**The Diving Team**

By Anonymouse

**Part 1**
I came downstairs from playing Starcraft 2, and found my sister sitting at my dad's desk, butt-naked.

My sister Madison is eighteen, which makes her three years older than me. She's about to start college in the fall. Even though she's really smart, and gets perfect grades in school and all that, what she really loves is diving. She has a scholarship to do diving and all that.

Our parents were kind of hippies, so we're not very up-tight about nudity. My sister and I had seen each other naked probably dozens of times, coming out of the shower, or changing into our swimsuits on a family trip, or getting dressed when the door swung open, or whatever. We didn't make a big deal out of it. We certainly never went out of our way to peep on each other. Of course, I was kind of curious when she started growing breasts and pubic hair and stuff, but my parents had told us both well in advance that that was going to happen, and had even showed us pictures of what it would look like, so it didn't really hold my attention that much. I certainly never fantasized about my sister or anything; I got started hooking up with girls pretty early, I guess, so my more perverted thoughts were always directed at girls my own age.

Anyway. But it was really weird to come down and see her totally naked like this, right in the middle of the den.

"Hey, Maddie, what's up?" I asked neutrally.

She jumped. Man, she was nervous. Turning around and looking guilty, she said "Hey Taran, I didn't know you were...um...hi."

"You didn't know I was what?" I asked skeptically. "Going to ever stop playing Starcraft?" It would have been a reasonable assumption; with our parents out of town for the weekend, and me absorbed in the game, she had had a reasonable chance of being seen by no one.

"Well..." she kind of kicked her legs.

"OK, I'll ask," I sighed. "Why are you naked?"

She looked sheepish, which wasn't surprising. "It's...um...it's an initiation thing. the diving team is going to come pick me up in a few minutes. In fact, they were supposed to be here ten minutes ago."

"Hazing?" I goggled. "You mean, like...the university diving team?"

She nodded. "Don't tell, OK?" she pleaded.

"Hazing is illegal," I protested, annoyed. "What are you gonna have to do naked? Have sex with a goat?"

"NO, oh God, that's gross!" shouted Madison, throwing a pen at me, which I dodged. "Jesus, Taran!"

"Well then what?!" I demanded.

"Just...I don't know, they...just, like, ride around in the car with them, and then go diving out at the pool," Madison blurted.

"And what if you get caught by a security guard and arrested for indecent exposure and shit?" I pressed.

"Don't curse, Taran," she responded weakly.

"Don't curse?" I spluttered. "When you're about to have to do some ...ing hazing -"

I never finished, because just then, we both heard voices at the door, and the bell started ringing incessantly, accompanied by pounding on the door. Madison and I shared a look. The diving team was here.

"Just...don't tell Mom and Dad about this, OK?" she whispered, and made for the door.

"Mom and Dad?" I said, though she wasn't listening. "I'm gonna tell the damn cops, is who I'm gonna tell..."

Madison opened the door, and five college girls barged into the room. As soon as they saw Maddie in her naked condition, they started pinching her butt, tickling her, woo-hooing, and generally being total asses. Madison endured it bravely, covering her breasts with her hands and stepping away from the open door. She looked very small and pale and scared.

"Hey, who's got the nice ass!" one of the girls, a tall redhead, taunted, slapping Madison's rear. "Now we know how you got that scholarship!"

"Ohhh, she's so CUTE!" gushed another girl, a short brunette with plenty of curves herself. A third girl, a kind of dark-skinned Asian, rubbed my sister's head. I was getting kind of pissed.

"Hi!" I called out, and all turned to face me. Madison looked horribly embarrassed. She obviously wished I would just go back to my room and forget about the whole thing, but that wasn't gonna happen.

"I didn't know you had a little brother," the redhead breathed. "Hey, nice to meet you!"

"Name's Taran," I said, trying to sound nonchalant, wishing my voice were just a little deeper.

"I'm Abby," the redhead grinned. "Nice to meet you."

I shook her hand, trying to be curt and stern, and probably not getting then intended effect. It's hard when you're just fifteen.

"Hi, I'm Emma," the brunette said.

"Alexis," said a lanky blonde girl, the tallest of the five.

"Vanessa," said the Asian girl, a little rudely.

"Hannah," the last one, a slightly chubby blonde, said quietly.

"Well, now that we've been introduced," I continued, "Maybe you'd like to tell me why you're making my sister run around undressed?"

"Don't be a perv," Emma chided, obviously making fun of me. "You shouldn't look at your sister when she's naked."

"She wouldn't be naked if it wasn't for you guys," I pointed out, trying to stay brave in the face of the contempt of five college girls. "Now, you're not engaged in illegal hazing, are you?"

The girls glanced at each other meaningfully.

"Of course not," Abby said soothingly. "It's just a fun, totally voluntary initiation ritual. She volunteered, right Maddie?"

My sister nodded, but it didn't look to me like she had had much of a choice in volunteering.

"And it's not like we're going to make her do anything illegal," Alexis added.

"Come on guys, let's just go," sighed Vanessa petulantly, clapping her hands together.

"Wait," I called. "If you're not going to make her do anything illegal, then you wouldn't object to me coming along, right?"

They all looked at me. Maddie made cutting motions with her hands - No! No! - but I ignored her.

"You want to come with us?" Abby snorted, still smiling.

"Yup," I said, trying to keep the tremor out of my voice. "Just to make sure everything is fun and nothing is illegal."

"No, we are NOT taking her kid brother with us!" Vanessa snapped. "Kid, whatever. You're not coming."

"Whatever you say, Vanessa," I shrugged. "Guess I'll have to call the cops, then."

Vanessa turned on me with rage, but Abby just smiled. "Come on, come on," she soothed. "Vanessa didn't mean what she said, she's just on her period."

Vanessa's mouth flew open in outrage, but she said nothing.

"Sure, you can come with us," Abby said to me. "It'll be fun to have you along. You ever hung out with college kids before?" It was a challenge.

"Couple times," I shrugged again. "Alright, I just have to get my inhaler, I'll be right back."

"Inhaler?" Emma asked.

"Asthma," I explained. "In case I have an attack."

The girls sniggered. Madison threw me a sudden look - she knew I didn't have asthma - but said nothing. Avoiding Maddie's gaze, I ran upstairs, trying to look as awkward and early-teenage-ish as I could. I had a sample inhaler that a doctor had given me a couple years ago, sitting in my medicine cabinet. I grabbed it, made a quick dash to my desk for a little something extra, and was downstairs in a flash, holding up the sample inhaler triumphantly.

"OK, I'm ready!" I announced.

"OK, let's go have some fun!" Alexis said, and put her arm around my shoulder in a kind of patronizing way, which I hated. I ignored it and pretended I was just "one of the gang." As we walked to the door, Vanessa threw me a look of pure hate, which I also ignored. My sister, naked and hunched and looking much more miserable now that I was along, shuffled after them, holding one arm over her chest.

I was pissed. No one treated my sister like that. I was going to get these girls, I thought. One way or another.

**Part 2**
Emma opened the door, and we stepped outside into the night. I looked around, hoping that none of the neighbors were looking out their windows. The diving team girls kept tightly clustered around my sister, for which I was grateful, since she looked incredibly embarrassed. She was still covering her breasts with her hands, hunching over a little to try to hide the rest. I felt a stab of protectiveness, and annoyance at the diving team girls.

A huge white Ford Excursion was parked in front of our house. It was Alexis'; she beeped the doors open and we piled in. Alexis drove, with Vanessa in shottie; Madison took the middle seat, with Abby and Hannah on either side of her; I was bundled into the back with Emma, who patted my leg in a very annoying manner.

"Ready to ride, kid?" she chirped.

"You remembered my name is Taran, right?" I shot back, smiling.

"Of course!" she lied. "How old are you, fourteen?"

"Yeah," I lied. Madison, to her credit, didn't correct me...or perhaps she just had other things on her mind.

We drove off, the girls shouting and woo-hooing out the window as we pulled out and headed into the night. Abby, Alexis, and Emma kept up a steady stream of teasing directed at Madison, who tried gamely to respond but was obviously too nervous to have fun. My sister was usually so bouncy and confident; I had never seen her like this.

"How you feeling back there, Madison?" Alexis shouted as we drove along the dark roads.

"Fine," she called back, a little weakly.

"She's having tons of fun," Abby declared. "You're not embarrassed to be naked in a car, are you Maddie?"

"No," Madison said in a small voice.

"Wanna stick your tits out the window?" Abby suggested. "Come on, that'll be fun!"

"Um..." Madison mumbled.

"She totally wants to," Emma declared from where she sat next to me. "Come on Maddie, don't be afraid, no one can see who you are."

