**Pink panty droppers**

by echelon4

Sophie hadn't really wanted to go out that night, but as she ran her fingers through her red hair, Emily managed to convince her. Maybe it was the pulls of twenty dollar vodka, or maybe it was the lurking fear that she was getting lame.

"It's just some fun frat thing! You haven't been out all month!" Emily admired herself in the mirror, cocking her slender hip back. "It's themed," she said, wiggling her eyebrows at Sophie.

"Themed what?" Sophie raised her eyes, brown and doe-like.

"Pink panty droppers!" Emily cried out. "You know, the punch with beer, pink lemonade, vodka? Please come. Please." She passed Sophie her flask. Sophie caught her reflection in the flask, admiring herself. Maybe she should go out tonight. She looked nice. And free drinks were always good.

"Fine, fine! I'm in." Sophie leapt up to change. Emily admired her curved ass, round and feminine, wrapped in leggings. I get so gay when I'm drunk, she thought to herself.

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With the energy of the night rising, Emily felt more mischievous. She vowed, silently, to make the night wild and memorable. Walking to the party, Sophie's foot caught on the curb, causing the hem of her dress to flip up and reveal pink panties. An idea dawned on Emily.

"Holy shit, Sophie. I completely forgot to tell you." Emily composed a serious face. "I know these frat brothers, and I went to their last pink panty dropper party. They surprise everyone at midnight with a 'pink-panty-check,' and if you're wearing pink panties, they take them! The fraternity brothers just manhandle you."

Sophie appeared horror-stricken.

"You aren't wearing pink underwear, are you?" Emily stared her down. Sophie flushed and turned away, then quickly nodded.

"No, I am wearing them." Her fingers fell to the hem of her dress.

"Just give them to me. You'll be safe then." Emily said this in her most self-assured voice, then crouched down, looped her thumbs in the waistband of Sophie's underwear, and shucked them off her. She lifted Sophie's feet up, one by one, and successfully pocketed the panties. A drunk and disoriented Sophie stumbled back and stared at Emily.

"What the hell? Do you think that will work?" She pulled the hem of her dress down.

"Well, like, yeah. You're out of the game now. You don't have panties. It'll work, you'll see." Emily clasped Sophie's elbow and led her towards the party.

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Once Sophie arrived, the reality of the situation dawned on her. Her dress fell only to the very beginning of her ass cheeks, and every move she made sent a new breeze against her bare pussy. On this particular cold autumn night, the air was cold and horrifically arousing. Emily sidled up to her and ran her fingers across the bottom of a bare cheek.

"Emily, I want them back," Sophie whispered harshly and whipped around, sending Emily's hand to her side.

"Fine, fine," Emily murmured coquettishly, and reached inside her pocket. The panties were gone. Her face went to stone, and Sophie's face contorted into rage.

"Oh my God. No way, Emily." Sophie turned bright red.

"PINK PANTY CHECK!" A deep voiced roared, and Sophie and Emily whipped around. Emily's jaw dropped. She hadn't really thought that was real. Now she realized, she must have heard of it from some other girl and forgotten, rather than coming up with the entire panty-check scenario. She suddenly felt less clever and more anxious, and pressed her legs together.

"Give me yours!" Sophie moved her hands to up under Emily's skirt. She felt bare hips and looked back up at Emily, surprised.

"We're so fucked, Sophie!" Emily exclaimed, and three large fraternity brothers ambled up to the two. The crowd began to circle around and cheer.

Two of the boys seized Emily and lifted her right up into the air. They pushed her white denim skirt up over her hips and revealed a neatly trimmed blonde bush, and bright red pussy lips. Everyone screamed.

"Haha, you dumb sl\*t, you didn't know about this midnight event?! Or did you do this on purpose?" A blonde broad shouldered guy, holding Emily's right thigh, jeered in her ear. He moved a hand and stroked the outside of her pussy lips, laughing. The boys suddenly simultaneously turned around, moving Emily with them. They rotated her pert ass to the crowd, then grabbed her cheeks salaciously. Emily screamed. They laughed and put her down, moving on to Sophie, who had watched all of this, wholly frozen in horror.

"What about your ginger friend? Curtains match the d\*\*\*\*s?" One fraternity brother bellowed, and two boys appeared beside Sophie and hoisted her into the air. The crowd continued to scream. Sophie covered her face, her long red hair falling around her hands and arms. Her black dress was shucked off her hips, and she felt the cold air hit her completely bare pussy. The boys tottered away from each other in shock of the sight, and her lips parted slightly, revealing the slickness of her most private area.

The boys roared. The partiers screamed. "Two sl\*ts!!!!!!!!!" A brother yelled, and the blonde one ran his finger up Sophie's slit. He raised the wet finger and cheered. Another brother mashed his whole hand against her pussy, and laughed. He slipped a finger inside and looked straight at her, grinning, as he rubbed against her clit. Sophie closed her eyes. Suddenly, she was reeled around. Hands gripped and slapped her large, round ass, and her mouth opened in surprise. Still holding her up, a hand between her legs extended one finger and toggled her clit once more. Sophie cried out, then found herself on the ground. The fraternity brothers high-fived and stumbled away.

The boys had moved on to the other ladies. Sophie and Emily walked up to each other, mouths agape.

"Okay. So that was definitely fucked up. I'm totally embarrassed," Emily said, finally.

"Did you.... did you feel turned on?" Sophie looked at her shyly.

"Yeah, actually." Emily laughed. "That was wild." The two friends grinned at each other. "Let's never stop hanging out, okay, Sophie?"

"That sounds good to me."

The two friends walked home, each privately thinking of how hard they would rub one (or two, or three) out when they got home.