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Author's Note:

Mistress Pepper and Sophie are "anonymized" versions of me and my slave-girl. The real me. All of my stories are (or should I say will be) my memories of a session with a sub. Thus, they are true stories. Only in this version details have been changed to protect the sub. I do live in Mobile about 10 months of the year (the remaining two I spend in Nizhny Novgorod, Russia, where my father is from and lives), and almost all of my subs live in Mobile or a bordering county. I'm originally from Baldwin County, next door to Mobile. I moved across the bay to attend USA. As is/did Mistress Pepper. But I'm not a blond. And you'll most definitely have to guess at my bra size! If you got this story on my web site, the picture on the cover isn't really the sub. It's just a picture that looks close to it that I found online thanks to Yandex.

The latest four stories are always available, with no questions asked and for free, on my website, including stories that aren't published anywhere else.

The complete archives of all my public-version stories are available in the member's pages of my website. Just sign up, it's easy and free. So are the stories. I promise to never spam anyone.

If you want to be notified of new stories, just subscribe to my mailing list and you'll get a link whenever a new story is posted, whether it's published on another site or not.

And remember, the names and such have been changed in this version to protect the slutty. Only Princess Lilly appears as herself. But she truly has no concept of shame. Check out my blog, also on the member's pages of my website, if you want. Her picture is there. Isn't she so cute!

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Prologue:

In case this is the first of my stories you've read, there are a few things I've skipped over in this story since there are several other stories I've written about this same sub. I tend to write a story after almost all of my sessions with my toys. But I publish very few of them online. All of them are available free on my web site to my friends. Many more are available in a "public version" (in which the names and identifying details have been changed to protect the shame of my sub), also for free, to "members" of my web site (free to join, and so NO spam!). And the latest four stories are always available to anyone, free, to the world, no questions asked, no membership required.

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 19-year-old Domme, living downtown Mobile, Alabama. I have a decently well-stocked playroom in the second bedroom of my fourth-floor apartment (most of my neighbors are corporate types who aren't always around, giving me a lot of privacy, even in the halls and elevators). I also have a decently stocked toybox. I prefer my toys to be older than I am, around 30-42 years old. I prefer men for myself, however not for my toybox. When it comes to toys, I find women and couples to be far more amusing. Single men tend to be needier, and often too clingy. But that doesn't mean I don't have a few of them in my toybox. I do. They just don't have the same chances of getting there as couples and single women do.

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" that petite. I'm 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. I'm not bony, though, I've curvy, like a small-sized woman. I have blond hair down to my shoulders and blue eyes. Oh, and my chest is the only place I'm not small. I'm a 32-D, and I'm very pert. Which makes me popular with the boys.

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big

advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

When I want sex I never use one of my toys. I never allow a toy touch, or even see, all of me. And I never bring a toy to my bedroom. Nor do I chose a woman. I pick a man, usually one I find in a club or cafe, or wherever. I flirt, dance dirty a little and if he meets my standards, I ask if he's interested in a one-time-only, no-names-exchanged, hook-up. I've never been turned down.

I have a few standards for my hook-ups. I never pick a guy I know or even just see around. And I insist on a cock between 7 and 9" long and 1.5" across, plus or minus a small bit. I won't touch a guy who isn't circumcised, either. I hate the way the foreskin feels inside me. I want to feel that fat head. The dirty dancing gives me plenty of time to tease a guy hard and feel for myself what he's got. It's the only way not to be disappointed. Guys always lie about their equipment!

Sophie is my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

I have three BFFs, (Isabelle, Reagan, and Ellie) none of whom are into my little games. But all of whom occasionally creep into my stories. After all, they are my BFFs so they tend to be around. Luckily they're not offended by anything they happen to see. They're just not eager for me to

put on a show on their account.

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommes as well. Andrea (26), Janelle (35), Colette (39), Diane (43), and Olive (44). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

I get all of my toys through networking. It's almost always either one of the women in our circle who has a toy she doesn't want and offers to point it at another who is interested. Or sometimes one of my toys tells someone, who tells someone, and so on until someone asks my toy to introduce someone to me. Rarely it's someone I don't play with, but who knows what I'm into, who asks me to meet someone. I get plenty of emails inquiring about meeting me, and while I will email and maybe chat with a sub online, I haven't yet met any. I won't rule it out, but meeting online is risky enough that someone would have to convince me before I'd think about it. A girl's gotta be careful!

Chapter Ol: Alpha Gamma

Chapter OI: Alpha Gamma

Like every college nowadays, USA, the University of South Alabama here in Mobile, where I am a sophomore, has a very strict antihazing policy for the sororities. And like every other college, it's irregularly enforced. Unless someone complains, or there's an injury, or even worse a media circus, very rarely will anything be said. Complaints result in slaps on the wrist. Injuries guarantee some serious consequences. Media attention guarantees expulsions. Welcome to the new millennium, where public perception is Queen.

I'm not actually a member of any of our sororities. But I have plenty of friends who are. And I have a bit of a reputation on campus. I have ever since I hosted a rather intense party aboard a borrowed boat. Plus, I've brought Sophie, my live-in slave-girl countless places with me. To parties. To the places, we hang out. And a couple of times, even to class with me. Sophie is excellent at taking notes for me. Whenever I take her anywhere, I leash her. At least where I can without causing too much trouble. So everyone has an idea about my personal lifestyle.

I've also been known, on rare occasions, to provide one of our frat houses with some extra entertainment for one of their parties. Entertainment like Shelbie, a 35-year-old redheaded toy in my toybox who loves to be whored out. Even more so to cute frat boys. All of whom don't mind her one bit. She might be a little older, but she has a very shapely body. Plus, she's a redhead, and that's something guys seem to have a thing for. And she's very obedient when I tell her to be. There's nothing she won't obediently do for me. Nothing.

Even though I know almost all of the members of Alpha Gamma Delta, I'm a little surprised when one of my closer friends tells me that she, and some of their leadership, would like to have a chat with me about a pledge party. They, and a couple of others, strongly hinted last year that I would be a welcome addition to their sisterhood. I declined. I wonder if they're going to try again this year. I know some of the houses would be glad to have me as a member. It's one of the reasons I won't join – I'm not going to be the token "wild and kinky" sister anywhere.

I'm just me. But Sarah assures me that's not what it's about, although if I'm interested, she could guarantee me acceptance without "hassle." So I agree to meet with them. Why not?

The next day I meet with Sarah, the girl I know best there, as well as Jordan, the girl who has no official title, but so completely runs the sorority. For privacy, we agree on one of the little coffee shops on Dauphin Street downtown, right near my apartment, and across town from campus. I know those places well, so I pick one that caters to a more mature crowd: 30-something office yuppies. And it's a place where I know the owners, so it's a place where a leashed Sophie is welcome. Sure, she gets some funny looks from those yuppies, but they're all talking about her, and some bring their friends around hoping they'll get to see the sideshow, too. She's actually good for business!

I have a table for four, with three chairs, when they arrive. The fourth place, without a chair, is for Sophie. She kneels there, waiting demurely for me to have some whim that I'll allow her to cater to. The place is like a Starbucks – plenty of space to hang out, but no waitresses. So when Sarah and Jordan arrive, I wave them to bypass the line and come over to the table. Once they're seated I just motion for Sophie.

Very humbly, Sophie asks each girl what she'd care for. Once she has their orders, she goes to the counter and fetches them. Then she returns, kneels beside each girl, and politely presents her order. I call it BYOW service. Bring Your Own Wait-slave!

Then we sit, sipping our coffees, and finally, Jordan tells me what she wants. They're planning a wild pledge party. DUH, I think, so are the other four houses. Then she tells me about a pledge they have. A 19-year-old girl named Brooke.

Brooke comes from a very well-to-do, and very "Old-South" family. She's a "great girl" and they think a perfect fit for their sorority. Brooke's goals are perfectly aligned with theirs, and she's a natural leader. She's even well-liked by the sisters.

Chapter OI: Alpha Gamma

But there is one issue with Brooke. She's rather prideful. Enough so that some of the sisters feel that she shouldn't be accepted because of it. They feel that Brooke thinks her status as part of an old-south power family elevates her. It's an idea that Brooke only makes worse with little comments. Comments she clearly doesn't even think about. Comments like how she'd never let some guy do this or that to her. And it's not big things. It's little things.

They want Brooke to learn a little humility, a lesson they feel she deserves. And that might make her a better person. And hopefully will make her closer to her new sisters. And they want me to teach it to her at their pledge party.

It's Sarah's idea. A couple of weeks ago Brooke saw Sophie on campus. Not even that closely, just across a hall. I remember the day, it's the only day recently that I've taken Sophie to one of my classes. A nursing class. We were having a "lab class," where we'd practice drawing blood from volunteers. As I practiced, the instructor would be talking me through every step of the way. Since it's hard to take notes while sticking someone, I had Sophie taking notes as I followed the instructions. Her notes were exceedingly thorough, too. And very popular, as my classmates all begged me for a copy of them. None of them have a slave to take notes for them.

Brooke had commented on "what a loser" Sophie must be to allow herself to be publicly humiliated and leashed like a dog. How Brooke would never allow anyone to leash her. Being an intelligent woman, Sarah knew that Brooke really meant that she would never allow anyone to see her subjected to another's control.

I ask what exactly they have in mind. And is Brooke willing?

Sarah tells me that they thought about it, and decided that they needed professional help. Me. They don't know what to do. They have plenty of ideas, but after discussing them realized that they didn't understand how anything might affect Brooke. They don't want to scar

the girl for life or anything, just teach her to a little humility. So they decided to consult me.

And yes, Brooke is willing. At least she's willing to endure the pledge party, something that's mandatory for all pledges. It's either endure it or don't get accepted. And all of the pledges know that. Just as the entire campus knows that the anti-hazing policy is little more than words on paper, unless things become public and embarrassing to the school, then those words are the end of someone's academic life. Brooke knows that she'll be hazed at the party. It's the purpose of the party! And while Alpha has a reputation for seriously hazing its pledges, it also has a reputation for doing so without injuring them. At least not physically.

They have a few traditions, and obviously, they have to follow those. Pledges aren't allowed dates for the party, not even to meet up with a guy (or girl if that's their taste) at the party. They're alone. Each pledge is randomly assigned to one of the sisters, and during the party, she "belongs" to that sister. She has to do whatever the sister tells her to. Pledges aren't allowed to drink, either. No liquid courage. And there's the "presentation" of the pledges, where sometime during the party, the actual time varies widely from year-to-year, the pledges are lined up as a group and paraded out, through the party, naked. At the end of the party, each pledge is called to the front and given the verdict: sister or skank. Sisters get their first Alpha t-shirt, autographed by the sister who "owned" then for the party. Skanks get the door.

But other than those traditions, they're up for anything. Especially with Brooke. Sarah tells me, "the sisters really want to see Brooke prove that she wants to be our sister. That she's not joining us just to up her social standing, or check a box, or whatever. A few of us have the idea that she is, but I don't think so. I think it's just that slight aloofness she projects."

"How are the pledges given to a sister?"

"Well, the last couple of years we drew pictures from a hat,"

Chapter OI: Alpha Gamma

Jordan tells me. "We planned to rig it this year. Sarah is going to draw Brooke." Sarah, from what I've heard, is about Brooke's polar opposite. Sarah is tall and lanky, from a working-class New York family. Sarah is blond. Brooke is a brunette. Brooke is busty. Sarah is lean. A good pairing, I decide. It puts Brooke with a woman she'll have little in common with, but will soon be sisters with.

"Do you have to draw pictures?"

"No, why? Do you have another suggestion?" Jordan asks.

"Well, why not start the humiliation right from the beginning?" I go on to offer a few ideas about what they might do. Both girls pale at my suggestions. Then they giggle. And decide it would be rather amusing, not to mention very degrading for the pledges.

I end up getting far more involved in the planning of their pledge party than I'd like to be. But it's going to be epic!

The party is Saturday afternoon, the final day of the pledge week. I arrive at the Alpha house at around five in the afternoon. The party officially begins at seven this evening, when the doors open, and continues until everyone leaves, or passes out. At my request, the sisters have quietly spread the word not to be late for the party this year. It's going to start with a "bang."

The pledges, following traditions, have been confined to the sorority's house since the end of classes yesterday. They're not even allowed to set one toe outside the front door. Not until they either earn their shirt or get booted out that door. Usually, the pledges are given a room in the house for the night, all five of them sharing a single room. It makes for a cozy, slumber party atmosphere.

This year is different. This year it's "Mistress Pepper's Pledge Party." The pledges just don't know it.

One of their rules is that pledges and sisters aren't allowed to talk about sorority business with anyone outside the sorority. For them, it means little more than no one will tell them what to expect Friday night and Saturday. Whatever "initiation" the sisters endured, they won't talk about it. Brooke, and her four sister-pledges, have only heard the basics, the rule, that they're going to be stuck in the house until the end. None have much idea what happens in the house. Just a fairly generic idea of what might be in store for them.

I wish I could have been there Friday afternoon when the pledges arrived. But if I had been, it would have a huge warning sign that they were in for a treat this year. So I skipped it, confident that Jordan would handle it. She seems strong-willed and capable.

I asked that she have the pledges come directly from the last class. She allowed each pledge twenty minutes from the scheduled end of her class to arrive at the house. And then, she made them wait on the front porch until all of them were there. Each pledge was allowed to bring her purse and a single, small, duffle bag with whatever she needed for the night. Nothing more. And especially no school work. But worst, for the pledges, they weren't allowed to bring cars. They had to arrive on foot or be dropped off. Most likely used the campus bus system. It's fairly good about getting you around, especially at the times when most classes are beginning or ending. But worthless for getting you off campus.

Once the girls were all there, I told Jordan not to hurry. To take her time. To let them get used to waiting until it was convenient for someone else. To get used to the idea that Alpha Gamma doesn't revolve around them, they revolve around it. And then, to pick a sister the pledges didn't know as well as the others. That proved easy, they picked Justine, the chapter's treasurer. So far she hadn't been involved with the pledges. Like all the sisters, she'd met them, but she hadn't done much more than that.

After leaving all five waiting close to half an hour, which made one

Chapter OI: Alpha Gamma

girl wait close to two hours, they were finally allowed into the house. Immediately, as soon as they were inside, they were lined up against the wall just inside the door. Each girl was told to stand with her arms at her side, her purse on her shoulder, and her duffle at her feet.

Once the five girls were lined up, I had Justine greet them "OK, skanks, it's time to get to know the latest group of bitches who think they're worthy of becoming my sister here at Alpha Gamma." Then she demanded each girl hand over her purse, with her phone inside of it. And as each pledge handed her purse to Justine, she had to politely say "Here is this bitch's purse, Sister Justine." Justine took the purse and handed all five off to another of the sisters, Abby.

By then, the pledges should have noticed that the house was too quiet. Other than the five of them, only Justine and Abby were anywhere to be seen. They wouldn't know that because I'd asked for it. But it should have a huge warning sign for them. But they wouldn't see it. Because of the code of silence surrounding initiation, they wouldn't have a clue what to expect.

Next Justine had Abby bring out a huge trash can. One at a time, each girl had to step forward and open her duffle bag. Then she had to take everything out of it and toss it all in the trash can. The bag went in last. According to Justine, all of the pledges were rather uncomfortable with the idea. It nicely jumbled all of their possessions, their make-up, their clothes, together so that no one could tell what belonged to whom.

That left the line of girls with the clothes on their backs. "You skanks have sixty seconds to strip everything off, toss it all in the trash, and be back in line. And skanky with so much as a hairpin on her body after that will pay for it. GO!" Justine repeated the line I scripted for her.

The girls weren't happy. Some hesitated, but only briefly. All of them stripped. Justine stood beside the can, stopwatch in hand, counting off the seconds remaining. By the end of their minute, all of the girls were in a near-panicked rush to finish getting naked.

All of them looked to be a little uncomfortable as they stood in line, side-to-side, naked. Some of them looked a little more uncomfortable than others. Brooke, I'm told, was one who looked rather embarrassed to be standing there naked.

Abby took the trash can away, the pledges having no clue where to. Then she returned. It left the girls completely separated from their clothes, and clueless about when they might get what to wear.

Justine started with the first pledge in line, an eighteen-year-old girl named Sabrina. She called Sabrina to come forward to where Justine was and stand in front of her. She followed my script and told Sabrina "show me that you are completely naked. Spread your feet, open your mouth, and hold your hands out to your sides, arms straight."

Then Justine watched as Sabrina cringed and did as she was told. She stood there as Justine actually checked her body closely, not asking, but looking for herself to see that Sabrina didn't have anything. Not a tongue piercing, an earring, a ring, a necklace, a nipple piercing, nor a navel piercing. Nothing. She even walked behind Sabrina, who had her bare butt to the line of waiting girls, and made her bend over to "show me that your pussy is naked, too." No piercings there, either.

Next, Sabrina was told to stand still with her hands at her sides. As she did, Abby took a full-frontal picture of her naked body.

One thing any girl hates is to be weighed. Especially publicly. So Justine made Sabrina stand on a scale. Then Abby loudly announced that Sabrina weighed 127 pounds, 4 ounces. Next, Abby measured Sabrina and just as loudly announced that Sabrina is $5' 4 \frac{1}{4}''$ tall.

Abby pointed Sabrina over to where Justine sat in a chair, clipboard in hand, waiting. Justine had Sabrina stand in front of her. Justine stared at the nude girl's body while she asked her "What size bra do those boobs wear?" and "what size panties does that butt wear?"

Then she asked Sabrina a few more invasive, but less personal,

Chapter OI: Alpha Gamma

questions. Like the PIN for her phone. And the user name and password for her social media accounts. Things no girl would willingly give up, but that now Sabrina had no choice but to entrust to Justine.

Then Justine asked if she had a boyfriend. She does, so she had to name him and give Justine his phone number. She also had to tell Justine that she's sleeping with him, the last time being a week ago, during which she'd "teased him with her mouth," before they had sex in the missionary position. As if that wasn't intimately invasive enough, Justine made her admit that he was her fourth boyfriend, the second "serious" one, and give the same details about her one previous lover.

She asked Sabrina if she's ever had oral sex, which Sabrina had already admitted to. Then she asked if Sabrina ever let a man cum in her mouth, which Sabrina admitted to. Sabrina then admitted to spitting his cum out. Sabrina had to list every position she'd ever had sex in, and with whom. And then Justine asked her if she'd ever had anal sex, which Sabrina denied. She denied ever having allowed a guy to put anything there, too, not even a finger or tongue.

"When was the last time you masturbated?" was the next question on the list I'd given Justine. Sabrina admitted that she'd masturbated Tuesday night, but only because she didn't have the time to meet up with her boyfriend that night! Justine made her give the details, that Sabrina had been alone in her dorm room, and had done it in bed, but not naked, instead just pulling her panties aside and rubbing herself with a quick up and down motion until she climaxed.

And then, Justine asked about her period. When was it? How long? Of many days between? How heavy? Does she use tampons or pads? What brand?

The final set of questions asked Sabrina if she'd ever touched a woman. Kissed a woman? Felt a woman up? Felt an attraction to a woman? Sabrina denied all of it.

Justine finally sent Sabrina over to the wall on the opposite side of the room. She told Sabrina to sit on the floor with her legs crossed and her hands behind her. And to keep her eyes and ears forward. She was to pay attention to her fellow pledges.

Brooke was the next pledge in line. She got the very same treatment and definitely was neither happy about it, nor comfortable.

When she was done, Justine sent her to sit beside Sabrina, telling her that they had to sit with their knees touching. And hold hands, their joined hands atop the little space between their thighs.

Eventually, there were five naked pledges sitting on the floor and holding hands. Abby slipped away.

A few minutes later Abby returned. She set a pile of clothes in front of each girl. Each pile consisted of a bra and panties, plus a very slutty nightgown. The bra and panties were obviously taken from the trash can of their clothes, without regard to what belonged to whom, or even what was clean and what had just come off of someone's butt. The nightgowns were skimpy little silk mockeries of a cheerleader's uniform, their bottoms tiny miniskirts that barely covered the girls' bottoms. All were printed with the Greek letters: "A $\Gamma\Delta$ "

Then the girls were lined up and told to put their hands on the hips of the girl in front of them. Justine led them to their "room" for the night. It was a big closet. And it was absolutely empty. There wasn't a single thing in it. Just a bare sheet vinyl floor, and a door that locked from the outside. The girls were locked in without a word, or even a hint, about anything more.

At seven pm, a sister brought the pledges their supper, a paper plate with a tofu sandwich, carrot sticks, and an apple on it. They were told they had ten minutes to eat. Each got a 12-ounce glass of water to drink. And precisely ten minutes later, the sister returned. She had each of the girls line up in the center of their closet and take her nightie off. But

Chapter OI: Alpha Gamma

she left them their underwear. Each had to slowly turn around to show that she wasn't hiding any food in her panties. Then the plates were taken away, and the girls were allowed to put their nighties back on. And the girls locked in their closet for the night.

At ten pm, another sister came and made them line up again, single file in the center of their closet. The first girl in line was told to take her nightie off and hand it over. Now in just her bra and panties, the girl was told that this was her only chance. If she wanted a toilet tonight, she could go politely ask the sister waiting outside the closet to "take her to the potty." Impolite, or veiled, requests would be denied. She asked politely, and the sister took her by the hand, as if she were a child, and walked her to the toilet. The bathroom door was left wide open, and the sister stood over the girl while she used it. Then she was returned to the closet, and allowed to ask for her nightie back. All of the girls took the chance to use the bathroom. And were locked back in their closet.

At six in the morning, a time far earlier than any college student likes to rise, the girls were roused and given another chance to use the toilet. At seven they were brought their breakfast, a bowl of very plain and pasty oatmeal, a banana, and a glass of milk.

When that was eaten, their day began. It was a hard day of slave labor. A day spent in those nighties, usually on their hands and knees with their butts poking out. A day spent scrubbing floors. A day spent cleaning other sisters' rooms. A day spent scrubbing toilets. A day spent with a sister constantly standing over them and scolding them for anything not perfect, or for any "slacking off." The sisters rotated the duty. The pledges didn't get a break.

But they did get a single potty break at noon, followed by a hummus sandwich and a glass of water for lunch.



Jordan offered me use of the kitchen to "prepare" the pledges for the party, assuring me that it would be semi-private, which is what I requested. I didn't want someplace that would be private, but I didn't want to be on main street either. I wanted a place where the sisters would be occasionally walking through. Just enough to remind the pledges that we weren't concerned about their privacy or modesty.

I'm waiting in the kitchen as Justine leads the line of pledges in, single file, hands on the hips of the girl ahead. She has them line up, side by side, their shoulders and feet touching, before me.

