**Veronica's Initiation**

by Blondie

The following is applicable to “Veronica's Humiliation:”

Veronica Longstocking sat nervously before her interviewers. She didn’t quite understand why she was nervous. After all, this wasn’t a job interview; it was only an interview to see if she would qualify to enter the Sigma Kappa sorority at NYU. It was only the second week of her first year at NYU, and, coming from a small town, she was still a bit overwhelmed by the big city atmosphere. She hoped entering a sorority would help her make new friends quickly, and help her get comfortable with her new surroundings.

“You seem to have all of the necessary qualities to be a part of our sorority, Veronica,” said Paula, who was the president of their chapter. “You do realize that you’ll have to pass our initiation test.”

Veronica shifted in her chair. She had heard of some of the initiation rites that sororities put their pledges through, and was a bit apprehensive about that, but was willing to endure a (hopefully) minor challenge in order to be accepted.

“Can you tell me what I have to do?” inquired Veronica. “I mean, I won’t have to take my clothes off or anything like that, will I?” Veronica, though she had a beautiful body, was positively bashful when it came to exposing herself to other people.

“Oh, no,” replied Paula, as she exchanged a smile with her other sorority members, “You won’t be forced to take your clothes off. Show up here Friday night at 6:00 sharp.”

With that, Veronica was dismissed.

“I did say she wouldn’t have to take her clothes off, girls. But I didn’t say somebody else couldn’t take them off for her, did I?”

The girls all laughed, as they looked forward to Friday night’s ceremony.

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Veronica appeared at the Sigma Kappa house at 6:00 Friday evening, as instructed. Paula led her to an upstairs bedroom. “You can change into your initiation clothes in here," instructed Paula.

Veronica, expecting to see some type of humiliating getup, was surprised to see the clothes lying on the bed. There was a strapless little black dress, black bra and panties, complete with a sexy black garter belt with black stockings that were finished at the top with three inches of lace. At the foot of the bed was a pair of 4-inch, black patent high heels.

“Put those on and when you’re done, come on downstairs and we’ll head out,” ordered Paula.

Veronica, a little perplexed, did as she was told. When she was done, she eyed herself in the mirror. She looked beautiful. A 5'10" brunette without the heels, she stood very tall with them. Her dress came to about mid-thigh, barely covering the lace of her stockings. She had long, slender legs and a lithe physique, with smallish but perky breasts filling out the top of her dress. She knew heads would turn, and she was starting to look forward to a night on the town, if that’s what her future sorority sisters had in mind. But when she went downstairs, she was surprised and a little troubled to see about a dozen sorority members waiting for her in casual attire. Some were in jeans and sweatshirts, some were in shorts, but no one was dressed up like Veronica.

“Okay, girls,” said Paula cheerily. “Let’s go.”

Veronica certainly stood out over the rest as the girls left the building and piled into a long limousine. A feeling of uneasiness swept through Veronica, as the uncertainty of her plight was troublesome. That feeling was aggravated when the limo pulled into a parking lot and Veronica spied the marquee:

“LADIES WRESTLING: AMATEUR NIGHT!”

The girls filed into the packed arena. Veronica was right—heads were turning toward her as she headed down the aisle to her ringside seat. Whistling and catcalls emanated from many of the men in the audience. The sorority girls, with the exception of Veronica, were giggling merrily as they took their seats.

After a few minutes the announcer checked in. “Ladies and gentlemen: For our first match of the night, in this corner we will have Veronica Longstocking from New York University. In the far corner will be Piper Merryweather, a Sigma Kappa member, also from NYU.”

Veronica was in a semi state of shock as she sat stupefied in her seat. Paula and a couple of the girls were physically prodding her towards the ring. She dearly wanted to be a member of this sorority, so she figured she could go through with this, humiliating as it might be.

Besides, I should be able to handle this little girl and pin her in a matter of seconds.

Little did she know that Piper Merryweather owned a black belt in karate.

