

# PLEDGING TAU GETA DELTA



The Complete  
Bundle

*Farleven*

# **Pledging Tau Geta Delta - The Complete Collection**

Farleven

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# **Pledging Tau Geta Delta - Part 1 - Dressing Up**

"You're never going to get in." Max laughed as I looked over towards fraternity row. All of the frats were lined up there, one stately building after another. All of those opportunities hiding behind brick walls and Greek columns.

"Well, at least I'm going to try." I replied. When I'd started at the University I laughed at the whole fraternity thing like a lot of people. It all seemed too chummy, and I wasn't a wild partier. What could I say, I wanted my degree, and joining a fraternity didn't seem to be much of a help in that.

"And just why is that? You've been ripping on those dopes since I met you." Max asked. He was right about that. Pretty much since the day we met in our first chemistry lab, I'd been making snide remarks about the frats. It had seemed so natural at the time, I guess it was an outsider thing, if there was a group I wasn't in, it was always easy to make fun of it.

"I guess Mack turned me around, you know that guy I met in my circuits class last semester. It's not all just drinking and debauchery, they've got a great career placement rate, and I don't exactly have family connections. That, and they're basically swimming in girls and you've got to admit we haven't been having much luck." I replied. There was a sad truth to that. Going to a tech school might be great for the resume, but it was hell on dating. Having basically three guys for every girl made it rather challenging, and I wasn't exactly a buffed up jock.

"So, you'd sell out for a job and a girl?" Max shook his head, smiling. "Yeah, not a bad case, I guess. So which one of the weenie houses are you going to try for?"

"Tau Geta Delta. Right there." I stopped and pointed out the house. It didn't really stand out very much from the others, but that

was the place to be. If I was going to join a frat that was going to be the one.

Max nodded. Everyone had heard of Tau Geta Delta. It was true that they threw the best parties, but they also had the best programs for actually getting a job after college and of all the frats they seemed to always be inundated with hot girls. There was only one downside.

"Well, I sure hope you're ready for hell week then." Max laughed. Hell week, the little term that the frats used for describing the week of suffering they liked to inflict on pledges before letting them join. Of all the fraternities, the Taus had the worst reputation for a challenging gauntlet.

"Oh, I'm ready." I puffed out my chest a bit and strutted down the street. The truth was, I had no idea what to expect. Sure, there were stories about how pledging usually went down, but the Taus somehow managed to keep their hell week traditions a secret.

"Yeah, I'll bet. They only let in like half their pledges after hell week, and still no one knows what they do to those guys." Max replied. It was the strangest thing. Most fraternities would let in all comers, you just had to go through the rituals. Tau Geta Delta was actually more selective. It wasn't clear just how they made their selections, but a lot of guys didn't stick around after Hell Week.

"Yeah, that's kind of strange, but that just makes me want to find out what they actually do." I said. The mystery of it was intriguing. They were one of the best of the Greek houses and yet half their pledges would quit or get weeded out before actually joining. At least it was clear that no one got hurt pledging with them, but I just had to know what the story was.

"I guess that means I won't be seeing you around as much." Max slapped me on the shoulder and we headed back towards the dorms. With any luck, I wouldn't be making this walk for much longer.

"Hey, don't say things like that. You can always stop by and heck I might convince you to join up too." I gave him a good punch to the shoulder. Just because I got into a frat didn't mean I'd abandon my friends. "Hell, if I get to be that kind of a jerk, you have my permission to beat the crap out of me."

We both laughed at that. Neither of us was the violent type, but the sentiment was right on. Then picked up and got going again. I

had a few more days before I'd be making my attempt at pledging and I needed to pack up a few things. All the new pledges would be living in the house for hell week, and if I made it through that I'd be moving in permanently. I also needed to get ahead on my studies so that I wouldn't get behind too much while I was pledging.

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There's a moment when you just have to wonder what exactly made you think something was a good idea. Standing naked in the middle of a basement with about thirty other equally naked guys is one of those times. As much as I tried to keep from glancing around the room, it didn't take much to realize that pretty much everyone else here was thinking the same thing.

I suppose they had to make us complacent. The first few hours after we arrived, they'd simply had us doing various odd things around the house. It was almost cliched. Thirty some guys cleaning the kitchen with toothbrushes wasn't exactly the crazy kind of thing that people would run away from though. For a moment, I suspected that their hell week reputation was just a bit of fancy propaganda.

At least until they ordered us down into the basement and told everyone to line up and strip. So we were all standing around in the buff, with a couple of the elder members standing up on a little platform in front of us. This had to be the beginning of whatever ritual drove away half the pledges. All I had to do was go along with it. It wasn't like they were going to kill anyone or anything. So I stood there, waiting for the real show to begin.

"All right, gentlemen." One of the robed guys spoke out. He didn't really shout, but his voice boomed around the room and everyone was instantly focused on him. He motioned up towards the president of the house, and all our eyes followed.

"Welcome." Hamilton Prescott smiled as he gazed out at us. I'd only had a chance to shake his hand briefly when I'd come here, but he had an air of command that no one could question.

"I always look forward to this night, when I get the opportunity to start our pledges on their journey to become Taus. The next week will be a harrowing one for you, the challenges that we will test you

with will make you better and prove that you are ready to truly join us. However, I want you all to know that you can always decline a challenge and walk away." Prescott waved towards a robed figure that stood at the end of the room, next to the first of us naked pledges. The robed man was holding a thick, leather bound book. It looked old, and the pages weathered, as if it were more suited for a museum than a fraternity.

"Now, you will be asked to swear that you will hold to the secrets of the Taus, even if you should decide not to join us. The challenges and rituals of this week shall not be spoken of to anyone who is not a Tau or currently pledging. To assure this, your agreement will be bound by the magic of this tome. Simply repeat the affirmation with your hand on the book. We shall continue once everyone has been bound." He explained. I turned to see the robed member present the book to the first naked pledge and offered the statement to be repeated.

One by one, everyone repeated the phrase. I wondered if it was truly magic or just part of the fun. Normally, I wouldn't even have questioned the existence of magic, but the fact that no one ever shared the story of being a Tau pledge actually made me wonder. If they really could cast a spell on pledges, that would keep everyone's mouth shut.

Finally, it was my turn. The old book was presented and I placed my hand on it. I felt an odd warmth as my hand pressed into the well worn leather. It was more than just the heat of the hands that had preceded mine, it seemed to tingle up my arm, and I shuddered a bit.

"Now pledge, repeat this. I swear to never reveal the secrets of the Taus to anyone who does not know them, in this I pledge my life and honor."

I repeated the phrase and was instantly hit by another strange sensation. This time inside my head, I felt something tingling again. It didn't really hurt or feel good, and it disappeared in a second. Somehow I knew that no matter what, I'd never be able to tell anyone about this or anything else that was about to happen. That alone felt strange, that such a fact could be just as grounded in my head as the law of gravity.

It didn't take long for the rest of the pledges to finish and we were again all standing around waiting for things to happen. Honestly, I couldn't wait to get my clothes back on before I caught a cold or something.

The member with the book walked onto the stage and presented the book to Prescott. He bowed and said a few quiet words and then took the book. He stood for a moment and then slowly opened it and turned the pages until he found the one he was looking for.

"Thank you pledges. Now we can begin. I know you're all a little anxious to get dressed again, but I assure you that your current discomfort was necessary. Now, there is just one more thing I need. Who among you are virgins?" Prescott asked. The room held quiet for a moment and then I saw a couple of hands go up. Robed members quickly came to each of them with a new robe and then walked them out.

"For what we are about to do, a certain carnal knowledge is necessary in the soul." Prescott explained and then he pulled up the book. "Now, relax, this will feel strange, but it will all be over in a few moments."

Then he held up the book and began chanting in a language I'd never heard before. Other robed men began chanting as well. The air seemed to spark with energy and I felt my skin begin to tingle. My sight began to fill with little lights, like dancing stars until I could see nothing but a swirling pulsing glow. My body began to feel strange as well. I felt warm as a heat seemed to boil up inside me. A tightness began pulling at me, as if I was being pressed from all directions, but especially in my waist. Then, as if I was some kind of squeeze toy, my hips seemed to expand as did my chest as if being squished in one place had me popping out in others.

All of that strangeness was nothing compared to the sudden wicked cramp between my legs. At first it seemed like the other pressure, but then I felt almost like I'd been kicked in the balls. The moment of pain quickly faded, but then my stomach twisted and grew nauseous. I struggled to keep from doubling over before this discomfort melted away as well. That was when the lights began to fade and I was left standing naked with the others.