As they line up, I see the recognition on their faces the instant they see Sophie on her leash. The ones who don't know me by sight, know enough to figure it out. And I see the first hint of actual nervousness on those faces as it dawns on them that their initiation might be far worse than they'd imagined it to be.

"Miss Rodgers, these worthless bitches are this year's crop of skanky pledges," Justine tells me. They all look rather rough by now. But I wanted, and expected, that. The housework is part of their traditions. I just asked that they be kept working hard. That, together with the bad night's sleep on the hard floor, without a blanket, in a chilly closet, pretty much guaranteed they'd look haggard by now. But, even better, whatever airs of class they had, those aura's of privilege, the scents of expensive perfumes, and the looks of high-end make-up are gone. All of them could have come from the mansions. Or from the trailer parks and housing projects. All look like exhausted girls. All could have interchangeable lives outside this house.

Brooke is my project. She's the reason I'm here. The other girls are just along for the ride. While I didn't ask, I'm pretty sure that by now their fates have been decided. I'm fairly sure, but not as sure, that all are going to be accepted, too.

Brooke stands 5'6" tall and weighs 138 pounds. I know that precisely because all of those forms Justine filled out last night were

immediately emailed to me. Along with the pictures. I can recognize each girl by sight. I also know that Brooke wears a size 34-C bra and size 5 panties, which are very respectable sizes for a young woman to wear. A shapely young woman.

As Brooke stands in the line, I can see that she has curly dark brown hair that hangs down onto the top of her shoulders. Just as I can see some brown doe eyes on an oval face with soft curves and features. And I can see a small, slightly wide, and soft-featured nose. Atop a wide mouth framed with full, plump, light purple-pink lips. I can see narrow, lean arms that look to be slightly long. And I can see some very narrow, shapely, and lean legs. Brooke is definitely a pretty girl.

And since Brooke is my project, she's going to get to be first for everything!

But there is also so much more the pledges don't have a clue about! Last night I went on each of their Facebook pages and posted an update. It included a picture of the pledge in her nightie. Along with was the message "I am currently pledging Alpha Gamma Delta, the absolute best sorority in the world! If you are reading this, and are 18 or over, you are invited to our pledge party tonight. The "password" for the door is "Mistress Pepper." Because Mistress Pepper will be supervising us worthless pledges tonight! Come let us entertain you!" I added the address, and a Google map, to the sorority house. I'm sure it will get the attendance up tonight.

I also called the boyfriends of the girls who have boyfriends. Unfortunately, that doesn't include Brooke. I personally invited them to attend their "girlfriend's pledge party" tonight as my guest. I also told them it would be an entertaining, and very embarrassing, party for the pledges. Then I assured the boy that the girl wanted him there for "moral support," but she couldn't call him herself because the pledges had their phones confiscated. Just to be sure the boys knew I was who I said I was, I text them the naked picture of their girlfriend standing in the sorority

house. I'm sure those will be saved as memories... And then I went through the girls' contacts, found all of their friends, and sent a group text similar to the Facebook post. To that message, I attached a copy of the naked picture with a big blur from breasts to thighs that ensured nothing could be seen, but also made it clear the girl was naked. I assured everyone that it would be "the event" of the semester. And naturally, I copied everything in their phones and added a backdoor to their social media account. Just in case.

I arranged one other thing. No one wants the campus cops hanging around tonight. They've been known to report violations of the anti-hazing rules. At least when you're dumb enough to do it right in front of them. Like, DUH! I arranged for my friend, and fellow Domme, Janelle to provide some security. It's something almost unheard of for a pledge party, but I expect this one to draw a decent crowd. After those Facebook posts, a crowd that will include a lot of outsiders. Great for the show. Bad for... tranquility. Then again, has anyone ever enjoyed a tranquil party? Janelle is a sheriff's deputy in the next county over. She's bringing three of her closest buddies. Deputies she trusts to do their job and mostly to mind their own business while they do it. To pay them, we've instituted a \$5 cover charge for anyone without a USA student ID, not a member of some Alpha Gamma chapters somewhere and at some time, and not the personal guest of a sister or me. Janelle has a list of the invitees. She'll work the door and check IDs. I wouldn't have done this if she wouldn't. Alabama is a conservative state, and there are strict rules on what a minor is even allowed to see, much less join in, with harsh penalties for violations. I'm not getting in trouble like that. The kiddies can party elsewhere tonight. But mostly, her deputies won't disturb the party, unless someone gets violent or we ask them to show someone the door. In fact, I'd suspect they're looking forward to seeing the show.

"Let's get you bitches ready to party!" I tell the pledges with a lot of excitement in my voice. The excitement, coupled with my reputation, is enough for the girls to start getting a little edgy. I'm sure they're

starting to wonder just what horrors are in store for them tonight. Horrors that they're now deadly certain will be far more horrific than their wildest dreams.

"Brooke, you are bitch number one." I tell her with a huge smile on my face, "tonight your name will be... Whore. You will answer to Whore, and nothing but, no matter who is addressing you. If anyone hears you answer to anything else, you will be disciplined strictly for breaking my rule."

I still have the wide smile on my face. "Now step forward and give me your clothes, Whore."

Brooke takes the step forward, only slightly reluctantly. She takes off her nightie. Sophie, kneeling beside me, has her hands out. Out like a proper slave, her palms flat and upturned, even with her nipples, and six inches out from the tips of those nipples. She waits silently. As soon as Brooke has the nightie off, I tell her to fold it up neatly, then ask if she may give her nightie to my slave.

She folds it. "Can I give it to your slave now?" she asks. It lets me hear the moderate edge of the south in her voice. And a little stronger edge of the privileged south, not the trailer park south.

I slap her face. The suddenness of it startles her. The idea of being slapped at all rattles her. I see the look sweep over her face. Embarrassment at standing demurely for it, and a touch of fear that it's only the beginning of what I'm going to put her through tonight. "You naughty bitch!" I scold her firmly, "I can't believe you'd be so rude! Alpha girls have proper manners like a good southern bitch should!"

"Miss Rodgers, may I please be allowed to give my nightie to your slave now, Ma'am?" Brooke asks again after I've clued her what I expect from her. I hear the slightest bit of nervousness in her voice. An edge that says she wants to get this right instead of getting slapped, or worse, again. And I can hear plenty of condescendence that tells me she does not

appreciate having to ask humbly. As if she's now the servant addressing her mistress.

I have her take her bra off. I can see that she still the tiniest bit uncomfortable showing her body off, but not so uncomfortable that she tries to cover herself. I have her fold her bra. And she asks politely if she may give it to Sophie. When I tell her to, she sets it atop the nightie resting on Sophie's palms.

I wait until Brooke is done giving the bra to Sophie and standing up straight. Her arms fidget very slightly as if she's unsure what to do with them. For a second they're at her sides. Then her modesty wins out and, not having been told otherwise, she folds them across her chest to cover her breasts. She blushes slightly, too, but I think that's because she sees me closely eyeing her breasts, sizing them up and appraising them. It's humiliating for any woman. Worse for a shy one. Which it seems Brooke is.

I scold her again, this time telling to stop being such a prissy bitch and get her hands at the small of her back where a proper bitch keeps them. "Just let those boobs hang out so we can all see what you've got! Whore's aren't shy about flaunting their nakedness just everywhere, Whore!"

It takes Brooke a second, but she puts her hands behind her back. It bares her full, rounded breasts to my eyes. A pair of breasts that are large enough to hang back against her chest slightly, just enough to form a little crease where they meet her body. And otherwise have a curving, rounded underside to them. They're topped with a pair of nipples the width of pencil erasers that stand up from her rounding mounds around ¼" and that's counting their rounded tips. They're the same shade of light purple-tinged pink as the wide rings of color that surround them. The tops of her mounds seem to slope almost straight up as they join her chest. And her nipples are slightly "upturned," pointing a few degrees up from straight out. It gives the appearance that the undersides of her

breasts are fuller than they really are. And the smallness of those nipples makes them look almost point atop her curving mounds.

I take a moment to fully examine her breasts. From the front, and from the side. They're just as curvy and full from the sides. "You will stand still, whore." I tell her firmly. Then I take the tip of a finger and stroke it over the tip of a nipple. I stroke it softly and slowly. Under my finger, her nipples quickly spring to full hardness.

Out of the corner of an eye, I can see the look of disgust sweep over Brooke's face. I know she is hating this. "Are those boobs nice and spongy soft, are they firm and pert? And be careful, whore, answer politely."

"My breasts are firm and pert, Ma'am." Brooke answers. Her voice is laced with unhappiness and embarrassment. Her answer is no more humble or polite than it needs to be to spare her another slap. I'm sure that's calculated on her part.

I put my hand atop her mound, softly. Then I start squishing it gently. I feel the firmness in it, but I also feel sponginess. It's like a hard wet sponge in my hand. And it's nipple feels like a tiny stone against my palm. I take several seconds, agonizing seconds for Brooke, to fully examine her breast. I even use the tips of my fingers to caress it before loudly pronouncing "Ooh... whore has very silky soft skin on her tits!" then I do the same with her other mound.

I tell Brooke to take off her panties now. I hear the shame in her voice as she finally has to ask me "Miss Rodgers, will you please allow me to give my panties to your slave now, Ma'am?" And I hear a slight edge of anxiousness that tells me she's wondering if the rest of her, the parts she just bared to my eyes, is about to be felt up as well.

Now that Brooke is completely naked, and her hands are out of the way, it lets me see how lean her body is. How it has a slightly delicate look to it. How I can see her collar bones defined through her skin as they

run along her shoulders. And I can see her flat stomach, it's skin untanned but with a very slight natural bronzing to it. She's firm and toned there. And she has a definite, gentle, feminine curve to her waist. But the leanness leaves her hips looking almost straight as if they just don't even have the body fat on them to round out. There I can only see the faintest outlines of her hips bones, and only then at the very tops. They're shapely, and girly, hips, just very lean ones.

And I can see her navel. It's an "innie," but isn't almost flat, too. It's shallow, curving inward with a gentle bowl that looks to have a bottom of small wrinkles. It's actually kind of cute.

I can see her pubes, too. Her leanness makes it look almost as if her narrow legs just rise up and fade into her hips, leaving little space between them. They're shaven. Brooke is fully shaven. But I can see a dark stubble just beginning to spring up on those pubes. I should, Brooke hasn't been allowed to shower, much less to shave, for over a day now. The shortness of that black stubble tells me she took the time to shave before coming yesterday. Smart girl. I'm sure she's heard about the naked parade through the party. And she was smart enough not to count on being able to shave for it. From a distance, that little stubble won't be noticeable. But the last few years, the naked parade was mercifully brief, little more than the girls being ordered to march down an aisle through the crowd.

As she stands, her feet no more than a couple of inches apart, there is a noticeable gap between the top of her thighs. It's perfectly flat. Brooke's pussy seeming not to puffy out into any kind of mound. But I can see the very tops of her lips. Lips that are narrow and don't come close to meeting. They leave a wide slit between them. Between those flat outer lips, I can see a very pronounced ridgeline formed by the loose folds of her inner lips. It's wrinkly, and it sticks straight down a good ½". It's fairly wide, too. I'd bet wider than her nipples. I've only seen one pussy with such a pronounced ridgeline of inner folds, and that's Sophie's. But Sophie's isn't flat like Brooke's is. From the front, it looks more like that

ridge of loose wrinkles is her pussy, her outer lips no more than skin to cover the space between her thighs and pussy.

"Turn around, whore, show me your butt," I tell her firmly, my tone all-business as if I'm asking my butcher to show me a sirloin.

Brooke turns her back. It lets me see that her back is flat, too. And just as lean. I can make out the outlines of her shoulder blades, but not her ribs. Nor the bones of her spine.

Brooke has a very small, but equally curvy, bottom. And it's more than obvious that her cheeks are firm and hard. Globes that are full, rounding softly as they rise out from her body. And rounding just as softly as they rise off her thighs, then curve back to meet her waist. The fullness of her globes makes her hips look a little rounder and a little curvier from the backside.

Her cheeks are so firm that she barely has a crack at all. At their bottom, the curve of her globes has them flowing more upward than together. It leaves the bottom of her crack shaped like an inverted V. A V with its tip high enough up that it leaves her asshole bared in the valley of its peak. And then, as the V flows downward to her thighs, and opens wider, it leaves me a view of her pussy. But the fullness of those globes makes a nice rounded bottom to them – just around her asshole and pussy instead of covering it up. Then, above her asshole, there's a small crack where her cheeks very lightly brush against each other.

From here, I can see that Brooke's outer lips are as flat, narrow, and short as they looked to be from the front. I can also see the entire length of that protruding ridgeline. It's even wrinklier than it looked. It comes all the way back, her outer lips not meeting at the back either. Then it quickly drops off to flush, rising all the way to her asshole as a flat, narrow, swath of tinged flesh with gentle wrinkles on it.

I don't have the best view of her asshole, but I have enough of one. For now. I can see that it's the same shade as her inner folds, only a hair

darker. I can see countless lines of gentle wrinkles, all flowing into a deep funnel that might be as wide as a dime, but probably a little less. I just can't see the tip of that funnel or the ring of her muscle. But once those cheeks are spread wide, I will.

"Whore, is this bottom firm and hard, or is it going to be soft and flabby for my hands?"

"Miss Rodgers, my butt is firm, Ma'am." There's that shamed distaste back in her voice.

I put my hand to her right cheek. I give it a couple of squeezes in every direction. It's not hard, like athletically-toned, but it is definitely firm and shapely. Like a girl who gets her exercise and doesn't spend her life on it. Then I caress my hand over her globe, feeling how silky and soft it's skin is.

As I'm feeling Brooke up, I keep an eye on the other pledges to see how they're reacting. I think all of them are smart enough to know their turn is next. None look pleased. One girl, a petite blonde named Charity, looks like she's already about to cry just from thinking about it. She's the other girl without a boyfriend, too. And she looks to be cringing hard. I'm sure she's going to be as shy as a mouse. The kind of girl who hates this worse than she's hated anything in her life, and is only here because getting into the sorority is that important to her. I bet she gets in if she survives the party.

"Now show me your pussy, whore." I tell Brooke in my business-like voice, but I make it firm. "Spread those feet as wide as they'll go. Lean forward, back flat with the floor. Reach around outside your thighs and pull your lips as wide apart as they'll stretch so I can see everything. Then tell me, more humbly than you've told me anything, what you are showing me now. Now, whore."

I hear Brooke take a deep breath. But a second later she starts opening her legs and leaning over. As she leans, I get a good look at her

outer lips. They appear just as nonexistent, merely little narrow strips of flesh that cover the sliver of space between the crease of her thighs, and that ridge of wrinkles. Except now I can see their edges, too. Their inner edge. It looks as if her lip simply ends, her flesh caving sharply inward and turning to a light, and very bright, shade of pink. A valley of pinkness from which those inner folds rise as one.

And then, Brooke obediently pulls those soft, loose, wrinkly folds wide. They stretch fairly widely, and she pulls them taut enough that they mostly round out. I guess she figures if she's going to do this, better not to take a chance at displeasing me which is certain to make it worse for her before it's over. "Miss Rodgers, here is my pussy. Will you please look at my pussy, Ma'am?" I can hear the shame in her voice now, plain and unfettered, as if this is most she's ever been had to degrade herself, and hates it.

As those folds stretch apart, I'm treated to a wonderful sight. A hard clit, swollen up fully, poking its head above a now-taut nest of flesh where her folds run together. It's a big clit, almost as wide as a marble, and its tip is just as rounded. And beneath that, a narrow pussy. A pussy of glowing light pinkness that looks to be spongy soft, and meaty. A pussy that seems to be weeping just a little bit of slightly thick, oily, clear honey with a sweet and musky light aroma to it.

I don't say anything. I just look at her pussy, letting Brooke feel me starting at, appraising her most intimate parts as if they're nothing but merchandise to me. I take some time, maybe as long as a minute. It's far more than I need to see her pussy. But mostly I'm watching to see if lewdly displaying herself does anything to lessen the arousal in that clit. It doesn't.

"Show me your anus, whore... just let go of those pussy lips, and pull your cheeks as wide apart as you can stretch them. Then tell me what you're showing me."

Brooke gladly releases her lips. But then her hands slow down just

a little as they slide up to her bottom. She pulls her firm globes wide, stretching them. It pulls what curve there is at the valley of her crack flat, leaving me a perfect view of her asshole. "Miss Rodgers, here is my anus. Will you please look at my anus, Ma'am?" And now, the shame in her voice seems to have found a new height. As has the distaste.

Now I can really see the curve of the inside edge of her globes. And I can see her asshole in vivid detail. It still has that funnel shape to it, but now I can see that it's not her ring that's funneled, it's the way her cheeks curve into her crack towards it. Her ring is tight and fairly tiny. It's the same shade as the rest of the swatch of coloring around it, the faint purple-tinged pinkness that rises up from her pussy. But it's hue is light, so light that I have to look to make it out from the rest of her skin. Of course, the countless lines of little wrinkles flowing into the funnel are a giveaway. And now I can see the tip of her funnel. It's straight, almost like a line running across her ring perpendicular to her crack. But it's a short line, around 1/8" long, into which those wrinkles just flow. It's a dark line, too. The only thing dark under Brooke's panties.

I tell her to stand back up and turn around to face me. I wait until she's standing properly. Then I wait a little longer. Finally, I look her straight in the eyes. "Do you wish to join Alpha Gamma, whore?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Brooke answers firmly, now that the conversation is on safe ground.

"I assume they've told you that you have to survive this pledge party first. I am co-hostess of this party, whore. If I allow you to attend my party, you will utterly belong to me until you get your shirt, or get my foot on your bottom shoving you out the door. You are no longer a college student. You are not Brooke. You do not have friends or a family. You are nothing. You are just a piece of my property for this party. Every cell of that skanky body is mine. To do with whatever I fancy. You have no say in what I do to you, or what I do with that body. Period. You are nothing.

"Now do you still wish to join Alpha Gamma, whore?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Brooke answers firmly, but now with an edge of nervousness creeping into her voice. As I said, she's a smart girl. She knows the school's policy says I can't sexually abuse her. But she also knows that policy isn't even worth the paper it's printed on. She'd have to prove it. Not just what happened, but that she was forced to do it instead of willingly participating. And given how notorious these pledge parties are, it would be impossible for her to prove it. At least not without her having significant injuries. So she knows that while there are limits, I can get away with a lot. A whole lot. And with my reputation, anything is possible.

"Then ask me, whore. First, ask me if your skanky body is pretty enough for Alpha. Ask very humbly. Very humbly. Unless you want to spend the party locked in that closet, that is. You only get one chance to ask, so let's see how far you can lower yourself into graphic humility."

"Miss Rodgers..." I can hear the distaste in her voice, along with the self-disgust, and mostly the shame. I know this is torture for her. "Now that you so thoroughly inspected my body, my boobs, my pussy, and even my anus, Ma'am... Will you please tell me? Is this skanky body pretty enough to be an Alpha girl, Ma'am? Are my boobs pretty enough? My pussy? Even my anus, Ma'am?"

"I guess..." I sigh out as if it were a close call, but I'm letting her have the split decision. "Now ask me if you may give me yourself, and that skanky body, for the party. To own. All of it. Even more humbly."

Brooke has to take a deep breath this time. I see her face start to wrinkle up a little as she forces herself to ask. "Miss Rodgers, will you please allow me to give you this skanky body for this party, Ma'am? Please, Miss Rodgers, may I give myself to you. All of me, even my boobs, my pussy, and even my anus, Ma'am? Please, Miss Rodgers, will you own me and my body, and especially my boobs, pussy, and anus, for this party. Do whatever you wish with me, Ma'am. Please Ma'am, may I

be allowed to give all of me to you?"

"Fine." I sigh out again. I point to a place on the floor. It's directly in front of Gina, the last girl in the line of pledges, only across the kitchen from her. It puts about eight feet between the tips of their toes. I send Brooke there. Then, once she's in place, I tell her to get on her knees.

I have to tell her every step of the way to kneel the way I want her to kneel. With her knees spread wide and her feet in line with her knees. Sitting back with her bottom over her heels. Her back up straight, hands behind it. And her eyes up, open, and forward.

Once she's there, I call for Tiffany, the next pledge, chosen by me at random, to come forward for her inspection.

Ten minutes later, I've thoroughly felt up the 20-year-old Tiffany, seen every bit of her lean body, and sent her to kneel beside Brooke. Closely beside Brooke, their legs touching from knee to foot. I do that just so they can't forget there's another naked girl beside them.



Chapter O3: Dressing Up For The Party

Chapter O3: Dressing Up For The Party

Off of the kitchen, there's a decent-sized courtyard. Thankfully it's surrounded by a high privacy fence. And there's a good-sized patio at the door, before some grass and flowers. It will be open for the party tonight, as will the kitchen, but for now, it's available for me to use.

I have the girls stand up. Then, with them all still naked, I have them put their hands on the hips of the girl in front of them. Like that, I march the girls out to the patio.

Out there I've made a "shower" for them to clean up for the party. It's not much of a shower. It's five feet by five feet, and it's nothing more than some black, duct tape lines on the cement. And Sophie with a garden hose. In the center of the square, there's a single bottle of shampoo, another of conditioner, another of shaving gel, and one more of a sweet, floral, girly, scented body wash. There are five little pink razors. And there is a single wash rag.

Sophie hurries to get the hose. She stands about three feet beyond the edge of the "shower" where she won't get wet.

I have the girls lined up and facing the shower. Then I stand in front of them and tell them what they are to do.

"I hope none of you bitches have forgotten that you belong to me now. I don't care what you want, what you do, or whatever. You will do what I want you to, how I want you to, and when I tell you to.

"You will go to the shower. That's this little box of tape lines on the ground. You will start by shaving your skanky bodies. You will shave your underarms first. Then you will completely shave your pubes and pussy. Shave the crack of your bottom, too. Then shave your legs, all the way down. Shave the tops of your feet, and toes, too.

"After you have done that, you will shampoo and condition every single hair remaining on *my* body.

"And then, you will scrub every cell of skin on my body. I mean

every single one. Don't skip anything, like the bottoms of your feet, or your eyelids. And especially wash the skank out of those pussies, and scrub those filthy anuses clean. Yes, I'm talking to *you*. Not one of your anuses was cleaner than disgusting when you showed them to me. I would be embarrassed to death to know someone saw my anus looking like I hadn't bothered to wipe! Clearly, none of you are, since that's how they look!

"You may have help from your fellow bitches if you want it. You may ask anyone politely, to help you with anything, like shaving your butt crack, or someplace you can't reach or checking something you can't see. But you will ask very politely for your fellow bitch's help. And you will help if asked. Sisters do not refuse to help their sisters. Even if they're just worthless pledges sisters.

