**Sorority**

by**[Sabineteas](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=59922&page=submissions)**

Yes, I was one of those girls in college. I joined a sorority. I guess that you could say that mine was a little different. Nothing that was admitted to the outside world, of course. We all still wanted to be known as the good college girls. And for the most part we were good college girls. Except for two things.

As with most other sororities, we were affiliated with a fraternity. The difference was that the officers of the fraternity, sworn to silence, participated in our initiation. We had stupid games, we were made to run and jump into mud puddles, we had to make paddles for our big sisters, all of those things. But for the last night of the initiation, which we were all told about in advance, the pledges spent a night naked and the officers of the fraternity we were affiliated with attended that last night.

Picture, if you will, perhaps five female pledges, at the sorority house, standing in a line. All the sisters, well, most of them, definitely all the big sisters, and four males. And to start out the night, the new pledges had to undress in front of all of them.

We all knew what was coming, but none of us realized exactly how hard it was going to be. Each of us knew some of the sisters, but not all of them, definitely not the fraternity officers! And there we all were, dressed fairly nicely, and then told to undress! Well, let me tell you, it took a while! Getting down to a bra and panties, not bad, but taking them off, well, it was pretty difficult.

Then spending the next four hours, essentially waitressing drinks and snacks, sitting on the fraternity officer's laps, letting them fondle us while we were not waiting on someone. It was a pretty large shock for me, probably for the other pledges too. Some guy that you have never met, feeling your tits and pussy, they just couldn't stick a finger up us, but anything else was fair game. Of course, the guys couldn't help themselves and when we went to sit on their laps, occasionally a finger would be sticking up from the lap and as we sat, it would go up us. When that happened we were allowed to get up and move the offending digit and then sit back down while he would cup or squeeze a tit, play with a nipple or run a finger up and down our slits. We all knew it was going to happen, so it wasn't as though it was a surprise. It was just pretty uncomfortable because all the other girls, the already in the sorority girls, knew what was going on and were watching us get groped.

Now don't feel sorry for us, the five who did pledge the sorority, because we all knew most of what was coming. We just didn't know that the fraternity officers were going to get to shave each one of us and after that paddle us for the "demerits" that we had earned the last week of pledging or that we were going to go to the fraternity house after that, wearing just a coat and shoes and that we had to blow the fraternity pledges.

Imagine yourself as an eighteen or nineteen year old girl, pledging her sorority, the one her mother had pledged some twenty-five years ago, having to strip in front of four men she doesn't know, hadn't ever seen before, and then after four hours of serving and being felt up, end up with her legs spread while one of those men is removing every strand of pubic hair she has. Not a lot of modesty left for her is there?

And once the last girl has had her pubic hair shaved off, each one of the girls gets bent over a stool, grasps the legs with her hands, moves her feet shoulder width apart and takes a swat, one for each demerit earned in the past week from one of the men. Oh, there were lots of shrieks and oh my Gods and even a few oh fucks.聽

And then you get handed a pair of shoes and a coat and are taken to the frat house, blindfolded, taken downstairs, have your coat removed so you are nude again and made to kneel down. Your hand is placed on a cock and you are told to "suck it until it squirts and it best be in your mouth". Two of the five of us had to suck two cocks. We were told while we were sucking that the cocks belonged to the frat pledges and it was announced that the sorority pledges were the ones sucking cock. So, even if they couldn't see our faces, they knew who we were, since our pictures were on the sorority bulletin board as the new pledges for the year. And we were naked!

Pretty embarrassing for us, right? Well, we all got over it. We even got over swallowing the sperm. First we had to let them come in our mouths, then show someone that we had let that happen and then we could close our mouths and swallow it. Not pleasant!

The worst part of all of this was that we were going to walk around campus for a year, seeing these four guys at Greek functions, knowing that they had seen us naked and had their hands all over us and that the frat pledges had their cocks sucked by us for absolutely no good reason other than we wanted to be in the sorority. Even with our big sisters assuring us that this had been going on for over ten years didn't make us feel any better about it.

And, of course, even though we had been told that the entire thing was a secret, the more people that know a secret the less likely it is that it will be a secret.

I found that out about two weeks after the evening in question when two of the frat pledges cornered me and asked me if I knew if I had sucked either of them off!