Then I heard a shriek. Just like the sound my little sister would make when I'd jump out of a closet at her. I nearly jumped out of my skin as it echoed around the room, and was quickly joined by a half dozen more equally frantic squeals of dismay all around me. I turned towards the closest one, half expecting that we'd been set up by the fraternity. Maybe they'd brought down a bunch of coeds and were trying to surprise them with a room full of naked guys.

Then my chest shifted when I turned. I stopped, and the feeling continued for a moment, as if something on my chest was bouncing to a rest. It was an impossible feeling, and I couldn't help but look down. Somehow I managed not to add my own shriek to the din in the room when I saw two perky round breasts pointing up at me. I took in a deep breath, as my heart started to race. It couldn't be possible, but my eyes and the strange weight on my chest told me that it was most certainly true.

I held to my self control and quickly looked around the room. I wasn't the only one suddenly sporting a pair of bouncing mammaries. The entire row of naked guys had turned into a row of naked girls, most of whom were in some state between shock and panic. Half of them had hands on their chest or between their legs and most of the rest were simply staring down at the chest and trying not to hyperventilate. The surprising thing was that a couple of the girls were smiling joyously as they cupped their breasts.

I took a deep breath and tried to stay calm. All of the pledges had been transformed into women! I looked down to make sure, my stomach twisting as I looked down past the peaks of my new tits to confirm that my dick was nowhere to be found. I'd certainly not been left out of whatever had caused this change.

I debated for a moment to send a hand down between my legs to check, but decided not to. The strange empty chill down there told me all I needed to know. If this didn't get reversed, I'd have ample opportunities to inspect myself later. Now, I had to address the issue more directly.

I turned back to Prescott. I hadn't believed in magic before, but until someone explained this away, I didn't doubt that the chant had been the trigger for some kind of spell. That meant they had done this on purpose and hopefully had a way to reverse it.

I was about to raise my voice above the echoing cries and wails when he slammed the thick book shut. The boom seemed to stamp out all the noise and everyone turned back to him. No doubt most everyone else knew that he must have caused this and would have the answer.

"Ladies!" He boomed again, emphasizing the reality that was hovering over all of us like some kind of dream. "Ladies, I apologize for the discomfort, but we have prepared a team of mentors for each of you. They will answer all of your questions and explain the challenges ahead. I know this is a shock for all of you, but to become Taus you must handle adversity and grow from it. Now, I wish you all the best of luck and I hope to sign each of your names into the rolls at the end of this journey."

Before anyone could object or harangue him, Prescott slipped off the stage and left the room. That seemed to be the signal, and it suddenly a flood of people entered the room. Before I could figure out what was happening, a man and a woman in robes approached me and held out a long bath robe for him.

"Here, I think you'll be wanting this." The woman smiled warmly as she held out the fuzzy pink robe. I thought for a moment, considering if I really wanted to put on something so girlish, but I lacked other options, and suddenly realized what a sight I must have been for the guy standing next to her.

I quickly grabbed the robe and turned around to pull it on. The shock of the transformation had finally been broken and my modesty returned in spades. Even if I hadn't been turned into a girl, I didn't like strutting around naked.

"Thanks, I..." I paused, surprised by the higher pitch of my voice. I knew it should have shocked me, but after a lifetime of being a guy there was a purely visceral effect of hearing a feminine tone echoing in my ears as I spoke.

"You'll get used to it." The woman smiled. "I'm Meredith."

"And I am Kyle. We're to be your guides for the week." He motioned towards the exit. "Now, why don't we show you to your room and we can explain."

"Yeah, I'd really like an explanation." I nodded as I followed them out. Everyone else seemed to be getting the same treatments,

though a couple of the more freaked pledges were needing to be talked down. I could understand that, but I'd always taken a very realist approach to things. Even for something as unreal as this, losing my wits wouldn't help anything.

Luckily it wasn't a long walk back up the stairs to my room. I'd dropped my stuff off there earlier today. It wasn't exactly spacious, just enough room for a loft bed, a simple desk and a comfy little couch for relaxing on. I took the desk chair and let the other two sit down on the couch.

"Now, will you tell me what all this is about?" I waved down at my chest, hips and then back up at the long hair my head seemed to have sprouted during the transformation. I squirmed a bit in my chair as I sat down, not quite sure how to position myself, it was strange not having to worry about my balls, but I was still naked under the robe and didn't want to give anyone a free show either.

"It is the tradition of the Taus to help make our brotherhood stronger and better. Our founding members could see the dark path that other fraternities took, especially in the ways that they treated women, so when our great elder found the book of knowledge, they decided to use it, to discover the secrets of the other half of humanity. Over time, it has become one of our most important rituals and one that we require all pledges to experience." Kyle began.

"So, you did this too? Became a girl?" I blurted out.

"Yes, every Tau for the last one hundred and twenty three years has become a woman before being allowed to join." Kyle nodded. "It was decided to initiate pledges this way as a very direct way to test character. Some people accept, some embrace and a few reject the change. We always offer the choice of changing back at any time, but only those who complete the challenges can become members."

"So if I asked to change back now, I could?" I asked. I felt a rush of relief at the thought. It wasn't that I wanted to actually give up, but having the option made me feel a lot better.

"Certainly, do you want to?" Kyle asked. I could feel his sincerity. It wasn't hard to believe that a guy's first reaction to such a change would be to reverse it, and despite the fact that we hadn't been asked, I didn't doubt that he meant it when he said I could change back on demand.

"No, I'm going to at least hear you out first." I sat back, relaxing a bit more. I was too curious not to let him finish. I wasn't exactly in pain, or even exceedingly uncomfortable. I could certainly give him time to tell the rest of the story.

"Wonderful. Now, for your initiation, you will only be transformed for this week, during which time you'll be given different challenges each day, some small and some large. Everything outside of this fraternity and our sister sorority, the Delta Kappas, has been changed to reflect your life as that of a girl. Your friends and family will remember you having always been a girl. The spell is very complete, even your driver license will reflect the new you." He paused for a moment and motioned towards my pants. They'd been thoughtful enough to bring my clothes back to my room as well.

I took the hint and went to pick them up. It wasn't until I was bent half way down that I felt the unfamiliar jiggle of my new breasts and realized that I'd let the robe come open a bit and was given Kyle a nearly unrestricted view of my chest. My mind raced for a moment, trying to decide what would be the most dignified thing to do. Ignoring it was just too brazen, but racing to close up my robe was needlessly feminine. Instead, I just looked up at him and scowled a bit when I noticed him still smiling and then slowly closed the top.

I didn't quite know how to react to that. No doubt he'd liked what he'd seen, but I couldn't decide if I should be flattered or offended. Either way, I pulled out my wallet and flipped through my cards until I got to my driver license. I blinked and shook my head when I saw it. It wasn't real, and yet I knew it was true. My name was Alison Emily Sterling. Aside from my height, which had dropped about four inches, the other details were the same. The most stunning thing though, was the picture. I stared at what I knew was my new face, the delicate features and thin nose with blue eyes that was framed by light brown hair. I wasn't classically beautiful; rather I looked a bit more like an elf, and I realized that it matched well with the rest of my new frame.

"Okay, so what now?" I asked as I put my license back. I had to admit that I was growing more than a little curious to check out my new body. I suppose I should have been freaking out more, but I actually found the idea intriguing. I'd get to be a woman for a week

and then go back to my old self. I would never have expected such a thing to happen, but now that it had, I was too intrigued to back out.

“Well, for now, you need to get ready for the opening party. I’ll help you with that, and I can go over a bit more about the challenges. So, if you don’t have any questions for Kyle, he can go help with some of the other party work.” Meredith smiled warmly. It wasn’t hard to tell that she wanted Kyle to leave, and I certainly wouldn’t mind having the room a bit less crowded.

“I think I’m okay for now. Thanks for the explanation.” I nodded to Kyle and he smiled and left. Now it was just this sorority girl and I. Hopefully she could answer a few questions. Somehow I felt more comfortable without a guy around. I know it sounds strange, but there was just a strange tension in the air when he was here. I suppose it was the way he looked at me that made me feel a bit odd. I could just imagine what I’d have been doing if I was sitting across from a sexy girl wearing only a bathrobe, and that fact alone made me a bit anxious.

“So, feel better?” Meredith smiled. “Sometimes it’s better when it’s just us girls, you know?”

“Yeah, I do now. So what’s your story, why are you here?” I asked.