"When you are done, I will inspect our bodies. You do not want to displease me by not being clean. Any bitch not clean will regret it.

"And while you are in the shower, you will not let so much as the tip of a toe or finger, cross those lines. Anything I see across those lines will be whipped." I hold up my crop so the girls can see it. And imagine the sting of slicing into some part of their tender body.

"When you are confident you will pass my thorough inspection, you will ask politely if you may come out for me to inspect your body, then wait to be told what to do. Do any of you bitches have any questions? No? Good, in you go."

They look to me, a slightly puzzled look on their faces. I didn't say which girl I wanted to go in. And the "shower" is very small looking, no bigger than the length of a typical bathtub. I allow them about half of a second. "Let's go, bitches, get all of your skanky butts in there!"

They realize that I actually do think they'll all fit in there. So they all go, none wanting to risk being the one to tell me she can't possibly fit. To their surprise and horror, they all fit. But it has them very close

Chapter O3: Dressing Up For The Party

together. So close that Gwen, kind of in the middle, and standing with the supplies at the tips of her toes, can't even bend over to get them. She has to squat. And squatting has her face passing an inch from Charity's breasts. But she's smart enough to get the shave gel and all of the razors. She keeps one, and passes the rest to the other girls, saving them from having to squat down.

That's when Sophie turns the shower on. More accurately, she squeezes the sprayer, sending a wide spray of water arcing up and raining down over the naked girls. And she grins wide as she does.

Five girls immediately shriek and squeal. I mean, seriously, did they think that hose was hooked up to the hot water heater or something? Of course, it's cold water! It's a garden hose! In one second, all of them are covered in goosebumps and shivering under the rain.

It takes them a couple of freezing seconds to realize they're stuck with the icy water. Then they all start trying to shave. And discover that they're too close to each other. None of them can raise an arm without bumping something on someone else. I hear an endless chorus of embarrassed "sorry."

For a few seconds, until I tell them, loudly and firmly, "don't worry about touching each other! I don't mind a bit if you feel my bitches up. Wash. Don't apologize. Don't be shy. Just wash!" It puts an end to the apologies, the girls likely silently agreeing that no one really wants to be feeling up the others, so they'll just skip them and keep going.

It lasts long enough for them to get their underarms shaven. Then they go to shave their pubes. That's more of an issue for Charity and Tiffany, the two girls who aren't shaven already. The others just have to trim away the stubble. But it's impossible to do without bending over. And any bending cuts into the nonexistent extra space. It gets heads bumping boobs. Butts bumping butts and hips.

And that's a little more uncomfortable for the girls. None

apologizes, but I do see a lot of regretful looks on scrunching faces. And shaving those pussies requires their legs to spread, at least enough that they can get to those pussies, and there just isn't room. It ends in a jumble of legs reminiscent of a game of twister. Their legs prove to be the hardest yet to shave.

As do their bottoms. It's a place no one really thinks to shave, at least in my experience, and a place they can't see. No matter how they stand. The space between their pussies and assholes is fairly easy to get, most of them seem to keep that smooth anyway. But the insides of those cheeks, and the valley of their crack just above those assholes, proves a challenge.

I want it to be a challenge. I want them uncomfortable. They don't know it, but Jordan is watching the show through an upstairs window. Probably with a couple of the other sisters. They're interested in one concept: will these pledges swallow themselves, their pride, their embarrassment, and do what needs to be done for their sisterhood, or not.

Charity is the first to accept that it's impossible for her to know whether her bottom is properly shaven or not. And maybe the first to remember that it's one of the items I specifically mentioned. She turns to Sabrina, the girl closest to her, and asks "Skank... would you please shave my bottom for me, I just can't see what I'm doing and I don't want to fail. Please, will you help me?"

Sabrina doesn't have a choice. Maybe she remembers that maybe not. But either way, she just tells Charity to hand over her razor. Then Sabrina gets a little more shave gel on her hand, and warns Charity "shave gel going on girl." then she uses the tips of her fingers to smear the cream over the insides of Charity's cheeks and along the valley of her crack. She lifts her fingers over Charity's asshole, trying hard not to touch that. It only takes her a minute to shave Charity's tender flesh. Then she runs her fingers over it again. "You're good, Slut. Not a stubble to be found. Would you mind doing me, too? Please?"

Chapter O3: Dressing Up For The Party

It's almost a relief to Charity to be allowed to return the favor. It's much less uncomfortable than it would be for her if it were a one-sided shaving. About two seconds after Charity asks Sabrina for help, Gwen turns to Tiffany and asks her for help, too.

I couldn't have planned it better. It leaves my project, Brooke, as the odd girl out. And Brooke realizes it. She tries to shave herself. I see her using her fingers to feel for stubble. But in the end, she decides that being the only one to do herself is just taking too much of a chance. So she asks Charity, the first one done, if she'd mind doing her butt, too. But it's now a one-sided request. Charity's already been shaven.

Their hair is easy to do, but it still has them bumping against each other. And it has flying hair splashing wet shampoo suds on other girls.

Washing their bodies isn't too hard to do. But the single wash rag ensures that they're mostly taking turns as they wash. And using a rag that's just washed the pussy and asshole of another girl to wash their faces. And everything else. As they finish, they all ask for permission to come out. I tell them to wait, something I do to keep the shower crowded and keep them very uncomfortable with the close quarters.

"Miss Rodgers, I've washed every bit of my body, Ma'am, would you please allow me to come out and carefully inspect my body, especially my pussy and anus, so you can see for yourself that I've done what I was told to do, Ma'am?" Sabrina asks. She's the last to finish. The others have all asked roughly the same thing by now. And the other four all stand there, hugging their arms to their shivering, dripping, bodies.

"Whore, come out and show me your body," I call Brooke out first. She wasn't the first to finish, so I'm sure the girls are wondering what order I'm calling them out. And Sophie turns the water off. Or more accurately puts the garden hose up. Which leaves them shivering just the same, maybe even a little more as more air breezes across their wet skin.

Brooke comes out and stands as I tell her to. Exactly as she did

earlier. I repeat the same inspection I did in the kitchen, only now it's outside, and Brooke is freezing, water still dripping from her body as she displays every bit of herself to me.

She passes. I tell her to start a line, facing the shower, in the same place where they were lined up before washing. Sophie hands Brooke a towel and tells her to dry herself. She has until another girl joins the line, and then she's to pass the towel to the newcomer whether she's done or not.

It doesn't take me long to inspect a girl's body. Especially when I'm just checking for cleanliness. Like razor stubble. It gives Brooke about 90 seconds to dry herself before my next randomly-chosen girl, Tiffany is lining up.

I don't waste the opportunity to tease the girls, even now when all they're thinking about is drying off. I have Tiffany stand to Brooke's left. Then I tell her she's to put her hand on Brooke's bottom. Her left hand on Brooke's left cheek. That sets the spacing. Once she's lined up, her feet aren't to move. I see just the tiniest of flinches from both girls as Tiffany's hand very lightly touches Brooke's bottom. Tiffany taking care to touch it as lightly and briefly as she can. It has her stretching her arm across Brooke's back, too, to reach that far-side cheek. Which leaves the girls with about four or five inches of space between their hips.

Once I have all of the girls lined up, I have Sophie bring me a big box. I'm sure the girls wonder what horror is in the box. I reach in and make a show of drawing one out. As I raise my selection up, the girls see what I have in there. Dog collars. Hot pink glowing dog collars, each with a little padlock dangling from its buckle. And a big, white dog bone shaped tag on it.

I glance at the tag. I cheated. I had this one off to the side so id' be sure to draw it first. "Whore..." I coo teasingly sweet, "come, bitch!" I snap firmly as if I'm giving a command to a dog. I point to the ground in front of me. Brooke comes over and stands there. I hand her the tag I've

Chapter O3: Dressing Up For The Party

drawn. "Read it, whore."

Brooke's face scrunches up a little, but it's mostly an embarrassed resignation I hear in her voice. "Alpha Gamma Delta. I am a worthless pledge bitch. My name is whore. If found off my leash, please bring me to the nearest sister for a reward." She reads it in a monotone. It doesn't convey the true embarrassment of the tag. How it has the "my name is whore" line in huge letters.

I take the collar from Brooke and tell her to lift her wet hair. I have her lift it all the way up, holding the tangle of it at the back of her head so that her neck is completely bare and nothing is in my way. I fasten the collar around her neck. I make it "lightly snug." Not quite touching her skin all the way around, but still snug enough that she'll feel the collar lying against her neck every second it's on her. I lock it on. Then I send her back to her place in line. Sophie hands her a cordless hair dryer and brush to finish her hair.

And once all of the girls have their collars on, I have Sophie pass out their attire for the night. Each girl gets a pair of clear plastic pumps with five-inch heels for her feet. And a pair of pink handcuffs on her wrists, behind her back, like a prisoner.

A hot pink leash tops off the outfit. I clip those to their collars and leave them to dangle down between the girls' breasts.

Then I get a green grease pencil. I use it because it will easily wipe off later. I use it to number the girls, writing a single digit, about eight inches high, on the stomach of each girl. Whore (Brooke) is number one. Tramp (Tiffany) gets number 2. Slut (Charity) is number 3. Skank (Sabrina) is number 4. Which leaves Harlot (Gwen) as number 5.

I have Sophie bring me a long chain. I attach one end of it to Brooke's collar. Then, eighteen inches later, to Tiffany's collar. Another eighteen inches down, I clip it to Charity's collar, and so on, until the other end of it is clipped to Gwen's collar.



Chapter 04: Act I: Let's Party

Now we're ready to party! My style.

Jordan has kept the kitchen and courtyard off-limits to everyone, except for the sisters and me. To make sure no one strayed in, she's posted a couple of the sisters to stand guard at the closed doors to the kitchen. There's no other way out to the courtyard, except sneaking in. And Janelle's deputies will make sure that doesn't happen.

I send Sophie to tell the sister on guard duty that we're ready for "act one." A moment later Sophie returns and politely informs me that "Miss Jordan is ready for you, Mistress."

I grin wider than I've grinned yet. It's now about 7:30, a half-hour after the door opened. I did warn people not to be late. I figure anyone serious about the party will be here by now. "Come along bitches, let's go find out which sister will be your bitch walker for the night!"

I grab Brooke's leash. I use it to start leading her through the kitchen. Chained together, the other girls have no choice but to follow. Closely. The sister at the door keeps an eye out, peeking through it, and just as I get to it, she pulls it open.

Brooke freezes in her step. It makes Tiffany crash into Brooke's backside. And even that doesn't get Brooke moving again. Not when she sees the sight that awaits her.

Last year there were maybe 150 attendees at the pledge party. That's about average. The sisters, just under 40 of them, their dates, some guys from the brother frat, and a few others. This year the room is packed. The crowd already spills out, into halls and the large courtyard out front. The fire marshal would probably give us all life if he saw how jammed people are. There must be close to 400 in the crowd. And it's not just a campus crowd, although students are clearly the majority of it. I see a couple of t-shirts from local high schools. I see guys in their 30s. Maybe one or two that are even in their 40s.

I give a sharp, and hard, snap-on Brooke's leash. Then I keep

Chapter 04: Act I: Let's Party

going. I have to drag her a few inches before her feet start moving again. She's just realized that whatever she heard about last year's party, this one is going to be way different. The "naked parade" isn't going to be a quick walk through the sisters and their friends. It's going to be a full-on slut show. And she's the slut.

While I had the girls in the kitchen, the sisters have put up a little stage with two steps up to it. Or I suspect the guys from their brother frat did the hard work. It's just simple wood atop a steel tube frame, something a band might use for equipment before they got famous. But it's enough. I drag the line of chained girls up the steps and onto the "stage."

Jordan hands me a megaphone. "Here, your cop friend said to give you this." Yeah, I'm going to need it. Thanks, Janelle.

"Hello, students, guests, and crashers! Welcome to the Alpha Gamma pledge party! I'm your co-host, Mistress Pepper for those who don't recognize me. And these skanky things are this year's crop of pledges!"

I don't even realize that I'm pausing. But I must. A huge round of applause erupts. I let it go on for a minute. It gives me time to check out the crowd. I'd guess it's about 2/3 students. The other third is about evenly split between kids I think are still in high school, but obviously, eighteen since they got past Janelle, and "post-college" age crowd. That crowd being mostly men in groups. The only group I have any concern over are three guys who are obviously bikers, in their colors. Those guys can be trouble! The high-school-suspected crowd appears to be about evenly split between gender lines. I assume a few of the girls are planning on USA for next year and checking out campus life. A few more are just partying here because we'll let them, and let's face it, it's cool to party with college crowd when you're in high school. Some of those boys look to be with some of the girls. Others look alone and hopeful. And soon to be disappointed if they're hopeful.

"OK... First things first! I know you're all eager to have some fun, but before we get going, we do have some tradition to adhere to!" I announce, still using the megaphone. Jordan has had the DJ kill the music. He has instructions to kill it whenever I take the stage. But even the whispered comments out there add up to a background din.

"As some of you know, it's a tradition that each pledge is given to a sister for the night. The worthless bitch has to do whatever her "bitch walker" tells her to. No exceptions, no limits. Whatever her hopefully-future sister tells her to do, she does.

"This year we're going to honor that tradition by randomly giving these lowly bitches away." Sophie brings me out a stack of five big white dog bones, each with a number on it. She shows them to the crowd, then drops them into a box. She shakes the box. I draw a dog bone and glance at the number. "OK, Alpha sisters ONLY. Catch the bone, walk the bitch with the same number." Then I toss it into the knot of sisters at the center of the crowd.

It's number four, Sabrina. It's Roxanne, a senior, who catches it. I'm cheating here, and the sisters are my cohorts. They all know about the "Brooke project" And they know Brooke is going to be the last bone thrown. They just don't know that her bone has a chip in it so I can feel which one it is. Just that I'm cheating. But whoever said I had to be fair? They all know that I'll toss the last bone in Sarah's direction, and to make it look good, but let Sarah catch it. They jumped, literally, as they scrambled for Sabrina's bone. And they put on just as good of a show for the next four. Even for Brooke's. It looks like Sarah just grabbed it at the last instant before another sister did.

But I don't announce which sister gets to walk which pledge. Instead, I draw attention back to the naked girls lined up on stage. As if they didn't have all the attention anyway.

By now all of them are blushing as red as they've ever blushed. I just unhook the chain from Brooke's collar. Sophie takes hold of Gwen's

Chapter O4: Act I: Let's Party

leash, at the other end of the chain, just to make sure the girls still on the chain realize that they're not loose. I bring Brooke up to the front of the stage. And then I uncuff her hands, reminding her that moving them will earn her a spanking with the crop in my hand. I do it because I don't want her cuffed now. I want her able to cover herself. I want her to have to make herself not cover her body despite an unbearable urge to cover it.

"OK, everyone, surely you all, especially the students here, know how broke students perpetually are. Here's the deal, we've got to pay for all that beer you're drinking. So I've come up with a variety of little fundraisers. And it's time for the first.

"I'm going to auction these five bitches off for two songs worth of dancing. During that time, my bitch will dance as slutty as you want it to. You may kiss her to your heart's content. And you feel her up all you can squeeze in. There's only one rule, no penetration. Otherwise, do whatever you want with your purchase. Suck on those boobies. Squeeze that butt. Whatever.

"First up on the block is lot number one. This lot is named 'Whore.' It is a five-foot, seven inch tall, 138-pound, 20-year-old, American Literature bitch. I know you're wondering, so I'll just tell you. It wears a size five panties. And a 34-C cup bra. Or would if it was wearing a bra or panties! You get it just like you see it – NAKED! That's right, guys and lesbians, no clothes to get in the way of feeling it up!

"I know you want to see what you're buying. I would, too." I turn to Brooke. Without the megaphone, I tell her "show them all your pussy, whore." And I tell her in a very stern voice that leaves Brooke no question that there will be harsh consequences for disobedience.

Brooke almost starts crying. She turns her back quickly to the crowd. She moves much slower as she spreads her feet wide apart and leans over. And then opens her lips wide to bare her "secret pinkness" to a huge crowd of total strangers who are about to bid on her body as if it were merchandise.

I hear a round of catcalls from the crowd. "That's right, isn't that pussy so hot and wet? Look at it! Its clit is rock hard for you guys! And best of all, no one wants this bitch! It doesn't even have a boyfriend. Just those fingers to take care of the little pussy, something I know she does often!"

I wait a few seconds, then turn back to Brooke. "Show them your anus now, whore."

Then I see a tiny little tear run down Brooke's cheek as her hands slide up and pull her cheeks wide apart. The catcalls resume, a mixture of mostly hoots, with a few "grosses" thrown in. Enough for Brooke to really feel that they're actually all checking out her asshole. I leave her there a moment, too. Then I have her stand back up and face the crowd. And smile.

"OK, who'll start the bidding? The opening bid is \$10. Come on, guys, surely someone will give us ten lousy bucks to dance with this bitch and play with those nice titties! I promise you'll love those melons. I've checked them out myself, and I promise you, they're squish and firm! And those little nipples are cute, too! Just picture one of them in your lips!"

I'm a decent auctioneer. Then again, I have the one thing everyone wants – naked girls – on my block. We'd hoped for fifty bucks each on this round. I get \$110 for Brooke. I get it from a couple of guys whom I'm pretty sure are in high school. While they're not geeks or losers, at least not by looks, they're not football players either. I'm sure the allure of feeling Brooke, a rather attractive college girl, up shamelessly, and not having to worry about the after-effects, like her and all her friends shunning them for it, prove an irresistible lure. Besides, Brooke, in my opinion, has the nicest breasts of the pledges.

I ask which sister has "bone number one" and Sarah comes forward. I hand her Brooke's leash, telling her "keep an eye on this bitch, I haven't housebroken it yet!" then I call the winning bidders up. The pair

Chapter 04: Act I: Let's Party

of them come eagerly up to the stage. They already have the money counted out, in small bills. They hand it to me. I just shove it in a pocket, after I count it. It's not mine, so I wouldn't want to come up short.

Sarah turns to the bidders and tells them she has to stay with her bitch, but not that closely. She hands the leash to one of them, both of them grabbing for it and Sarah not caring which gets it, and tells them "enjoy 'whore.' they'll announce when the two songs are up. You can take 'whore' for the rest of the auction, too." she grins. One starts walking her off the stage. The other already has hands on her bottom.

Brooke cringes. She looks like she's fighting not to cry, too. But she manages not to. She follows, and for the first time, I see that she's hanging her head slightly in shame.

As soon as Brooke is off the stage, I go on with the auction.

- "Tramp," Tiffany, a 19-year-old Liberal Arts Major, size 7 panties and 36-B bra, a 5'8", 144-pound girl with short, wavy platinum blonde hair and bright blue eyes, fetches \$125 for the beer fund.
- "Slut," Charity, an 18-year-old Graphic Arts Major, size 4 panties and 34-A bra, a 5'2" 119-pound girl blond hair down to her waist and green eyes fetches a whopping \$155 for the beer fund. It's from a group of high school boys whom I hear commenting that they remember Charity last year she wouldn't give them the time of day. Tonight, she's going to give them far more.
- "Skank," Sabrina, an 18-year-old Electronic Journalism Major, size five panties and 34-B bra, a 5'4" 127-pound girl with wavy dishwater blonde hair cut short at just over her shoulders, and with enough body that it looks slightly bushy, topped with green eyes, adds \$105 to the beer fund.
- "Harlot," Gwen, a 22-year-old Liberal Arts Major, size 6 panties and 34-B bra, a 5'6" 140-pound girl with shoulder-length, straight, black hair and brown eyes, adds the final \$130 to the beer fund.

Now that the sales are made, I cue the DJ and he starts the music. These first two songs will be slow dance songs. Then kind that encourage the guys to cuddle their purchases tightly.

The songs and dancing don't matter much. I allowed a few minutes after the end of the auction after the winning bidder had taken possession of Gwen before I called for the music. By then, the girls had been thoroughly felt up.

I know Brooke was. Those school boys had no mercy on her. They didn't just feel her up, they did everything they could have gotten away with. They even made Brooke show them her pussy a couple of times, only this time they got a very up close and personal look at it. As in eyes an inch from it. I'm sure they would have gone further if Sarah hadn't been keeping an eye on those horny boys.

Charity got is just as badly, too. Those boys really made her pay for snubbing them last year, even though no senior girl would be caught dead dating a junior boy. That's the natural order of high school. They did her just as thoroughly as Brooke got worked over.



Now that the "walkers" have their pledges for a little while, the first thing I do is go and find Justine. She is the chapter's treasurer, and I most definitely do not want to be responsible for their money. Especially when it's close to three times what I thought we might get. I credit those high school boys for that. They were so eager to "buy" Brooke and Charity that they drove the prices up across the board. After Brooke was "sold" the guys expected to pay that much for one of my bitches.

The sisters have instructions to "have fun" with their bitches. Sarah especially. It's not a hard instruction for them to follow, either. The naked girls attract a constant crowd of admirers. The walkers know that they're "in charge" of their pledge. They can allow anyone to do almost anything with their pledge. Or not. Their choice. And guys are constantly badgering those poor sisters with some request or another. I just hope the sisters are making some money for their chapter while they're at it.

I have several more "slut shows" planned over the course of the night. Not all at once. One about every forty-five minutes, or so. Frequent enough to keep everyone's attention, even the boys who are so clearly already thinking with the smaller (and, to them, more important) head! But also far enough apart that this is a party, not just a show.

We have a "no electronics" rule for this party. There's even a huge sign at the gate. It used to be at the door, but as the party grew and spilled out into the front courtyard, Janelle had to move her ID check out to the gate. All of the sisters have been told to watch for electronics, especially phones. Phones have cameras. And I don't want any stray pictures cropping up of this party. I want to humiliate the pledges, not ruin their lives before they even get their degrees. Pictures of this would forever haunt them online. The only pictures that are going to be made, are mine. And those will, at least once they leave my digital realm, conceal enough that no one can identify the bitch for certain.

Twice already, and we're less than an hour into the party, counting

from the start of the auction, I've seen Janelle's undercover deputy confiscate a phone. Both times it was from a younger boy. To me, he's easy to spot. He's 6'3", so well-muscled, with a few tattoos and a shaven head. He's dressed and looks exactly like the stereotypical redneck. And he knows how to blend in. He always has a beer in his hand, then again who doesn't? And he's perfectly willing to cop a feel of the bitches if he gets close. I just hope the hunk gets all the phones that were snuck in here. And I doubt many will be reclaimed, not once Janelle tells them they don't get it back at the gate, they can claim it at the sheriff's office, bring their ID.