I started to say something, but this was not the time. Yet. Reluctantly, Madison edged around Abby on the seat; Abby gave her bare butt a little slap as she crawled by. Madison had her hands off her breasts now, using them to balance herself against the roof of the car. As she reached the window, Alexis rolled it down.

"Go Maddie!" Abby shouted. "Woo-hoo!"

"Show em off, girl!" Vanessa chipped in.

With humiliation written all over her face, my sister gathered her breasts in her hands and stuck her head out the window of the SUV, looking around. Abby slapped her on the butt again, harder. Maddie stuck her chest out as well, and cupped her hands under her boobs, jiggling them around. I was kind of disgusted.

"Yell something!" Emma suggested.

"Wooooo!" Madison managed weakly. The girls all cheered. I saw some people standing on the side of the street; their truck had broken down. They stared as we went past, and Madison quickly ducked back inside, face blushing furiously. they had obviously seen her display.

"That was great!" Abby declared. "Now how about mooning out the other side? There might be some truck drivers coming by!"

My sister, still miserable but resigned to her fate, climbed over Hannah to the left-side window. She knelt on the seat, and took one hand away from her chest, using it to cover her pubes. But she had to take both hands off herself to pull herself up to the level of the window, so she could stick her butt out. As she stood there in that awkward position, Abby reached out and pinched my sister's small nipples, both at once, saying "Hoo-hoo!" Maddie nearly lost her grip, and I nearly reached up and smacked Abby across the head, but I made myself wait patiently. Patience, I thought. Jedi virtue, etc.

Madison was sticking her butt out the window. The girls cheered as a couple cars went by in the opposite direction. Alexis honked. One of the cars honked back. Madison winced. I knew how embarrassed she must be feeling; Maddie has what people call a "bubble butt," and people comment on it a lot. My friends definitely do (they're all horny little bastards, of course). Though she never said so, I knew she was always kind of proud of her cute butt, and she often wore pants that showed it off. Now these girls were making her give a free show to everyone.

Finally, a big truck passed, and Alexis honked, and the truck honked back. Madison, blushing furiously, pulled her rear end back inside the vehicle and sat down, putting her hands back over her breasts. Everyone was clapping and cheering.

Emma slapped me on the back. "You didn't look, did you?" she asked. I said nothing.

"Sorry," I answered, making my voice weak. "I'm a little carsick." Another lie, of course.

"You looked, didn't you," Emma whispered into my ear. "You're such a perv! Don't worry, we won't tell anyone."

If only you knew, I thought, how bad I'm going to get your arrogant college athlete ass.

Finally, we swerved into a parking lot and stopped. All around was darkness, except for some lights off to the left. Big shadowy shapes reared out of the night around us. I peered through the back window - a stadium?

"All right, here...we...are!" Alexis whooped, and unlocked the doors. Everyone got out, Emma shepherding me along. Madison, one hand over her chest and the other between her legs, followed awkwardly.

"Hey, there's no one around!" Abby protested to Madison, rubbing her shoulders. "You don't have to cover up! Unless you're embarrassed about your brother seeing you."

"It's OK," Madison said, dropping her arms to her sides. "We're cool with nudity." Which was true.

"Hey, then this should all be fun for you!" Abby declared, giving Madison's shoulder a shake.

Meanwhile, Emma and Alexis were getting something out of the trunk. Vanessa and Abby cheered when they saw it was two bottles of vodka, a two-liter of Coke, and a twelve-pack of wine coolers.

"Drink up, ladies!" Emma yelled, passing around some Dixie cups. "To Madison, the newest member of the team!"

"Hey," I protested. "Isn't that giving alcohol to a minor?"

"We didn't offer YOU any," Vanessa shot.

"Hey, she's in college," Abby reasoned. "Or she's about to be, in a couple months. You think she's not going to drink her freshman year?"

"I'm just saying, it should be her choice." I spread my hands in what I hoped was a gesture of reasonableness.

"It's OK, I'll take a shot," Madison said. "Don't worry, Taran, it's not my first time."

That wasn't what I was worried about, but I shrugged as Madison took a shot, along with the other girls. Actually, what worried me most was that Alexis, the driver, was drinking. Protecting my sister was somewhat less important than getting back alive.

To my disapproval, the girls made Maddie take a second shot. I was going to stop them if they tried to make her take a third, but they saw how antsy I was getting and backed off. Good, I thought.

"Well," Abby declared, tossing her long red hair. "Let's get started with the fun!"

I had a bad, bad feeling about this.

**Part 3**
"Miss Emma," Abby intoned. "Would you do the honors?"

Emma stepped in front of the naked, now tipsy Madison, and pretended to unfurl a scroll.

"Madison Green, I hereby declare you to be an official candidate for entry into the \*\*\*\*\* University diving team!" she intoned with mock gravitas. "Before you may enter our hollowed ranks -"

"That's hallowed, dumbass!" Hannah laughed.

"HALLOWED ranks, thank you Hannah," Emma continued. "Before you enter our hallowed ranks, you must complete five tasks."

Five???

"The first of these tasks," declared Emma, "Is to prove yourself physically fit, through a series of calisthenics."

"Jumping jacks!" yelled Vanessa, opening a wine cooler and taking a swig.

"Give us fifty!" Abby ordered.

And my poor sister had to do fifty jumping jacks in the nude. Her breasts bounced as she jumped up and down on the grass. I winced; that had to be a little painful. I looked away, not wanting to witness the rest of the travesty.

"Laps!" declared Alexis. "Around the track three times!"

There was a track next to the stadium, lit by a few electric lights. We walked in that direction.

"See?" Alexis said, putting her arm around my shoulder. "It's healthy! Good exercise!"

Reaching the track, Madison took off and began to jog laps, while the girls hooted and drank wine coolers and urged her to go faster. By the time she had run three laps, she was sweating, despite the fact that it was a cool night. The diving girls ran forward and poured wine cooler over her head. It ran in pink rivulets down her pale skin.

"That was great!" Emma declared. "Now it's time for squat-thrusts!"

I gagged. Seriously? But Madison was already bending over, looking flushed and a little unsteady. Her back was toward me when she bent down, and I reflexivly looked away. Sure, my sister and I were comfortable about each other's bodies, but I had gotten a glimpse of something I knew I absolutely did not want to see.

"Madison has a vagina, and Taran has a penis," I remembered my father saying, years and years ago. "Here's pictures of what they'll look like when you both grow up."

I tried not to compare what I had just glimpsed to my memory of the pictures.

Madison was getting more wine cooler poured over her. Hannah was told to think of an exercise for Madison, and she decided on squats. I bided my time, formulating my plans.

After Madison's exercise routine was complete, Abby declared that since the team was a diving team, the second task was for Madison to prove her diving and swimming skills. With Abby in the lead, and Alexis shepherding me in the back, we made our way to the stadium. There was a fence around it, and we had to climb over; I looked away when Madison was boosted up and over. Then we were inside, and I saw the Olympic-sized pool there. We must be at a university athletic facility. But Madison's university was a four-hour drive away; this must be some other campus.

We made our way inside; I looked nervously up and around at the bleachers, but there was thankfully no one there. Madison had long since stopped trying to cover herself; she was sweaty and tipsy and covered in wine cooler. I couldn't tell if she was mortified out of her mind or starting to get into it. Or maybe just resigned to her fate. Abby and Emma kept hitting her on the butt, splashing her with more wine cooler, and making comments about parts of her body that I won't repeat here. Suffice it to say that they were in pretty bad taste. Abby also grabbed Madison's nipples again, this time from behind, which almost made Maddie fall over on the wet tile. It was just wrong.

"OK, time to show us your skills," Vanessa said. "Prove you're really good enough for the team."

"Six dives," Abby ordered. "We want to see your best."

Madison dutifully climbed up the diving platform. I was kind of worried; was she drunk? Would she fall? But she seemed pretty steady, and made it ok. She stood naked on top of the platform, arms around her breasts, looking around nervously to make sure nobody was watching. I followed her gaze; fortunately, there was nobody.

"Dive!" Abby yelled.

And Madison dove. She stepped forward and executed a beautiful dive (of some kind, I don't know the official terms), grabbing her ankles and spinning, then straightening out and knifing through the water with only a tiny splash. I caught my breath in spite of myself. My sister was a really amazingly talented diver. People had even talked about her trying out for the Olympics. Even nude and humiliated, she had been beautiful to watch in the air. I felt guilty for thinking so.

Madison climbed dripping out of the pool, and the girls razzed her about what had actually been a picture-perfect dive. They taunted her and said she sucked, and that they should cut her from the team for a dive like that. It was all such total bullshit. I noticed that Vanessa and Abby were the meanest. I would remember that.