“Well, you know how a lot of pledges don’t make it to being a Tau?” She asked and I nodded. It was certainly part of the legend of the fraternity. “Yeah, well, pledges have a choice, if you make it through all the challenges, you can either join the Taus or the Deltas. You don’t have to go back to being a guy.”

“What, you mean you used to be...” I sat stunned as I looked at her smiling face. I mean, experimenting was one thing, but to decide to never go back? I hadn’t even considered that.

“Sure. I mean, after a week I just couldn’t give it up. About a third of the pledges become Deltas. I know it sounds crazy, but you’ll either get it or not when the time comes. Now I’m sure you’re just dying to know more about these challenges, and your hot little body.” Meredith got up and took off the monk robe she’d been wearing. She had a sexy T-Shirt and shorts combo going on. She was a nicely curvy brunette, and I would have been left a stammering idiot if I was still a guy, but for now, things were too weird to think that way.

"You could say that." I nodded. "I suppose there are clothes for me somewhere around here?"

"Yep! I brought you your first outfit. Somehow, they just have a way of knowing the right size for each girl, even before they transform." She turned to the closet and pulled it out. After everything else, I hate to admit that seeing the dress she pulled out was the first thing that made me really blanch. It wasn't so much that it was revealing, rather the fact that it was a very perfectly feminine sundress. Sure, it would show off a bit of skin, but it was just the idea that it was a dress that really slammed everything home.

"A... dress..." I stammered, looking at it. It was a nice warm yellow with a hem that would probably keep it just over my knees. Somehow I just knew I'd look stunning in it. But it was a dress! I'd be wearing a dress!

"Of course, have we finally chipped through your defenses?" Meredith smiled as she watched my eyes bug out a bit. She paused and put it back in the closet. "Now, maybe we should talk about the challenges."

"Like putting on a dress." I tried to reclaim my cool composure, but it wasn't easy. Nothing about this was easy, but now that I was really taking in the reality of what had happened, I was doing my best to keep from feeling overwhelmed.

"Well, that's not really a challenge." Meredith laughed. "No, the challenges are all about sex. Every day you'll have a new one, and the president will keep score. I can't tell you what they'll be exactly, but the one constant is that you'll have to orgasm and get a partner to orgasm every day."

"What?" I don't think there was a way to really express just how crazy that sounded. Yet, somehow, I knew she wasn't kidding. I gripped at the armrest of my chair as I breathed for a moment.

Sex? Okay, I mean, sure I liked sex and as an average guy I didn't get to enjoy it nearly often enough. I'd not even been on much of a date for the better part of a semester. But now I was a girl. Not that I wasn't curious, but I couldn't have sex with a guy! Or could I? I started to squirm in my seat as I thought about it. There was a wickedly perversity to the idea, I mean, I'd get to see what sex was really like for a girl. That was cool, but doing it with a guy?

“So you’re wondering about sleeping with guys, right?” Meredith interrupted my flurried thoughts.

“Yeah, I kind of was.” I blushed a bit at that fact. I hated to admit it to myself just how quickly graphic my thoughts had become. Even more surprising was the fact that I found the whole notion far less nauseating and far more titillating than I would have expected.

“And from the way you’re blushing, I’d guess that you find the idea a bit more appealing than expected.” She grinned. Somehow she knew just how I was feeling and then I nearly slapped myself for my silliness. Naturally, she’d been through this, and probably had much the same reaction!

“As long as I don’t have to admit to it.” I smiled back. It was just so hard to keep up the façade, but I didn’t know how else to act. Nonchalant was kind of my thing, and this whole conversation was well off into the twilight zone.

“Fair enough, but I’ll let you know a little secret about the whole transformation, you’ll find that guys are just as attractive to you now as girls used to be.” She nearly whispered that last part, then laughed a bit. “It does get a bit awkward when we get a gay pledge. But, you’ll notice you haven’t lost your interest in girls either.”

I shuddered at the thought, but I knew she was telling the truth. Just a few moments of thinking about guys and sex had sent my stomach whirling in anxious anticipation. It also made me feel kind of warm and squishy between my legs. It was really hard to describe the feeling, but I knew in my gut that it was how girls felt when they were aroused. In the end it was my head and not my body that managed to snap me out of the strange fantasies.

“This is all just crazy.” I laughed. I’d expected almost anything other than this when I’d decided to pledge a fraternity. Here I was, naked in a pink robe, getting hot thinking about letting some guy take me! It was just too surreal not to be funny.

“So do you think you want to try or should I call in Kyle and you can join the others who are backing out?” She asked.

I sat there and thought about it. It wasn’t a hard decision, but I didn’t want to just jump in without thinking things through. It was a once in a lifetime kind of opportunity and it was only for a week. I couldn’t imagine wanting to stay this way, but then I figured most

pledges probably didn't think that way either, until they decided not to change back. Ultimately, I did still come here for a reason, and after all of this I had to admit the idea of becoming a Tau was overriding any other concern. If they had the power to do this, what else could they do?

"No, I'll do it. So I guess we have to get ready for the party?" I blushed again, remembering the yellow dress waiting for me in my closet.

"That's the spirit. First, you should probably get showered, and then I'll help you get dressed and primp a bit. Nothing too fancy for tonight." She got up and walked over to the door. "Shall we?"

I followed her out. Thankfully, they had private showers and I tossed the robe over the door once I'd slipped out of it. There was already a couple of others showering, but I had to admit I was far more focused on my new body to care. The breasts were obviously the most noticeable, between their weight, the way they moved and the fact that I couldn't look down without staring at them. It was really a strange perspective. On the one hand, the simple fact that I had breasts made them seem huge, and my new frame was a fair bit smaller than my old body. I tried to be objective though, and decided that they were pretty average, with a nice round fullness and cute pink nipples.

It was hard not to just stare down at my new body, but I knew I couldn't dawdle too much. So I grabbed some soap and started to lather up. I started with my chest, naturally. My breasts were squishy and soft, with just the right amount of firmness. I had to admit I would normally have loved breasts like this, of course, having them on my chest was something entirely different. They were also sensitive, but not quite as much as my fevered male imagination would have expected. My nipples were a bit more tender, and I suppressed a couple of soft coos when I soaped them up.

The rest of my figure wasn't quite so curvy. I did have noticeable hips, but not a big ass and my legs were just thick enough to keep me from looking like a chicken. I was also hairless from the neck down, or at least all of my hairs were little soft hairs. I had no bush, or hairy legs. I wondered if it was something that would grow in or if it



was permanent. It certainly made exploring between my legs a more intense experience.

That was probably the strangest thing. When my hand slipped down to my crotch and only found a set of fleshy folds I could feel my heart beating strongly in my chest. It was hard to deny the reality of the changes when I slipped a finger between them and quickly discovered my clit and the entrance to my new vagina. I shuddered a bit as I reacted to the probing of my fingers. Where my breasts had been less sensitive than I expected, my new girly bits were just the opposite. With just a few tentative motions I'd managed to get myself hot.

That was just too much for me now. I pulled my fingers away and worked through the rest of my shower. My whole body felt a bit more tender under the flowing water, but I managed to keep from succumbing to the distraction. In the end the hardest part was getting my hair washed. I normally kept my hair pretty short, so it was an adjustment managing my new mane. It came down just past my shoulders, and was full enough that it defied rinsing for much longer than I thought it should.

Finally, I was done, and Meredith helped get me a towel and then escorted me back to my room.

"So how was it?" She asked as she started to blow dry my hair. I just sat back and let her do it. I couldn't even remember the last time I'd used a hair drier, but I imagined that letting this amount of hair air dry would take a lot longer than I had.

"I'll just say weird." I tried to chuckle and heard it come out as a giggle. I blushed a bit at that. I suppose the reflexes were the same, but some things just didn't translate right.

"All squishy and soft in the wrong spots, right?" Meredith thankfully ignored my girlish sounds. She probably understood how embarrassing they must be for me.

"Yeah, how did you get used to that?" I asked. It still boggled me that she had decided to stay a girl. Being curious was one thing, but making the change permanent, and being stuck in this sexy little body was hard to imagine.

"Honestly, I thought it felt good, and when I started fooling around with guys, well, I don't want to give too much away, but the whole

sex thing was so much better as a girl." She giggled as she finished up the drying. I didn't know if I should believe her or not, but the truth was I would find out for myself soon enough.

"Now, seriously, I know it's strange, but you've got a normal woman's body now, and the reactions that go along with it. If you just relax and go with what feels right, I guarantee you'll enjoy it." She put away the hair dryer and pulled out some underwear.