I keep Sophie leashed and close. Even though she's dressed, she is dressed rather skimpy. And slutty. That's her usual attire in my realm. I want her dressed like that. But tonight, I don't want her being mistaken for one of the bitches. She's mine. And I don't share my toys. Especially not my slave-girls. Besides, she makes a good cupbearer for her queen. And toy bearer. I've brought more than a few toys to liven up the night.

And now, it's time for the pledge's next lesson in humility. I just wave a cue to Sarah and she spreads the word to the other four walkers. It only takes a minute or two for them to be leading their cringing pledges back up onto the stage. Seeing me on the stage again, some of the partying slows down as the attention turns my way. I guess they're ready for another show!

The walkers like up, their leashed pledges beside them. Only then do I pick up the megaphone again. By now the crowd has grown a little more, too. They've opened the kitchen and back courtyard up to make room for the new arrivals. I'd guess the count is now up to somewhere between five and six hundred. Some of whom I suspect rushed right over after a friend slipped out to his/her car and called them to tell them what they were missing. After all, when's the last time you've seen naked girls openly auctioned off?

"OK, students, alumni, guests, and crashers! In case you just got

here, welcome to Alpha Gamma's pledge party! Joining me on stage is this year's crop of skanky bitches that make up the pledges, and the five unfortunate sisters who've been saddled with the onus of keeping them from skanking up the house too much tonight.

"I've been watching, and it seems to me that these bitches aren't even being bitchy enough! They don't even look like the bitches they are! So we're going to help out. The first thing a real bitch needs is... a tail!"

On that cue, Sophie brings me out a tray. It's actually a waitress' tray that one of the sisters' borrowed from the restaurant she works at. On it, there are five butt plugs lined up, each with a long and bushy dog's tail attached to the end of it. The bitt plugs vary in size, no two being the same. The smallest one is a mere 4'' long and 1'' thick. Then there's one that's $5x\ 1^{1}\!/4$, $6x\ 1^{-1}\!/4$, $7x\ 1^{1}\!/2$, and the big boy is $8x\ 1^{3}\!/4$. All five of them are the same design: a bullet tip atop a long, stiff shaft, and then, after the full length of the toy, a $3^{4}\!/4$ thick shaft that's only $1^{4}\!/2$ long and ends with a single 1'' long narrow hard plastic tab. The tail is 15'' long. That's made from a flexible $1^{4}\!/2$ shaft lined with long, maybe 2'' strands of fake fur. The fur is bushy and dense and tapers at the end. The tail is attached to the slightly narrower shaft at the end of the toy.

"Are these tails so cute? I just know they'll make my bitches look adorable! So here's what you're bidding on now: I call it 'pin the tail of the bitch.' that's right, it's just what it sounds like. The lucky bidders will be the ones to shove those huge shafts up the bitches' butts! Just think about it for a minute guys... Most of you don't have dicks as big as some of these tails do! You can take your time, too. Your hands right there above the bitch's skank pit... you'll even be able to smell how skanky the bitch is!

"Oh, but that's not the best part. I know most of you seriously hate the no phone's policy. I know you all want to be taking souvenir videos. Well, if you're one of the lucky bidders, you're going to get one! My cute little slave-girl here will personally video the entire insertion and send

you the video. It's all yours. Do whatever you want with it. Brag until you're blue in the face. You already know your friends who weren't smart enough to come to this party will never believe you, but with that video, there's won't be any doubting it! Girls, feel free to bid, too, if you want. Did one of these bitches snub you in high school? What better way to get even and let the world know who came out on top? Let the world watch you shove that huge thing up her butt!

"You're wondering which bitch gets which tail, right? Who gets that gigantic one? Only G-d knows! Each bitch will draw her own tail, present it to you, and so sweetly ask you to shove it up its butt! Afterward, it will even thank you politely. All on stage, for your friends and the world, to see.

"This time, don't hold back on the bids. Dig deep into those skinny wallets. You all see the five bitches. I'm going to start the bidding at... \$10. the winner gets to pick his bitch. Then, we'll go again until all five bitches have been tailed. So, let's go! Which of you studs will give me a measly \$10 to tail your choice of bitches?"

Jordan thought this was a "silly" thing to take bids on. She thought no one would want to bid on it, that we'd be lucky to get \$20 or \$25 per pledge. But I keep hyping it up, telling the crowd how it's just like anal sex, only some of the toys are even bigger than a cock. Don't they want to help me demonstrate how slutty these bitches are? See them "take it in the butt?" The first auction closes with the slam of my fist against the side of the megaphone. And I decide that I need a gavel, all auctioneers should have one! The winning bid is \$175. OK, those younger guys really bid it up. So? Their beer money is as green as anyone else's. The bid definitely shocks Jordan. Happily. The chapter really can use the money. I'd figured on \$100 or so. Any more is kind of silly. But then "auction fever" is a real disease! And it seems to be taking the crowd.

I tell the winner to come to the stage. He does. He's an average-looking, slightly scrawny, and young-looking guy. He looks to be in high

school, but looks aren't always right. He looks to me to be the kind of boy who can get a date but not with a really hot girl, and who has to work for the dates he does get.

I "interview" him on stage briefly. Just enough to find out that his name is Patrick, he's 18, and a senior in high school. All of which I announce to the crowd.

Then I collect the five tails from the tray and put them all in a small, deep tube-shaped box. Sophie has already stuffed the bottom of the tube with styrofoam peanuts. Those bunch up under the tips of the butt plugs and let me get the tails all the same length. At the top of the tube, only the last foot of a tail sticks out. And even looking down the tube, all that can be seen is tail. The peanuts hide the plugs attached to those tails. I have my bidder look and confirm for the crowd that the plugs are hidden. There's no way for anyone to tell which identical tail is attached to which plug.

Then I offer the bidder the choice. His "bitch" may draw her tail. He may draw one for her. Or he may choose a friend, or random person, to draw one for her. Anyone, even another bitch, if he wants, except for me and Sophie. We're busy.

Before I ask him his choice of a drawer, I ask him which of the "skanky bitches" he'd like to "tail." And I hype my bitches up. There's whore, with her "nice big titties, and a very firm and round bottom." There's slut, the "fresh from high school" tiny little blond girl with her small, but perfectly rounded titties and what's sure to be the tightest butt. There's tramp, the girl with the nice wide nipples and a very rounded bottom. There's harlot, the dark-haired 22-year-old girl with sweet, point breasts topped with dark nipples, and long lean legs. And there's skank, another fresh from high school blond, skinny, but very cute, with a tiny little bottom but some proportionally large and rounded breasts. Skank, the journalism major, who most certainly won't mind "being shamelessly reported, live on the internet, as a piece of slut news!"

He picks Charity. I knew he would. He's one of the guys that seem to be enjoying the chance to get back at Charity for some perceived slight. I can't imagine that he was in her contacts. But I could see him following her on Facebook. And I can totally see the word of the party very quickly making the social circles to where everyone knew Charity was going to be humiliated tonight.

Charity's walker hands him her leash, a symbol of his picking her. He chooses to have Charity draw her own tail.

I hold the tube of tails out in front of Charity and tell her that she's to "pick her tail." I give her detailed instructions that she's to pick one, then hold it up for everyone to see. After I tell everyone which one she's picked, she's to hold it atop upturned palms, flat and even with her nipples, and six inches out from her nipples, about a hand's length out. Then she's to wait silently.

Charity's smallish hand reaches out to the bushy tails. I can see it trembling as her fingers brush over the tails, hoping for some divine inspiration as to which one to chose. The smallest one! Her fingers and hand tremble hard as she finally closes her fingers around one of the tails. The one in the center of the mix. Even I don't know which one she's drawing. I didn't pay attention as I shuffled them up in there.

Charity pulls her tail out slowly. Reluctantly. Very nervously. Slowly the mousy shy girl watches, her eyes widening and her face squishing up as if she's going to cry, as every fraction of an inch of shaft starts rising above the edge of the tube. And as more and more of it's length starts showing, her hand, and the rest of her quivers harder.

Her buyer, on the other hand, watches eagerly. As if he was hoping she'd draw the biggest one. Which I think he was.

But he's out of luck. Charity draws the middle one. She holds it up for the crowd by the very tip of the tail, pinching the fur with two fingers, and holding it far from her body as if it were a viper. Her eyes

are wet, as she stares at it, they get wetter.

"Slut sure isn't the luckiest of bitches, is she? But she could have done much worse, too! Slut has drawn the number three tail. Since I know you, info-porn addicts, out there are wondering, that hard shaft measure six inches long. That's from the very tip of it, down to that slightly curved end. It doesn't count the little shaft at the end, or the tail itself. It's only 1¼" across, though. But every bit of that six inches is going to end up completely up its butt. None of it will be hanging out. That's what the little shaft is for. It's ¾" thick, and that width will be stuck in the bitch's asshole, holding that stretched wide while keeping the fatter shaft completely up that butt!

Charity holds the tail across her palms and waits. She can't take her eyes off of the shaft, either. I know she's an anal virgin, she admitted that to Jordan. So I know that right now she is imagining that huge shaft breaking in her bottom. Imagining how badly it's going to hurt as it's shoved up her. And I know this boy isn't going to try to be easy on her. Just as I know that her imagination is worse than it will be.

The next bidder picks Sabrina. I can't blame him, she's definitely the cutest of the girls. Sabrina gets lucky. She draws number two.

The next bidder picks Brooke. He tells me that he's taking a "gap year" while checking out colleges to find one that's right for him. He means one that will let him through the door. He missed the first auction, but after his buddy called him, he hurried right over. He donates \$145 to our beer fund for the privilege of "taking whore's anal virginity with the tail."

Brooke is very reluctant and nervous as she draws. She's not dumb. She knows there are only three tails left. Numbers 1, 4, and 5. Which means there's a 66% chance she's going to draw one of the bigger tails. She takes her time picking. I even see her trying to pull up just a bit on the tails to see if she can tell which one is lighter than the others. In the end, after half a minute of hesitating, she just closes her eyes, mumbles a

quick prayer of "please, God, let me get the little one," and pulls one up.

The crowd cheers. Brooke opens her eyes and sees that she's drawn the biggest one. She starts crying silently, tears running slowly down her cheeks. She cringes hard, and sobs a little harder but still silently, as I announce that her shaft is eight inches long and 1¾" thick, which I offer "is more dick than almost anyone in this room has!" I comment that "it is definitely going to stuff this bitches butt to a new height of fullness, and stretch her inside to their very widest!" It's just to tease Brooke. To make her think about that shaft going up her backdoor.

The fourth bidder picks Tiffany and she gets lucky. She gets the baby shaft. Which leaves Gwen the number four shaft. And knowing that Gwen is going to get a big one, it helps get the bidding up for her.

Now it's time for the stuffings. I take a vote for which bitch the audience wants to see stuffed first. Tiffany with the little one? Brooke with the big one? Tiny little Charity? Pretty little Sabrina? Or the older Gwen? The crowd cheers the loudest for Brooke. I'm sure that's only because of all the hype I pile on. OK, or because she has the big boy, and it's clearly going to be the best show. None of the women have tried anal sex yet. Only Gwen and Tiffany admitted to ever having anything in their bottoms before, and that was just a finger. And after they told Jordan all their secrets yesterday, I told the audience today. So they all know that it's going to be Brooke's first-time anal experience.

Without the megaphone, I give Brooke her instructions. Then Sophie comes up with my camera and points it in Brooke's direction. She already knows how to frame the image, showing as much of the naked Brooke as she can, but not her face.

Brooke takes a single step forward, up to the guy holding her leash. She stands before him, the tail atop her palms. When she finally speaks, her voice breaks with fear, the prim edge gone from it. "Thank you, Sir, for buying my butt. I've drawn the number five tail. Will you please take my tail and shove it all the way up my filthy butt for me, Sir?"

He smiles wide as he takes the tail from her hands. I can see Sophie standing slightly behind Brooke as well as off to the side. It lets her get all of Brooke in the frame but has Brooke's head showing only from the back. And it allows a good side-view of her ample breasts with their stiff nipples, along with the tail on her hands. And a full view of him, face on. But it's going to be "his" video.

I put the "his" in quotes because I'm also live-streaming the videos. I'm using an app that "guarantees" that no one can record the video, or even make a screenshot of it. While I'm not tech-savvy, I'm not tech-stupid either. I know there are hacks around anything. If nothing else just take a picture of the screen with another camera! For tonight only, we're running a live-updated "pledge party" page on VK. It's the Russian version of Facebook. But we've put the link on the sorority's page, as well as the personal pages of the pledges. And I think most of the sisters have put it on theirs. And text it out. So pretty much everyone got it. I just have to trust Sophie, not to slip up and show a bitch's face in the video.

Brooke turns her back, then stretches her feet wide apart. As she moves, she steadily slows down, dragging her feet as she stalls off the impending invasion for as long as she can get away with. Finally, she inches her cheeks apart until they stretch as taut as she can pull them. Which has her asshole pulled as taut as it will stretch, too.

"Here is my anus, Sir. I apologize for showing it to you so dirty, Sir. Will you please shove that huge shaft of my tail all the way up my tiny little anus for me, Sir?" She obediently recites the lines I gave her. Then she stands still, waiting for it, her body stiff with tension. Her fingers grip her cheeks so tightly that I can already see her knuckles turning white.

Sophie stands to the side of Brooke. She frames the image slightly from Brooke's backside. So that it shows Brooke from the shoulders down as she stands bent over and waiting. And so it shows her ample breasts hanging down from her chest.

"Wait, Sir, please!" Sophie squeals as the bidder starts bringing the tail up. She slips close to him and uses the camera to get a close-up of Brooke's pussy. A close up that shows the wetness of her honey along the ridgeline of her inner folds. And she gets a close-up of her tiny, very tightly clenched, asshole. "I just wanted to show where that tail is going to go, Sir, so you can see just how small and tight her filthy hole is, Sir!" Sophie giggles.

"May this slave please ask, Sir, would you like your video to show all of the bitch, or would prefer a close-up of its dirty hole as you shove the tail up it, Sir? This slave will gladly video whatever will please you, Sir." Sophie politely offers. The crowd erupts into a loud chorus of "close-up" and "let's see it go up her ass!" So he tells Sophie to get a close-up.

Then Jordan turns on the TV. The sorority has a good-sized one in the living room. A smart TV, of course. And now it's streaming live from Sophie's camera, letting the audience see the close-up image. Sophie stands just beside Brooke, the camera over Brooke's cheek and aimed so that shows her asshole and pussy vividly. She holds the image.

The bidder holds up the tail. I squeeze a tiny drop of lubricating Jelly atop the very tip of it. And then he puts the tip against Brooke's dark, tightly cinched ring. He presses just enough for Brooke to really the width of it, and she's not feeling all of its width yet. It gets her trembling a little harder as she pants very nervous breaths.

The image shows Brooke's butt. Her asshole isn't visible. The tip of the shaft now completely covering it, as well as the lightly tinged skin around it. Sophie backs up for just a second, showing more of Brooke's bottom, and it looks like she doesn't even have a butt. Just a crack with a fat shaft sticking out of it above her pussy. Then Sophie zooms back in.

He pushes. But not too violently. It's gentle enough that it takes a second. At first, the tip of the shaft just presses hard against her tensed muscle. Then suddenly, her muscle is overpowered. The tip of it presses

into her tight ring. As the toy slips into her body, steadily, but not too quickly, the taper of the shaft rapidly stretches Brooke's ring wider and wider. The little wrinkles flowing into her asshole smooth out as her lightly-purpled flesh is pulled taut. Then her muscle is pulled taut and thin as it's stretched, losing its thickness. The image now shows the white shaft of the toy, with the slightly purple-tinged flesh taut around it.

Brooke screams out a panicked "OW!... fuck that's too big!... OH, FUCK THAT HURTS! EE-OW!" but she stands there. She doesn't keep her butt still, something I make a sub do. As the pressure against her asshole quickly builds, she lets her bottom move slightly forward. Then, as it suddenly penetrates her, stretching her muscle quickly, and so widely, that burns like fire as it throbs, Brooke's hips jump forward a couple of inches. But otherwise, her bottom stays there for it.

The other four bitches all flinch hard and begin fidgeting as they see how much it's hurting Brooke. I'm sure they're all busy trying to convince themselves that theirs won't be as bad, after all, Brooke drew the unlucky shaft. But none look convinced. All look like they're about to run off. But all of them stand there with their tails on their hands.

Brooke finally cries aloud. Softly, but aloud. As she does, she sobs mutely "Fuck! It hurts!" over and over. It takes a moment for all eight inches to slide through her fiery asshole. Maybe about fifteen seconds, which tells me this boy is taking his time pressing it into her. Finally, the domed end of it reaches her asshole and the toy jumps forward a tiny bit, almost pulling itself from his fingers as it pulls itself the last little bit into Brooke. Her asshole quickly cinches tight against the narrower short shaft. But that's wide enough to keep her ring stretched, just not quite as wide. But wide enough that the wrinkles are still stretched out of the flesh around it. The little plastic tab rises up along the valley of her crack, it's short width lying over the ring of her asshole and beyond. That tab pulls flush with her body and stops the toy from slipping further into Brooke. It holds it there, the narrow shaft completely covered by Brooke's asshole, only the tail visible now as it sprouts out of Brooke's crack.

Sophie steps back, taking a few seconds to get some good pictures of Brooke's body, the tail now standing out of her cheeks. And she makes sure to show Brooke's stiff little nipples poking down at the ground.

I tell Brooke, "You are tailed, whore. Stand up and thank this sweet man for shoving that up your butt, whore."

Brooke starts to stand. As soon as she moves, she cries out a deep, and loud, "OOH-UH!" She pants a couple of quick breaths then mutters softly "Ow! Great. Now I have to feel that huge thing moving around inside me!" She starts rising again and makes it about halfway. Her hands suddenly fly to her stomach, cuddling her waistline firmly and she cries out "OW!" again. I know she's felt a cramp as the toy shifted inside her bowel. A toy that big is definitely going to be felt as her bowels move. And they will move, every time her body moves. She gets to her feet.

I reach over and swat her bottom with my hand. It's a very light spank, but just enough, and unexpected enough, to get her full attention. I don't scold her, but I do tell her firmly, "stop being so whiny, whore. We can all see how much you really like it. We can all see how wet that pussy is! And we all know a whore loves it up her butt! Walk over there like a bitch, not some whiny little girl. Normally. I don't care if you feel that tail!"

Brooke grits her teeth hard. She starts walking to the edge of the stage. Her steps are small. She pants hard breaths that let everyone know she's feeling it. Her face is wrinkled up tight. But she walks. Slowly, but surely. She goes to the edge of the stage. There, one of the sisters has put five big beer mugs and a fresh pitcher of beer. As I told her to do, Brooke pours out a good mug of icy beer.

Brooke struggles to figure out how to do it. But she manages to get the mug balanced atop her upturned palms. She walks back even slower, now taking care not to spill the beer balanced on her hands. It's not easy to carry a mug like that, on flat palms without gripping it to steady it. And it's not easy for her to walk with her bottom stuffed full, either.

She makes it the few steps to her buyer. She kneels down slowly. And she cries out a couple of times as she does. Each time, as that shaft wiggles inside her bottom, her body wants to tense. She almost spills his beer twice. But she gets down on her knees the way I taught her earlier, sitting back over her heels at his feet. It has her tail sticking out from her crack, the lying along the floor behind her.

Her voice is strained hard, but also slightly sweet as she speaks. "Thank you so much for shoving the huge tail up my tiny, tight, little butt for me, Sir. I hope I wasn't too big of a baby, and that my anus wasn't too disgusting for you, Sir. Will you please accept this icy cold beer I poured for you, Sir? It's my thanks for shoving it up my butt, Sir."

He takes the beer and thanks her for it. Brooke stays on her knees at his feet where I told her to.

The crowd picks Sabrina to be next. Then it's the tiny Charity. As I thought he would, and as I'm sure Charity knew he would, her buyer isn't gentle with her. He seems to take a little pleasure in ramming the toy into her asshole violently hard and fast. It makes Charity scream out loud, and truly pained. It's enough of a cry from the tiny girl that I peek just to make sure he didn't injure her. It is possible to split the skin over her muscle. But he didn't. He just gave it to her rough. As roughly as he could. Which, as the buyer, is his choice. But when Charity humbly thanks him, I can see on her face that it's killing her. Not just to thank this guy, but to be nice to him. I am so going to have to find out what the story is between those two. Later. After he's spent all his money to join her humiliation. We have a beer fund to fund.

Then the crowd picks Gwen to get hers. Tiffany, they save for last. Probably because she drew the baby shaft. But she still makes a good show of screeching out and wiggling her hips as it's shoved very slowly into her bottom. Her buyer goes so slowly that I'm sure Tiffany is cursing him for it, wishing he'd just get it over with, long before he's pushed it fully into her.

Once all of the pledges are lined up, on their knees with their tails, in front of their buyers who are again holding their leashes, I move on. I have Sophie bring out the tray again. Only now it has five sets of ears on it. Big, floppy, dog ears, like maybe from a gigantic, comic book, beagle. At the top of each ear, there's a little pocket to slide of the top curved ridge of a person's earlobe. And two little strips of spring steel sewn into the edges of that pocket to clamp down and hold the ear on.

I go right down the line, telling the buyers that they get the surprise bonus of adding the ears to their "pet bitch." If they want. All are happy to add ears to their pet.

Brooke's buyer, the first to put the ears on, has to brush her dark curly hair away from her head just to bare her ear and see it. But he's easily able to squeeze the pocket open and slip it over the top of her ear lobe before letting it clamp down. Then he makes sure it's hanging down. It droops over her ear, covering it fully, and hanging just past her jawline at the back of it, where it meets her neck. And the ear holds her hair back, making it easy to see the floppy dog ears on her head.

Sophie films it all, again from the girls' back and side. It shows the side of her head, but from the back, so her features can't be made out, and it clearly shows the ears being put on her.

I have one more humiliation in store for the girls. For now. I loudly announce that "Oops. Sorry folks, but we forgot to feed the bitches before the party! Since I know this party is just getting started, I guess we'd better feed them! After all, even bitches need to eat! We wouldn't want them to starve before we've laughed our heads off at them, would we?"

It's Sophie's cue. She returns with the tray again. This time there's a can opener on. And five dog bowls, each with the "name" of a bitch printed on it. And there are five unopened cans of Alpo on it. All five are different flavors, too. But none are what I call the good flavors. They're flavors like liver.

The bitches are obediently looking up at their buyers. They don't see the tray at first. But the crowd hoots and hollers loudly when they do, and that's enough for the bitches to know they are not going to like this.

I go down the line again. Which means I start with Brooke and her buyer. I ask him "would you care to feed the bitch you bought, or shall I?" He glances, for a fraction of a second, and sees Sophie with the camera videoing everything. The crowd, including his friends, calls out for him to "feed the bitch!"