I was dumbfounded! They proceeded to tell me that they and the other pledges were taken to the basement, blindfolded and stood in a line. They stood there for a while, then there was the sound of people coming in, a girl took down their pants and underwear and shortly after that they were being sucked. They had no idea who it was but were told later to keep their mouths shut, and their blindfolds were removed so they could see us, the female pledges, standing in front of them, naked and blindfolded. I guess that was done so that sometime later, for me that day, that the female pledges would find out that the male pledges had seen them naked. Let me tell you it was a shock for me! I was totally embarrassed, especially when one of them, to make sure that I understood they weren't lying, described my nipples and how my slit was mostly hidden by my thighs. I could have died! I ended up skipping the rest of my classes that day and the next because I didn't want to be seen by any of the frat pledges!

Well we, the sorority pledges, got over that too, not without some crying and not wanting to go to the frat parties, but eventually we did. Thank goodness once we were sisters we didn't have to do anything like that again!

However, as sisters, we had one final duty to perform, only once unless we decided to volunteer our services after our first time.

It occurred for the first time six years after we graduated so there would not be any guys we knew attending school. Each year in the fall the frat house held a smoker for potential pledges. It was not limited to those they wanted as pledges, any student who was not a frat member could attend. They were held both Friday and Saturday nights at the fraternity house.

Those of us, graduated sisters of the sorority, were to attend the smokers, to hand out cigarettes and cigars and to make sure that none of the underage students got any alcohol at the smoker. The problem was that as hostesses, we had uniforms and they were...

1.An apron that covered our front from neck to mid-thigh.

2.A thong...a front covering and strings going around the waist and up the butt crack.

That was it. If you didn't really want to be there, it was very humiliating. Even if you wanted to be there, it was humiliating. Here you are 27-30 years old, hostessing perhaps two-thirds naked for a bunch of 17-20 year old guys with perhaps the oldest frat member 23.

Now what we didn't know was that there were to be changes in the hostess's wardrobe during the smokers. We found that out perhaps an hour into the Friday night when the sisters stood up, each got a hostess and announced "Wardrobe Change!" and then untied the neck of our aprons. Since we were holding trays with cigarettes and cigars, the apron fell from our necks and we ended up bare breasted! The sister that had untied our aprons for us whispered to each one, "Do not cover up!".聽

Approximately an hour after that "Wardrobe Change" was announced again. Depending on how we had handled the first change, the sister who assisted each graduated sorority member had a choice, either untie the apron around the waist or remove the thong. We could, at that time, inform the sister if we would or would not proceed for the rest of the evening. My sister removed my thong so I was bare behind along with my tits on display. All I had was the short, now, apron covering my front.

Marianne, my sister asked me if I was going to stay the evening. I thought about it and said I would. She grinned at me. Two of my pledge sisters would not so that left three of us who would stay for the rest of the evening.

Now people might think that the two graduated sisters who decided to leave were the smart ones, but I guess it depends on your point of view. The three of who stayed, some people may say were stupid or na茂ve, but I prefer to say that we were adventurous. And don't kid yourself, we all knew exactly what was going to happen in another hour. We knew that someone was going to undo the tie of the apron that was all that was holding it up.

Now, it may seem strange for a late twenties career woman to simply allow this to happen to her, but I was somewhat turned on by the display I already was making. My nipples were so hard and poking out! And I was feeling slightly damp down there.....you know what I mean. And it was pretty naughty feeling cool air on my tits, nipples and bare ass while in a crowd of people, none of which I knew. I had only met the sister who was "in charge" of me that day. Everyone else there, except for my pledge sisters were strangers to me. And I felt that I could really cut loose, so to speak, because no one really knew me or where I lived. So with the anonymity I was ready to do things I wasn't positive I should.

So once the next hour had passed, "Wardrobe Change" was announced again but this time the three of us remaining were brought up to a sort of stand, all three with tits and nipples out, little aprons on, no panties. I found out shortly that maybe everyone didn't know what was coming. Because the first graduated sister, when her arms were taken and held out to her sides and the tie of her apron was undone, she gave this little girly eek sound as her apron slid down her legs.

Obviously she didn't expect that, but she was a trooper! After the initial bend over and cover up she straightened up, blushing like crazy and moved her hand that was over her pussy and the arm from over her tits. Covering her tits was sort of foolish, since they had been bare for almost two hours by now, but it's what she did. The second woman looked at her and shook her head....