I gulped as I looked at the bra and panties that she was holding. Thankfully, they weren't too perverse or anything. Just a plain pair of white cotton panties and a white bra with subdued pink flowers printed on the cups. I was going to need to put them on. I knew I shouldn't really be bothered by that fact given that I was currently wearing a rather garish pink bathrobe. I certainly couldn't be more girly than that, but there was something intimidating about the bra.

"Now, if you don't want to wear any underwear, no one is going to force you." Meredith smiled as she saw my reaction. I shuddered again at that notion. Given the cut of the dress I was about to wear, it wouldn't be hard to notice that I was going commando. As disturbing as wearing girly underwear was, the idea of flashing everyone at the party was even worse.

I didn't say anything, and just grabbed the soft garments from her. I got up and slipped on the panties first. After a lifetime of rather bulky boxers, it barely seemed right for the thin little piece of cloth to do the job. The way the fabric fit snugly between my legs left me squirming for a moment. I certainly wasn't used to feeling something cupping my groin so fully.

Unfortunately, I lacked an equally demure option for managing the bra. I took a breath and then slid off the robe. The cool air of the room gave me goose bumps and I could swear I could feel my nipples tightening in the cold. I quickly slipped my arms through the straps and then pulled up the cups so that I could get my breasts into them. The hardest part was reaching behind me to get it clasped. Meredith watched me with a bemused smile, but I was lucky enough to get the clasp done before I needed to ask for help. I could only imagine the various jokes she could tell about such a failure.

"Very nice. Now, are you ready for the last part?" She bounced back over to the closet.

"Yeah, I guess I am." I winced a bit when I watched her pull it out. It was just as feminine as before, and I think I wavered just as much as the last time I saw it.

"Okay, this is a bit undignified, but you just slip it on over your head." She helped me slide it on. She was certainly right about the undignified part, standing there half naked with my arms up and my head completely surrounded by the dress. Luckily it only lasted for a moment before I managed to pull it down, and the whole dress seemed to just fall into place. Before I knew it, Meredith was zipping up the back and I was encased in a bright yellow sun dress that showed off my cleavage and legs, and left me with a disturbing draft between my legs.

"This will take some getting used to." I stated as I took a quick walk around the room. The way the skirt fluttered around my legs was almost distracting, especially the way it pushed the air around my thighs.

"Well, it's just for tonight. Tomorrow you can wear whatever you want from your closet and even do a little shopping if you like." Meredith explained. "Now, we have to finish primping you before the party. You wouldn't want to look like something the cat dragged in, now would you?"

"No..." I rolled my eyes a bit, and then let her direct me back to the desk. She'd set up a little makeup mirror and some makeup for me.

"Now, just let me take care of things today, but tomorrow if you want any tips, I'll be happy to help. For tonight, I'll just keep it simple, you've already got great tone and eyelashes so I'll just go with a bit of eye shadow and some lipstick." She explained and then flashed through the process. She did give me a bit of blush as well, just for effect, and I was left to stare at my new reflection.

Seeing my driver license was strange enough, but a live reflection was entirely different. I was stunning, cute and elfish all in one. My ears poked through my hair on each side of my head and my eyes were just huge blue pools that I almost got lost just staring into the mirror. I couldn't believe it was really me now, but the girl in the mirror did everything I did, and if it wasn't real, it was the best fake in the universe.

"Nice, right? I know you're going to be a popular girl. Now do you have any questions before we head out?" She asked as she put away the makeup.

"Well, you said I'd have to have sex as part of the challenges. I don't quite know how to ask this, but can I..." I wavered at the last. Despite the reality of the change seeping in, I didn't even want to complete the thought.

"Get pregnant?" She finished my sentence and I blushed as I nodded. "No, not for this week, you also can't get any diseases thanks to the spell. If you decide not to change back then normal rules apply and you'll get your period just like any other girl."

I was surprised by just how much of a relief it was to hear that. I had to admit it was a bit unfair in a way, since that was a worry that real girls had to face, but I had to deal with enough strangeness that I felt a lot better knowing I wouldn't have to deal with that possibility.

"Thanks, really, for all the help. You really helped take a bit of the edge off of everything." I smiled as I put on a pair of slip on shoes that had been put out for me. At least I wouldn't have to worry about heels on top of everything else. I really was grateful though. As much as I'd been thrown into the deep end, Meredith had kept me from panicking.

"No worries, that's why I'm here. If you need anything at all this week, you can just give me a call." She handed me a slip of paper. I opened it up and saw her name, number and an email address all written down. "I know stuff will come up, and I'm always happy to help a girl in need."

I just blushed a bit more, not wanting to consider what could make me need her help again. I knew she was right though, there were simply too many things going on for me not to wind up in distress at some point. I just didn't want to think about what could put me in that position quite yet.

"Okay, I guess it's time to get going." I forced a smile. I couldn't believe I was really going to do this, but if I wanted to become a Tau there really wasn't any other choice. I had a sudden urge to check myself in a full length mirror, but there wasn't one handy. I suppose it was for the best.

Meredith showed me the way. The main hall was already bustling with activity. There were plenty of Taus milling around, and a lot of girls too. Some were dressed pretty casually, but there were many dressed more or less like me. It was pretty easy to figure out that the girls in sundresses were the pledges.

I was actually surprised by the variety, both in appearance and demeanor. Some of the pledges looked panicky and nervous, while a few were already chatting up some of the Taus or Deltas. There were even a couple of new girls who were clearly flaunting their new looks.

One thing was constant between all the new girls, they were all pretty, not knockouts, but attractive enough that they wouldn't have to worry about getting a guy's attention. Granted, that wasn't necessarily what we wanted, but I couldn't deny the facts either. It seemed like we all were transformed towards a norm, no one too tall or too short, no breasts too big or too small.

Even though there were no extremes, everything about the girls was different, some were tall and others like me were short. There were curvy girls and beanpoles, long hair and short hair. From what I remembered of the group everyone seemed to have kept their ethnicity, which meant we had a few cute Asian girls, a few sexy Africans and some hot Latinas mixed in with a variety of white girls.

"Hi!" I nearly jumped when a girl jumped in front of me with a big smile and a sundress. "I'm Alex! Is this like totally crazy or what?"

"Yeah, I'd say so." I nodded, not quite expecting to get hit by the perky blond. Then I realized I should introduce myself as well. "Oh, I'm Alison, I guess."

"Cool! I bet you can't even say your old name." She smiled at me.

"What? Of course I can. My name was A... Ali.... Damn!" I swore as I realized it was true. I couldn't even think it. I was Alison Sterling right down to my core. Sure, I knew that hadn't been true until about three hours ago, but that fact didn't help any.

"Yeah, that spell is just crazy! I could really get used to this!" Alex giggled as she outlined her new figure with her hands. "I always kind of wondered what it would be like to be a girl and now, bam!"

"Well, I can't say it's not interesting." I replied. It was hard to take that much enthusiasm. Even if I was happy to try this whole woman

thing out, that didn't mean I was going to go skipping around the room like some kind of flake.

"Right! I can't wait to find out what the challenges are. I heard they're all some kind of sexy stuff. Isn't that exciting?" She was nearly bouncing in front of me. I don't know why she singled me out for attention, but I couldn't have been more relieved when Prescott shouted out from the center of the room.

"Good evening everyone! This marks our 124th year of initiating our new pledges. I want to welcome all of our new ladies with a round of applause for agreeing to come out for our party tonight." A surprisingly clean round of applause filled the air. "Now, I'm sure all of our pledges are thinking of just one thing, what is their first challenge going to be? First, I want to remind all of you that you can back out at any time, and if anyone tries to make you do something you don't want, let me or another elder member know and we will enforce an appropriate punishment. Understood?"

Everyone shouted their understanding. It was good to know they took things seriously. Even given the circumstances.

"Now, I want to remind all our pledges that our intent here is to help you understand life from a whole new perspective. While our challenges are a bit risqué I hope you can all embrace the experience and learn from it." Prescott continued. "Now, for your first challenge. Ladies, you need to pick a partner and before the end of the night you both need to reach a happy end in whatever way you like except by your own hand. All the gentlemen here are eager to help. Good luck and have fun!"

I stood stunned for a moment. Sure, I knew this was the likely course of events, but having it actually stated was a bit more shocking. Then I took a deep breath. I knew this was going to happen, no need to panic. Besides, I had to admit there were plenty of good-looking guys to choose from.

That's when I panicked. That off hand admission to myself sliced right through my defenses and I started making a stuttering retreat towards the exit. This couldn't really be happening! I didn't just think that! I started to hyperventilate as I backed away from everyone, my chest heaving with my rapid breaths.