My sister stood there dripping, cold now, water running from her wet hair down her exposed body. The girls slapped her on the butt a bunch, and pushed her toward the platform again. She climbed up again, and did a different dive this time, but just as beautiful and skillful. And again, they taunted her. This went on for four more dives after that, until finally she was done.

"You know we're kidding." I heard a quiet voice beside me and looked up to see Alexis. She patted me on the shoulder. "Your sister is actually an amazing diver."

"I know," I answered, trying to keep the anger out of my voice. "So just out of curiosity, why are you doing this to her?"

"We do it to everyone," she replied. "It's a bonding thing. Makes us better friends in the end."

I disagreed, of course, but I shrugged. Patience. My plans were still going into effect.

"The next task," Emma was intoning, "is to display your swimming ability. However, we are generous, and so, since you do not have a swimsuit, we will do all we can to help you be more aerodynamic."

"Hydrodynamic," Hannah corrected.

What were they talking about? Then I saw Abby pull a razor out of her purse, and I knew. I jerked forward, then saw Alexis watching me, and hung back.

The girls made Madison lie down by the pool, and made her spread her legs (thank God their bodies were blocking that particular view). Abby took the razor and bent down, and I heard giggling and gasping. When they let her back up, my sister was completely shaved down below. The girls clapped, and Madison instinctively put a hand over her privates, but Abby gently tugged it away. "Ready to swim some laps?" she asked.

My sister stepped toward the end of the pool, throwing me a look that told me she was still keenly feeling the embarrassment. I was, too. My sister just looked weird without her pubes. Of course I had seen shaved girls in pornos, and the first real girl I saw naked had shaved too, so it wasn't like it was something I'd never seen before. But my sister was different. Since puberty, whenever I happened to see her without her clothes on, she had had that little strip of dark brown hair down there, like a badge of adulthood, and I remembered being proud when I had got mine, a couple years ago, because I could be a grown-up like her. Now she looked...well, she looked like she had when we were both little kids. I didn't like it at all. It was gross. why had they made her do that?

As the girls popped open more wine coolers (I noticed Alexis was still drinking), Madison dove into the pool and swam laps. As she did, Abby and Emma were hard at work on their cell phones, texting...who? I had a bad feeling in the pit of my stomach. This wasn't in the plan.

As Madison finished her laps and climbed dripping out of the pool - it was still so weird to see just pink where her pubes should be - there was the sound of a car engine from outside, in the parking lot, loud and rumbling. I froze. Maddie did too. We looked back toward the gate, but all the girls were still smiling. We heard footsteps coming toward the gate, and the grunt of someone as they swung up and over. Someone male.

Maddie heard it too. She clapped one arm over her breasts and the other hand over her crotch, and bent down slightly, watching in fear as her hair dripped onto the tile. I rushed over and stood protectively in front of my sister, shielding her from the sight of whoever was about to walk through that gate. All the girls laughed at me.

Then they arrived - two college guys, athletic and arrogant. They looked right at me and my sister, and at the girls around us.

"Hey," the taller of the guys said. "Looks like we found the party!"

**Part 4**
"Hey, hon!" Abby said, trotting forward to kiss the tall dark-haired guy on the cheek and offer him a vodka-and-Coke. "Glad you could make it."

"Hey, baby," the shorter, lighter-haired of the men said, as Emma went up to kiss him, and he pinched her (very attractive) ass.

Guys from whatever this university was. Abby and Emma's boyfriends. Oh jeez.

"Who's the kid?" Abby's boyfriend asked. "And what's he got behind him?"

Couldn't he see? What an asshole. I felt fear gnawing at the pit of my stomach.

"Of course, I should introduce everybody," Abby declared, throwing her arms wide. "This is Mike, my boyfriend, and Jason, who's just having casual sex with Emma."

Emma blew a raspberry at Abby. Jason laughed and pinched Emma's butt again. Emma slapped him on the cheek.

"Mike, Jason, you know Alexis and Vanessa. This is Hannah, she just joined the team. The kid is Taran Green, and behind him is the newest member of our team - well, member-to-be, which is why we're here. Madison Green."

"Do we get to actually meet Madison?" Mike asked, his voice deep and smooth. "Or is she going to hide behind her kid brother all night?"

If I had my way, it would be the latter, but Alexis started pulling me away from Madison. I fought her briefly, but she overpowered me, and I slipped a little on the tile.

"Feel free to dump the kid in the pool," Vanessa called to the boys, a little vindictively.

But I was more worried about Madison, who was now exposed to the college guys' sight. She still had her arms covering herself, and looked like she wanted to melt into the ground. The two guys looked surprised; had they known she was going to be naked?

"Madison, say hi to Mike and Jason," Abby commanded.

"Hi," Madison squeaked.

"Nice to meet you," Jason inclined his head.

"Yeah, hi," Mike said in his smooth-guy voice.

"It's rude to cover yourself up like that," Emma scolded Madison. "Don't you think these guys are gentlemen?"

"Yeah," agreed Alexis. "It's kind of rude to act like they're perverts or something."

Madison reluctantly dropped her hands to her sides, exposing her breasts and her newly shaven privates. I could tell she was dying of shame. I was burning with anger.

"Sorry we couldn't get you a better show," Emma said to Jason. "Her breasts are kind of small, I know."

My sister's breasts weren't small, I wanted to say, they were perfectly average-sized. It was Emma who had too much hanging off her chest. But I said nothing.

"Well, I wouldn't say that..." Jason protested.

"But she has a great ass," Vanessa barked out. "Maddie, turn around and show the boys that boo-tay."

"It's all right -" Mike started to say, but Madison turned around, all too eager to get her front out of view.

Jason whistled. "You were not kiddin'."

"Stick it out a little," Alexis suggested. "Show it off."

Madison dutifully bent over, showing off the bubble of her butt to maximum effect. Jason whistled again, and made as if to cover his eyes.

"Hey," Emma protested. "Mine is still better, right?"

"Show em side by side, let me compare," Jason breathed. She playfully slapped him again.

"I think we ought to have Madison show off her diving skills for the guys, since they missed it before," Alexis suggested.

"I thought you said -" I started to snark, but a glare from Abby shut me up.

"Yeah, show us some dives," Abby told Madison. "They're not the best, but Mike and Jason here are just water-polo players, they don't know good dives from bad."

Mike snorted, but Madison walked to the platform, climbed up, and dived, as perfectly as before, cutting the water with only the hint of a splash. Mike and Jason clapped and cheered. Madison did a couple more dives, then Abby called her over to stand in front of the boys. I wanted to do something, to run and cover her up, to kick the guys in the nuts, but I knew that would just get me beaten up. Wait, I thought. Revenge is best served cold.

"All right, it's time for our welcoming messages," Abby announced, pulling something else out of her bag.

A package of markers. Oh shit.

"We all get to write something, anywhere we want," Abby explained, handing out the markers. She offered one to me. "Kid?"

I shook my head and waved my hand, trying to look cool.

Madison, blushing bright red with shame, stood with her hands on her head, her legs pressed tightly together, while the girls knelt around her and wrote on her with colored markers. The guys hung back. Mike came over to stand by me. I wanted to sidle away, but made myself hold my ground.

"That's one hot sister you've got there," Mike observed.

"Thanks," I said guardedly. "Course, she's my sister, so it's not like I get off on that."

Mike nodded. "Sure," he said quickly. "I'm just saying, you know."

"It's mean of Abby to show her to you guys like this," I blurted all at once. It wasn't part of my plan, but then again, Mike and Jason weren't either.

"Well...Abby can be a little...hardcore," Mike admitted. "We didn't know she was going to be naked."

"She doesn't like you guys seeing her like this," I continued, throwing caution to the wind.

"It's college sports," Mike explained. "There's always stuff like this. Everybody gets used to it."

"Why don't the other girls get naked then?" I asked.

Mike smiled and laughed. "You know, that's a great idea," he said.

**Part 5**
The girls were done defacing Madison's body. I couldn't read what they had written, but I assumed it was nothing nice. I hoped the marker would come off easily.

Emma was handing a black marker to Jason. "Come on, guys' turn!" she yelled, her voice a little hoarse with alcohol. Jason at first waved the marker off, then shrugged and took it.

"I know where I'm gonna sign," he declared, and stepped around until he was behind Maddie. He kneeled down, and began to inscribe something on my sister's ass.

Abby looked at Mike and held him a marker, raising her eyebrows. Mike laughed and waved it away.

"Come on, Mike," Abby urged. Mike shook his head.

"That's OK, I'm good," he said.

"Booo-ring," Abby declared. "Here, I'll write one for you." she knelt down opposite Jason and began to write something on my sister's inner thigh. I winced.

