a row a few yards behind them, followed by the sophomores. Peering out the door of the van, Kimberly could see that a handful of people out on the sidewalk had stopped what they were doing to see what was up with the girls in their volleyball uniforms.  
  
Danielle was the first freshman to leave the van, then Shelley, then Zoe. Kimberly hopped out last, again covering what she could with her hands. For the moment, she was afforded some cover by the team’s formation; being in the fourth row, she was screened from public view by her teammates. Of course, the guys who had been at Naomi’s house were right there enjoying the view, and her backside was fully exposed to Mike and Bob, who trailed the last row of girls. Danielle grabbed on end of her banner, and held it out for the other three to grab hold of. Kimberly took a deep breath. Once she took hold of the banner and raised it overhead, she would be on full display, from head to toe and all the parts between which she’d rather keep private. As the other three raised the banner aloft, she had little choice but to do likewise. She couldn’t help but scan for the reaction of the guys nearby, and immediately wished she hadn’t. To be seen naked was awful. But seeing how they looked at her made her feel even more objectified. Their eyes were locked in on all of her that she would never otherwise show them; her pert breasts, the nipples quickly growing erect as the boys stared at them. And then their eyes traveled downward. Down her chest and stomach and to the spot she would never have revealed to them, not in a million years. As she felt their gaze linger on her sex, she unconsciously let out a humiliated whimper. Danielle, standing to her left, lit up at the sound.  
  
“Jose”, she called to one of the guys, “I don’t have my phone. Can you get a picture of the four us us with the banner?” Of course he was happy to comply. There was no way Kimberly would smile for such a picture, but she was determined not to cry, either. “Don’t forget to send that to me, hon”, Danielle reminded Jose.  
  
At this point, a group of girls walking through the parking lot towards the bars became the first strangers to notice the skin on display. “Booty!” shouted one particularly vocal young woman, turning a few heads from across the street, “I see two bare booties!” The group of girls drew closer. “Volleyball?”, one asked, slurring a little. “Looks like the new gals are getting their initiation”, laughed another. “I’m proud of you girls, that’s good team spirit”, offered the slurrer. “Send a picture to Jimmy and tell those guys to hurry out here”, said another girl, “they’ll kick themselves if they miss this!” Kimberly was aware of flashes going off behind her. “You guys, this one’s ALL THE WAY naked!”, exclaimed the loud one, walking right up to Kimberly and looking her up and down. Here, Madison, get a picture of me with the naked girl!” Her friend took the picture. All Kimberly could do was stand there stoically, a funny sexy prop in some drunken stranger’s photo op.  
  
Finally, the girls started their march. Somebody had an mp3 player, and was blasting the same bass-heavy club music that had been playing back at the house. Kimberly’s heart pounded so violently, it drowned out the thump of the bass. A couple dozen people were now out on the sidewalks, their attention fully focused on the girls. Word of her nudity(and probably to a lesser extent, Zoe’s; remember, her buttocks were bare) was clearly spreading, as she saw students run into the bars and race back out seconds later with friends in tow. As they reached the first group of spectators, Kimberly wanted to look away; if she couldn’t stop them from seeing her, at least she wouldn’t SEE them seeing her. But she couldn’t look away. She saw every one of them. Some laughing at her expense, some lusting after her, some astonished at her nudity, some smug in the knowledge that they would never find themselves in such a situation. And many shooting pictures and video.  
  
There were a hundred or more watching them now, cheering, laughing, shouting unintelligible things. And the crowds grew larger up ahead as they approached the dorms. All these strangers seeing her, knowing her in a way they had no right to know her, becoming familiar with every secret nuance of her body. Whenever she walked past anyone on campus, she would have to wonder if that person had seen her naked.  
  
And then she spotted some who were not strangers. A couple of girls from a group project on which she had worked. In her frustration over the project(and her volleyball-related stress), she had been impatient and difficult with them. Now they stared, savoring the spectacle Kimberly provided as she was presented nude before them and all their friends.  
  
And another familiar face. It was Jake, the boy who had been nice enough to help her with her European History paper, and had awkwardly flirted with her. He was kind of cute, and seemed sweet. But like the others, he was taking in every inch of her bare skin, and loving it. Her exposure, her humiliation, was his unforgettable thrill. She knew that from now on, any interaction they had would begin with his brain stripping her naked from memory.  
  
Now she saw Michelle - she couldn’t even remember the girl’s last name - a girl from her home town. They had never been particularly close, but had gone to high school together. So when Michelle started taking pictures, Kimberly knew that soon, her most private areas would be on display for many a boy with whom she had grown up.  
  
Now they were passing the dorms on the left. Soon they would make the turn onto Sycamore, where Naomi’s friend would be waiting to drive them away and end this ordeal. The spaces between the dorm buildings and the street were packed with students who turned out to enjoy the show. One group cheered extra loud, and Danielle smiled and posed for them. Apparently they were in front of her dorm, and these were friends of hers. “Hold up, girls”, it seemed more a command than a request, “let my peeps get some pictures”. The other two stopped and stood, still holding the banner. Kimberly was about to lose her mind. They were near the end of the route, and now Danielle was going to prolong things by stopping to take pictures! The four girls were starting to fall slightly behind the rest of the team now. A couple of Danielle’s girl friends took pictures with her, and then a guy who seemed to be a friend of her’s approached. “Can I get one with the two of you in it?”, he asked, indicating Danielle and Kimberly. Bob and Mike seemed ready to step in and prevent this, but Danielle called them off. “Robby’s okay”, she assured them, “he won’t touch us. Get in the shot, Kimmy, you’re the star of the show!” Danielle’s friends all laughed - clearly they were invested in seeing their friend embarrass her rival - and their laughter was the last straw.  
  
