**In a Haze**

by Little Robbie

**IN A HAZE – PART 4 - WEDNESDAY**

Lily’s trip home Tuesday on the school bus was, thankfully, uneventful, and she managed to sneak into her house and up to her room without her mom or dad noticing that she was bra-less. She never did figure out who was controlling her vibe all day, but she was just happy to be done with it now. Her clit and vagina were a bit sore, not used to being vibrated so much in one day. Still, she couldn’t resist rubbing herself under her pajamas in bed, and she ended the day with the most explosive orgasm she had ever felt.

At the Wednesday morning group meeting, Lily noted that one of her fellow candidates was missing – she guessed that the hazing process had taken its first victim. But okay, now it was just seven junior girls vying for the five open positions; her chances were improving. Margery, Heather, and Jess arrived, and Margery made an announcement:

“Hello, girls, congratulations on surviving Day Two. Just think, only three more days remaining!” Lily groaned inwardly. “Your assignment for Day Three is to participate in an interview with several senior cheerleaders after school. I will now hand out your time slots and locations. Do not be late!” Lily received a slip of paper with the address of a nearby house and a time of 4:30. So she was off the hook during classes today, a big relief after yesterday.

At 4:15, Lily walked up to the house as assigned and rang the doorbell. She figured that she could probably just wear her school clothes here, so she didn’t change clothes after school. Margery answered the door and let her in. “Okay, Pooh bear, have a seat here on the sofa. We’ll come get you when we are ready for you.” Then she disappeared through a door, and Lily heard her footsteps that sounded like stairs going down to the basement.

About 10 minutes later, the basement door opened, and Lily saw one of her fellow candidates come out from the previous interview. She was red-faced and crying. She hustled her way to the front door and out. All pretty unsettling for Lily, but she tried to calm herself – just an interview, how hard can that be? And she had nothing to hide, right? A few minutes later, Margery re-appeared and smiled, “Follow me, please.” Through the door and down the stairs they went.

In the basement, Lily was led to a room that appeared to be a sort of home theatre. There was a large TV screen and six comfortable looking seats facing the screen. Lily was directed to stand in front of the TV screen facing the seats; this made her feel like she was on stage – and a bit intimidated, since her audience was less than ten feet away. Sitting in the seats were Margery, Jess, and one other cheerleader, who was introduced as Maeve – a very attractive dark skinned African American girl with amazing hair.

Jess started right in, “So, would you like to tell Maeve how you came to be known as Pooh bear?” Jess and Margery chuckled. Lily explained, “Well, on Monday I made the very bad decision to wear white underwear that had Poohs printed on them, and I had to expose my underwear to some students I didn’t know. Boys and girls.”

Margery chimed in, “Not a very sexy choice, was it? Don’t you care about how you look when you get dressed in the morning?” “I usually do, yes.”

Maeve asked, “Are you wearing sexier underwear today, Pooh bear?” “A little bit, yes.” “What does that mean? Should we have a look?”

Lily was silent, not knowing what to say. “Strip down to your underwear, Pooh.”

“Uh, okay,” was all that Lily could manage. She slipped off her sneakers and her socks, then slid her jeans down and off. Finally, she slid her arms out of the sleeves of her navy blue knit shirt and pulled it over her head. There was no place nearby to deposit her clothes, so she started to drop them to one side, but Margery interjected, “Toss them over here.” Lily handed the pile of shoes, socks, jeans, and shirt to Margery, who unceremoniously dumped the clothes behind them on the floor.

Lily was left with only her light blue plain bra and matching panties. Not exactly Frederick’s of Hollywood, but more respectable than the Pooh bears. She became aware that it was a bit cool in this basement room, and she crossed her arms in front of her, both for warmth and wariness.

Jess jumped right in, “Drop your arms, let’s have a look at this sexy ensemble.” Lily dropped her arms to her side self-consciously. “Turn around slowly.” Lily felt very much on-display as she turned around for inspection. She was feeling goosebumps on her arms and legs.

Jess continued, “Singularly unimpressive underwear. Is that the sexiest thing you own?” “Uh, yes, pretty much.”

“And your boyfriend finds that sexy, does he?” “I – I don’t have a boyfriend right now.”

“Well, who did you last hook up with?” Lily was nervously silent, at a loss for words. “You’re not a virgin, are you, Pooh?”

“Um. Y – Yes.”

“Yes what?” They wanted to make her say it.

Blushing, “Yes, I’m a virgin.”

“Well, no wonder, with this homely collection of lingerie! I’m bored just looking at it! Take off those undies! Get naked!” Lily knew it was useless to argue – and a penalty to boot. She slowly reached around and unhooked her bra, and she let it slide down her arms. Then she pushed her panties down to her ankles and stepped out of them. She surrendered both to Margery, who dumped them on the floor behind her along with the rest of her clothes. Lily’s arms instinctually wrapped around her breasts and covered her vulva.