Jason and Abby finished their defamation of Madison's body, and the markers were put away.

"What now?" Alexis asked.

"As long as people are getting naked," Mike suggested, putting one arm around Abby's waist, "Why don't we all get naked and have a swim?"

"No!" Abby laughed, pushing Mike's arm away.

"Why not?" he pressed. "You enjoyed it plenty last month at the lake."

"That was different," Abby protested.

"I am NOT getting naked in front of that kid!" Vanessa declared angrily, pointing at me as if there were any other kid present.

"Yeah, it feels weird," Hannah agreed.

"Kid, you ever seen a naked grown man before?" Mike called.

"Just myself in the mirror!" I called back. Mike and Jason laughed; Vanessa and Abby snorted contemptuously.

"Shit yeah, let's do it!" Jason declared. "Emma, you in?"

"In front of the kid?" Emma asked gingerly.

"He's just a kid," Jason protested. "Come on, let him see a nekkid chick besides his sister. We don't want him to grow up a perv, do we?"

Abby distanced herself from the boys. "You guys do what you want. I'm gonna just sit right here and watch."

"Me too," Vanessa declared.

"Suit yourself," Mike shrugged, and started getting out of his clothes. Jason followed suit. When they were naked, they gave whoops and ran and jumped into the pool. Alexis and Emma laughed and clapped. Madison looked grateful that attention had been distracted from her.

Jason looked up at Emma, standing in indecision on the side of the pool. Finally she shrugged. "Ah, ... it," she said, and started stripping off as well. I admit I goggled a little as her jeans and top came off, then her lacy bra and bikini panties. Emma was short, but man did she have curves. Her breasts were big and round and I caught a glimpse of a wide pale nipple. Her butt was a "bubble butt" like my sister's, but even more so. Unfortunately, her back was to me, so I didn't get to check out her frontal region...but the rear view was great. As soon as she had stripped down, Emma raced for the pool, giving a whoop and diving in.

"Alexis!" Jason shouted, holding out a hand. Alexis nervously backed away, shaking her head.

"Hannah!" Mike called. Hannah shook her head.

"Y'all are such a bunch o' party poopers!" declared Jason. He swam over to grope Emma, who splashed him.

"Madison!" Mike yelled. "Come on in the water with us!"

Madison, nearly forgotten on the sidelines, shrugged, and dove into the pool. Mike splashed her in the face. She gingerly splashed in his direction.

"There ya go!" Mike yelled. The Jason snuck up and dunked him from behind, and a dunking match ensued.

In the minutes that followed, Mike and Jason got crazy and tried to splash the girls on the shore, who ran away and stood there drinking wine coolers. Emma intermittently joined them, but learned the perils of doing so when Jason grabbed her under the arms, levered her up facing us, and yelled "Titties! Wooooo!!!" Madison, for her part, hung back and tried not to be noticed, but occasionally was drawn into a round of splashing by Mike. Thankfully, the guys kept a respectful distance.

Abby, Vanessa, and Alexis hurled insults at the boys, who insulted them back. Hannah stood watching, a bit enviously, until finally she said: "OK, I'll join, but just in my underwear."

As the boys and Emma cheered, the slightly chubby girl stripped off her shirt and jeans, leaving her in her bra and - I noticed with amusement - a thong. She wasn't really chubby, I thought, just solidly built and a little soft around the thighs. As she kicked off her jeans, she met my eyes briefly, giving me a little embarrassed smile. Then she jumped in, joining the naked Emma in a splash attack on the boys, which they answered by dunking the girls. There was much screaming and flailing, with Madison staying far back.

Finally, Abby yelled: "Come on, you dumbasses, we've gotta get going!"

"Hey, we're having a good time!" Mike called back. "You sure you don't wanna jump in? Water's nice and warm!"

"No thanks!" Abby yelled back. "Come on, it's time for Madison's fifth task of the night!"

"Aw come on," Mike protested. "Enough with that stuff, it's all bullshit! Let's have fun!"

"Shut up!" Abby snapped. "You can stay in there for as long as you like, but the rest of us are gonna go."

The guys booed and hissed, but Abby was having none of it. She started gathering up the stuff, and Vanessa and Alexis followed suit.

"OK, have it your way!" Mike yelled, and hopped out of the pool. Jason followed. Abby pointed at Jason's crotch and gave a little laugh.

"Hey!" he yelled, covering up. "Shrinkage! No fair!" Mike laughed.

"Madison!" Vanessa called, and Madison climbed out of the pool. The marker lines had faded, I noticed happily, though they were still there.

Mike turned to Madison, both of them dripping wet and naked. He extended a hand.

"Miss Madison," he said, "It was fun."

Seeming less embarrassed, she shook his hand, smiling, but saying nothing.

Jason followed Mike, extending his hand. "Ma'am," he said, "I want you to know that you have the finest ass I've seen in many years -"

"HEY!!" protested Emma from the water.

"- and I want you to know that my dick is usually about three times this big," he continued.

"Sure," Madison agreed quietly, and shook his hand too. The guys started to get dressed; Madison went to follow them, but remembered that she had no clothes.

"I'm not getting dressed in front of him," Emma declared, pointing at me. "He already saw my ass."

"AND yer titties!" Jason reminded her. She splashed him.

"Make him go away," Emma demanded.

"Come on," Alexis sighed, tugging my arm. "Let's go."

Alexis led me outside the gate. I was slightly disappointed, but it was OK. More important was that my plan for giving these girls their just desserts might be back on track.We were soon joined by a wet but clothed Emma, Hannah, Mike, and Jason, and a still-naked (but slightly less embarrassed) Madison. They had given her a towel to dry herself off, at least.

I noticed that Emma threw me a nasty look as she walked by. After all, this was my sister's night to be nude in public, and I wasn't even supposed to be along, and here I had seen her naked too (well, almost all of her anyway). I just grinned back hugely. That was in character, I thought. And it was honest too.

"OK, we've gotta go," Abby told Mike. "Thanks for dropping by."

Mike eyed Madison. "You're just gonna keep her -"

Abby pulled Mike's shoulder away from my sister. "It's initiation. You guys do worse to your freshmen, right?"

Mike looked a little embarrassed.

"Come on, Taran," Alexis chirped to me. "We've got one more thing to do before your sister's a full member of our team."

**Part 6**
Back in the Excursion, we drove around for a while, and the girls slowly started taunting Emma again, reestablishing the power relationship that had been disrupted by the antics of the boys. I reminded myself that the time had almost come for my little surprise.

Of course, that was assuming we lived through the night. Alexis had drunk a good amount of alcohol, and was now swerving all over the road. I held on to the seat and prayed for my life. Eventually - thankfully - she pulled over in a Wal-Mart parking lot and the girls got out to discuss Madison's final task.

"You just stay in the car and take care of your sister, OK?" Abby told me as they slammed the doors.

For the first time since the ordeal began, I was alone with my poor sister. Sitting there on the seat next to me, stark naked, her hair still wet, her pubes gone, black and green and red marker lines all over her arms and legs and breasts. She was utterly exhausted.

"I'm sorry, Maddie," I said honestly.

"That's OK," she said back, and smiled at me. "You've been great. It would have been so much harder without you." She leaned over and gave me a big hug. I hugged her back, and was surprised to hear her chuckle.

"You doing OK?" I asked worriedly.

"Yeah," she sighed. "It's almost over, at least."

"Those girls are total d-bags," I declared vehemently.

"Well, some of them are nice," said Madison. "Abby just kind of dominates them. And they go along with it because it's team stuff, y'know?"

"Yeah," was all I could say. "Still..."

"Don't worry about it, kiddo," Maddie said, patting my head. "I'll be just fine. Don't worry."

this was good to hear, but I was still pissed. They had made my sister run around naked, made her show herself off to truckers and who knows who else, showed her off to some random water polo guys, treated her like crap the whole time, and put her life (and mine) in danger with a drunk driver. It was time for some payback. I reached for the glove compartment, opened it, found a pen. The from within my shirt I took out an envelope and started to write.

Madison looked at what I was doing, wide-eyed. "What are you doing?" she asked. "Is that -"

"Shh," I said curtly. "It's time for some ...ing payback."

Saying this, I slipped something into the envelope, sealed it up, put it back under my shirt, walked out of the car. The girls were standing in a huddle. They looked over at me as I walked across the lot.

"Where are you going?" Abby demanded.

"Gotta pee," I called back. "You wanna watch me, or can I go do it over there?"

The girls turned away and ignored me. I waled to a P.O. box standing by the side of the road, slipped something in, and then did my business and walked back. The girls had finished piling into the car; I noticed with apprehension and annoyance that Alexis was still driving.

"Shouldn't someone else drive?" I asked.