Brooke finally gets to see what's on the tray I'm holding. She cringes, wrinkling her nose up in disgust. And she starts to look a little sick. It's that moment where she realizes that I'm going to make her eat dog food. Real dog food, straight from the can. And while I'm sure the FDA neither approves of it nor recommends it, dog food is actually safe to eat. It just doesn't taste good. So I've been told. Repeatedly.

He agrees to feed Brooke. I tell him to set her bowl in front of her. He sets the empty bowl on the floor of the stage maybe two feet in front of the kneeling Brooke. It lets her watch what comes next.

I show him the selection of flavors of dog food and tell him to pick one for her. He looks them over and settles on lamb and rice. He holds the can up and shows the audience that it's a sealed can. Thus it contains real Alpo, not actual food in disguise.

He takes the can opener and opens the can. As I "suggest" he lets everyone see him doing it. Especially Brooke. He holds it in front of her eyes as he opens it. And that allows Brooke to get a good nose full of it's reeking aroma. Hey, I don't even feed dog to my dog!

He makes Brooke watch as he dumps the can into her bowl.

I quietly, meaning without the megaphone, tell him what to do. He steps up beside Brooke, on the opposite side from where Sophie stands filing it, and firmly tells her to get on all four of her paws. Like a bitch. Then he stands there as Brooke gets on all fours.

That makes her bottom rise up, and leaves her tail sticking out straight from between her rounded cheeks before steadily drooping down. With her floppy ears, she does look rather canine!

He puts a hand to the back of her head and gently, but firmly, pushes her head down to the bowl. As he does he tells her "Eat, whore! Be a good bitch and lick your bowl clean!"

Brooke stiffens up as her face nears the bowl and the aromatic clump of mushy dog food in it. His hand keeps her from stopping. He only takes it away when her lips touch the top of the clump.

Brooke hesitates with her lips a hair off the pasty food. She lowers her mouth slowly, not opening it very wide, and slowly takes a small bite of the food. Immediately she chokes hard and spits the food out. It flies from her mouth and lands back on the clump. She gags several more times, her face wrinkling up so hard that it brings tears to her eyes.

And the crowd laughs long and heartily.

He taps her on the back of her head and tells her to quit playing with her food and eat it. We all watch as Brooke puts her lips back to the food. She gags on the taste of the next bite, too, but this time makes herself swallow it before choking it back out. She shudders hard from the awful taste. Without even realizing that the cringing shudder racking over her affects her hips, too. And that makes her tail wag. Something the jeering audience points out.

I move along to the next guy, and he happily feeds his bitch, too. They all do. All of the pledges gag heavily as they make themselves choke down the food. I know all were very hungry, too. I made sure they got enough food before the party, but not a calorie more than necessary. Just so they'd be hungry for this. But the first taste of the food kills their appetite completely.

By the time I get back to Brooke, she's just finishing her food. And she still cringing and gagging on it. As she finishes it, her buyer reminds

her to lick her bowl clean. That takes her a couple of minutes. And Sophie comes up to get a close-up view of Brooke's tongue licking the dog food from the bowl.

Brooke finally lifts her head back up. I make her stay on all fours. She's facing the audience, so they all get to see the bits of Alpo smeared on her face, around her lips, and on her chin and nose. Her buyer comments that "whore is a messy eater." I give him a wet wipe and have him clean her face off while Brooke stays on all fours and lets him.

Once all of the bitches have been feed and cleaned up, I announce that we're taking another break from the entertainment to socialize. Then I ask the buyers if they'd mind walking their bitches back to their assigned walkers. All agree.

Brooke is made to crawl on all fours. Her buyer walking beside her, holding her leash. And she's made to hold her head up so everyone can see her face, too. It's just like walking a dog. Through a crowd. I don't even try to count how many hands "pet" the bitch as she's walked past.

And then I tell the buyers to see Sophie. She gets their email addresses, up to three, that they would like their video sent to. Then she sends them. And updates our party page with a teaser for the next show.



It's now about 11:30 at night, and it's time for "Act III" of "Mistress Pepper's Slutty Slut Show." The party is still in full swing, but by our standards, 11:30 is awfully early on "Party Standard Time." Any party that starts dying before one or two in the morning is considered lame. Especially on a Saturday night. No one has Classes on Sunday! I'm sure some of the others are going to start leaving soon. Especially the high school crowd. I figure some of those have parents who care enough about that they still have a curfew despite being 18; after all, it is their parents' house! A few of the older ones will tire. A few more will have to get home to their wives. The wives they didn't bring, or even tell, about this party. There are always a few of those. But the students will stay and party right on. But for now, I'm certain the crowd is as strong as ever. At least 500, and almost certainly more. It might even top 600. It's impossible to get a good idea of how many are here. There are just too many places for people to be, and everyone is moving around.

Just before the act begins, I have the walkers bring the pledges back to the stage. For the hour or so since the last act ended, the pledges have not been allowed off their hands and knees. They've been kept like that. Like dogs. Leashed. With their floppy ears and tails that wagged with every little movement of their body. Tails that kept their bowels stuffed uncomfortably over-full with their hard shafts. Shafts that teased their insides with every movement.

I'm sure the dog's-eye-view of the world was an education for the pledges. They had to hold their heads up the whole time, too. But even that way, they were looking at knees and thighs. As the party went on around them. As people constantly asked to "pet the bitch." The boys being especially fond of petting their bottoms, not their backs and sides. As the guys gawked at their pussies, shamelessly visible from behind, the tails not doing much to hide them. And listen, unable to say anything, as the guys commented on those pussies. As the guys "pet" their freely hanging breasts as they pretended to pet their sides. And listen to the comments the guys made about their breasts.

If I know one thing about drunken men, they aren't shy about making lewd and vulgar comments about a woman. More so when the woman doesn't object. Even more so when she's naked in a crowd. I lost track of how many times I heard a comment about Charity's tiny breasts being too little and too firm. Or Gwen's being the softest. Or about Brooke's pussy, obviously getting aroused since the "pound of hamburger hanging out between her lips was dripping wet." All of which let to yet another guy checking out the girl and her private parts.

I was asked to teach Brooke some humility. But I was also told I had a free hand with all of the pledges. All could surely learn a little humility. I was told that the sisters wanted a party that would be the talk of campus for weeks. Epic and infamous. And they didn't care what I did with the pledges, so long as it was an ordeal that demonstrated their resolve to join Alpha Gamma. They have to prove their absolute devotion to the sisterhood before they can be a part of it. So far, I'm certain I've humiliated every one of them far more than they ever imagined they could be humiliated.

But humiliation starts my engine – their humiliation not mine! - and I am an expert in humiliating people. I'm just getting started. And already my panties are moist enough that I've been casting an eye out over the single guys in the crowd.

Now it's time to push a few more boundaries. OK, I mean erase those boundaries from the map altogether. Naturally in a very public and degrading way.

As the bitches are walked up to the stage, all of the have wary eyes on me and Sophie, hoping for some hint of what's in store for them next. And as certain as ever that they're not going to like it. That it's going to be hideous and utterly demeaning, and so shameful that they'll probably need therapy to get over. It follows that they're not coming up eagerly. They're crawling along, barely keeping pace with their walkers. Not that they have a choice. The leashes make certain of that. If you've never been

leashed and walked, you can't fully appreciate the sensation of the collar. How it pulls hard against the soft places of your neck the instant the leash goes taut. And that's unpleasant. It ensures the bitches stay at their walkers' sides.

This time I did something new already. I picked a guy to help out. Instead of bidding for the job and making some money off of it. But he gets a quick and not too cute of a job. I picked one of the youngest and geekiest looking of the crowd. A guy whom I thought would enjoy the chances just to do something. And he doesn't look like he has the money to win an auction. But when I asked nicely for his help for a minute, he eagerly agreed.

His job is to wait at the top of the stairs to the stage. Once Sabrina, the first bitch in the line coming up to the stage, is on the stage, her walker stops her by simply stopping and pulling the leash to where Sabrina has to stop or choke herself. She stops. He's to take the ears off of her. Then he's to spread her cheeks wide and pull her tail off. I reassure him that the tails are sturdy enough that he can take them out however he wishes. A single, hard yank, or a slow steady pull. Whatever. Just pull and they'll come right out.

He does that. Sabrina isn't a big girl, and neither is her bottom. But it is well toned. He spreads her cheeks wide. Then he takes just a second to enjoy the view. From his angle, looking straight down her crack, he can see the top of the ring of her asshole, and the thinner shaft as it passes through her asshole on its way out of her bottom. He takes hold if the tail, wrapping his hand around it close to its base, and pulls. It takes just a second for him to feel it and pull hard enough. And then the wider shaft starts stretching Sabrina's asshole from the inside as it backs out of her body.

Sabrina stays still for it. At first, there's a look of relief on her face, the moment she realizes that her tail is finally coming out. Then she stiffens up hard and grunts out a strained and loud "UH!" as her asshole

pulled wide. After a second, her cry fades and she pants some tense, deep, breaths as it slips out of her. As soon as it gets to the tapered tip, and her asshole starts to squeeze back closed, it jumps back, her body pushing it out of her as quickly as it can. It falls free, dangling from the tail in his hand. Sabrina breathes out a relieved sighing "WHEW!" She pants a couple of quick breaths.

He holds the tail up for everyone to see. I ask him, loudly, "was skank a good bitch, or did she poop all over my butt toy?"

I've told him how to answer that. He answers loudly. "skank is a disgusting little bitch! She pooped all over your butt toy!"

Sophie, camera in hand, gets a good close-up of the hanging toy. The image of it fills the TV. And there's no missing that it's dirty. Then again, it just spent 90 minutes up her butt, what else would it be? But the obvious sight of it gets Sabrina laughed at. And a few catcalls telling me "obviously skank doesn't get walked enough."

He drops the toy in a bucket I've put there for just that. They'll be sanitized later. Sabrina's walker leads her on, making Sabrina crawl along the stage to start a line of girls on all fours. As she does, the next girl in line, Gwen, eagerly moves up to get her tail pulled out.

Once they're all de-tailed, I have them stand up on their feet. And I have the walkers rearrange the line by lot numbers. The grease number is still written on each girl's stomach. It moves Brooke to the head of the line. Which is right where I want her this time.

I take the megaphone, even though by now the crowd has learned that, when I take the stage, the entertainment is coming, and it will be entertaining. They mostly quiet, but I still hear the background noise of whispered conversation as they try to guess what's next. Which I'm sure the girls are doing as uneasily as the audience is doing eagerly.

"OK, it's time for act three!" I cheerfully announce. "Let me see a show of hands, guys, and gals, how many of you have ever thought about

making a porno movie?" Most of the guys and about a third of the girls raise their hands.

"We're going to make a lesbian porno movie!" I sound thrilled about it, as eager as eager gets. I keep one eye on the pledges. Gwen and Tiffany don't show much. Brooke and Sabrina are cringing hard and blanching slightly. But it's the tiny, and young, Charity who is also trembling hard on her feet.

"Here's how we'll do it. I'm going to sell a bitch. Whoever buys it, gets to 'produce' the bitch's movie. Just tell the bitch what it's going to do. It can be anything you want it to be. She can play with herself. She can lick butt. She can eat pussy. She can suck titty. She can do all of the above if you want. You can tell her to pick one, or two, or even three more pledges to join in your movie. Whatever you want! Have one bitch eat her pussy while another fingers her? Fine. There are only two rules. First, only the pledges are in the movies. Second, you can't pick partners for her. You get the bitch you buy, and whomever she picks to join her.

"But what you really get is exclusive rights to the movie you produce! My lovely slave-girl will be your camera-slave. Afterward, she will email you the only copy of it. You can do whatever you want with it. Sell it. Post it. Give it to your friends. Even delete it if you. Show it to her family at church if you want. It's yours! Keep that in mind when you bid! Not only do you get to watch up close as it's filmed to your specifications, but think of all the money you could make selling in payper-click online!"

By now all of the pledges are blanching a very pale white. I guess they realize that if a video of them eating pussy gets sold online, it will be there forever, where their friends and family can see it. Employers, too. Even the pervert down the street can watch it. And nothing will ever get rid of it. It's enough to get Brooke trembling along with Charity. And to get Charity's eyes wetting up to cry.

I take hold of Brooke's leash and pull her one step forward. "OK,

guys, gals, freaks, and perverts! Up first is lot number one! Come one, guys... take just a minute and get a good look at this 19-year-old bitch. Look at those full, rounded boobs! How can you resist them? And LOOK! This bitch wants to make a lesbian porno! See how hard her little nipples are? And we all know her pussy has been sloppy wet all night long!

"Come on, let's dig deep! Who'll give me \$20 bucks to make your movie featuring 'whore' doing whatever you want her to? Just picture it! None of these other bitches are too ugly! You'll get cute girls in your movie! Someone? Let me have \$20!"

I get \$150 for Brooke. And I doubt I could have picked a better buyer for her. If I wanted to humiliate her, that is. The guy who buys her is older, close to 40 I'd guess. And he has that sleazy look to him. The look that tells me this is going to be not just his personal "self-service" video, but that he's going to make some money off of it. I'll bet he's already thinking of how much money he can make off those full breasts of Brooke's.

He comes up to the stage to watch his movie being made. "Can she eat a pussy and then have a different girl eat hers?" He asks me.

"Like I said, stud, whatever you want. You can even step into the video if you want and touch the girls, just as long as you don't penetrate them. Kiss her after she eats the pussy if you want. Whatever. It's not my body, so I just don't care!" I laugh, hoping the girls hear me say it.

"Cool... then I want her to eat a pussy. Afterward, I want the other girl to tell me how it was. Then I want a different girl to eat her, and for her to tell me how that was."

Abby comes up and rolls out a foam mat on the stage floor. Then she vanishes. I tell him "tell whore what to do. Keep it simple, one instruction at a time. Bitches aren't exactly as smart as humans, you know!"

He looks at Brooke with a leering, lecherous look in his eyes. "pick one of your friends there, and eat her pussy, whore."

"Whore," I immediately add, "remember to be polite and respectful to your sisters there. Go ask her politely if you may her pussy, take her by the hand and walk her over to the mat. Lie her down. Spend just a minute teasing her, kissing her, clicking her nipples, and then eat her pussy. Until she cums all over your face. Go now, whore."

Brooke, already cringing, takes a deep breath. Her buyer seems pleased with my instructions. And Sophie is obvious with the camera, already recording everything. And streaming it to the TV.

She looks quickly over the line of girls. None of them will make eye contact with her. Their message is clear: "please don't pick me!" It makes the choice hard for Brooke. How to pick an obviously unwilling girl. And worse, a girl she hopes to soon be sisters with, and thus will have to face every day for eternity! After picking her to eat! Oh, that is going to be so awkward! Which is why I decided to make the girls pick, not their buyers.

Finally, she picks Sabrina. I don't know why, but I will ask her later. Hopefully, while Sabrina can hear the answer. Brooke very hesitantly walks over to Sabrina and stops in front of her. Sabrina immediately shirks back a little, knowing she's been chosen, and not happy about it. Sabrina's eyes moisten, but she doesn't cry. I do see a little anger in her eyes as she looks back at Brooke, unwilling to meet Brooke's eyes.

"Skank... I'm not into women at all, but you are probably the prettiest girl here, and I really want to join Alpha, so I'm sorry to pick you, but I want to make the best show I can possibly make... May I please eat your pussy, skank?" Brooke asks, her voice sweet and polite, as she tries to look Sabrina in the eyes. I see only determination in Brooke's eyes.

Sabrina finally meets Brooke's eyes. And some of the anger is gone from hers. But she still shows that she hates it. "Anything for Alpha, sister. You can eat my pussy, whore." Sabrina answers with some reluctance, and a little more disgust in her voice. She allows Brooke to take her by the hand and lead her over to the mat.

Brooke lies the lithe, petite Sabrina on her back. Then she lies down beside her. She starts tenderly caressing Sabrina's sides and stomach, avoiding her breasts and pubes for a few seconds. At first, Sabrina shudders hard, flinching away from Brooke's feminine touch. But soon she relaxes, realizing that Brooke isn't doing anything to her yet.

Brooke leans over to Sabrina's ear. I have to listen very closely to hear what Brooke whispers "Let's just do this, girl." Then Brooke licks around the edge of Sabrina's ear, making an excuse for her lips being there, and sending a hard shiver through Sabrina.

Now Brooke's hand finds Sabrina's breasts. Sabrina's breasts are full and rounded, too. And they're topped with a pair of wide, medium-dark, pink-purple nipples. But relatively flat nipples that only rise a tiny bit as the wide nubs get hard. Brooke's fingers softly stroke along Sabrina's mound, taking just a few seconds to tease it before they find her nipple. Brooke strokes her fingers over that too, purring "Ooh... that nipple is just so hard for me!"

Brooke leans her head over, putting her lips softly to Sabrina's breast and caressing the nipple with her tongue. She teases the other one next. Then she plants her lips on Sabrina's lighter, but equally plump and full lips. Brooke makes an effort of it. She gives Sabrina a real kiss, one that her tongue slipping into Sabrina's mouth and exploring it with feigned eagerness. It takes Sabrina several seconds. At first, she cringes hard, then slowly relaxes as Brooke kisses her. Eventually, Sabrina fades into the kiss and starts kissing Brooke back. And then, it's almost a real kiss. It looks like it. It looks like two lovers kissing hungrily. It's a decent kiss, about fifteen seconds long, before Brooke finally breaks it.

Now Brooke starts kissing her way down Sabrina's front. From her lips, over her chin and along her neck. She takes just a second, at the base of Sabrina's neck, to tenderly nibble the place where Sabrina's neck meets her shoulders. Those little nibbles send hard, crisp shivers sweeping over Sabrina. Then Brooke kisses her way down Sabrina's chest.

Brooke pauses again at Sabrina's breasts. She uses the tips of her fingers to lightly stroke Sabrina's mound. Then she puts her mouth to the nipple. She holds her mouth open wide, letting us see her tongue as it pokes its tip out and licks around the hardness of Sabrina's nipple. Brooke closes her teeth gently around the short nub, softly nibbling that. She kisses her way along Sabrina's mound, through her cleavage, and up to her other nipple.

Then Brooke continues down Sabrina's chest, and along her stomach. When Brooke's lips get to Sabrina's pubes, she doesn't hesitate. She just kisses and lightly licks, the silky bare skin there. Right down to Sabrina's slit.

Like Brooke, Sabrina has a flat pussy between lean and narrow thighs. But unlike Brooke, none of Sabrina's inner folds stick out. Her outer lips lie flat with just a narrow line between their edges.

Brooke is trying to be sweet and make a good show of it. But she's not trying to waste any time, either. The tip of Brooke's tongue traces a single line down along Sabrina's slit. And that's enough to send a powerful shudder through Sabrina that no one misses.

As soon as Brooke's tongue is at the bottom of Sabrina's slit, Brooke uses her finger to ease Sabrina's moderately wide outer lips apart and bare all of her pinkness. I can see that Sabrina's clit is hard. Hers isn't quite as big as Brooke's, but it's still a good-sized nub. Big enough that's it's now peeking its head out from its nest of pink folds. And I can see that Sabrina's pinkness is pretty wet. I see a tiny, fleeting, quiver sweep through Brooke as she realizes that Sabrina is aroused.

And I can see that Sabrina has closed her eyes. She's pretending. She's telling herself that it's a man touching her most intimate places. That she's not on camera, making a movie for some freak. She's probably even convinced herself that she's choosing to do it, not that she "has to," want to or not. I guess she does have a choice in reality. Choose to get her pussy eaten, or choose not to make the cut.

Brooke keeps her lips back for a second. She starts flicking the tip of her tongue over the tip of Sabrina's hard nub. It lets us, and the camera, see exactly what she's doing. She pretends not to notice as Sophie gets a close-up shot of the action. A shot that gets a huge round of cheers from the audience. Then Brooke closes her lips around Sabrina's stiff nub and really goes to work on it.

I imagine Brooke is only doing what she likes guys to do to her. It's pretty much what any girl would do in her place. But guys, in my experience, are never the best of pussy eaters. They just don't truly understand how girls like it. But what else is Brooke to do? It's not like she has a clue how to eat a pussy.

I make sure to stay out of the frame. I tell Brooke, my voice fairly quiet, "If you want her to really like it, whore, do it like a gutter whore. Suck her clit lightly, pulling it gently into your mouth. Lie your tongue along the side of that stiff little nub, and swirl it *slowly* around her clit. And don't stop. Just keep going. You'll know when she cums. Keep going until you feel her orgasm start to ease up, then stop."

I guess Brooke takes my advice. In one second, Sabrina is moaning very sweet, kitten-like purrs. A second later she's shivering softly. Then her purrs start to sound hungry as they grow louder. And then her legs close around Brooke's head. A second after that, Sabrina's hips are rocking energetically from side to side.

"MM!" Sabrina cries out, her voice as sweet as it is urgent. She keeps sucking in fast breaths, the crying out "MM!" over and over again. With absolute erotic sugar in her voice. Her hips squirm hard. And then

we see her toes curling up. Sabrina's hands find her body and start exploring it, their eagerness and pace growing quickly. Soon her hands are toying with her breasts as she lies there, crying out endless "MM!s" that are ever sweeter and urgent.

It doesn't take long. And I'm sure both girls are thankful for that. And Brooke certainly can't miss it. It happens suddenly. Sabrina suddenly stops crying out her "MM!s" for just a second. Her entire body tenses to steel, leaving her lying there and quivering hard. Then her hips explode, thrashing from side to side hard and wildly. She screams out a long, unending cry of "AH!" as her body thrashes.

Sabrina thrashes for about half a minute. About every second a powerful, shuddering wave hitting her as she wiggles around. Finally, her body starts to calm. And her thighs release their vise-tight grip on Brooke's head.

Brooke takes that as her cue. She lifts her head up. And there's nothing she can do to hide the glistening coat of Sabrina's honey clinging all around her mouth.

Sabrina lies there for another minute or so, her squirms slowly ebbing until she's lying still. And panting softly.

Realizing that it's over, that she's done what she had to do, She opens her eyes again. I order her up onto her knees. Then I have Brooke kneel beside her. The buyer steps in front of both girls, looking down and into Sabrina's eyes. Sophie stands off to the side, taking care that the frame doesn't show their faces enough that they can be recognized. But showing everything else. And just a side-on sliver of their faces, enough for the viewer to see that they're both pretty girls, but not be able to positively identify either.

The buyer asks "Skank, how was whore's tongue? I want to hear all about it, skank!"

Pervert, I'll just bet you do! I think. I'll bet the girls are thinking the

same thing. And probably wondering how this guy got in. Maybe making a note so he won't get in again.