When Veronica entered the ring, the noise level of the arena increased dramatically. Veronica was led to the center of the ring, where she shook hands with Piper. Her opponent was dressed in a blue spandex suit with white tennis shoes. Veronica realized she would be at a disadvantage in her party attire, but still figured her size advantage would more than counteract the negative clothing factor.

The bell rang, and Veronica realized from the giddy-up that she was facing more than she bargained for. Piper had Veronica flat on her stomach, her left arm being held behind her before she had a chance to react. She was horrified when she felt the back zipper of her dress being pulled all the way down. She struggled mightily, but was no match for her opponent as Piper pulled the dress down below her panties. The audience was roaring as Piper got up and began pulling the dress off.

Veronica grabbed onto the dress, but not before it had already been slipped off her feet. She stood up, and a tug-of-war ensued as each of the girls aggressively pulled on the dress. Veronica felt like she was hanging on to dear life, but to her dismay she lost the battle, and looked on in shock as Piper eventually pulled the dress from her grasp and hurled it far into the darkness of the crowd.

Veronica was stunned. She momentarily stood there in a daze, looking quite sensual in her sexy underwear. The hooting and hollering from the enraptured audience pulled her out of her stupor. Veronica glanced down at her escorts, whom were all grinning from ear to ear. She decided her best bet was to get the hell out of there before things really got out of hand. She headed toward the ropes to make her exit, but was waylaid when Piper stuck her foot out and tripped her, sending Veronica sprawling to the floor. Piper smelled blood, and she pounced on her beleaguered opponent. Flipping her over on her back with surprising ease, she had the mortified Veronica pinned. But the referee, quite enjoying the show, didn’t bother with the 10-count.

Piper then freed her hands by using her knees to pin Veronica’s arms. Veronica, to the delight of the enthralled audience, kicked her legs furiously trying to break free. It was futile, as Piper had her completely under control. To Veronica’s horror, Piper then unclasped her helpless victim’s bra from the front.

"No! Stop!" cried out Veronica hysterically.

But her adversary was not to be deterred, and the material sprung to the canvas, exposing her chest for all to see. Piper then pulled the bra fee and threw it to the corner of the ring. She stood up and awaited Veronica's next move.

Veronica could hear the lascivious taunts from the men in the crowd. The women were also screaming in their excitement, obviously enjoying the show.

Veronica was in panic mode now. She stood up, folded her arms across her chest and made a mad dash toward her bra. But Piper grabbed the bra and threw it into the far corner, and again the frantic Veronica bolted toward the garment. Piper tripped her up again and jumped on her back, facing Veronica's backside. She took Veronica’s panties in both of her hands and, using her brute strength she managed to rip them from her body, eliciting a huge outburst of appreciation from the audience. She then tossed the torn panties toward several outstretched hands in the audience.

Piper stood up, and the mortified Veronica did the same. Poor Veronica was now clad only in a garter belt, stockings, and high heels. Piper then grabbed Veronica’s arms, twisted them behind her back, and walked her in a circle around the ring. The spectators were on their feet, in quite a frenzy.

Piper then, while holding onto Veronica’s arms with one hand, grabbed the bra from the canvas and adeptly tied Veronica’s hands behind her back.

Piper spoke to her for the first time. “Welcome to Sigma Kappa!”

She mercifully stepped aside and Veronica scurried from the ring at breakneck speed. Her tits and ass jiggled seductively as she ran up the aisle and streaked out of the arena, sobbing out loud as she disappeared into the night.

The announcer waited a few minutes for the raucous cheering to die down.

“For our next match…”

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**Epilogue**

One year later, Veronica Longstocking eyed the pretty blonde coed who sat before her.

“You seem to have all of the qualities necessary be a part of our sorority, Kathleen,” said Veronica. “You do realize that you’ll have to pass our initiation test.”

As the prospective pledge shifted nervously in her seat, Veronica smiled to herself in anticipation.

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