"Shut the hell up, jesus!" Vanessa snapped, rounding on me with wide angry eyes. "Do you ever -"

"It's OK," Hannah said. "I only had two. I'll drive, it's OK."

There was grumbling, but the switch was made, and we drove off, heading into residential neighborhoods.

"OK," Abby announced, once we were in the middle of a bunch of nice, expensive-looking houses. "Madison, your final task is this."

"Don't I get to say it?" whined Emma.

"OK, sure, go ahead," snapped Abby.

"Madison, your final task is this," Emma said gravely. "We are going to park near, but not in front of, five houses. At each house, you will knock on the door, say you are lost, and ask for directions. If they offer you clothes, you are to politely refuse. Furthermore, you are not to cover or conceal yourself in any way, and you are not to tell anyone that we are here in the car, or anything about the team or the initiation."

"Hey!" I protested. "That's illegal! And it's ...ing dangerous -"

"Wash your mouth out with soap, little boy!" Abby exclaimed.

"And then shut the ... up," Vanessa growled. "I'm seriously sick of this kid's crap."

There was no use waiting any longer. "Guess what," I said, "I'm tired of YOUR crap. And it's gone on just about long enough, thank you very ...ing much. Now pull this car over, I have something to show you."

They all turned to look at me. "What's he talking about?" demanded Alexis.

"Yeah, I think you should tell us right now," Abby said, her voice dangerous.

I reached into my leg pocket, grabbed the little piece of black plastic that was protruding innocently from my cargo pants. I held it up for them to see.

"What's going on?" Hannah called from the driver's seat. Everyone ignored her.

"See this?" I asked. "It's a spycam. I just ordered it off the internet, and it works great. Battery powered, holds forty minutes of video."

"What the ...!" yelled Abby, and Heather pulled the car over in a strip-mall parking lot.

"Give me that!" shouted Emma, and grabbed it. I let her take it from me.

"You little bastard," Abby growled. "We oughtta kick your ass."

"I wouldn't advise that," I chided, a huge grin on my face. "Notice that it has room for two Compact Flash memory cards. Notice that there is one memory card in the slot. The other one is in a P.O. box by the Wal-Mart where we just stopped a little while ago."

"What -" Abby interjected, but I cut her off, not caring if my voice was reaching into the upper octaves.

"The second memory card is in a stamped envelope addressed to a friend of mine," I continued. "It requires a password to access. It contains videos of you five hazing a freshman, forcing her to commit indecent exposure, and driving drunk as well. If I give my friend the password, I will also tell him to send the evidence to the police."

"You wouldn't dare!" hissed Abby. "Your sister will be off the team if you do that! You don't want that, do you Madison?"

"I don't care what she wants," I yelled, before they could bring pressure to bear on my already-long-suffering sister. "All I know is that if the police see that evidence, you won't have a team any more. Or a future in college. And I'm just about pissed off enough to do that to you no matter what you do. OK?"

Everyone was silent for a long moment.

"Out of the car," Abby suddenly said.

"No, she gets to stay inside," I said, jerking my head toward Madison. Abby nodded once.

Hey, I thought. My powers are growing. Now, for the coup de grace. The piece de resistance. The...OK, I admit I don't speak French.

**Part 7**
"I oughtta kick you in the balls," Vanessa stormed, looking like she was ready to do it.

"Do that," I spat back, internally praying she didn't, "and I'll send you to women's prison. Is it worth it?"

"But you won't send those videos in," Emma protested. "Your sister is naked in em."

"So?" I shrugged. "It's low-res. Not high quality. Good enough to identify faces though, besides the fact that you guys said each other's names like dumbasses."

They fumed at my taunting but said nothing.

"I don't think you realize how much power I have over you right now," I continued, my voice hardening. This was the payoff I had waited for all night. "I can seriously end your athletic and college careers with a single word, and I won't be out anything at all. Anything. I should do it just to spite you d-bags for the way you treated my sister. Maybe I will. What can you give me to make me let you assholes go?"

There was a long silence.

"What do you want?" asked Alexis. "Sorry, Abby, he's got us. I don't want to be kicked out of college."

Abby, Vanessa, and Emma were still fuming, but I could see that the upper hand was mine.

"What do you want us to do?" Abby grumbled.

"First," I said, "My sister needs some clothes. And I notice that you're about her size. So you're going to strip off and give her something to wear."

Abby made no move, just glared at me with a look fit to kill.

"Now," I ordered.

Abby started to strip. she slowly pulled down her skirt, and then peeled off her top, leaving her in bright red bra and panties. She was built a bit like my sister, with slim, well-muscled legs, medium-sized breasts, slim hips, and shoulders that were just a little wide. I noticed with an internal snicker that she lacked my sister's excellent rear end, but I kept a straight face. All in all, I thought with a secret shudder, Abby was gorgeous. She held out the skirt and top toward me, glaring.

"All of it," I demanded flatly. "Come on."

Snorting in rage, Abby peeled off her underwear and bra. She had a landing strip of bright red pubic hair (the red was natural, I thought), and small very pale nipples. She looked like a model. I took her underwear and said "Be right back." Abby put one arm over her breasts and the other over her pubes. "And don't cover," I added.

When she obeyed me, I know I could get these girls to do anything I wanted.

As Abby stood naked and exposed in the parking lot with her teammates, I returned to the Excursion and opened the door, seeing my nude sister huddled there, hugging herself. I handed her the clothes.

"Here," I said, "Put these on. The panties are optional, of course."

"Think I'll just save those," she said. Madison grabbed the clothes and started to pull them on, but looked worried. "How can I be on the team now?" she asked. "I'm going to have to quit."

"No you won't," I soothed her. "Let me handle this."

"OK," she sighed, giving half a laugh. "You...I...I have to admit, that was pretty incredible."

"You ain't seen nuthin' yet," I grinned, and went back to the girls in the parking lot.

Naked Abby was still standing, hands at her side, where I had left her. I wondered if she had covered herself when I had looked away, or been too afraid. She and the other girls broke off a furtive conversation as soon as I returned.

"Very good," I told Abby. "Now, turn around."

Abby did as she was told. I inspected her ass, my hand on my chin. "A little bit flat," I mused. "Kind of long. Muscular, that's good. Not in the same league as my sister's, but then again, I'm not supposed to say things like that about my sister, so I'd say your ass is perfectly acceptable."

A snicker from Emma. I grinned at her, and Abby shot her what I can only assume was a withering glare.

"Now," I continued, "Because I'm not willing to commit sexual assault, I think I should have one of you other girls do this job. Alexis, can you slap Abby on the ass?"

Alexis looked at me, a little drunkenly. "Hard or soft?" she asked.

"Alexis!" Abby hissed.

"Whatever you like," I waved my hand.

Alexis walked over to Abby, who stepped away to escape. "Ah-ah-AH!" I chided.

"Sorry Abby," Alexis said, and she bent down and delivered Abby's butt a stinging slap.

"Very good," I said. "And because I'm a decent stand-up guy, I'll spare you the nipple-pinching shit you did to my sister."

"You can't do this!" Abby hissed. "If you do this, we can send you to jail too!"

"Oh yeah?" I laughed. "Where's your proof? Shoulda brought a spycam, huh?"

That shut her up.

"OK," I declared, "I think we've singled out Abby enough...for now. Time for the rest of you guys to strip down."

A chorus of dismayed groans and protests.

"Come on," I said as sternly as I could. "You all got to see my sister naked, now this is only fair. Strip. come on."

Alexis, Emma, and Hannah shrugged and began to strip down. I watched with carefully controlled glee.

"I am NOT stripping for you," Vanessa declared, crossing her arms. "I'd rather puke."

"Feel free to do both," I shot back. "You're a vicious angry d-bag. Now strip off all your clothes or all your teammates are gonna be sorry."

"Just do it, Ness!" Emma whined, peeling her panties down over her short, muscular legs.

Vanessa looked around, found no way out, and giving me another murderous glare, started to strip off her clothes. She took much longer than the others, who were already nude. I took some time to drink in the sight of the first naked college girls I'd seen in real life. Alexis was the tallest, long and lanky, with kind of a flat butt, small breasts, shaved pubes, and really excellent legs that just went on and on. Emma I had seen before, but only now in her full glory - and believe me, her breasts and ass were glorious indeed. She was shaved too, I noticed - must be a popular style. Hannah was not shaved, she had a landing strip of pale brown hair. Although she wasn't quite as purely hot as the others, she wasn't bad, and she was definitely taking her situation with more equanimity than the others. Finally Vanessa was fully nude, and I admired her long tan body, with its small breasts, dark nipples, stick-slender (but athletic) legs, and delicate shoulders. She was shaved too, I saw - what was up with all these women shaving their va-jay-jays? Well, who was I to question girls' fashions...I was just a fifteen-year-old boy in naked babe heaven.