"It was incredible, Sir," Sabrina answers honestly, but with a good bit of shame, reluctance, and embarrassment in her voice. Enough that we all know it was good, but Sabrina wishes it had been anything but. "Whore's tongue felt very soft and gentle on my pussy, Sir... and once Miss Rodgers told her just how to do it... I've only been with two guys, Sir, and neither of them could it anything like that! I just don't know how to describe it to you, Sir. I felt... the arousal, that little aching desire to be touched, but then when her tongue really started on me, that ache just started getting so strong, and her tongue stroked me perfectly! It was like I needed it just a little differently like I just had to have a fraction of a second of rest, and it didn't give it to me! It just kept right on going, pushing me gently, but steadily, to the edge, and nothing would let me ease it! And I couldn't get over how soft her tongue is, Sir, and how she didn't lick me hard like guys do, but so softly! It was ten times worse, but in a good way, Sir."

"Do you want to cum like that again?"

"Yes, Sir." She's sure of her answer, but still embarrassed to admit it. "I guess my pussy just can't tell that it's a girl licking me!"

"Will you have sex with a woman again, to cum like that?"

"I... Don't know, Sir... I'd like to cum that strong again, but I'm still... put off by the idea of being with a woman... I think... maybe, probably... if I knew she was going to be as good as whore was, and she was really nice to me, and just sort of took her time to tease me first and then just did it... then I probably would, Sir. But I wouldn't be very comfortable with it, at least not afterward, Sir."

He steps back. I tell Sabrina to thank Brooke for eating her pussy so well. "Thank you, whore, for eating my pussy and... making me feel good." Sabrina thanks Brooke reluctantly, but honestly. I send Sabrina

back to the line.

The buyer tells Brooke now it's her turn. Go pick a girl to eat her pussy. I tell Brooke that she can't pick Sabrina, and to ask the girl.

The other three girls look especially uneasy now. And none will look anywhere near Brooke. Brooke walks right past the trembling Charity. I figured she would. The girl is just too nervous and too uneasy about doing it. It leaves her Tiffany and Gwen to chose from. And the Choice is preordained. The buyer has eyed the girls over, and his choice among them is clear. He gawks at Tiffany. And Brooke wants to make a good video. Why not? If she's going to make herself do it, might as well do it right, give him what he wants, and hopefully pass this test, too.

"Tramp, will you please eat my pussy for me?" Tiffany, another lithe blond, can't refuse. She very unhappily agrees and allows Brooke to take her to the mat. Brooke brings Tiffany down to her knees. She kneels beside her and quickly whispers into her ear. "I'm sorry... I know you don't want to any more than I want to, just please get it over with." then Brooke lies on her back and spreads her legs wide, offering her pussy to Tiffany.

I give Tiffany the same advice I'd given Brooke. Adding, "remember, if she doesn't cum, you lose." I hope that's enough to encourage her to make it good enough for Brooke.

She starts with the same foreplay. And does it just about as quickly. As if it's a scripted necessity. As Tiffany puts her lips to Brooke's prominent and swollen hard clit, Sophie gets a good image of it. An image that shows just how big Brooke's clit is, and how near-sloppy wet her pussy is.

I can only imagine what Tiffany must be thinking as she spreads Brooke's loose folds and sees just how hard and wet Brooke is. Does Brooke actually like girls? Did eating Sabrina do that to her? OMG, is she that hot from thinking about me about to eat her? Gross!

Tiffany starts licking Brooke's clit.

For a few short seconds, Brooke just lies there, breathing hard and deep, but lying there. Then her breathing starts deepening even more. Suddenly, her thighs slam hard shut, clamping onto Tiffany's head and squeezing it tightly. Brooke's breathing deeps a little more.

Brooke screams out a very loud, and very squealy, girly cry. At the same time, her hips start thrashing wildly, uncontrollably, bucking every which way. Her hands go wild, too, flailing around, slapping whatever they find, her fist clenching and unclenching. Her feet start kicking, coming up off the mat even as her thighs stay put locked around Tiffany's head. Her legs move at the knees, kicking fast and her, her toes curling up.

Brooke screams endlessly, the same overly-girly and ear-piercingly loud, cry of "EE!" Her hands hit Tiffany more than a few times, too. It's not intentional. Her hands hit herself just as much, and just as hard. Even Brooke's shoulders are flying around, coming up and down against the mat.

It gets a huge cheer from the crowd. Most of them calling out something along the line of "look at that girl! She's gotta be a lesbian! She likes it too much!"

Brooke's hips thrash on. Now their squirms start to grow sharp and crisp, as well as fast and powerful. It's as if her hips are fighting to throw Tiffany's head off of her pussy, while her legs are fighting to keep it there. Her screams somehow manage to grow a little louder and more desperate, something that didn't seem possible.

Brooke's hand finally land on Tiffany's head at the same time. They open, and with lightning-fast speed, Brooke's fingers slip through the fine strands of Tiffany's hair. Only then, once those silky strands are between Brooke's fingers, she grabs on and pulls it tight. But not pulling Tiffany's head from her pussy. Brooke's arms strain hard to pull Tiffany's

head harder against her pussy.

Brooke screams out, shrieking loud and squealy, "MAKE ME CUM! NOW!" Then she just screams and beats her head against the mat under her while her body tries even hard to thrash more energetically.

After several seconds, Brooke screams again. "I CAN'T TAKE IT! MAKE ME CUM, NOW! PLEASE, SISTER! MAKE ME CUM!" Then she screams more. And more.

It's about half a minute of her endless screaming and wicked thrashing before Brooke finally gets the release she's craving. It happens quickly. Her feet stop kicking, they come down and she crosses her ankles atop Tiffany's back. Her legs, from the crease of her thighs to the tips of her toes, instantly hardens to steel, locking everything in place. And pulling Tiffany's chest toward her pussy. Brooke just thrashes, but with a very sudden, very sharp, and powerful stroke. Her shoulders snap forward, her stomach muscles pulling them up like a sit-up. Then her shoulders slam back to the mat, with every ounce of her strength behind them. As they do, they twist to one side. Her hips follow her shoulders, her bottom coming up off the mat as her single shoulder it slamming against it. The sheer suddenness of it throws Brooke onto her side. Her legs are strong, and so powerfully clamped around Tiffany's head, that she takes Tiffany along with her.

Brooke lands on her side. It leaves Tiffany on her side, too, her head locked between Brooke's thighs, the rest of her body now lying on the mat behind Brooke's bottom. Only now, there's enough of Tiffany on the mat that Brooke's sharp thrashes can't turn her off her side.

It forces Brooke to lie on her face, facing the audience, screaming and wiggling violently as she cums. Only Brooke's shoulders and waist can really move. And they do, making it look like Brooke is doing sit-ups on her side. Very fast and snapping ones.

It goes on for close to two long, and loud, minutes before Brooke

falls limp just as suddenly as she snapped into gear. Brooke just lies there, her entire body loose and limp, panting hard. It forces Tiffany to move Brooke's hands and legs to extricate herself from Brooke's pussy. Brooke offers no resistance, but no help either.

As soon as Tiffany rises to her knees, there's no missing her face. Tiffany is an utter mess. Every bit of her face is covered with a glistening layer of Brooke's cum. Even her eyelids! It looks as if Brooke ground her pussy all over Tiffany's face. I even see a little of the stickiness in Tiffany's hair. But I'll bet the honey Tiffany notices the most is the honey smeared on her upper lip – some of which looks to have pushed a tiny fraction of an inch into her nose! She won't be getting Brooke's muskiness out of her nose for a while. Tiffany looks absolutely disgusted. She kneels and waits, as she has to. There are even a few red marks, some fairly deep, on Tiffany's back where Brooke kicked her back. And there are more than a few locks of Tiffany's hair still laced in Brooke's fingers.

It takes a couple more minutes to get Brooke back up onto her knees. Minutes that are spent filled with applause, and cat-called comments about her lesbianism and sluttiness. And many offers to screw her.

Finally, Brooke opens her eyes enough to see Tiffany. And see what an abused mess Tiffany is. Brooke cringes. And she starts weeping, tears flowing down her cheeks. She mouths "I'm sorry!" silently to Tiffany, who looks as if the apology falls on deaf ears. This is going to take far more explanation than a mere apology. I see Tiffany mouthing back "You'd better not be into me, whore! I'll kick your ass!"

Brooke's voice is dreamy and quiet as she answers the question. "Sir, I've never been with a girl before, and I've never been attracted to one. I'm still not. I just picked Tiffany because you seemed to like her looks and I wanted to make the best video I could. That's what you bought me for...

"I don't know why I acted like that. But the instant her tongue

touched me, I was gone. I couldn't think! It was the lightest touch I've ever felt. And silky soft. Absolutely nothing rough about it. And then, it just made my pussy... almost hurt. It was like a billion little electric sparks shocking my pussy all over the place. And then those shocks grew so bad that it killed me! I couldn't stand it. But that damn soft tongue just kept stroking me! And it kept making those sparks shock me, and get even hotter!

"I'm sorry, Sir, but I don't remember much about it. I don't remember cumming at all. One second I was lying there in pure agony as those hot sparks shocked away in my pussy, and I knew I just couldn't handle another second of it. Then I felt this powerful... wave slam into me, and suddenly, those damn sparks were all through every bit of me, and they were 100 times hotter than ever before, and I thought I was going to die! And then, nothing. I don't remember anything else until I opened my eyes, lying there on my side. All I can say is that I must have cum. Because now my pussy feels better than it's ever felt, Sir. I've never cum anything like that before, Sir."

I send both girls back to the line. Brooke stands there on very wobbly, rubbery legs. Tiffany rejoins the line with her nose wrinkled up from Brooke's aroma still filling her nose. I auction lot two. And I am certain that none of the girls are going to ask Brooke for anything.



Between "acts" the walkers make good use of the pledges. They keep them moving through the crowd. Only now, they offer some personal services from the pledges to random men and women. Services like fetching a drink. Feeding them nachos. Rubbing their shoulders. Kissing then with their pussy-honey-covered lips. Lap dances. Pretty much everything short of sex. I'd asked them to. But they don't have to offer more than once. After that, there is a line of eager takes asking if they might partake of the pledge.

It's about one in the morning when I set up for the next act. A few of the crowd has left, but not very many. And a few more have filed in, so I think the headcount is about the same. And I'm sure the only ones who have left are the ones who had to get home and couldn't come up with an excuse. After the shows those girls put on, no one wanted to miss the next act. I'm sure most of them are wondering what else I could possibly do to these girls.

But I have more tricks up my sleeve than the average girl. For this act, I have a prop. It's covered when Justine wheels it out onto the stage for me. Covered with a big tarp so that no one can see what's under the tarp. Sophie will serve as our camera-slave again. Justine has volunteered to be my assistant.

The walkers lead the pledges up onto the stage, lining them up by lot numbers. All of the pledges stand there fidgeting. All let it show that they are rather nervous now. I guess they are wondering what could be next, too. What more could they possibly have to suffer through? What haven't I already done to them?

I take the megaphone. The crowd turns their attention to me. "OK, fellow students, alumni, guests, crashers, and everyone else. However you got here, I don't care. You're here. This is going to be the last act of 'Mistress Pepper's Slutty Slut Show.' But not the end of the show! We still have the final act, coming around three or three-thirty, and that's going to be a show not to miss. It's then that these skanky bitches we scraped out

of the gutter to make up a class of pledges this year, will finally hear the verdict. Sister or skank! That's when we'll see which of these bitches is worthy of being an Alpha girl! And initiate the lucky bitch or bitches into our sisterhood. You do not want to miss that!

"But first, they have one more act to prove their devotion to Alpha! I'll bet none of you ever thought you'd be the audience for a game show, did you? Well, you are! It's my own game show, not seen anywhere but one of my parties. We have five contestants tonight for... get ready for it... 'The Wheels Of Sugar And Spice!'"

On cue., Justine pulls the tarp off my prop. The wheels of sugar and spice. I had some of my friendly frat boys make them for me. It's a single stand with two three-foot wheels on it, side by side. It's even got the name of the game in huge letters over the wheels. "Sugar" over the left wheel, and "Spice" over the right wheel. They did a great job of it. It looks good enough to be a game on the price is right or something. Of course, they'd never allow a game like mine on TV.

The wheels are behind the pledges, so they can't see them. But the crowd can. Each wheel is divided into twelve slices. Each slice is labeled. The "sugar" wheel has six spaces, every other one, marked "suck a dick." Of the remaining six slices, four are labeled "fuck a dick." Beneath that, one each is marked "missionary," "doggy," "cowgirl," and "reverse cowgirl." It's not quite the Kama Sutra, but it's a decent variety. Two from the front, two from the back, half with the guy in control, half with the girl in control. Then there are the last two slices. One is labeled "bend over and take it up the butt." And the last, the one in bright red, is labeled "SPICY GIRL - Spin the Wheel Of Spice and slut up."

The wheel of spice is divided into 12 slices as well. They're labeled: Buyer's choice; enema, suck three dicks; buyer's choice, then cum dumpster; enema, ride three dicks; buyer's choice, then pull a train, suck all takers in 60 minutes; Beg a girl to join you and buyer, buyer's choice; DP; TP; spin your sugar, and find three friends to watch it live; be a

whore, earn \$500, buyer gets freebie of choice; spin both wheels; and EXILE - GET OUT, LOSER!

Only five people know the secret. My wheels are rigged. There are little electromagnet son the back of the wheels that can make either one stop on any specific slice. And I have the remote that lets me pick where it will stop. Or if it spins fairly. My plan is to let four of the spin be fair. Brooke, my project, has a treat ahead. And she's going to spin it! As might another, if the bitch does something to motivate me to rig her spin, too.

The crowd goes silent for a moment as they read the slices and imagine these attractive girls having to do those things. I tell the girls to turn around and check out the wheels. All of them look completely horrified as they start reading them. And they only get more horrified as they read on. Imagining themselves having to do one of those things. The sugar wheel isn't too bad. But the spice wheel clearly is. All of the pledges shirk back as they read those horrors. Charity starts crying, and not so quietly, just imagining herself condemned to spin that wheel.

I have the girls turn back around and face the audience. "Here's how the game is played. First, I'll auction off the contestant. Whoever is lucky enough to buy the bitch will come up on the stage. Your bitch then spins the wheel of sugar. Whatever it lands on, you get. Right then, right here, on stage. Unless it lands on 'spicy girl.' Then your bitch spins the wheel of spice. As you can see, sometimes the wheel of spice calls for more than one guy. In that case, the buyer is first, and he can choose the other two from among everyone willing. His choice. A lot of those slices offer 'buyer's choice.' It means whatever you, the bitch's buyer wants. Oral, sex in any position, or anal. However you want it, you get it. But only the buyer.

"There's only one bad slice on the board. Exile. Spin that, girls and your buyer gets lucky. He gets his choice of any of the other four girls to spin the wheel and pay up for you. Because you are getting exiled. Out

that door, never to return, sisterhood unworthy. It's the slice of doom." And it's the one slice the wheel won't stop on. Ever. It's rigged not to. I never said game shows were fair. Mine isn't. I doubt any of them are.

I turn to the girls. "You all know the deal, bitches. Get sold, spin your fate, show us what a slut you are. If you're devoted to our sisterhood. If not, just run away crying and show us what a baby you are. Just don't come back." It's my way of telling them they don't have to play. I'm not forcing them to. But they're not going to be Alpha's if they don't. Charity still cries. But no one moves. Who would, after all these girls have already gone through, who'd give up?

Justine brings me the five dog bone tags with numbers on them. The ones I used to assign walkers to the girls. Those are tossed in a box and I draw a number. I draw lot number five, Gwen. I parade down the line of girls, the bone in my hand. The girls know I've chosen the first victim. And I know which of them it is. I make sure not to offer them a hint as I pace up and down the line. Then I grab hold of Gwen's leash and lead her forward one step.

"Here we go!" I announce loudly. Then I turn to Gwen and ask her just as loudly, "Do you want to be an Alpha girl, Harlot?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Gwen answers firmly.

"Are you completely devoted to the Alpha sisterhood?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Is there anything you wouldn't do for your sisters?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Time to prove it, Harlot! Do you love your sisters enough? Enough to sell your butt for the good of your sisters? Will you spin the wheel for your sisters?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Gwen answers, firmly, but very unenthusiastically.

"Yes, what, Harlot?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I'll spin the wheel for my sisters, Ma'am."

"Then ask me, Harlot. Ask me to sell your body so you can spin the wheel and slut for your sisters."

"Ma'am... please sell my butt, Ma'am, so that I can spin the wheel. Whatever I spin, I will do for my sisters, Ma'am. Please, sell me, Ma'am, get my sisters a lot of money for slutty butt, Ma'am." She is anything but excited about the idea, but she does have that resolve in her voice. It tells me that she's decided, as I suspect all of the girls have, that they've come this far, suffered humiliations they hadn't even know existed, to get this far. Whored out? Unimaginable yesterday. It just not such a big step from here.

"OK, then, Harlot is for sale! And you can all see the wheels. I'm done teasing with these bitches. They're going, and they're going all the way! So, you might not what you'll get, but know you're gonna get Harlot's goodies! Maybe she'll blow you and swallow your cum. Maybe she'll fuck you. Maybe you'll even get her anal virginity! Now that's worth a few bucks! Or just maybe, you'll get lucky, and she'll spin spicy, and you'll get everything she's got! And a show to boot! You just don't know!

"Harlot, turn around, let these bidders see how firm that bottom is!" I wait as Gwen turns in a circle and shows off her butt. Then I have her show the crowd her pussy once more. And then her asshole. As she does, I comment on how they might get that sweet orifice she's showing off. I ask them to imagine their big dicks filling one of those little holes.

And I start the bidding at \$50. The guys, especially the younger ones, and the older ones, start digging deep. By the time the bidding ends, I've gotten \$700 for Gwen. I got it from a middle-aged guy. Obviously a crasher. I wouldn't be surprised to find out he saw the invite for this party on his kid's social media and decided to come. Maybe he

told his wife just to make sure the kid didn't. Or maybe he doesn't have a wife. Maybe he's just lonely and desperate. Or at least desperate for a 22-year-old college girl, because he just paid dearly for one.

I call him up to the stage, and he pays me. I shove the money in my pocket. Yeah, the beer fund is going to be fine tonight. Then I tell him to tell Gwen to go and spin his treat. "Go on, Harlot," He says with a smile, "spin and let me see what I just paid for. Come on, cowgir!!"

I think about it for a millisecond. Then I decide this guy is pathetic, and I doubt he'll ever get cowgirl. So I rig the wheel. It's just the press of a little button on a remote in my pocket.

Gwen steps up to the wheel, and she gives it a good spin. It spins fast. There's no counting the number of times it goes around. It's too many. But then the wheel starts to slow. And slow. And slow. At the end, it's a scene worthy of a real game show. It's on cowgirl, the wheel still moving to the next space, blow job, then at the last second, the wheel just doesn't have the strength to get over the hump and into a blow job. I'm sure probably did, but the magnet stopped it where I wanted it to stop. Cowgirl.

He jumps up and down "All right!" just as excitedly as they do on the game shows. You'd think he won a new car or something. Not just a pussy! But he did. He won the pussy the way he wanted it.

Gwen just turns back to me and waits for her instructions. I have Justine wheel out a little massage table. Then I have Gwen undress her "buyer" as he wishes. Anything from just pulling it out, to fully stripping him down. He elects to have her strip him.

Gwen undresses him. And As I tell her to, she does a slut's job of it. She uses her hands to caress his body as she takes each item off. And she uses her breasts to tease his body, lightly brushing them over him, as she takes his clothes off. Then she sweetly walks him over to the table and lies him on his back.

"Make it memorable, Harlot. HE paid good money for your skanky pussy." I tell her.

Gwen doesn't start right away. She kisses him. She caresses him, more like a girlfriend would than a whore. She kisses her way down his body. And then she stretches her mouth wide and takes the tip of his cock into her mouth. She sucks it, quickly, just a tease, about five strokes. She more slithers back up his body. Her dark, point nipples, sliding over his body as her lips kiss their way back up, and her hands caress him.

By then, he is so ready for Gwen. He doesn't have the biggest of cocks, I'd guess about five inches, and a little over an inch thick. But it's eager, standing up straight and impossibly hard. So hard that half of its head is poking out of the foreskin! Gwen takes the condom I hand her. Those are mandatory for sex here. I'm not going to let these girls catch something. She rolls it onto his cock.

Gwen just shifts her hips and slips that cock into her pussy. She rides it. Not slowly, but not too fast either. She rides it like an eager girlfriend would.

He doesn't last two minutes. She lies there, groaning so sweetly. Then his hips thrust upward sharply and lets out a long, satisfied grunt. Gwen rides him until he's finished cumming.

I sell full-service sluts. Once he's done, Gwen gets off. Then she takes the condom off of him and cleans his cock for him with a baby wipe. He starts quickly pulling his clothes back on. Gwen takes the used condom, cum filling its tip, and hold it up before Justine. "See, Sister? I am devoted to my sisters. I sold my pussy for Alpha." then she shows the condom to the audience. It serves its purpose. There's no doubt Gwen just fucked that loser. It was the fate she spun. She tosses the condom.

Once her buyer is dressed, I offer him a surprise souvenir. A picture with his purchase. I have Sophie take them. One of Gwen's pussy shamelessly displayed. And one of Gwen naked, cuddle up against his

body, but with her face turned to nibble his neck. A position that keeps it out of the shot. She kisses her buyer, a long kiss. "Thank you for buying my pussy to help my sisters, Sir." She kisses him again.

I send Gwen back to her place in the line. And I send the loser back to the audience, after asking if he's "Absolutely satisfied" with his purchase. He swears he was, adding that her pussy was tighter and hotter than he thought it would be.

Next up on the block is Sabrina, arguably the prettiest girl here, especially if petite blondes with perky breasts are your type. And she one of the youngest of the pledges, only 18. The bidding goes high on her. I'm not surprised. I end up selling her body for \$1050. It's paid by a slightly nerdy college-aged guy, but I know his friends, the same crowd he's been wrapped up with all night, chipped in to buy Sabrina for him.

Sabrina spins doggy style. And unlike the first guy, I always like to start and act with a very happy buyer, this was an honest spin. I left the magnets off. She could have spun anything. She exhales a deep sigh of relief, and mutters "thank G-d it wasn't spicy." Then she pays up, the same way as Gwen did. Undress the guy. A little foreplay, until he got really eager. Then she dropped to her knees and teased his cock with a very brief blow job. And a very "shallow" one. She couldn't get much more than the head of his cock into her mouth. I'll bet she's suddenly very glad she spun her pussy instead of her mouth. This guy isn't huge, but he's hung! I'd guess around seven thick inches.