"I can't do this" and she got off the little stand and walked off.

I just stood there, thinking do I want to do this? Do I want to be totally naked in front of a bunch of horny college age guys? As the sorority sisters moved down to me smirking I looked at all the faces.

"I'll do it."

And I did. I reached behind and pulled on the end of the bow that was just over my ass crack and I got more excited as the apron loosened. The knot on the bow got undone and my apron slid down to puddle on the floor at my feet. The sorority sisters then announced.....

"These two are former sisters of our sorority and doing this just for us requesting it of them. Enjoy looking at the two of them, but words to the wise, no touching unless they say it is all right with them. They'll be serving as they have been for the next two hours."

And with that, they stepped down. I looked at the other sorority graduate, shrugged and stepped down with her and we kept on handing out cigarettes and cigars. Once you get used to it, it is a total rush to be naked in front of a group of people. Of course if it would have people I know, it would have been much different. But no one here knew me so I didn't have to worry, did I? So, I walked around in my sensible 2-inch heels, naked as the day I was born, except for them, letting all these horny college boys stare at me and letting a few of them feel my tits and nipples as I handed out what I was supposed to at the smoker. After two hours of this the smoker ended, I was able to put my clothes back on and go to my hotel, where, not too surprisingly, I masturbated to a couple of fantastic orgasms.

I spent the next day wandering around campus, reminiscing about my days at school, remembering the last evening and how excited I was by my naked performance. That evening, Shelley, the other sister and I, had to do a striptease for the second smoker night. We hadn't been prepared for this so neither one of us had sexy clothes but just the stripping gave me a buzz for the evening! Of course they had us do it at the beginning of the evening so we had to spend almost the entire evening naked. This night I even allowed some pussy petting along with letting the boys get at my tits and nipples. I had a buzz almost from the beginning but half an hour in after the first frat boy got a finger up me I was flying!

But anyway, this isn't really about the smoker nights. Remember that I said it was only because no one knew me that I was willing to stay and do what I did? Yeah, I thought you did. Well, I was at home, working my manager's job at a large firm when one of the executives came through my department with an intern. I was introduced to Shawn and told that he would be working for a couple of weeks in my department, which I already knew from staff meetings. I was cordial and welcomed him to the firm. Thinking nothing of this, when they left I went back to work and shortly before noon I was surprised when Shawn knocked at my office door and came in without me saying a word.

"Shawn, it's only polite to wait to be told to enter."

"I don't think that I need to wait, Mrs. Johnson."

I just glared at him as I watched him take out a cell phone, flip it open and do something with it.

"I was just going to lunch, so please can this wait until later?"

"Nope."

The little shit walked up to my desk, turned his cell phone to face me and I gasped. Because, right there on his phone was a full frontal picture of me bare ass naked, holding a tray of cigarettes!

"Damnit, put that away!"

"Let's talk, Mrs. Johnson."

"I'll give you $500.00 for that phone!"

"No, I don't think so. Why don't you slip off your panties, Mrs. Johnson?"

"I will not do that!"

"Would you prefer that the executives here get this picture and few others of you in their email?"

"You wouldn't dare!"

"Mrs. Johnson, I am only going to be here for two months. This is your career, right?"

I hung my head down. If my husband knew what I had done, GOD!

"Let me go and I'll do it in the ladies bathroom."

"I don't think so, Mrs. Johnson, right here will do."

"I've got pantyhose on!"

"They come off don't they?"

I pictured the senior partner of our firm getting that picture of me.....fuck! I pictured myself cleaning out my desk after being terminated, with the department I was heading snickering as they watched me. I closed my eyes and shuddered. I reached up under my skirt and started pulling my pantyhose down. Shawn, the little fuck, was smirking at me. He turned and shut the door to my office and motioned me out from behind my desk. I glared at him and stood up and took stumbling steps until I was where he wanted me.

"Lift up your skirt Mrs. Johnson."

I did and toed off my shoes as I lowered my pantyhose and pulled them off. They looked so sad, wrinkled on the floor of my office. Shawn walked over and tucked the hem of my skirt in the waistband so it would stay up.

"Go ahead Mrs. Johnson."

Determining in my mind that I would find a way to kill this little snot I hooked my thumbs in the waistband of my panties and pushed them down until they would fall on their own. I stepped out of them, blushing and burning up with anger.

"Satisfied?"