"OK, everybody turn around and face me!" I ordered. They did, and man was that line of girls gorgeous. Abby, the prettiest, one leg cocked to the side, fuming with rage...Vanessa, her hands making fists at her sides...Emma, eyebrows raised, accepting her nudity with good grace, sticking out her chest to amazing effect...Hannah, more than a little scared, but not angry...Alexis, resigned, idly covering her crotch with her hands (I threw her a look, and she dropped them to her sides). My God, I thought, in no way do I deserve this. But it was real!

We were in a parking lot away from the road, and there was no one around, so I thought I'd have a little fun.

"Hmm," I said, walking up and down the line like a general inspecting his troops. "Emma has the nicest butt of the bunch, of course. Hannah, not bad either. Alexis, a little flat, sorry, but nice back."

I moved around to the front. Abby and Vanessa were obviously dying to cover themselves against the humiliation; Emma put her hands on her hips as if she was showing off, looking up and off into the sky.

"I like Emma's big tits," I continued, "but size isn't everything, Vanessa, Alexis. All of you guys are doing pretty well in the boobage department. Emma's are the perkiest, which is pretty amazing given their size...hmm..."

I stood there stroking my chin, still looking. "As for legs...well, I'm gonna have to give it to Alexis. Yours are just amazing."

I watched their reactions as I evaluated their bodies. Emma seemed almost pleased, Alexis seemed amused, Hannah still seemed scared. Vanessa was the angriest, and Abby was by now scheming how to get me back.

But oh, I thought, I'm not done with you. Oh no.

**Part 8**
"I'm not making Madison watch this," I told the naked girls in the parking lot, "because she's not part of this. I don't want you blaming this on her, she went along like a good little freshman victim on all your bullshit hazing, she was gonna suck it up and take one for the team, so you guys would like her and accept her. But I am not her. I am the spirit of justice and retribution. And so I think it's time for you guys to do some jumping jacks. Let's say, fifty."

"You little bastard," Vanessa snarled.

"No, YOU little bastard," I corrected, wondering why she had so much rage in her. "Now get going, I'll be counting! Sort of."

They began to jump, boobs flying, cute legs scissoring into the air. I sort of kept count, but not really. Eventually they were done, a sheen of sweat on each girl's forehead.

"OK," I said, "squat-thrusts it is. Because I'm nice, and not totally a perv, I'll let you face toward me so I don't see right up your baby-makers."

All except Abby looked grateful. They dropped to all fours and began the routine, their breasts hanging beautifully down in front of them. Some considerably more than others.

When they were done, I let them rest a moment.

"All right," I declared, "it's time for public nudity and exhibitionism. Let's head to the road, girls, we're gonna flash some truckers."

"But -" Vanessa whined, suddenly pleading. I admit that a pleading tone on a completely naked college girl never fails to move me.

"No buts!" I snapped. "I am the spirit of justice and retribution!!"

"But we've already DONE this!" Vanessa continued desperately. "We did it when we got initiated!"

That stopped me short.

"Hmm..." I said, rubbing my chin.

"That's right," Hannah chimed in. "I had to go into a convenience store butt-naked and buy a soda."

"I had to dance naked for like half the water polo team," Emma recalled.

"You liked it though," Alexis said.

"She made me go naked to the house of a boy I liked," Vanessa said, inclining her head toward Abby, "and do that 'me-love-you-long-time' routine!"

They all looked at Vanessa. I saw her, standing there utterly naked and suddenly very vulnerable. She looked like she was about to cry. I suddenly glared at Abby, who looked down, ashamed. What a rotten, awful thing to do, I thought. what a total d-baggy thing to make someone do. No wonder Vanessa was so full of rage.

"OK," said after a minute. "I'm guessing that Abby started this reign of terror, and began all this naked hazing. Am I right?"

"Well, not completely," Alexis said matter-of-factly. "there was some of it before. But she made it a lot worse."

"You went along with it," Abby said reproachfully. "I didn't notice you complaining."

Alexis shrugged.

"OK," I asked, "What's the order of seniority here? What year is everyone? Alexis?"

"Abby is a senior, Emma and I are juniors, Vanessa is a sophomore, and Hannah's a transfer, she came in last semester," Alexis told me.

"Then that means Abby has hazed three generations, Alexis and Emma two, and this is Vanessa and Hannah's first hazing. Right?" Nods.

"So," I continued, "Vanessa and Hannah, after you apologize to my sister you can put your clothes back on, and no more retribution. Alexis and Emma, you still need to work off a bit of your karma. And Abby, I'm kind of pissed at you after hearing all this."

No one said anything.

"OK," I said, "First order of business is that all of you guys owe my big sister a sincere apology. Let's go."

One by one, the naked divers lined up and headed for the Excursion. I got Maddie to come out, and one by one the girls apologized to her, their eyes downcast. Abby's apology seemed insincere, but the others seemed real enough.

"Great," I said. "Vanessa and Hannah, you can put on your clothes. No more humiliation for you. I'm sorry you had to go through all that, but you should think about other people's feelings before you pass on the crap that people did to you."

They hurried back to their clothes, while I focused on the three naked girls who were left.

"OK, guys," I said. "now who's ready to flash some truckers?"

A few minutes later, we were cruising down the road in the Excursion. Maddie was driving, with nude Alexis in shotgun. I shared the middle seat with a still very naked Emma. And in the back seat, Hannah and Vanessa, now fully dressed, kept watch over their one-time tormentor, the still naked - and still fuming - Abby.

Right now, Emma and Alexis were perched up on the seats, their legs spread for balance, their arms up and gripping the ceiling handles. Their naked asses were in the air, hanging out the windows, and they were screaming with a mix of embarrassment and excitement as we passed a trucker on the left. He honked and waved as the two girls' asses drifted slowly by.

"Oh my God I'm so embarrassed!" Emma screamed, her eyes shut. In front of me, her breasts dangled, so close...

"I repent!" Alexis yelled. "I repent all my sins!" The trucker honked again.

We passed a couple more cars, favored them with a view of Alexis and Emma's lovely rear ends. Suddenly, I head a yell from the back seat: "Screw it, I'm doin' this!" Glancing back, I saw Hannah stand up in her seat, roll down the window, and drop her pants and panties to her ankles, while Vanessa watched in disbelief and Abby ignored the whole thing. Hannah joined Emma and Alexis in sticking her bare ass out the window, so that we had a row of three asses. Small, medium, and large, I thought to myself with a grin.

Just then we passed a slow-driving convertible full of college guys - maybe from the same campus as Mike and Jason, I thought. I yelled for Madison to slow the Excursion, and we treated the guys to our gallery of bare diver booty. They stood up in the seats, whooping and cheering, and Emma closed her eyes again and made a face halfway between crying and laughing.

"OK, let's show em some tits!" I called.

They two juniors shifted around and knelt on the seats, leaning out the windows and cupping their breasts for all to see, while I got a wonderful close-up view of Emma's legendary ass. As the college guys gave more cheers, and inappropriate offers and suggestions, Hannah ducked in, pulled up her pants, and looked at me and at Vanessa. "I'm gonna go for it!" she declared, and shucked off her shirt and undid her bra. Abby, still sitting there naked with a stony glare on her face, said nothing. Hannah, grinning wildly, gave a whoop and stuck her ample breasts out to join those of the two upperclassmen. More cheers from the guys, and after a minute or so of that we sped away.

After flashing about four or five more cars, I gave them permission to come back inside.

Emma plopped down beside me, flushed with exhileration. Despite me being the spirit of justice and retribution and all, I was a fifteen-year-old boy, and the presence of a hot butt-naked college girl, breathing hard, in the seat next to mine was pretty heady.

"How did that feel?" I asked Emma.

"I have...absolutely...no modesty...anymore," she declared, and leaned against me. Her bare breast fell against my arm. Compelled by necessity, I reached down and adjusted my pants. In the back, Hannah was putting her clothes back on, with Vanessa saying "I can't believe you did that!"

"Um...good?" I ventured.

"You done got me butt-nekkid, kid" she drawled in a fake Southern accent, and her hand brushed across my crotch - accidentally? I shifted away from her hand and stifled the urge to grab the breast lying on my arm, and squeeze and squeeze...

"Yeah...um...why don't we go get you some clothes, you guys have done enough," I suggested. This was all getting a little intense.

We pulled over into a rest stop, and we got Emma and Alexis' clothes. Emma, still drunk on the thrill of flashing, did a spontaneous little dance before putting on her clothes - one that did pretty amazing things to her already-described assets. Anyway.