Then I smacked right into something, or rather someone. I flipped around, surprised and jumpy in my current state and found myself looking up at some Adonis of a man. I'd never felt quite so small before as I craned my neck to look up at him. The shock had knocked my worries out of my mind, and before I could gather my thoughts I found myself swooning over this impossible figure.

"Are you all right? You look a bit out of sorts." He looked down at me with concern. That didn't help anything though, it only made me feel more strange. I liked the fact that he was worried for me, and I liked the way I felt standing this close to him, but that very appreciation made my gut clench as I fought back against it.

"Let me guess, you're a bit conflicted. I remember what my first night was like. Just relax, no one here's going to bite you." He smiled down at me, and I noticed that he was looking right into my eyes, and not down my rather open top. I had to admit I didn't know if I'd have had that level of discipline if our roles had been reversed and I really appreciated it.

"Thanks. I'm just a little jittery." I smiled back sheepishly and found my hand pulling my hair back over my ear. I realized just how feminine an act that was, but it seemed so natural, especially when I got a bit too much hair in my face.

"No problem. I think I about puked after the big challenge speech back in my day." He laughed. "Would you like to sit down or something?"

I took a moment to collect myself now that the panic had been broken. As crazy as it sounded, I needed to find a guy for the night, one that would presumably show me what it was really like to be a woman. I still couldn't quite wrap my head around the idea, but I was getting there, and I had a rather worthy candidate right here.

I'd always had a habit of making snap judgments. I hated to drag out a decision, especially if I knew I'd never be able to make a fully informed choice. That's how I felt now. Sure, there was a room full of guys to choose from, but I didn't know any of them. As weird as it was to be attracted to guys now, I couldn't really rank the available choices very well either. If I started to think too much about it, the very idea felt so strange.

I realized that he was still waiting for me as I stood in front of him furiously making up my mind on what to do. Well, he'd given me at least one thing that was an easy choice and I could go from there.

"Sure, let's grab a seat."

"You certainly seem the thoughtful type." He smiled as he lead me over to a couple of cozy chairs off to the side of the party. I couldn't decide if he was being thoughtful or calculating. I liked to party well enough, but I had to admit I always gravitated towards the edges after grabbing a couple of interesting people to talk to.

"Well, there is a bit to think about today." I managed to eke a smile out of my lips.

"Certainly, and you haven't bolted out yet." He smiled and then leaned forward and extended his hand. "Tom, pleased to meet you."

"Alison, and thanks for blocking the exit." I shook his hand. It was so strange the way his hand just wrapped around mine. I hadn't fully realized how small my hand was now, and just how strong a man's grip could be. It wasn't that he squeezed me or anything, but I could feel just how much power he was holding back.

"Well, it's a hard job, but someone has to do it." He leaned back. "Are you sure you want to be sitting here, you do have a decision to make soon, I wouldn't want you to find yourself scraping the bottom of the barrel."

"Cute." I laughed. "As if you didn't figure you had the inside track and a little self depreciation would just make me even more likely to pick you."

That got his attention. Sure, I could see the suave game he was playing. In other circumstances, it might have not been so transparent. Of course, I'd imagine most of the pledges wouldn't stop reeling from events until sometime next week, so it was just his bad luck that he ended up trying to play with me.

"Fair enough, usually a bit of properly timed humility can be very charming, but the advice is still valid." He leaned back again.

"And now, you're going with the confidence game. You got caught, owned up and now are hoping that I'll get reeled in by the honesty." I grinned. He didn't flinch this time. I knew I had a player on my hands, the question was just how good was he. "But then I'm just



being a little witch pointing all of this out, and over thinking everything."

Wisely, he just sat there. At least he knew when not to say anything.

"The games we play." I smiled and sat back.

"Indeed, it's all a dance around a single point. Eager man circling round the attractive woman, hoping to work his way into her affections. He's drawn in by lust, and sometimes she is as well, though we aren't allowed to admit that." He added.

"Of course not, it would be rude." I nodded with a wicked little smile.

"And so the dance goes on until she either yields to his transparent attempts at charm or kicks him in the balls. Now that we've cut through to the core of it, I do hope that you'll at least save me that uncomfortable end." He continued.

"Very nicely played." I smiled. "The question is, are you as good in bed as you are at getting girls into one?"

I'd gotten so wrapped up in the banter that when I finally came round to home again I surprised myself. For a moment, I'd almost forgotten where I was and just what I was doing. That also helped me to make up my mind. No sense in drawing out the decision any further.

"Actually, I'd like to think I'm better in bed. Truth is I don't generally have the guts to try out this routine on girls." He blushed a bit. At least that was something I could believe. I knew just what he meant. It was easy to think up the right things to say, but it was almost as easy to end up tongue tied or have something backfire in the attempt.

"Is that so?" I leaned forward a bit. "I'll give you this, you've really helped calm me down. Now, if you promise to take the same care with me in private, I think we can come to an arrangement."

For the first time since I met him, I actually think I had him off the rails. He grinned a bit too happily, no doubt thanks to what he expected to be doing soon. He quickly clamped down on his reaction and sat back trying to look like he wasn't excited. While he was doing that I was trying to keep my stomach from doing flips. Just

because I'd decided what I was going to do didn't make the anxiety or the anticipation go away.

The anticipation kind of surprised me. As a guy it was easy to say I was curious about what sex was like as a woman, but that was just an easy thing to say when it wasn't a possibility. Now it was not just possible, but actually going to happen, pretty much as soon as I left this room. I could feel that weird warmth growing between my legs again just thinking about it, and I pulled my legs together tight instinctively.

"No need to rush, I think you're still a bit nervous." He sat up again. "And my nerves are about shot. Would you like something to drink. Just to take the edge off?"

I thought about it for a moment. I wasn't much of a drinker normally, and as much as I knew it would help me relax a bit I didn't want to miss out on anything for this experience. "No. I think I want to be all in for this, so just some water would be great."

"As you like." He bowed subtly and then went off to get some drinks. I watched him go, surprised that my eyes settled on watching his firm ass as he walked over to the bar. Whenever I dropped my guard, I noticed that my instincts told me exactly what my new body wanted and liked. It was just like Meredith had told me. All I needed to do was relax and do what felt right.

"Here's your water." He handed me over a nice glass topped with a slice of lemon. Thankfully, he'd kept the parasol for his drink. I laughed a bit at the fact that he was drinking what must have been a normally girly drink.

"What, you've never had a fuzzy navel?" He laughed as he sipped at his glass. I let out a giggle at that before I could manage to stifle myself.

"No, I was always too much of a wuss to order such a girly drink." I giggled again. I blushed furiously at such a vivid reinforcement of my new femininity. Just when I'd started to get used to my higher pitch I needed to do something to make it impossible to ignore again.

"It's okay, embrace the girly. You only get seven days after all. It may be strange to say, but that's what I regret most about my time was that I fought against the change far too much in the first couple

of days." Tom pointed out with a glimmer of seriousness that I appreciated. I was really starting to be glad that I'd bumped into him.

I blushed a bit, but nodded. "I know. It's just kind of weird, but I'm getting used to it."

"I'm glad to hear that. Believe me, you don't want to let the opportunity slip away." He took another drink. I could see him starting to relax. I was getting more comfortable with the whole thing as well. The fact was, he was right. I know I was about ready to panic and run away just a few minutes ago, but now I was on the other side of the issue.

"Well, then..." I blushed a bit and squirmed in my seat. I wasn't quite sure how to say it. "Why are we wasting time down here?"

He suddenly started coughing. It took him a moment to regain control and then he looked up at me with a mixture of surprise and eagerness in his eyes. I could understand that given my recent behavior.

"Are you sure?" He asked. I didn't doubt the sincerity of the question. If there was one thing I was certain of, no one here was trying to force us to do anything. Well, beyond the whole gender swap thing in the first place. Still, I could forgive that since given the way they made sure all the pledges could always back out.

"Yeah, let's go." I blushed some more. It was unusual for me to be so direct, and given the circumstances, I felt even stranger saying this kind of thing. Still, I had a feeling that Tom wouldn't have pressured me to leave. I had to be the one to make the move, despite the embarrassment.

Tom nodded and then got up, and lent me his hand to help pull me out of my chair. I felt kind of strange doing it, but I knew it was part of embracing the role. I took a look around the room once I was up. Most of the other girls were milling around the room, plenty of them had paired off with a guy, but a few were still hanging back or talking to other girls. I silently wished them all luck and then hopped along after Tom.