Kimberly knew she couldn’t make anybody unsee her; almost everyone she would encounter in the coming months would know exactly what she looked like underneath her clothes. She knew that when she looked anyone in the eye, she’d be able to tell that they were remembering how she looked this night. But she damned sure wasn’t going to be the only one embarrassed. Danielle’s tank top was thin and flimsy. Kimberly had worn such tops before. She knew how easily they stretched, and she knew that by pulling hard, she could tear the fabric right from her enemy’s torso. Then SHE would know what it’s like to be stripped and put on display!  
  
Before she could talk herself out of it, she lunged at a surprised Danielle. Her fingers grabbed a hold of the neckline, the back of her hand finding a home in her rival’s cleavage. Danielle clutched her arms to her chest and turned. In doing so, she slipped, bringing both girls to the ground. As they fell Kimberly felt the thin cotton stretch, but not tear. As they hit the ground, she lost her grip on the top. She landed on top of Danielle, blocking out the shouts, taunts, and catcalls from the onlookers. Danielle now had her arms crossed over her chest to protect the still-intact tank top, but Kimberly was determined. She had to expose Danielle’s tits! She clawed away furiously ,trying to pull the shirt away from Danielle’s breasts, to no avail.  
  
Everything was a blur, she was out of her mind. But she became peripherally aware of a pair of bare legs approaching in front of her. As they came closer, she saw the men’s shirt. It was Shelley. Before Kimberly could make sense of what was happening, her ex-friend had leaned over her back, grabbed her around the torso, and pulled her to her feet.  
  
“Let me go!”, Kimberly shrieked wildly, kicking her legs in a vain attempt to break free. Shelley had her arms locked around Kimberly’s chest, keeping her in place, bent over. She had to break free! Her chance for revenge on Danielle was slipping away. She suddenly became aware of the show she was giving the men. Bent over with her ass sticking up in the air, shaking back and forth as she struggled. Those behind her would be enjoying an even more intimate view, as with each kick, her legs spread apart.  
  
She dug in her heels and leaned back, trytng to pull fre, but it was futile. Shelley gave her bare left nipple a sharp pinch to bring her under control, and laughed. “Please, Shelley”, Kimberly pleaded, as the tears started at last, “let me go”. An eternity seemed to pass before Shelley responded, “Smile for the cameras, Kimmy”. Kimberly knew she was helpless. She couldn’t be more humiliated.  
  
She felt a hot, painful smack on her left ass cheek. The sound of it was incredibly loud, as was the roar of the crowd a moment later. Another one followed on her right flank. “Don’t you EVER put your hands on me!’, Danielle’s voice rang out. More smacks, alternating from cheek to cheek. “You(smack!)...are gonna(smack!)...learn a lesson(smack!)...here tonight(smack!)(smack!)(smack!)!” Kimberly again tried to wriggle free, shaking her bottom provocatively before an appreciative audience. If she thought she had known the taste of defeat before, she had been naive. What could be a more thorough defeat than to be paraded in public by your enemy; naked, crying, and now spanked like a disobedient child, with no regard for her decency or her dignity. Still Danielle’s hand continued to redden her buns. Why was nobody stopping this? It had gotten so loud. It sounded like thousands of people reveling in her degradation. Why wouldn’t one of them help her?  
  
Finally, Naomi and Vanessa arrived to break things up. “Get this one into Jen’s car and take her back to the house”, Naomi instructed Vanessa, “I think she’s given everyone enough of a show for one night”. I’ll take the others back to the van”.

**EPILOGUE**  
\*THIS COED DECIDED TO STREAK NUDE ACROSS CAMPUS. YOU WON’T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED NEXT!  
3,123 likes 644 shares  
  
  
\*ENF HQ VIDEO NAKED COLLEGE GIRL SPANKED ON BARE ASS BEST ANGLE YET  
2.1 million views  
  
  
\*VOLLEYBALL SQUAD FACES PROBATION OVER HAZING INCIDENT  
Manages to avoid forfeits  
  
  
As you might expect, that night stayed with Kimberly for the rest of her college years. Anywhere she went, there was a good chance she would become aware of a stranger’s gaze, stripping off her clothes to reveal the treasures beneath. When she returned the offender’s stare, he or she would invariably look away. It wasn’t worth confronting anyone over. Bringing that night back up would serve only to make her relive it. If she was at a party or a bar, often some jerk would recognize her, bring up the incident, and pester her for a repeat show. Some guys felt that because they had seen her in her birthday suit before, it shouldn’t be a big deal for her to strip down right on the spot wherever she was, or at least lift her shirt for a flash. She hated knowing that these guys had seen her, that she was now in their “bank”, and that they might be reliving her worst night in private.