Alexis stood there, in naked contemplation, for a moment. Dear God, I thought, those legs. One was slightly bent, showing off shapely calf and long slender thigh to full effect. I shivered.

"Aren't you going to put on your clothes?" I asked her.

"Sure," she said absently. Then she suddenly turned and walked toward me quickly. I flinched away, covering my balls with one hand just in case, but she grabbed my head and kissed me, hard (no tongue though, sadly). This was weird, not just because she was totally naked, and not just because she was six years older than me, and not just because I had just finished making her do humiliating stuff, but also because she stood half a head taller than me.

"You know?" she said softly as I gazed down a long expanse of naked woman, "In a kind of twisted way, you're really sweet."

Anyway, while I was reeling in shock from that, she walked back and put on her clothes without another word.

"All...right..." I panted, after taking a minute to recover. "So we've all had quite enough hazing for one night...except for a certain special someone."

Abby, guarded by Vanessa and Hannah, was standing sullen and naked and beautiful by the Excursion, one slender leg cocked against the door, her red hair (upper and lower) a dull rust-brown in the lights of the rest stop.

"Hey Vanessa," I called. "Can you grab Abby's bag out of the car?"

**Part 9**
But as I looked at Abby, a grin spreading across my face, she put an arm over her breasts and a hand over her crotch, and gave me a cool look of hatred.

"I don't think so," she said calmly.

"Oh no?" I wondered what she had up her nonexistent sleeve. Actually, I thought, she was pretty hot like that, covering herself up. In a way, it was hotter than being completely exposed.

"I don't think you can threaten me into doing anything else," Abby explained, as a now-clothed Emma and Alexis ambled over to join us. "See," she continued, "You've already made all these other girls do all that crap. If I stop playing your little game, you're not going to turn them all in just to get me."

As she said that, the other girls looked worriedly at me. They had to be wondering if Abby was right, or if I'd screw them all over, after they had done squat-thrusts and flashed frat boys, just because Abby tried to buck me.

"Well," you're sort of right," I said slowly, rubbing my chin and feeling the beard stubble there. "It's true that I'm not going to turn you in to the cops now. The rest of you guys are perfectly safe."

A collective exhalation of breath greeted this declaration.

"BUT," I went on, "that doesn't mean you're out of the woods, Abby. See, I think these girls are pretty pissed at you, not just for getting them into this situation tonight, but for being such a jerk over so many years."

Abby started to say something biting, then looked around. Emma and Alexis were looking at Abby with cool amusement; Vanessa with cold, long-suppressed rage. Suddenly Abby looked less sure of herself.

"Let me ask you a question," I continued. "When you got initiated into the swim team, did they make you get naked and do silly stuff, like you made all these other girls do?"

Abby's silent glare answered my question for me. "I see," I nodded. "Well, I think we should consider this your long-overdue freshman initiation, then. What do you girls say?"

No one said anything. Then Emma shrugged and said "He's got a point, Abs."

Abby responded with something unprintable. And that was that.

"So..." I pursed my lips. "Vanessa, can you get those markers out from Abby's bag?"

"Oh no," Abby said, shaking her head.

"Oh YES," I grinned, and then Vanessa was handing markes to Hannah, to Alexis, to Emma, and finally to Madison, who had been standing back and watching the proceedings with a little grin on her face, letting me do my thing.

"I think these girls would like you to spread your legs and put your hands on your head," I told Abby wryly.

Abby looked around at the advancing girls, and with a sigh of exasperation, uncovered her breasts and crotch and put her hands on her head, spreading her long nice legs. Long red hair fell around her pretty, angry face and over her pale white shoulders. I had to admit, she was a really good-looking girl. If only she weren't such a total d-bag.

The girls converged on Abby, and began to write. I checked out the stuff they wrote, and it wasn't too bad, mostly just silly stuff and diving team slogans. But Vanessa's message, written in green all over Abby's ass, was pretty harsh: "I got metaphorically screwed by a fifteen-year-old boy," it read. I looked at Vanessa, who looked up from finishing the inscription, and for the first time all night, she smiled at me. She was pretty when she smiled. As the girls backed away to admire their handywork, Vanessa delivered Abby a resounding slap on her green-covered butt. Abby gave a little involuntary shout and jerked her arms down to her rear, and everyone laughed.

Then, that humiliation over with, I looked around at the other girls for a cue as to what to do. They looked back at me, obviously expecting me to come up with some new embarrassment. I knew just the thing.

"Hmm..." I said thoughtfully. "What else? Well, it's kind of unfair that my sister should have to have her fashion choices made for her. I think Abby should have to lose her pubes too."

"It is more hydrodynamic," my sister ventured quietly, and everyone (except Abby) laughed. Vanessa grabbed the shaving kit out of Abby's bag.

Suddenly Hannah blurted: "Does that mean I have to lose my pubes too?"

"No, of course not," I told her. "Well, unless you want to."

She actually considered it. "Nah," she said, "I'll keep em. I'm already not very hydrodynamic." As she said this, she grabbed her butt, and the other girls chuckled.

"Well, I guess it's just you, Abby," Alexis said. I took a last, longing look at Abby's pubic hair, that fiery red little rectangle between her thighs. I'd be sad to see it go, I thought.

Resigned to her fate, Abby sat down on the wet grass, her cute legs spread wide, and the girls kneeled around her. Vanessa did the honors. I permitted myself to look this time, and got a little more education about the female anatomy. when they were done, and Abby stood back up, the red rectangle was gone, replaced by a pink triangle with a little slit on the end. Seeing this gorgeous older woman, standing there all naked and vulnerable and angry and beautiful, I was suddenly seized with the urge to run up and...well, I don't know, grab her? Throw her to the ground and ravish her? Remember, this was puberty.

"OK," I said, "Now that that's done, Abby has one more task to perform before she's completely rehabilitated."

"Oooh, what is it?" Hannah asked eagerly.

"It's a surprise," I told her, grinning. "You guys get in the car, I'll be right there. Vanessa, can you hand me Abby's phone?"

Vanessa handed me the phone, and they piled into the car. I placed a quick call to a friend of mine, calling up his number from memory, and stuck the phone in my pocket.

"OK, let's head back toward our house," I declared. Madison gave me a salute and swung the Excursion around.

A ten minute drive, and we were back in Maddie and my neighborhood. But instead of heading to our house, I had her head over to the other side of the neighborhood. The girls laughed and joked all the way, ignoring Abby; it was a much more fun, lighthearted atmosphere than what we'd started out with. And, I was happy to see, Madison started getting in on the fun, joking with the rest of them. Already, I thought, she was part of the team.

Finally, we reached a certain house, and I called for Maddie to pull over. "Everybody out," I barked.

"I can't go out like this," Abby hissed. "There's all kinds of people around!"

I turned and gave her an arch look, and she instinctively covered her breasts. "What was the final task you had planned for my sister?" I asked coolly. Abby said nothing, but made a pained face. "Look," I said, "it's two in the morning, and we're gonna head straight to the house. No one's gonna arrest you for being naked on the street. OK?"

Abby said nothing, but got out of the car, covering herself and trying to hide behind the bodies of Emma and Alexis as we walked to the house. When we were almost to the front porch, my sister gave a laugh of recognition as she realized where we were. I didn't have to knock; my friends were watching from the windows. They swung the door open as we approached, and we bustled into the house of my friend Vineet.

Abby found herself stark naked in the midst of a bunch of fifteen- and sixteen-year-old boys. She looked around in horror, and dropped to a crouch, arms crossed over her chest. Everyone stared. There were Tom Snyder, Mark Greenbaum, Mark Chang, Alex Nurevich, Jordan Hansen, and Vineet. High school juniors and sophomores all - my good old gang of friends. Everyone knew Madison; the rest introduced themselves, and diving girls and high school boys shook hands all around. The guys, I noted appreciatively, kept darting wide-eyed glances at Abby where she crouched in humiliation; they had seen my pull some crazy stunts in life, but they never expected me to bring over a live naked hot twenty-one-year-old girl.

"Hey," I called out, "we still need to introduce Abby." Everyone turned to look at her. "Abby?" I said. "Why don't you stand up and meet my friends?"

Abby showed no inclination to move, so Hannah and Vanessa went to pull her upright. Abby shook them off, and stood, putting one hand back over her recently shaven crotch. The guys just stared appreciatively.

"Hi, I'm Vineet," said Vineet, moving forward to shake Abby's hand. Abby made no move to accept his handshake, and Vanessa slapped Abby on the ass again. Abby chose to expose her crotch, and gingerly shook Vineet's hand. After that, the rest of the guys lined up for a handshake.

"Hey," Emma asked Vineet, "You got any dance music around here?"