“Uh, uh, uh, uncover, right now!” ordered Jess, “Hands behind your head!” Lily raised her arms until her hands were behind her head. “Now turn around again. Slowly.” Lily inwardly whimpered. How much humiliation could she take? Again, she turned a full one-eighty slowly, as her face reddened.

Maeve piped up, “Well, I can certainly see why you’re a virgin, with those tits. If you want to call them that. Shoulders back. Shoulders BACK! So, that’s all there is, I guess. And those nipples, do they ever get excited?” Lily, once again, was at a loss for words. This was not a conversation she was expecting to have today.

“Let’s get those nipples hard, whaddya say?” The three cheerleaders had a good chuckle over that. Lily slowly brought both hands down and began pinching and swirling her nipples. She wasn’t accomplishing much – her embarrassment was overcoming her sexual urges. She tried closing her eyes and imagining herself in bed with a hot guy. With Ryan. That it was his hands massaging her breasts and rubbing her nipples. Pinching her nipples. Sucking on her nipples. But it wasn’t helping much; she was just too humiliated.

“Uh. Uh. What’s that? There ARE nipples there, I guess.” More laughter from the cheerleaders. Lily was doing her best to maintain her last shred of dignity, but she didn’t know what to say during this ridicule of her femininity. She had been feeling pretty optimistic about her breasts developing, but it was hard to argue with Maeve’s assessment.

Maeve kept it up, “Pooh, we’ve seen just about enough of your paltry excuse for tits. Turn around, and let’s have a look at that ass.” At this point, Lily was actually relieved; she felt much better about her butt, which she thought had a very sexy curve to it. Not flat, but not bubbly either.

Maeve’s assessment, “Well, your backside is better than your tits, but nothing to write home about. You’re not filling out those panties. The boys want something they can get their hands around. What you’ve got there is barely worth a spank. But we’ll get around to that later. Hehe. Right now, we want to see you put that little fanny to work. I mean twerk. Get it? Twerk?! We want some sexy twerking, right now, and it had better be hot. Ready, little Pooh bear?”

OMG, thought Lily. She had seen dancers twerking in videos, and she had tried it in the privacy of her room, with headphones on. But she had never been brave enough to do it in public. Much less, while COMPLETELY NAKED! She started to ask for a reprieve, but then she thought better of it. She had earned penalties both of the first two days, she did not want another one.

Nicki Minaj’s “Super Freaky Girl” came blasting out of the sound system of the home theatre, and the cheerleaders were ready for a performance. “Yay! Let’s go!” Lily’s competitive steak came to the surface again – she suddenly wanted to be THE BEST twerker in the group! She gave it all she had, bumping her butt to the strong rhythm of the song. But it soon became obvious that she was not good at this, and the cheerleaders were literally rolling on the floor laughing and endlessly criticizing her dancing. But they made her dance to the whole song, and she was a sweaty mess by the end.

“Pooh, Pooh, you have to stop now or we’re going to die laughing,” said Margery. “For that disgusting display of supposedly sexy dancing, you have earned nine spanks. If you had been STANDING STILL, you would have got ten spanks! Now turn and face away from us.” Lily turned, so her back was now to the girls. “Bend forward, spread your legs, and grab your ankles.” She did.

“Legs wider!” She did. She heard the rattle of wood that sounded like ping pong paddles, and all three girls advanced on her. Then THWACK! “Oww!”

“I don’t hear you counting.”

“One.”

“That’s better.”

THWACK! “Two”

THWACK! “Three’ It was a ping pong paddle! And it really stung!

THWACK!

And on like that for all nine spanks. Lily’s hands finally let go of her ankles and started upwards to rub her butt, but Margery stopped her. “No. Don’t you dare touch your butt. We want that sting to linger a bit longer. Now turn around and face us, hands behind your head.” She did, with her ass on fire.

Jess jumped in next, “Okay, we’ve now had a look at your boring boobs and your unsexy butt, time to see what’s up with that snatch. Spread your legs and pull your shoulders back.” Lily did so; she had never felt so completely exposed. “Hmm, I see that you have trimmed those pubes short and wispy; so far that’s the sexiest thing about you. It must be hard for you to resist the DIY. How often do you masturbate?”

Lily’s knees buckled a little bit. Did she hear correctly? “W – What?”

“Masturbate. Do you pet the cat?”

“Ummm, yes.”

“How often?”

“Um, about once a week, I guess.”

“Okay, so I think that means every night. Good for you. I’ll bet there are some other fingerprints in there, too. Any boys or girls been to third base with you?”

Lily could not meet their eyes. She looked up. “Y – Yes, once.”

“Oooo, do tell! We want to hear all about it!”