Once she has the condom on him, she allows him to nudge her onto her hands and knees. Then she arches her back to poke her bottom and pussy up, offering them to him. She takes her. Sabrina squeals some very loud moans. Girly moans. Moans that tell the world that huge cock feels great in her tight little pussy. She even screams as she cums, a moment before he does.

It takes her a few seconds to pull herself back together. When she does, she stays on her knees to thank him, her voice sugary and sweet.

She shows off his used condom, after cleaning his cock for him and reminding him what a great, and satisfying, cock it is. Then she shows off the proof. He gets his souvenir photos, too.

Next up is Tiffany, another pretty blond girl. Only she's just a little bigger than Sabrina. She's as cute though. And she has some full, rounded breasts with wide pink nipples. She sells for \$950, to another college-aged guy. I figure the high schoolers left are saving their money for Charity. Whatever is between them, they seem to be buying here every chance they get. I'm sure they're debating whom she snubbed them most, and thus who'll get her body.

Tiffany's guy loses. She spins a blow job. And that's what he gets. Luckily for him, Tiffany has enough skill to make it a good one. And her buyer gets his souvenir photos, too, including a special one that shows Tiffany's face from the side with his cock almost all the way in her mouth.

And then I draw Brooke. My project. The guy who buys her is cute. He's a little older, maybe 25-ish. Judging by the tattoos, and the camouflage he's wearing, he must be one of the ones who went into the Army for the GI Bill, and started college late. And he looks like he knows how to party! HE gives me and even \$1000 for Brooke, and tells me he doesn't care how he gets her.

Brooke takes her spin. And it stops right in the middle of the "spicy" slice. "UH, OH!" I announce excitedly, "Whore has gone and done! We have our first spicy girl of the night!"

Brooke cringes. Then she mutters, "fuck me. Just my luck." And then she just sighs and waits for me to tell her to spin the next wheel.

I take a minute to hype up the audience, asking their opinion, what they'd like to see her spin. Cum dumpster" is a popular choice, but there's a loud, and very vocal, cult in favor of every slice on the wheel. Except for exile. No one wants Brooke to get off that easy. This is a slut show, and they want to see her slut!

"Spin away, whore, let's see just how kinky of a whore you're going to be tonight! I'm betting it's gonna be kinky!"

Gwen spins the wheel with her fingers crossed. Then she squishes her eyes shut and mumbles a silent prayer as the wheel whirls away. She opens her eyes, but only a little slit, as the wheel slows. Her fingers stay crossed. I wonder what she's praying for. Or praying "not for."

This wheel is rigged, too. Actually, it's double rigged, since "exile" is rigged never to come up. I've pushed the right button on my little remote. The wheel slows, now turning so slowly that it looks certain to stop on the space marked "buyer's choice." It creeps along. And then, the magnets do their job. They pull it just a little more, keeping it creeping along, until the pointer inches over the line and it finally stops.

Brooke has spun exactly what I wanted her to. It's time for another humbling experience for the prim girl. She's spun "ENEMA / Ride 3 Dicks." I wave for Justine to bring out the supplies I'll need.

Brooke stands dumbly frozen in place, staring at the wheel as if waiting for it to start moving again. And stands there. She says nothing. She does move. She doesn't even fidget. She just stares.

The buyer seems fairly happy with her spin. Not overly excited, but happy enough. I'm sure he's thinking that being the first cock Brooke rides is fair for his money.

Justine brings out the supplies. I'm pretty sure she at least guesses that it's not a coincidence that I brought them, too. They're laid out on the same waitress' tray that Sophie used earlier. There's a clear bag enema, like an IV bag, already filled with a liter of a slightly yellow-tinged liquid. The color is just food coloring I add to tell me what's in the bag. Yellow is for mineral oil. There's also a length of clear plastic tubing on the tray. There are a pair of latex gloves and a couple of wet wipes. There's a little packet of lubricating jelly. And there's a nozzle, about as thick as my pinkie, and about eight inches long. Justine, playing the role of my

assistant, shows the crowd what's on the tray. Then she takes it over and shows it to Brooke's buyer. She finally sets it on the stage beside the foam mat.

I go get Brooke. I step up beside her and take hold of her shoulder. As soon as I touch Brooke, I can feel the trembling in her body. I can't see it, but I sure can feel it. It's light, but it's fast. I get a snug grip on her shoulder. "Come along, whore, time for your enema!"

Brooke doesn't move. I pull hard and she mostly stumbles a step to the side, toward me, before she regains her footing. Then I have to pull her along again. And again. All four steps it takes me to get her to the mat. Each time, she stumbles, her feet refusing to move until I pull her along with a sharp tug.

I don't think Brooke even sees the supplies lying beside the mat. She looks far too scared to be seeing anything. So scared that I almost wonder if this might be too much for her. She just stands there, frozen and mute.

I snap, my voice raising just a little, and firming up as hard as steel. "Lie on your left side whore. Face the audience." She doesn't move. I swat her bottom with my hand. It leaves a faint little handprint, but she doesn't even react to it. I swat her bottom again, this time leaving a little brighter of a handprint.

Brooke jumps, her feet rising half a foot off the stage. A hard shudder runs through her body as her feet land on the floor. I repeat my command, just as firmly. Brooke's eyes snap to their full wideness. Her mouth moves, no sound comes out. She mouths a couple of words. Then, finally, in a voice that breaks hard with nervousness, she manages to squeak out "here? In front of everyone?"

I just swat her bottom again. "You spun, you slut, whore." I tell her firmly. "This is the last time I am going to tell you, whore. Lie on your left side. The audience wants to see you get that enema you spun!"

Brooke cries. Hard, but not too loudly. She squeaks out "please, Miss Rodgers, please, at least don't make me do this in front of everyone! Please, give me that much, Ma'am?" As she begs, an honest and sincere plea, which is something I've yet to hear from Brooke, she very slowly, and more reluctantly, gets down to her knees. When I say nothing, simply pointing at the mat, Brooke gets down further.

She manages to lie on her left side. It has her front to the audience and her butt to her buyer. I intended to make Brooke position herself for it. But now that I see how truly scared she is, I decide to offer her a touch of mercy. And I wonder why she's so scared. I'd expected her to be shamed and humiliated, who wouldn't be getting in enema in front of a huge audience of strangers? But not this scared of it.

"Have you ever had an enema before, whore?"

"No, Ma'am." Brooke squeaks out quieter than even the timidest of mice. "I've never had anything up my butt before you, Ma'am. *Anything.*"

I take hold of her legs and move her stiffly resisting limbs into position. I put her as if she's sitting, only lying on her side. It's one of my preferred positions. I especially love the way it half pokes her pussy put between the tops of her thighs. And Brooke has a pussy that looks cute as it pokes out, thrusting its long ridge of wrinkly folds at me.

Unfortunately for Brooke, she also has a very firm pair of cheeks. And that wide crack. Even lying on her side, her cheeks are too firm for her crack to close flush. Which leaves enough of her asshole bared for me. Enough that I can see the dark, dime-sized funnel between them, at least the wide end of it, as it begins to taper inward.

Sophie comes over close beside me. She aims her camera directly at Brooke's bottom. The frame shows both of Brooke's cheeks. And her crack. And the dark funnel between them. It even shows her pussy. But not much more of Brooke. And the frame now appears on the TV, letting

the audience get a very good view of Brooke's butt on it.

I pull on my gloves. "whore, this is the only advice you get from me. I suggest you take it." Aren't I so merciful? I usually don't give a sub any advice. But Brooke isn't a sub. "Just relax. The tenser you are the more uncomfortable you are going to be, and you definitely don't want that. Lie still, breathe deep, and relax."

I squeeze a moderate dollop of the lubricant on the tip of my finger. Sophie moves her camera even closer, the image now showing little more than Brooke's asshole and the surrounding skin. "You definitely want to lie still now, whore, and let me lubricate your butt." I put my finger to her bottom. My greasy finger only brushes against the insides of her cheeks. Then the tip of it finds the ring of her asshole and lets me fell just how tensed and tight it is. So tensed that her muscle feels hard.

Brooke squeals loudly. She flinches hard, her bottom snapping forward away from my finger. The audience laughs.

I press gently, but firmly, against her hard muscle. I have slender fingers, so it doesn't take long before I feel her muscle lose the fight. It stretches, but only slightly. That's all it takes. My finger presses through the stiff ring, gliding in easily as the tight muscle squeezes against it.

"OOH!" Brooke cries out again, another shudder racking her body. I use my free hand to softly caress her cheek. "OOH!... OOH!... IT'S UP MY ASS!... OOH!" Brooke keeps on squealing. Now the muteness is gone from her voice, replaces by a loud, urgent, nervous squeakiness.

I slip all of my finger into her bottom. It's more than I need to push into Brooke. I only need to lubricate her asshole, and even squeezing tight, that ring of muscle isn't any deeper than my first knuckle. Which doesn't mean I'm not going to use this opportunity to answer a few questions. I'm too curious. I'd love to know what makes Brooke tick. Even if Brooke doesn't.

I stop only when my entire finger is inside Brooke's bottom, the

web between my fingers flush against the outside of her asshole. I pressed it into her with the back of my hand towards me. I press the tip of my finger very gently forward. I feel the thin wall of her rectum give easily. And I feel the burning heat beyond that. I know exactly what I'm feeling. That soft sponginess that's so hot. It's the backside of her pussy walls.

I wiggle the tip of my finger, putting only the slightest pressure against her insides with it as I caress the backside of those walls. And as I pretend to be greasing her up, not that she'll know the difference. Just slipping my finger into her was enough to get a good coating of the lubricant all through her ring. A hard shiver runs through Brooke. She squeals, very quickly, OOH!-OOH!" I feel a sharp twitch snap through her pussy walls just under my finger. Then I stop and lift my finger off her pussy wall. I have my answer. I gently slip my finger back out of her bottom. As it slips from her Brooke pants fast sighs of relief.

I'm kneeling behind Brooke. I quickly attach the tubing to the bag and the nozzle to the other end of the tubing. There's already a little plastic clamp across the hose to pinch it off. Justine, my assistant, hold the bag up high.

"As you've seen, whore has spun her fate on the wheel of spice. And now it's time for her to accept her fate. If you'll check out the TV, you can see that my camera-slave is showing you whore's butt, up close and in vivid detail." Brooke shudders at the mere thought of them having such an intimate view of it. I hold up the nozzle. "This is the nozzle. It's eight inches long, and its full length is going to be inserted into her butt." It gets me another shudder from Brooke. I really wish I had my finger still in her bottom so I could if those shudders are sweeping through her pussy. From the back, she wouldn't even know I could feel those twitches! "And then, once every little bit of this is up her butt, she gets a very filling 18 ounces of enema. 18 ounces, folks! That's a can and a half of soda! Just imagine how that would fill you up! Imagine how full her bottom is going to get. Watch closely, because I can guarantee you that

whore is about to squirm around pathetically and very amusingly!"

I put the tip of the nozzle against Brooke's asshole. Very quietly, and pleadingly, Brooke mutters a squeaky "please..." Then I press, and the narrow tip of the nozzle slips through her tensed muscle, gliding easily through her ring on the thin coat of gel. Her resistance, and her muscle is resisting with all it's got, is futile. The hard tube slips easily into her. I let it moves slowly, inching its way deeper and deeper into her as she lies there.

Brooke doesn't exactly squeal too much about the tube. But it's thinner than the finger she just felt. And it's gliding easily, her body unable to offer any resistance. She just pants little squeals. Then Brooke begs, mutely, in her squeaky voice, "please, not so deep..." I ignore it. It doesn't take very long, a few seconds, for the thin tube to slide fully inside her.

I don't hesitate to flip the clamp off of it. It lets the thin oil flow freely. And just to make sure everyone knows that it's really flowing, there's a "wheel" in the tubing. As the oil flows, it spins the neon pink wheel, and now everyone can see it spinning.

"OHMYGOD!" Brooke squeals out loudly, any embarrassment gone from her voice and replace by pure panic. She sobs once, then more quietly adds "It's cold!" I'm sure it does feel cold as the 70-something degree room temperature water lands on her 100-degree insides. She'll warm it.

Brooke quickly starts to pant faster and faster, her noises just as quickly turning from breathy to squealy. In front of her breasts, her hands start fidgeting first, gripping each other, her fingers interlacing. But not holding the grip. Wiggling every which way against each other. Her face wrinkles up. Her breathing grows steadily more panicked. Her feet squirm, too, her toes curling and uncurling.

She's taken about three ounces. It's barely enough for her to start

feeling full, to start feeling like she needs to run for the ladies' room. Brooke squeals out "I'M FULL!" She pants a few more nervous breaths, and tries again, "PLEASE, I'M FULL!"

I just stay where I am, one hand holding the end of the nozzle so it's stays put, and one hand resting softly on her cheek. That hand lets me feel the quivering tremors that start sweeping her even faster.

She takes another ounce. It's still less than a quarter of what's she's getting. It's about the same volume as one of those cheap disposable drug store enemas. The kind where it takes a minute for you to really feel it. But it's enough for Brooke to start sobbing a little more.

She takes another ounce. By now, Brooke is sobbing a little more, fidgeting fairly actively. "Miss Rodgers..." Brooke squeaks out in a very muted voice. "Please don't do this to me, Ma'am... please, I'll let you give me whatever you want, just take me someplace where the world isn't going to see me. Please, Miss Rodgers, I'll do *anything* for you. At least, please, let me have that tiny bit. Don't make me do this in front of everyone! PLEASE!"

I ignore her. I don't even react to Brooke's plea. I just stay where I am and let her fill up.

She takes a couple of more ounces, about eight in total. Still less than half of it. It's enough that it has her crying fairly hard, and fidgeting with all the energy she has. Which seems to be a lot. It also has her asshole clenched impossibly tight. And her face scrunched up just as tightly.

"PLEASE!" Brooke cries out, this time with some urgency in her panicked voice, "OHMYGOD..." Brooke's voice lowers to where I can barely hear it. "please, Miss Rodgers, I am begging you! Do whatever you want to me, Ma'am! I don't care, just please, stop now! Please, I'm way too full now! Please, I'll do absolutely anything you want me to! ANYTHING! Just please, let this be enough!"

I ignore it. For about the five seconds I have before Brooke cries out. Her hands fly to her stomach and hug herself. She screeches, truly panicked, "I'M GOING TO EXPLODE! PLEASE, IT'S TOO MUCH! IT HURTS TOO MUCH!"

I ignore that, too. And I leave Brooke to fill up. She screeches more, begging for me to stop. She fidgets hard. And she stays put. Or at least stays on the mat, on her side, her bottom filling.

She gets another ounce. I know no one else sees it, just me and Sophie. The only two here who have seen plenty of subs get enemas. I see Brooke's right leg, the one on top, as it clamps hard against her left. And then, as she fidgets, her thighs rub together. With her pussy, or the little bit of it that her thighs can squeeze, trapped between her lean thighs.

She gets another ounce, screeching away that it's killing her, that she's too full, that she's going to explode. I'm not really interested in that. I never pay too much attention to what subs say. I pay far more attention to what they do. And right now I can see that wrinkly ridgeline of loose folds at Brooke's pussy. It's hard to miss, now that it's so wet with honey it looks like it's about to drip.

She has about five ounces to go. And Brooke looks very, very uncomfortable right now. She still sobs and begs. And screeches and squirms around. Her body is tensed up hard, like steel, as she lies there. Her knees have pulled up a bit, her knees rising about halfway to her breasts. That moved her thighs to where they were no longer squirming against her pussy. And it lasted about a second. Her knees came back down, a little further than they were, the ridgeline of her pussy again squished between her lean thighs.

Finally, the bag is empty. Despite her protestations, and her insistence otherwise, Brooke has taken all eighteen ounces into her bottom. And she hasn't exploded. I very gently ease the nozzle out of her bottom. Brooke doesn't seem to even feel it, although she has to feel it slipping through her over-clenched ring of muscle. She just squirms and

screeches on.

I hold the nozzle up, turning it upside down to show the audience that the hose is empty. It should leave no doubt where all that pee-yellow fluid went.

Brooke doesn't explode. She lies there, no different. Only a very tiny bit, about two drops, of the fluid, leaks out her bottom as the tube slips from her ring. So little that the drops don't even run. They just lie on the inside of her left cheek.

"Whore..." I coo teasingly sweetly. "Your bottom is full! And you didn't explode!"

"Thank you, Ma'am!" Brooke cries out, "Can I please go to the bathroom, now? Please... OH SHIT! I GOTTA HURRY!" Despite the urgency of her plea, she lies there, awaiting permission to move.

I tell her to stand up. "You are going to really feel the fullness when you move. Behave. Just get to your feet, hands behind you, feet slightly apart, and stand facing your audience."

"Yes, Ma'am," Brooke answers with a very muted, and very uncertain, squeak. She starts to move, to rise up to all fours. She cries out but keeps herself going. Then she tries to stand. She freezes about halfway through, right at the point where her waist beings to straighten up. It's the point where her movement is trying to change the angle of her bowel, and her bowel is too full, too hard, to fold over at the bottom.

Brooke screams. "OH SHIT! EE-OW! OH, SHIT. I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE IT!" Her hands are clamped to her waistline. One of them flies to her backside and pushes her cheeks hard together. It gets my audience laughing at her. Finally, she makes it up to her feet. And stands.

She looks like she's in agony. But the audience isn't seeing the sopping wetness of her pussy either.

"See, whore, you can behave!" I tell her tauntingly, "there isn't a puddle of mess under your butt!"

"Do you want to empty your bottom out now, whore?"

"YES, MA'AM, MAY I PLEASE BE ALLOWED TO GO TO THE BATHROOM NOW, MA'AM?" Brooke cries out as she begs.

"No. You have to pay up. Remember I sold your pussy! There are three guys waiting for it! Do you really think I'd keep them waiting just so you could run to girls' room? Not." Brooke bawls.

"OHMYGOD, MISS RODGERS, PLEASE! You can't be serious! There's no way I could fuck anyone like this! I'll shit all over him! Please, just let me go, and I'll give them the best fuck of their lives! I'll make them scream! I don't care. Do whatever with my pussy! But please, you can't expect me to fuck them LIKE THIS?"

I take my crop and lightly swat Brooke across her cheeks. It's enough to sting her, but not enough to leave a line across those globes. "You are nothing, whore. No one cares if you want a potty. I sold you. Go turn your tricks like a good whore, and *if* you give them the fuck of their lives, I'll *think* about letting you empty that virgin little butt. Now go be sweet, whore."

Brooke cries for a few seconds. Then she wipes the tears from her eyes and barely manages to squeak out "yes, Ma'am."

She moves slowly, groaning softly, as she goes to her buyer. She starts by kissing him. She looks incredibly tense as she kisses him. But I can see that, despite the tension, she's kissing him very eagerly and passionately. It takes her a couple of minutes, but she kisses him, gets his clothes off, gets him on the mat, and keeps on kissing him, her lips locked to his.

Her lips stay locked to his. Her hands both softly caress over his body, and grip against it. His cock is better than average, about six

inches, but nothing too big. It's maybe $1\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. She puts the tip of it to her pussy, using one hand to spread her loose folds so his cock can slip between them.

She starts lowering her hips, her lips still locked to his. She goes down about an inch, maybe not even that. "FUCK!" Brooke cries out as her entire body shudders hard, "OH, FUCK! IT WON'T FIT!" She shudders again. She tries to go down again, makes another little bit, and cries out again, "WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO ME, MA'AM! I CAN'T FIT IT IN!"

HE decides to help her out. He just thrusts his hip up. Not too hard, not too fast, but fast enough that Brooke can't raise her hips out of the way. It pushes his cock into her pussy.

Brooke screeches out a very ultra-girly squeal. Her body shudders hard. Goosebumps cover her body, or at least most of it.

Brooke stops thinking. Her impulses take over. Her hips fly. She rides his cock fast. And hard, her hips slamming down with all her strength, pounding his cock as deeply into her pussy as possible. Her lips leave his for a moment. "I'm going to cum!" she screams. Her hand grabs on of his arms, just above the wrist. She pulls his hand hard to her breast. He starts playing with it. Her hand slaps down atop his. She starts kneading her breast with his hand. Hard, almost roughly. He takes the hint and does it for her. Her hands go to his body, caressing over it with true hunger in them.

Brooke screams as she cums. He puts one hand to her hips and guides her to keep going. It doesn't take that much of an effort from him. And she doesn't slow down or ease off. If anything, even as she's climaxing, she pounds herself on his cock harder.

A minute later, Brooke screams out again. As she cums again. Her body shudders as the waves flow over her. No part of her is still. Everything squirms. Her hips keep pounding away, ramming herself

down, impaling herself on his hardness.

Her buyer loudly comments, with a good amount of sweet manly moan in his voice, "this whore is fuckin' wild!" A couple of seconds later her grunts out loud and hard as he finally cums. Just before Brooke does again.

It takes her a minute to stop riding him, and only then when I tell her that she's satisfied buyer number one. Very reluctantly, Brooke lifts her hips up until his cock slips from her pussy. Instantly she leans forward, locking her lips to his for the hottest kiss yet. Her hands are all over him as she does. Her kiss lasts a good minute. Long enough that he's panting for breath when she finally breaks it.

As with the others, I make Brooke get up, take the condom off of him, and I tell her to clean his cock. She does. But she doesn't reach for the wet wipe. She opens her mouth wide and takes about half of his cock into her mouth. He groans out loud, "JESUS!" as she sucks. She sucks it hard, her lips squeegeeing all of his cum off of his cock. Then she starts eagerly licking the rest of his shaft. Only when she's gotten every drop of it, does Brooke reach for the wet wipe.

She obediently dresses him. Only now, with nothing distracting her pussy but more of that burning slutty desire, her discomfort returns. She cringes and moans as she moves. Finally, she gets him dressed and stands, facing the audience.

He stands beside her. "Whore has two more cocks to ride. You may choose anyone you wish for her to ride, even yourself if your up for another round. You've paid for all three rides, so there's no charge to whomever you pick."

He points to another guy in the audience, "Yo, Sarge, you gotta try this whore! She's the wildest thing I've ever had! And that pussy... man, it is so tight that I swear it left rope burns on my dick! Come, on!"

He comes up. He's a little older, maybe in his late 20s. He has the

same military garb on, and I guess they're in or were in, the same unit. The patches look the same to me, and that's about my extent of military knowledge. That, plus the three stripes on his should equal sergeant, though obviously not a very high-ranking sergeant.

"Remember that girl in J-bad?" He asks the buyer.

"A fucking nothing compared to this whore!"

I just point at Brooke and snap my fingers. "Ride cock, whore." Just call me madam.