"Not too loud," I cautioned, "it'll piss off the neighbors."

So while Abby stood naked in the middle of the boys and girls, Vineet grabbed his laptop and speakers and put on a dance mix. We started dancing around in the living room; Emma and Hannah epseically were having fun dancing with the high school boys. Emma, I found out, had some pretty awesome moves.

"Dance!" Alexis shouted, and slapped Abby on the ass. Abby gave her a pleading look, but then Vanessa slapped her butt again, and Abby was forced to dance. At first she tried to keep covered up, but quickly realized the futility of this, and gave in to the inevitable. Exposed for the first time in front of a bunch of teenage boys, dancing naked and awkward in a room full of fully clothed people, the redheaded woman was about as mortified as it was possilbe for a human being to be.

Good, I thought.

Hannah came over and grabbed me for a dance. My arms went around her waist, and hers went around my neck. I noticed with relief that she was shorter than I was. The proximity of her breasts was a little intoxicating, I have to admit, especially since I had recently seen those breasts waving out the window of a car. Hannah looked into my eyes with a sultry stare; I realized she was pretty.

"Too bad you couldn't join the fun," she said to me. "You know, get naked with the rest of us."

I shrugged. "I'm underage."

She nodded, and then leaned close to my ear, and softly said: "In three years, Taran Green, we're gonna come back and get you, and your ass is going to be naked for a whole solid week."

I gulped, and suddenly I had to move my hips a little back from her as we danced. "I'll be...um...looking forward to it," I told her, and there was some truth to it. She replied with a quick peck on my cheek, and now I really felt the need to sit down. But Emma came over and cut in, and then Alexis, who had found some vodka in Vineet's parents' cabinets and had gotten Emma to join her in a round; both of them stumbled a little as we danced, but it was OK. Finally, Vanessa cut in, which surprised me, and I found myself with my arms around the slender waist of the girl who just a few hours ago had hated my guts so much.

"I'm sorry I was a bitch to you," she said softly, a sour look on her face. "You're a good brother to your sister."

"No worries," I said. "It all worked out in the end. I'm sorry I made you get naked."

"It's OK," she replied. "I deserved it for being mean to your sister. She really is a great girl."

"Thanks," I grinned. "Yeah, she isn, isn't she? Take care of her, OK?"

"We will," Vanessa said, and I felt a rush of relief. Maddie was going to make it on the team after all. Looking over, I saw Vineet dancing with Maddie, and Abby surrounded by the stares of several of my friends.

Then we were exhausted, and the dancing was over. All eyes turned back to Abby as people plunked themselves down in couches and chairs or leaned against walls. Abby covered herself again, but by now everyone had seen everything plenty of times, and it was just kind of pointless.

"OK," I said, fishing Abby's phone out of my pocket and handing it to Vineet. "Here you go, this is Abby's phone. It takes nice pictures. Feel free to document anything you like, and send it to her boyfriend Mike. He should be in the address book."

"Screw you!" Abby yelled, making a lunge for the phone in a flash of pale skin and multicolored marker streaks. Vineet and I danced back; she tried again, but we were way too fast, and she slipped on the hardwood, going down on her ass and flashing the boys in the process. She quickly clapped her knees together and scrambled to her feet.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?!" she yelled.

"Well, we're out of here," I shrugged. "Maddie and I have got to be in bed by a reasonable hour, you know. It's already like three or three-thirty in the morning."

"Give me back my clothes!" Abby demanded. "You can't just leave me here naked with these kids!"

"Well," I said, "Your clothes are on Madison right now, and we couldn't give them back without embarrassing her, which I am pretty keen on avoiding right now. So I think we'll just take them as a token of Maddie's acceptance onto the diving team, and call it a day."

"So...I'm just going to be left here, naked, with these random kids?" Abby spluttered. Those random kids had giant grins all over their faces. Vineet was already snapping pictures of Abby, making sure to get the message written in green on her ass.

I shrugged again. "You have your bag. You have everything you need. I'm sure you can persuade these kids to let you throw something on - a towel or a sheet or something of Vineet's mom's. And some guys here have cars, they can give you a ride back whenever they're ready."

Abby looked like she was about to slap me. Then she looked around, and saw that no one was on her side. She snorted in defeat and crossed her arms over her breasts, looking away. If she didn't have marker writing all over her, I thought, she could be a nude model in a magazine.

"Anyway," I said, looking around at everybody, "Moral of the story, hazing is bad, be nice to younger people, etc. etc. And also, diving team girls are hot."

"Woo-hoo!" whooped Emma, and the others echoed her.

"And Abby looks great naked!" I yelled, raising an imaginary glass to toast. Everyone whooped and cheered. Abby sighed and gave me a look of amused resignation. she uncrossed her arms and put them on her hips, and just slowly shook her head.

**Part 10 - Epilogue**
"One more time, Diving Team!" Emma shouted. Standing on the seats of the Excursion, Alexis, Emma, Hannah, and Vanessa dropped their pants to their ankles. Alexis, Emma, and Hannah took their panties as well, but Vanessa modestly kept hers up. Then four beautiful asses were hanging out the windows as we cruised through my neighborhood at four in the morning, and five semi-naked girls were whooping with delight.

A couple minutes later, Maddie and I stumbled out onto the walkway of our house, and Vanessa waved to us as she wheeled the SUV away back toward their college, where Maddie would be moving in just a couple months. We waved back, and turned away. Our crazy adventure was finally over.

As soon as we got in the door, Madison grabbed me and hugged me in a long, quiet embrace, her chin on my shoulder. When she finally let me go, there were tears in her eyes.

"You are such a great brother, Taran," she said, smiling through the tears.

"I know," I answered, and hugged her again.

When we were done with the sibling bonding, Madison went upstairs to take a shower ("I gotta get all this marker crap off me," she said), and I went to my room to relieve myself. Hey, it had been a long exciting night, and I was fifteen years old. I had trouble deciding whether to fantasize about Alexis (who had kissed me), Emma (whose body I had gotten to feel more than I probably should have), or Hannah (who had said such nice naughty things when she danced with me). I eventually settled on imagining all three at once.

Luckily, I finished before my sister called me from the shower to ask for help scrubbing the marker off her back. I'm not going to narrate that part, of course, because A) I had had enough of seeing my sister naked to last five lifetimes, and B) like I said, we're really not that uptight about that kind of thing. Instead, I'll tell you what happened the next day.

The next day, I woke up in the morning (OK, afternoon) to find several emails from Vineet sitting in my inbox. They were prefaced by the phrase "DELETE these after you look at them!!", which reminded me that I had to ask Vineet to send me back my Compact Flash memory card when it arrived in his mailbox. Anyway, I opened the attachments, to find a bunch of very nice iPhone 4 snapshots.

Once she didn't have to be humiliated in front of the diving team, Abby seemed to relax a lot about being nude in front of a bunch of teenage boys. She didn't really seem intimindated by them, and even seemed to be having fun. First came photos of her serving the guys snacks and drinks, with a little mini-apron tied around her waist. Then she was playing XBox with them, dressed in a pair of Vineet's pajama bottoms. She looked like she was having fun. After that, they must have purposefully set up some nude photo shoots. Abby was naked again, and oh-so-gorgeous, this time posing cutely in Vineet's living room, holding various objects to strategically cover herself - fans of cards over her nipples, or a pineapple in front of her crotch. There was one with her holding a dry-erase board in front of her private parts, with the words "Hi, Mike!" written in big black letters. She was waving and smiling. Then there was an amazing shot of her, stark naked again, being held up by the arms of four of the guys, with her own arms stretched wide and a big wide grin on her face. And finally, a series of Abby passed out on a couch, seemingly naked but covered by a blanket, while in front of her the guys made thumbs-up signs for the camera.

"You're going to delete those, right?" Madison asked, looking over my shoulder and shaking her head at the pictures of Abby's nude evening.

"But she was gonna make you go naked to a bunch of strangers' houses!" I protested.

My sister's hand came to rest gently on my shoulder. "You're going to delete them...right?" she asked again, more slowly.

"Yes," I answered meekly.

"OK, in that case, I'll give you a present," she said, and skipped out of the room. When she came back, she was holding, washed and folded, Abby's red panties and bra from the previous night.

I accepted the gifts reverently. "Wow," I said. "Women's underwear. I love to wear this stuff." Maddie laughed.

"Just remember, what happened last night stays secret, OK?" She ruffled my hair.

"Of course," I sighed. "You don't even need to say that!"

"Good," she said, and turned to go out. "And delete those pictures!" she called over her shoulder.

And I did delete them. After I blacked out my friends' faces and posted the pics to the forums, of course.

I mean, hey. I said I was 15 years old.