Lily gulped. “Um, last year I was on a date with a boy I had been seeing for about a month. We were kissing pretty heavily, and he put his hand down – “.

“Wait, wait, wait!” It was Maeve. “You just skipped right to the end. We want to hear about the whole romance, don’t skip any details.” Lily signed inwardly. Maeve continued, “And one more thing: I’m thinking that you’ll remember better if you give yourself a little finger ride while you tell the story.”

“What?! You mean – “

Maeve stepped forward with a tube in her hand. “Here’s some lube to get you started. We want to see your technique.” Lily couldn’t actually comprehend. Masturbate in front of three other girls? “Uhh. Uhh. I – I – I can’t. . .”

“What’s that, Pooh bear? Did I hear ‘can’t’? You looking for a penalty? ‘Cause we got a good one all lined up for you.”

“Okay. Okay. I don’t want a penalty.” Lily’s mind was reeling. She took a big breath. “I’ll – I’ll do it.”

“Okay, now get to rubbing and finish yourself off. And here’s your challenge: if you have not brought yourself to orgasm by the time you finish your date story, you will be sent home naked. And no faking it – we can always tell. Sound like fun?”

Lily, with her right middle finger lubed, took a deep breath and started lightly rubbing her clit, her face fully flushed. She began the full romance story. “This boy was pretty cute but a little pushy. He had tried to kiss me on our first date, but I wasn’t quite ready for that. He did give my butt a little pat after he said goodnight, which I was kind of excited about. Anyway, we dated a few more times; we did kiss on the next date, and quite a bit more after that.”

Lily’s right hand was starting to work a little faster and deeper on her clit. She felt herself giving in to memory of those dates. The cheerleaders were quietly snickering at the humiliation of this girl willingly masturbating in front of them, her bare skin moist with sweat.

“But as we got to our third and fourth dates, he began to get a little pushy about feeling my breasts and rubbing my. . .my. . .vagina. I had to push back a bit, and he was getting frustrated with me. I did like him, but I was trying to be careful not to go too far with him. Little by little I began to give in.” Lily’s head was starting to tilt back, and her eyes were closing. “By our fourth or fifth date, I guess my emotions were getting the better of me, and I began to enjoy feeling his warm hands on me, particularly feeling un – under my bra.”

“Oh, Pooh bear, you’re getting pretty warm yourself.” The cheerleaders were laughing in enjoyment. “You’re dripping! Want to dry off? Take a break?” Lily’s eyes popped open, and she wanted deeply to take them up on the offer, but she quickly realized that if she didn’t keep going, she wouldn’t stand a chance of having an orgasm before finishing her story. So she went right back to it, with her right hand now working furiously up into her vagina, and the fingers on her left hand reached up to squeeze her right nipple.

“I’ll just keep going, thanks. So, I let him take off my bra and massage my breasts, which felt very sexy to me, and I kept kissing him and grabbing his butt with both hands. Next thing I knew, I had reached down the front of his pants and began rubbing his penis, which was pretty hard by this time. About the same time, his hand had unzipped my pants and began rubbing my vagina, which felt so good and got me breathing pretty hard.”

Lily felt herself heating up as she re-lived her date. The three cheerleaders, even as they continued to smile and snicker at each other, disappeared for her as she felt her orgasm start to build.

“Pretty hard,” she repeated. “Our kissing got pretty intense, and I’m sure he could feel me breathing hard. He slipped his hand inside my panties and ran his fingers down into my clit and to the top of my vagina. I’d never felt this sexed up before, and my vagina started getting wet. Then his fingers fully entered my vagina and stroked me a few times. My body began to shake, and I had an orgasm that caused me to scream because it felt so wonderful.”

Just as Lily recounted her orgasm, she gasped and shuddered into a full-out orgasm herself – completely naked, sweating profusely, standing in this basement room, and humiliated by three giggling upperclassmen.

Margery smiled at her, “You done now? Want to have another go at it, Pooh bear?”

Lily was exhausted and on the verge of tears. “No. I’m done.”

“What do we think, girls? Was that a real orgasm, or was she faking it?” They all shrugged yes. “Okay, Pooh, you did your assignment. You can get dressed now and make an exit. You’re lucky, you can walk home fully clothed.” Margery tossed her clothes back to her, and as Lily quietly pulled them on, Margery said, “Listen up: we’re giving you a dress code for tomorrow. Wear a lightweight short dress – at least four inches above your knees – a button-up blouse, and NO UNDERWEAR. Got it? No bra, no panties.”

Lily shuddered and stammered, “Y – Yes, got it” before following Margery up the stairs. On her way to the front door, Lily noticed another of the junior class candidates seated on the sofa waiting for her “interview”, just as she had been about an hour earlier. Lily forced a smile, so as not to give too much away to the next girl. There were still two more days to go. And she didn’t feel too optimistic about tomorrow.