"So you don't mind heading to my room? Elder members get a bit more comfortable space for this kind of thing." Tom directed me up the stairs. I agreed and followed him up to the top floor of the house.

It didn't really look any different, but when I entered his room, I could see what he meant about comfort.

His room was larger than mine, and had a regular bed on the floor. It wasn't huge, but it was more than big enough for the task at hand. I stepped into the room and stopped long enough to close the door behind me. Tom walked over to the bed and sat down, waiting for me. I just stood there looking at him. As easy as it had been to walk up those stairs, I now really had to go through with it, or run away.

Tom was quiet again, knowing that I had to come to this by myself. Nothing he could have said would have made things easier, and I appreciated the fact that he realized that. I took a deep breath and looked down at my chest. I don't know why, but looking down at my cleavage really helped calm me down. I was a girl now, and here was a guy that my body seemed to like, and honestly I kind of liked him too. All I had to do now was walk across this room and he'd help show me things I'd never imagined.

"Okay, let's do this!" I gulped in some air and then bounded across the room. If I didn't dive in, I felt like I'd chicken out. I didn't really want to, but I was probably more nervous than I'd been since high school. If I wasn't going to bolt then waiting around would only make things worse.

"Whoa!" He gasped as I hopped onto his lap and I slid my arms around his chest and gave him a strong hug and then looked up at him. I must have been near to beet red as I stared up at him, smiling meekly and waiting for him.

"Well, aren't you going to kiss me?" I asked, and I did my best to bat my eyelashes. I couldn't be sure if I was being coy or just silly, but I closed my eyes and puckered up my lips.

Tom took the invitation and I squirmed as his lips pressed into mine. He didn't push it, didn't try to french me or anything. So for a moment, our lips just pushed together and I quivered as he wrapped his arms around me. I'd never felt so small or so safe as his warmth enclose me. Before I knew it, I started to kiss him more energetically, smacking my lips against his and sucking at the edges of his mouth. It was about as much as I could do, but it felt so right.

Just as he was starting to react I pushed back. I could tell I wasn't the only one who was a bit nervous here, and I had waited for him to relax a bit too. Now that he was getting in the mood, it was time to go to the next level. I knew I was being aggressive, but the only way to keep from fleeing was to plow ahead.

"I bet you've been waiting for this all night." I grinned as I reached back to undo the zipper on my dress. I fumbled with it for a moment before I managed to get it started when he grabbed my arms and stopped me from trying to continue.

"Hey, now, no need to hurry. Relax, we've got all night." He pulled me close and then kissed me again. This time I just melted. I don't know what it was, whether it was the way he held me, the passion of his kiss, or the way his scent tickled my nose, but I could feel my body reacting to all of it.

I slid my arms up around his neck and pulled him in closer and before I knew it our tongues were dancing between our lips. I didn't know who made that first move, but we reacted together and I let one hand slip down and run over his arm as his hands moved down to my waist. I felt strange being so small in his grip, and so soft against his hardness. My new body wasn't very athletic, but he certainly took care of himself. I was surprised by how easily it was to just embrace the oddity of it all.

Before I knew it, one of his hands had worked down to my bottom and started to stroke my soft cheeks as I sat sideways on his lap. The other worked its way up and I flinched when I suddenly felt my chest being cupped and gently squeezed. I gasped and then pressed my lips forward again, not wanting him to say anything. If the earlier strangeness hadn't been enough, having my breast caressed was making it hard to think of anything else.

Even though it was through my top, the way his fingers pressed into my softness was make me squirm. It wasn't so much that I was sensitive, but the sensation was so alien, and it was making me wet just being fondled. It didn't help that I suddenly noticed that he'd gotten nice and hard as I sat on his lap.

"Now, isn't that better. You should know that girls take a bit more work to get ready than guys do." He broke the kiss as I squirmed. I didn't know if he could feel how wet I was, but he had to feel just how

hot my new pussy was. I'd started to breathe a bit more heavily as well as my arousal spiked. The strangest thing was the aching feeling though. It lacked throbbing directness of a hard cock, but my new womanhood was yearning for something, quivering hungrily and I knew just what it wanted.

"Well, good job on that." I smiled and squirmed my little butt against his thigh some more. Then I turned and started to work on the button to his shirt. He might have objected to me getting naked, but I doubted that he'd resist me stripping him down. I tried not to think too much about what I was doing, but the truth was, it all moved in one direction, and despite Tom's kind demeanor, I didn't want to drag this out much longer. In fact, I was really starting to get excited for what came next. My body was aching for it, and I was rife with curiosity.

"Be careful or I might just think you're trying to have your way with me." He laughed as I pulled off his shirt. I felt myself swoon as I felt his muscled chest through his rather thin under shirt. I realized that his strength was turning me on, and I was doing my best to go with that feeling.

"Oh, is that how you're going to be?" I giggled and then worked his shirt up until I was staring at his bare chest. I'd never been as ripped as he was, though I'd certainly seen guys that would put either of us to shame. Still, my feminine desires didn't care about any of that, naked man chest was all that it really cared about. Well, that and pressing my own naked girl chest into it. Now, I just had to work on the naked girl part.

He just laughed as I reached back and managed to get the zipper down this time. Then I realized it still wasn't going to help much. I needed to get the dress off the same way I'd gotten it on, and I scrambled around in his lap for a moment before I managed to get the skirt up over my hips and then just started to take it off like it was a big shirt. I felt a little silly for a moment as he helped me get it over my head, and then I was sitting on top of him with just a bra and panties on.

"I just want to show you a good time." He smiled and then threw me back onto the bed. I tried to get up for a moment, but he held me down at the waist as I squirmed. A couple of tugs and tosses later

and I was spread out for him, with my legs resting on his shoulders and him kneeling between my thighs. I couldn't help but blush as he looked down at my flat, panty covered crotch and then back up at me.

"May I do the honors?" He grinned. I wiggled a bit, surprised by this turn of events, and wondering if he really was about to do what he seemed to. I'd only been lucky enough to get my cock sucked a couple of times, and I hated to admit that I'd never gone down on a girl before. That he seemed to be offering to do so made it hard to think about turning him down.

"Yes, please." I panted. I was still feeling a rush of excitement from the way he had handled me so easily. Now, I just waited as he reached up and grabbed onto my panties. Then slowly, he lifted my legs and slid the thin cotton up my thighs and over my ankles.

"Simply lovely." He said with reverence reverberating in his voice as he lowered and spread my legs. My new femininity was now fully on display for him. I'd only been able to see the rounded top of my mound so far, but he was able to see it all. I must have turned an impossible shade of red as he looked at me.

"Oh, god!" I whimpered when I felt his fingers carefully run over my soft folds. His touch was light, almost ticklish, but wickedly arousing all at the same time. This was certainly my most sensitive spot, and he took his time, slowly massaging me with his finger and patiently opening my soft flesh.

"Just wait." He leaned in and when I felt his tongue press into me and slide up I cried out in shock and raw pleasure. There was simply no way to describe the strange sensations of warmth, pressure and wetness as he assaulted me. It felt like my whole being was opening up, and when his tongue reached the top of my slit I wailed at the intense pleasure he drew out of my new clit. It was hard to even know what he was doing as the ecstasy rose and fell between my legs.

I couldn't know if it was his skills or the eagerness of my flesh, but I was lost in rapture as he continued. I couldn't help but press my hips up towards his mouth and the joy he was drawing out of me. I grabbed at his bedding, needing to do something as he worked his

magic. I seethed, wailed and begged for more as he continued. It was wild, intense and simply indescribable.

Just as I was beginning to really lose it, I felt myself drifting back down. His pace slowed, his tongue avoided gratuitous attacks on my most sensitive points and I realized he was drawing me away from the peak. I panted and squirmed as he continued to hold my hips in place as he took a last lick and then pulled away.

I threw my head back and let my chest heave as I simmered. My whole body was brimming with need now, all of it focused in one spot. I'd thought that having a hard on was intense, but it had nothing on this feeling. The depth of my yearning was almost beyond words. It was like a great empty hole had been carved in my middle, and there was only one thing that could truly satisfy me.

"Please... Tom... now..." I panted as I fumbled for a moment to remove my bra. It was almost a superfluous thing now, but I didn't want to leave anything that would hold me back for a moment longer. Thankfully, he didn't dawdle either. He pulled free of my legs and quickly extracted himself from his pants and underwear. Whatever part of me that was left to be shocked by being the target of a big hard cock was completely overwhelmed by the desire of my flesh to take that shaft inside and satisfy my yearning.