"For now. I'll be back around five. Don't leave until I get here."

Shawn bent over, picked up my pantyhose and panties, crumpled them in one hand, smirked at me again and opened the door to my office, strolling out. I hurriedly and scared shitless pulled down my skirt covering myself again and dashed to the door, closing it behind him. I leaned my forehead on the door frame, shivering as though cold. What was the little fuck going to do me? Should I tell Rob? Would Rob kill me if I did?聽

I went through the rest of the day on autopilot, except that I was very aware that my skirt was all that I had on down below. I couldn't even force myself to get up and do my afternoon tour of my department, couldn't get myself to chat with staff, I was just in a funk. A couple of my people noticed and came in to ask if I was all right. I told them that I had a lot on my mind and I did. It was the longest afternoon I had spent at work in forever.

Shawn showed up at 5:10. He strolled in again without knocking this time, startling me.

"Go say good night to the staff Mrs. Johnson. Then come back here."

I did as he told me and when I came back into my office he was seated at the small conference table off to the side. I shut the door. He told me to open it. I did. He crooked a finger at me smirking again. I moved nervously to where he wanted me, out of sight of my doorway.

"What should we do now Mrs. Johnson?"

"I am going home."

"Not just yet. Why don't you take off your clothes please."

"I can't do that!"

"Did you know that my phone has email capabilities?"

"Let me shut the door."

"No. Go ahead Mrs. Johnson."

"Please Shawn, let me shut the door."

"No. Now strip or I'll start emailing."

Defeated, I slipped off my suit jacket. Setting it on the small conference table I began to unbutton my blouse, darting nervous glances at the doorway. I could hear some of the staff talking outside my office, not right by the door, but I could hear them. I laid my blouse on the table on top of my jacket. I glanced again at the doorway and unclasped my bra, holding it against me, closing my eyes. I took a deep breath and laid it on my blouse. I undid and unzipped my skirt and slid it down, stepped out of it and laid it on the rest of my clothes. Shocked, I realized that my nipples had hardened and that I felt moist down below.

"Very nice Mrs. Johnson, very nice. You have a nice body for your age."

How old did this little snot think I was?? He was talking to me like I was a grandmother!

"You can shut the door now."

Elated I took two steps towards the door to my office before I realized that I was going to have to cross the open doorway to be able to close the door. I stopped and whirled around to face him, fuming.

"You jiggle nicely and no it is not a choice, shut the door."

"You little prick!"

He raised his phone looked at it and I heard a click. He looked at it, snickered and looked at me.

"Close. The. Door."

I walked to the door and peered out by the jamb. No one, thank God. I leaped across the open doorway and shut the door. I turned back to him. The little fucker took another picture of me!

"Just hang on a minute and you can go home, Mrs. Johnson. As soon as I email these two pictures to your husband."

"No, don't!"

"Too late."

Oh shit! Rob was going to kill me!

"Oh and one last thing Mrs. Johnson. I didn't get to feel those tits of yours at the smoker, so why don't we take care of that now."

The little snot had me come over to him and he spent the next ten minutes with me bare ass naked in my office, cupping, squeezing, lifting and letting my tits drop and bounce, pinching and rolling my nipples. Doing pretty much everything to them except sucking on my nipples and rubbing his probably tiny dick on them. Then he got up and thanked me, gave me a couple of pats on my bare ass and left. Left me bare ass and left the door open again. I hurriedly dressed and began to plan how I was going to explain those pictures to my husband.

I hurried out to my car and started driving home and my left hand strayed down to my lap and before I knew it I had pulled up the front of my skirt and was slowly rubbing my pussy lips. God! I couldn't be turned on by this! I forced myself to lift my left hand and tug my skirt down, my mind running a mile a minute. Maybe, just maybe, I could get to Rob's email and delete that damn one from Shawn.

I pulled into our driveway and hit the garage door opener and drove in, shutting the garage door behind me. I got out and walked into the house, intending to hurry to our computer and see if I could delete that damn message.

"Beth?"

"Yes."

"Come here please."

My heart was beating hard and my stomach had left the building! As I walked into our living room I saw Rob seated on the couch. As I walked over to him I glanced at the coffee table and was shocked to see the two pictures of me naked in my office, printed and lying on the coffee table. I turned beet red and felt panic roar through me.

"Why don't you sit down and explain these pictures to me, Beth."

FUCK! I was dead!