Brooke doesn't hesitate. She just comes over, groaning softly with the step as a light cramp his her behind her pubes. And then she kisses him. That's all it takes. Brooke's pussy takes over, and she's all over him. It's as if she can't get to his cock fast enough. And she's taking her time, enjoying him a little in the couple of minutes she has. She undresses him with one hand. Her other hand already exploring his body. Her lips never leaving him.

Then she surprises me. She drops to her knees. And she teases his cock with her mouth. He's about as well-endowed as her buyer is. But then, once she's taken every bit of cock into her mouth until she gagged, she starts rolling the condom over his cock. And stops, no more than a half-inch of cock in the condom. She puts her mouth back to his cock and uses that to roll the condom down his length until she can't fit anymore cock into her mouth. Only then does she very quickly pull it down with her hand.

She rides his cock, just as eagerly as she rode the last one. Maybe more so. She has him groaning very loud and happily. And he squirms a little, too. While she pounds that cock like a wild woman.

Her buyer softly tells me "I gotta admit, I've never done it like that before, with an enema... does it always do that to women?"

"Do what?"

"Make them wild? Make them so tight?"

"Tight, yes. If it's a big enough enema, which is very uncomfortable for the woman. It has to fully fill her rectum. There's only so much space in her little body. Usually, there's plenty of room for your cock to stretch that pussy, but now, all of that is full with the enema. There's nowhere for her pussy to expand into. Wild, no. The wildness was always there. The enema just made whore really feel your cock in her pussy. She was already as hot as fire. Let's just say that her being too hot, plus the extra stimulation of your cock really stroking that pussy, brought her true nature out."

"I guess women don't usually do that..."

I laugh just a little. I know what he's asking me. He's asking me how a woman is going to react if he asks her to do it. "Most prefer not to be so uncomfortable during sex. Most. There are plenty of ladies out there that love it this way. A few will even admit it. Just be safe if you try it with your girl."

He grins. His buddy cums. Brooke has cum three more times. When she gets off of him, the guy almost pushing her away, his condom is covered in a very thick coating of Brooke's honey. She sucks his cock clean, too. When he's finally dressed again, he agrees with his buddy that Brooke is definitely the wildest fuck he's ever had. He says he wouldn't mind another round, but his dick is just too worn out.

He's out of buddies, too. So the crowd goes wild, every guy in it begging him to be the lucky one chosen. He asks me for advice. I tell him it doesn't matter, any cock will do.

A black man loudly calls out and asks if I have any "extra jumbo" condoms. It gets a jeer from the crowd. But it gets the buyer's attention. He answers, "You can break eight inches, you get her." the guy promptly whips out a huge cock. Right there in the crowd, about three lines from the stage. The buyer calls him up. He asks me "Is that eight?" Sophie

hurries over and hands me a ruler. I just motion for her to check it. She kneels down, her fingers touching the thick shaft very softly. Then she announces "Nine and 1/8 inch, Mistress, of very deliciously thick cock!"

"Stop playing with dicks, slave!" I teasing order Sophie. The buyer just tells him, "go."

And Brooke rides his cock. He takes the longest yet to cum, too. About four minutes. And four orgasms for Brooke. Very intense orgasms.

When he's done, he thanks the buyer and confirms for the crowd that Brooke is definitely "beyond crazy freaky wild." And asks if he can get her number. Men! I decline to give it out.

"Well, aren't you just the little slut!" I teasingly tell Brooke. "As we've all just seen! Now would you like to empty that slutty butt out?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers, May I please go tot he bathroom now, Ma'am? Brooke asks me, all traces of pride gone from her voice. Now she just sounds humiliated, ashamed, and desperate to get to that toilet.

It's not in her future. I wave a hand. Justine brings me up a short, wide, and clear plastic bucket. I set it on the stage. Then I go to Brooke and take hold of her by the shoulder. I walk her to stand in front of the bucket. I tell her to spread her feet wide, which she does almost eagerly as if she's willing to whatever I say, happily, if it leads to the toilet.

It lets everyone see that Brooke's pussy is dripping wet. Everything, including about two inches of her thighs, is covered with a shining coat of honey.

"Toilets are only for people, silly whore. Pledges aren't worthy of the toilets here. Squat."

Brooke turns red. Now she realizes what that bucket is for. And she realizes that she's still on stage and facing the audience. An audience that's staring at her, waiting to see what she'll do. She already knows

what she's going to do. She just doesn't want to. But the firmness in voice left her no doubt that her only other choice is unbearable – to wait until after the party.

Brooke squats, her bottom over the bucket. She starts crying again. A single drop of honey falls from her pussy into the bucket. And then, I tell her to "empty that butt out now or never."

Brooke goes. As desperately as she wants to wait, she knows she can't. It gushes from her bottom, filling the bucket with the yellow oil and her mess. And it does it where the world gets to see it. Not just to see what she's doing, but to actually see her asshole between her taut cheeks as she squats over the bucket, and to actually see it all shooting out of her butt. She cries hard. And she empties. It takes her several long minutes to get it all out of her. When she's done, I even offer her a wet wipe to clean her bottom up. If she'll stand up and turn around so everyone can see her do that, too. It doesn't take her much thought. She decides it's more humiliating, and unpleasant, to walk around messy than to let everyone watch her wipe her butt. She turns.

I send her back to her place in line. After that show, Charity is already crying and repeatedly imploring G-d not to let her spin spicy. I ask, and she sobs as she reassures us all that she'll do whatever she spins, whatever it takes to join. I sell her body for a whopping \$1400, the high schoolers priced out of the bidding. She spins blow job and is very relieved as she pays up.



It's a few minutes after three before everyone, except the pledges, is ready for the last act. Well, probably not the audience, either, they're still partying away and probably wish the entertainment would continue until Monday morning.

Jordan has reset the stage. We've set up five little stations on the stage. The first is just a barstool, its back facing the audience. The second is just a little table, about waist high. The third it just a little stool, about knee-high. The fourth is just an empty little place. The fifth, at the very end, is a little table with a stack of bright blue Alpha t-shirts on it. A stack of papers, too. And my camera.

Alexandra, the chapter's officially elected president, waits beside the last table. Another sister waits at each station. And all of those five sisters, plus Jordan and Justine, now wear some very ornate ceremonial robes. With hoods. Executioner's hoods. One of Janelle's deputies waits beside Alexandra. He has an executioner's hood on, too, and a paper sign on a cord hanging from his neck that identifies him as "lord high executioner, bailiff-at-arms, captain of the guard, and exiler-in-chief." It leaves little doubt about what his role is. In the event any of the pledges is deemed unworthy, with a little wave from Alexandra, he will drag her kicking and screaming out of the house.

The pledges all look relieved as they're walked, still on their leashes, up to the stairs to wait. Their suffering will soon be over. This, everyone including the pledges knows, is the very end. Their "initiation." the final test of their worthiness. They can all see the shirts, the ones they've worked so hard to get, waiting at the end of the line. All they have to do is make it past that exiler, and the shirt is theirs. And they get to be people again!

I've been asked to assist in the initiation, even though I'm not a member. So I agreed that Sophie and I would help. It will amuse me. As the pledges wait inline, Jordan brings out a small punch bowl, maybe 16 inches across at its rim, fairly full with a deep yellow something. She sets

it on the tray at station number two. Sophie sets a paddle on the stool at station number three.

And then, we're ready to begin. This time it's Alexandra with the megaphone. She announces that the pledges will make their way, one by one, down the stage. At the end, the final test will be administered to all who make it that far. She who passes becomes an Alpha girl. She who fails will be immediately dragged off the stage and thrown into the street like the "unworthy, disgusting trash she is." She tells Justine to begin, and bring forth "the first bitch who thinks she's worthy of being an Alpha."

Justine, hood on, goes over to the front of the line. Brooke is at the head of the line. But that's because of my doing. They're lined up by lot numbers. As my project, Brooke was lot number one. Sarah hands Justine the leash, and Justine leads her up onto the stage. She stops her as soon as Brooke's feet are off the steps and turns Brooke to face the audience.

"Pledge whore... do you still want to be an alpha bitch?"

"Yes, Sister," Brooke answers very firmly and loudly.

"Alpha girls are generous to the needy. Are you generous to the needy? I am donating everything you have, everything you brought with you, even the panties off your butt, to the domestic abuse shelter. That leaves you naked, without even any clothes to go home in if you don't make the cut. Are you that generous, pledge whore?"

"Yes, Sister."

"Say it."

"Yes, Sister. I am generous. Please donate everything I have to the needy women, Sister. I'll go home nude if I don't make the cut, Sister." I can see just the tinge of concern on Brooke's face as she thinks about what she foolishly brought with her. Like her phone. Something she is going to have to replace, but worse, what might be on it when some needy

woman gets it. But she manages to keep the resolve in her voice.

Justine leads Brooke over to the first station, the barstool. Another sister is sitting on, facing the audience, with her bottom hanging slightly off the edge of the stool. Zoe, the girl who volunteered for this station, wears her robe and hood, too.

Justine shoves Brooke down to her knees just behind Zoe. "IS there anything you will not do for your sisters, pledge whore?"

"No, Sister."

"Are you sure, pledge whore? There's nothing too disgusting, too shameless, that you wouldn't do it for your sisters?"

"No, Sister. I will do absolutely anything for you, my sisters."

I lift the back of Zoe's robe. Underneath she's wearing a short cotton top that doesn't even quite reach to her waist. She's wearing socks and sneakers, too. But otherwise, she's wearing only a "privacy patch." I brought a couple of them for her. It's like a flesh-colored band-aid that covers all of her pussy mounds, and absolutely nothing more. As she sits her bottom sticks out in front of Brooke's face. It lets Brooke get a very good look at Zoe's tight asshole.

Zoe reaches under her robes and pulls her cheeks wide, fully showing her asshole to Brooke. Sophie comes over with the camera, and aims it right down Zoe's crack, filling the TV with the image.

"The prove you love this sister," Jordan tells Brooke. "Kiss her ass. And make her feel your affection for her."

Brooke takes a deep breath. Then she puts her lips to Zoe's asshole. I whisper to Brooke "use your tongue. Push it into her hole. Trust me."

Brooke takes the advice. She starts really caressing Zoe's asshole with her tongue. Her soft tongue pushing into Zoe's tight ring. It can press too far into Zoe, Brooke just doesn't have the tongue for that, but it's

enough for Brooke's tongue to tenderly tease some nerves that Zoe probably didn't know she had.

Zoe screeches sweetly, but urgently. Her voice and face show complete shock. She shudders hard a couple of times. Then she lifts her bottom up, pulling it from Brooke's mouth. The audience applauds.

"Sister, " Jordan asks Zoe, "did pledge whore kiss your ass sweetly?"

"Oh, yeah!" Zoe answers with a touch of breathiness in her voice. Jordan giggles. Zoe pants once as she finally lowers her bottom again.

Jordan pulls Brooke back up to her feet. Then she walks her over to the second station, where the punch bowl is waiting, sitting atop the waist-high table that's not much bigger than the bowl. Jordan has Brooke standing with her face towards the audience, too. An audience that might be down to 500 by now.

"Pledge whore... an alpha girl thinks of nothing but Alpha and her sisters. Not herself. Will you always put your sisters first and think of us before anything, even yourself?"

"Yes, Sister." Brooke firmly answers.

Now it's my turn. I put my hand on the back of Brooke's head, my other hand on her hip. I lean Brooke over, pushing her head down toward the bowl. I stop for a second, with her head just above the liquid. It gives her a chance to smell it, and feel the warmth of it. It's pee. But it's pee that's been boiled to kill any bacteria in it, then allowed to cool back to body temperature as if it were fresh. The boiling does nothing for its smell. It's perfectly clear to Brooke, at first whiff, what's in that bowl. Exactly what it looks like.

I shove Brooke's head into the bowl, pushing her face all the way down to the bottom. "Don't move those hands, whore." I tell her just before her ears go under.

I hold her head there, pinned with her entire face under... pee. This is my part. To hold her face under, but not to let her drown in it. Most people, pretty much everyone, can easily go a minute without air. Easily might not be the right word. Her lungs will burn hot. Panic will start setting in. But that's about all. It will be hard and uncomfortable, but that's all. Really uncomfortable.

Sophie does her part, too. She kneels behind Brooke and doesn't waste a second. She quickly spreads Brooke's pussy lips wide. Then she puts her finger to the tip of Brooke's clit. Sophie very slowly, and just as softly, starts caressing Brooke's still-aching nub with her finger.

Brooke shivers hard at Sophie's first touch. She starts squirming, unwisely using up what oxygen is left in her lungs. I hold her down.

It takes about forty seconds for the panic to start setting and take hold of Brooke. It's not a pure panic yet, but she's definitely getting scared. And I know her lungs are burning hot by now. She thrashes, trying to raise her head up. I hold it down. Her hips squirm, too, trying to get away from Sophie before it's too late for that.

The sister waiting here, I don't remember which one it is, finally speaks. "Pledge whore!" She says loudly. I've let Brooke's head up just a little so that all of her ears are above the little waves her thrashing is making in the pee. "Are you thinking about your pussy now? Are you thinking about your lungs? Or are you thinking about your sisters? We'll find out." She recites a short line from an obscure Tennyson poem. It's about ten lines long. "That line is for your sisters, not your pussy, not your lungs, not even you. Your sisters. Remember it, pledge whore." She nods to me.

I count off five more seconds. About fifty in total. Then I slowly relax the pressure and allow Brooke to lift her head out of the pee. As soon as Brooke's face is just above the pee-line, she sucks in a deep, fast breath, Then another. And another. I pull her by her hair, bringing her head up so that she's standing. It gives the crowd a good view of her pee-

drenched face. She sucks a few more needy breaths, trying to catch her breath and refill her lungs with clean air. We all wait until she's breathing normally again.

Then Jordan leads Brooke over to the next station, where the stool with the paddle waits. Paddling is just so stereotypical of a sorority initiation! It's been done to death. But from what I've heard, which is about everything, almost all of them actually do it. Alpha is no exception to the tradition. Every one of these sisters has been paddled during her initiation.

I take the paddle. It's one of mine, the old-fashioned schoolhouse wood paddle. I'm used to swinging this one. It's my second favorite one.

Jordan sharply tells Brooke to bend over and rest her forearms on the stool. Then she snaps for Brooke to hold her head up high, as if she has some pride like an Alpha girl, not hang her head in shame like a worthless pledge. I use my feet to nudge Brooke's feet together.

"Pledge whore, will you cry for your sisters?"

"Yes, Sister!" Brooke says firmly, even though there's no doubt what's coming.

"Prove it, pledge. Head up, eyes open. The entire time, pledge. You will be paddled once for each of your sisters. Cry for us. Now ask Miss Rodgers to paddle you, pledge."

Brooke takes a deep breath, steeling up her courage for a paddling she knows is going to hurt badly. "Miss Rodgers, will you please paddle me, Ma'am? Please make them hard, Ma'am. Please make me cry for my sisters, Ma'am."

The sister waiting at this station recites a name. Alexandra's. As President, she's at the top of the list. The list of 37 current sisters.

I swat Brooke's bottom with the paddle. It's a hard stroke, but not my hardest. I don't want to hurt her. But I do want it to hurt. That's

what the girls want. It lands with a crack loud enough to be heard throughout the room.

Brooke tenses up even more as the wood slams against her bare bottom. She grunts, loudly. The sister recites the next name. I swat Brooke again. And onward.

It only takes five strokes to have Brooke crying. A couple more have her screeching nicely as each fresh blow lands on her too-sore, stinging bottom. It has her bottom a bright red, too. Then, a couple of more strokes have her bawling like a baby.

By the last stroke, Brooke is crying as hard as she possibly can. And she's screaming with every new stroke. Her bottom is a very deep, and bruised, red. Like something from S&M porno. Brooke isn't going to be sitting for a couple of days. And it will take longer than that for the bruise to fade away. But it's what they wanted. So it's what Brooke got. She did manage to keep her head up the entire time, too. Which only served to let everyone see just how hard she was crying. I doubt she thought much about how humiliating that was.

Jordan stands Brooke up. She walks Brooke, still bawling as hard as ever, into the next station. The one where there's nothing. It's been maybe fifteen seconds since the last stroke landed on Brooke's bottom. A bunch of hooded and robed sisters swarms around Brooke. None of them say a word. They just grab Brooke, firmly holding every part of her. Her arms, her legs, her hips, her shoulders, her chest, and even her head.

The sister in charge of this station is the only one to speak. "Pledge whore, do you give your body to your sisters, to Alpha?"

"Yes, Sister, my body is yours, Sisters." Brooke manages to get out through her sobs.

One of the sisters, no one knows which one volunteered for this, puts her hand between Brooke's wide and firmly held legs. She puts those fingers to Brooke's pussy. And she starts massaging Brooke's clit

expertly. I immediately know that she's does this before. And not just once or twice.

It only takes a few seconds for Brooke to start moaning squeaky moans. And to start lightly struggling against the sisters that hold her so firmly as her body refuses to be still. She needs to squirm.

Nor does take more than a minute or so for Brooke, despite still crying, to cry out a very loud, and moaning "OH-OOH!" As she cums. She cums hard, but not as she did with her butt full. Hard enough for her to drip a handful of drops of her honey to the floor. And then, the sisters holding her release her.

Jordan quickly leads her to Alexandra, the final arbiter of worthiness. "Pledge whore, recite the Alpha creed."

Brooke is a mess. Her face is still wet from the pee dip. Her pussy is still sopping wet from the orgasm. And she's still crying from the paddling. Despite all of that, she manages, in a pained, squeaky voice, to recite the creed. Perfectly.

"Pledge whore, You were told to remember something for your sisters. Will you recite it, or disappoint us and prove your worthlessness."

Brooke freezes for a second. Between the pain of the paddling and the surprise of being masturbated, she'd forgotten all about having to remember the line. When she answers, her voice is unsure. But she gets the line. Thankfully, for Brooke, it wasn't a long line, nor a bizarre line.

Alexandra nods to Jordan. Jordan nods to me. I step over and unlock the collar from around Brooke's neck. She sighs with relief.

Justine joins Jordan. They each take a shoulder and push Brooke backward, standing her flush against a sheet of pastel pink poster board.

I hand Brooke a paper sign and tell her to hold it. It's a stiff paper, but it's still just paper. Once she has her hands on the bottom of the side

edges, I put my hands on hers and move them until the paper is positioned perfectly. Its top edge is flush with the line of the very tops of the rings of color around her nipples. Above that, she's naked. The paper is the standard size, so it covers her breasts and part of her chest. But from there down, she's naked.

The paper is computer printed, by me. It's a sign worthy of the sluttiest of mug shots.

Brooke Susanna Oliver								
Hair: E	Brown 32	Hgt: Eyes: Waist: Panties:	Brown 25	Wgt. Pubes: Hips: Lovers:	Shaven 34			

Sophie takes the mug shots of Brooke, one from the front and one in profile.

While she does that, I take a vote of the audience. I ask them to vote by cheering as their choice is announced. We're voting on Brooke sluttiness, on a scale from one to ten. I start counting. No one cheers at all until I reach five. Then the cheers steadily grow, until Brooke gets herself voted a strong nine on the slut scale. Then again, after her enema performance, who couldn't vote her right up the scale? I grab another little piece of paper, shaped like a heart, about three inches tall.

On that heart is printed "By Popular Vote, This Pussy Is __/10 Pure Slut." I write the nine in the blank. Then I get a little strip of clear tape and tape the heart to Brooke's pubes, it's pointy bottom just low enough to hide her pussy. This leaves a good bit of the top of her pubes, skin she has to shave hair from, bare.

Sophie takes another mug shot, this one with the heart in place. Then I walk over and erase the pledge lot number from Brooke's stomach.

I let her take her signs down, too.

Jordan and Justine pull Brooke forward, then shove her hard to her knees. The exiler steps forward. Just seeing him move is enough that Brooke is almost crying again.

But it's Sarah that steps forward. She reaches down and offers her hand. Brooke takes it. Sarah brings her to her feet. She holds out the coveted blue shirt. "Welcome, sister Brooke." She smiles. Keeping hold of Brooke's hand, she walks Brooke over to the side, just past the last table.

Sarah tells Brooke that she can put her shirt on now. Brooke doesn't hesitate. It fits her well like a t-shirt should. Its bottom hem hangs down past her hip bones, to her pubes, but also leaves a little bit of the bottom of her pussy bared. Brooke doesn't care. She has her shirt. And handwritten on it is "Welcome, Sister Brooke." Everyone applauds loudly.

Justine goes to get the next pledge in line. Lot number two. Tiffany.

All five of the girls get their shirts. Much to their relief.

As soon as they do, Alexandra welcomes their newest sisters. Then she tells them that they have all been assigned to the vacant room, all of which are on the not-coveted third floor. Their names are on the doors. They have to find their own rooms. But, since they just gave all their clothes away, their sisters have put two sets of clothes in their rooms for them, minus one shirt, which they are currently wearing. As of now, they are official sisters of Alpha. They are free to do as they please. Strip and join the party. Go clean up – please – get dressed come down and get drunk. Whatever. Then she tells them that Justine is currently adding their mug shots to the new members' section of the chapter's website. The mug shots have to stay up for a month, after which more modest photos will replace them. I know something they don't. Justine is using the more

traditional mug shots, those that show only from the bottom of the big sign up. So it's clear the girl is naked, at least from the waist up, but nothing is actually visible. Not even her stomach, and certainly not those cute hearts.

Just as I know that the girls are going to find their phones on their new dressers. With one change. Justine changed their wallpaper and their lock screen to a naked photo of the pledge. One that shows her with her dog ears and tail. She's added the text "I am a bitch" along the top, over the girl's head, and at the bottom, about the girl's knees, "But I am an A $\Gamma\Delta$ BITCH!" She's added a second PIN so the girl can't change her wallpapers, too. They'll get the PINs from Justine, in a week. At the same time, they will get assigned to chores. Until then, they get a rest break. Which they'll need after this night.

All five girls squeal happily as they run off for the stairs, the t-shirts flapping above their bare and bruised bottoms. When they get upstairs, they'll find another of Janelle's deputies. His job is to keep the guests off this floor now. And to have already checked the girls' rooms to make sure no one is lurking in there waiting for them. It won't be hard for them to find their rooms. They all have tape on the door with "Sister Brooke," or whoever, on it.

The Pledges



Charity ("Slut")

Age 18

Height 5'2"

Weight 119

Bra 34-A

Panties 4

Major Graphic Arts



Gwen ("Harlot")

Age 22

Height 5'6"

Weight 140

Bra 34-B

Panties 6

Major Liberal Arts



Sabrina ("Skank")

Age 18

Height 5'4"

Weight 127

Bra 34-B

Panties 5

Major Elect. Journalism



Tiffany ("Tramp")

Age 19

Height 5'8"

Weight 144

Bra 36-B

Panties 7

Major Liberal Arts