I pulled back onto the bed as Tom climbed on beside me. He slid up until we were lying next to each other. His hands were roaming over me, stroking me and forcing gasps and moans of feminine pleasure from my lips. I pressed my body into his, until my soft flesh was rubbing against his hard muscles. I'd never felt so wanton as I mashed my breasts into his chest and felt his hard cock against my stomach.

I scooted up so that I could kiss him again, and luxuriated in the feeling of bare flesh against bare flesh. I'd always loved being naked and wrapped around a girl, and now I found it just as wonderful having a big strong man in the same position. We shared that passionate kiss for only a few moments before I broke it off and looked into his eyes.

"I'm ready." I smiled while my hand snaked down to stroke his cock. I barely realized what I'd done until I felt his throbbing hardness in my hand. It seemed the natural thing to do, to show him



how eager I was, and to help keep him hard as well. I'd done much the same thing with girls in the past. Of course, this was not entirely the same thing.

First, I had a cock in my hand. Sure, I'd done that plenty of times in private, but this wasn't my cock, and it was a really weird feeling Tom throbbing inside my delicate little fingers. While the rational part of me knew he was maybe a bit bigger than average, that didn't make him feel any less huge in my hand. The very idea of taking such a big cock inside was both arousing and anxiety inducing. The heat between my legs helped me get past my worry though; I knew this was what I needed.

Tom just smiled, and guided me onto my back. He knew enough not to say anything as he kept stroking my body. I parted my legs as he moved on top of me. I felt so vulnerable like that, so open to him as I held my aching pussy defenseless before him. I quivered as he slid between my legs while his hardness came closer to my new womanhood.

"Oh!" I squealed when I felt the head of his cock slide between my legs. I whimpered when he found my slit and started to run his tip along it. The feeling was intense, as were the twists in my stomach. The moment was finally at hand. I reached up and slid my hand along his neck as I smiled up at him.

"Do it." I smiled nervously. He smiled down at me warmly and then leaned in for another kiss. This time he was tender, and soft. Somehow it helped me relax even as his cock moved down my slit again and started to press between my legs. I was never more aware of my new femininity than in that moment, with my legs wide open and my pussy about to be filled.

"Oh, oh my! Oh my!" I panted and squeaked as he pressed forward. His hardness was parting my flesh, sliding inside me. He worked slowly, forcing his way an inch deeper and then pulling back and pushing again. It was unreal, and I grabbed at his arms from the intensity of the pleasure that came each time he thrust deeper. The feeling was unreal, I was being filled, and the hot pressure inside me was amazing.

"Good?" He paused for a moment after I gave him a particularly tight squeeze. He looked down at me with concern, but he didn't

need to worry.

“Oh, yeah, so good. Keep going.” I managed between gulps of air. I whimpered as he started thrusting again. I didn’t care just how wanton I must have sounded, it just felt so good having him throbbing inside me and probing deeper into my hot pussy. I felt like I was being stretched open, but that tension was wonderful and only grew better as he drove deeper.

When I finally felt his balls between my legs and his pelvis press against mine, I was almost shocked by how full I felt. He paused inside me for only a moment before he started to pull out again. I gasped at the sudden emptiness, but when he pressed into me again, I let out a toe-curling moan as he drove his cock all the way into me with one long firm thrust. I went from yearning emptiness to wicked fullness with one thrust of his hips.

“Yes!” I whimpered as he ground into me for a moment and started to pull back again. As good as it felt to be stuffed with cock, I knew this was what I really needed. “Fuck me! Oh god, please fuck me!”

He obliged me wonderfully as I pulled my legs open even wider for him. I never imagined it could feel so good to be taken like this. Each thrust drove me wild, parting my tight flesh, stretching me, filling me until I cried out and then he withdrew and did it all over again. I was writhing beneath him, helpless against the pleasure.

We kissed wantonly between thrusts, our naked flesh molded together as the bed shook from our passion. My breasts bounced as I struggled to wrap my legs around his. I tried desperately to pull him closer despite the fact that we were as close as two people could get. I was absorbed by his rhythm, my body on fire from his touch. It was so unlike sex as I’d known it before.

I simply lost myself to the raw sensation of it. I don’t know how long we managed before we started our final ascent. I knew I was no help, the way I whimpered and moaned and begged for more. I was beyond reason; all that mattered was the pleasure and an increasing tension that was pulling inside me.

“Harder! Harder!” I pleaded as he hammered into me. Each hard thrust only made me more excited, more wanton. It was almost too

much to bear, and just when I didn't think I could take any more I felt his rhythm grow even more frantic.

"Yes! Oh Yes!" I wailed as he pounded my flesh and then just as I couldn't take any more he pulled me tight and drove deep into me. That final thrust snapped the tension inside me, and I cried out even louder as my whole body shook. I was beyond words, my voice simply echoed around the room in the sound of total fulfillment.

My first orgasm as a woman tore through me with a force that was impossible to measure. It radiated from between my legs and rushed out of me like a tsunami. I pulled Tom tight against me again as my body shuddered in pleasure. I'd never felt anything like this, and I couldn't have been more thankful to the man I was sharing it with.

I knew he was spent as well, and we just rested like that for quite a while, his cock growing soft inside me as we panted together. For the first time, I really understood just how good it felt to cuddle after sex. I'd never really minded having a girl want to be close after doing it, but now I knew how nice it was to have a nice warm guy to hug while basking in the afterglow.

I don't know how long we stayed like that, but I finally started to come back to my senses. I looked up at Tom with a silly grin and gave him a quick peck on the cheek.

"Well, that was something else." I blushed a bit at the fact that I didn't really know what to say. "Thanks."

"My pleasure." He smiled and gave my forehead a quick kiss.

"Well, I don't want to seem ungrateful, but your bed is a bit small." I smiled nervously. I hadn't quite counted on the awkwardness that would come after getting my brains screwed out. I was still enjoying the warm glow of my recent orgasm, but I was ready to call it a night.

"No problem." He slipped off the bed and pulled out his robe. He handed it over towards me, and I slipped it on. "I'm guessing you'll want to head back to your room."

"Yeah. I really want to thank you, but..." I blushed some more. I couldn't have been happier with what had happened, but it had been a long day.

"No, I understand. Sleep well, and if you ever need anything, let me know." He came up and gave me a big warm hug. I hugged him

back and let my head rest against his chest for a moment.

We exchanged our good nights and then I slipped out into the hallway. It was still pretty early, and I could hear the party continuing downstairs. I could also hear the sounds of muffled passion from several rooms as I found my way back to my room. I hoped that all the other pledges had managed to have as good a time as I did.

I smiled to myself as I walked. I'd never expected that pledging a fraternity could be like this. I still had six more days and six more challenges ahead. In some ways, tonight was almost easy, but I didn't know what they were planning for tomorrow. I did know that many pledges didn't make it to the end, and that left me a little anxious and curious. What could they ask that would make so many give up?

All I could do now was wonder, and bask in the memories of my first time as a girl. I had to admit it was a lot better than my first time as a guy. Now it just remained to be seen if what came next would be as much fun. For now, I needed some sleep. Tomorrow was probably going to be a busy day.

The End

## **Pledging Tau Geta Delta - Part 2 - Private Education**

Jiggling. Something was jiggling on my chest. That was the first thing that struck me as I started to work past that groggy sleepiness. I had rolled over and something had shifted that normally didn't do that. My hand slid up to check and instead of finding my normally hard muscles, my finger sank into soft flesh. I can't say I'm quick witted in the morning, but when I gave a pinch to the thick nipple I found, everything came flooding back.

I was lucky not to have banged my head into the ceiling when I shot up out of bed. For a split second, everything felt insanely strange. I had breasts! My cock was gone! My mind swirled before the last vestige of sleepiness burned away and I remembered last night. That didn't exactly help calm me down. I was a girl and I'd let a guy fuck me!

I'd managed to stumble back to my room after that last night. I'd stripped down and slid into my bed before the afterglow of my first feminine orgasm had faded. Too much had happened too quickly, and I had been exhausted. Now, I was quickly trying to assimilate everything in one gulp.

The panic faded as I sat there, staring down at the perky breasts now jutting from my chest. I couldn't say why staring at them helped, but I managed to calm down and think things through again. I was only going to be a girl for six more days, until the end of pledge week. No matter what happened, I'd get to turn back into a guy, but if I didn't back out of any of the challenges I would be turned back into a guy and allowed to join the Tau Geta Delta fraternity.

The trouble was, the challenges were nothing like I had expected when deciding to pledge. They were all going to be sexually based, and seeing as they turned me into a girl it would mean six days of doing things no guy ever considered doing. Last night was the first,

all I had to do was pick a guy and sleep with him. It had been weird, but actually kind of fun at the same time. I couldn't deny that the sex had been amazing once I let myself get into it. I'd certainly never felt anything like that before. Still, it was easier knowing that Tom had been through the same thing when he'd joined the Taus.

I did worry a bit about what else the challenges would consist of. The one good thing was that they allowed us an out. If I didn't want to go through with it, I didn't have to. Sure, that meant washing out as a pledge, but I'd get to go back to being a guy and life would go on.

Now that I had myself in order, that left me with one more dilemma, I was basically naked and I needed to fix that before I headed off to the dining room for breakfast. I climbed down from the loft with my sheets wrapped around me. I'd completely forgotten to close the curtains last night, and I didn't want to give anyone a show. I just hoped that they'd laid out a few more clothes for me than the dress I'd worn last night.

I breathed a sigh of relief when I opened up the closet. They'd really thought of everything. There was a nice selection of clothes, from basic shirts and jeans to revealing dresses. As good as it was to have the options, I had to admit that I was faced with a new dilemma. Usually, I didn't pay much attention to my clothes, I'd just grab a pair of jeans and a shirt and go. Now, I had actual choices, skirt or pants, blouse or t-shirt. I wasn't used to making those kind of choices, or having to worry about how I would look.

That was a concern as well. I was a girl now, and I knew just how much attention a coed with nice curves could draw. Hell, I'd stared at too many girls with low tops or short skirts. The worst part was I knew that I'd be plenty of attention regardless. I was well inside the safely sexy range of body types, with a cute face. I could go out wearing a potato sack and guys would drool.

I still wasn't sure what to think about that, but it did make things a bit easier. I might as well be comfortable for my first day as a girl. I decided to pick out what would have been normal for the old me; a nice t-shirt and blue jeans. The panties and bra were easy picks as well, I just grabbed the plain ones. I shuddered, looking at the frilly options though. I wasn't sure I was ready for that kind of lingerie

quite yet. It was one thing to know guys would be staring at me, it was another thing to be trying to get their attention.

Now, it was time for my shower. I was almost getting tired of all the choices, but here I had the pink bathrobe from yesterday and Tom's bathrobe. I decided to embrace the girly and wrapped myself in pink. It still felt pretty strange walking around like this, but it wasn't going to be public.

The shower wasn't much more exciting today than yesterday. There was a nice sign on the door directing the male members elsewhere, so inside it was pretty much just girls. A few of the others were talking, but I just slipped into a stall and disrobed. I wasn't quite ready to talk to the others yet.

My new body still felt pretty alien to me, from the jiggling breasts to the emptiness between my legs. It was just something I'd have to get used to, but I took my time to enjoy my shower a bit. It really did feel more sensual having the water flowing over my soft flesh. I even took a moment to rub between my legs and explore my new pussy.

It wasn't any different than a normal girl's mound, but I had to stifle a whimper from the feelings my fingers managed to excite. My new clit really was sensitive, and it even felt good just running my fingers along my fleshy pussy lips. It was all still pretty strange, but I could get used to this.

I stopped myself from going too far, but I could hear that other girls weren't so restrained. There were at least a couple of lustful moans coming from other shower stalls, and I was tempted for a moment to join them at that level of self exploration. The truth was, I had classes to get to, and I couldn't goof off too much.

So I toweled off and shot back to my room. I dried my hair and then got dressed. It still felt strange having my crotch cupped by silky panties, but the bra was the worst. I'd managed it easily enough yesterday, but it took a bit more fumbling today, and after all that, I was left with the feeling that I'd been forced into some kind of medieval torture device. It took me a moment to realize I needed to adjust it, and then proceeded to fix the straps. Having my chest all wrapped up was still kind of weird, but I knew better than to go out braless.

When I finally left my room, I didn't get very far.

"Whoa! Sorry!" I heard a yelp before nearly tumbling when a girl bumped into me. I managed to catch myself on the wall as she grabbed on to help keep from falling. I turned to see a deeply blushing Alex staring back at me. The spunky girl from last night had dressed up in a nice pink blouse, short baby blue skirt and heels that were at least a couple inches too tall for her. Her curvy frame was wobbling as she tried to stand and pull her blond hair out of her face.

"Are you okay?" I asked as she struggled to retain her balance.

"Oh, yeah, I'm just trying to get used to these heels..." She wobbled a bit too far and I managed to help catch her. "Sorry, I just kind of missed being taller, so I thought this could help."

I smiled at that. I'd lost a good four inches and I was noticing it. Alex was a few inches shorter than me, which would be even more disconcerting.

"Not if you slam face first into the sidewalk." I laughed as I held her steady.

"That is totally true." She giggled. Alex seemed to be embracing her new womanhood a lot more than I was. "Can you help me back to my room and I can try something a bit less dangerous?"

"Sure." I helped her turn around and we stumbled back towards her room.

"So, I saw you head off with a nice hunk at the party last night. Did you have a good time?" She asked as she sat down to switch her shoes.

I blushed. I was a bit embarrassed simply by the fact that other people simply knew what I'd done. I'd never been a braggart when it came to sex, and this was an entirely different circumstance. "Yeah, it was good. How about you, I assume you found someone."

"Oh yeah!" She giggled again. "I met Barry, one of the seniors. He was really nice, like a gentleman and all. Of course that was until we got to his room and then he fucked me silly! It was kind of crazy, but it felt amazing!"

I could see that she was pressing for me to respond as well. I just blushed as she fumbled through her shoes. She managed to pick out a pair of platform shoes before I summoned up the words to answer her. "Yeah, it was really weird, but I'm happy to try it again."



"That's right! Hopefully we'll get a good chance today. I wonder what the challenge will be?" She strapped on the shoes and then took a few tentative steps. "Okay, this I can manage, shall we?"

I just nodded and followed her as she stomped out of the room. This time we made it down to the dining hall, which was filled with pledges and regular members as they grabbed some food before heading off to class. Just as we were about to walk in, the fraternity president Hamilton Prescott stepped over and stopped us.

"Good morning, ladies! I hope you enjoyed last night." He paused for us to nod. Alex was a fair bit more enthusiastic than me, but I managed to agree while trying not to blush too much. "Well, please grab some breakfast. I want you to stick around until all the pledges are here so I can make my morning announcements and then you can get to class."

With that, he waved us on, and went on to greet the next pledge behind us. I quickly grabbed myself a banana and a glass of orange juice and tried to slip into a quiet corner of the dining room. Alex wasn't about to let me get away with that though, and popped into the chair across from me and waved over a couple of the other girls.

"Okay, Alison, no need to be shy, we're all in this together right?" Alex smiled widely. "That's the whole fraternity thing, you know brotherhood through thick and thin."

"I suppose so." I nodded. She did have a point. As much as I was doing this for the benefits of being a member, one of them was the camaraderie. I had to admit I wasn't always the most social guy around, but if ever there was a time to make changes, this was it.

"That's the spirit." Alex seemed to be bouncing in her chair and then turned towards the other two girls. "Alison, this is Megan and Brittany. Girls, this is Alison."

The two girls giggle a bit. It seemed that Alex had snared the two other pledges who seemed to be embracing their new femininity. Megan was a rather tall, and nicely stacked brunette. She'd also gone all in with the skirt and low cut blouse that showed off her perfect cleavage. Brittany was a bit more subdued, aside from the long mane of red hair that flowed down to the small of her back. Her breasts were small and perky and pushed out the front of her t-shirt in a way that no guy could ignore. She'd also kept to a pair of blue

jeans, but the way they were hugging her curves, they looked virtually painted on.

"Hi." I gave them a subdued wave. Even on the best of days it was hard for me to take the level of enthusiasm that Alex exuded.

"So, has Alex completely driven you crazy yet?" Megan sat down and cracked open a cup of yogurt.

"Maybe a little." I smiled.

"Yeah, she was even like that before the whole change thing. Always ten times more excited than anyone had a right to be. Though it was really creepy when she was a guy." Megan squealed when Alex gave her a soft punch in the arm.

"So you knew her before?" I leaned in a bit.

"Yeah, we were roommates, and she talked me into pledging. The strangest thing though, I remember being roommates with her and both of us are girls." Megan turned serious for a moment. "I couldn't even tell you what she looked like as a guy. It's really crazy."

"Just try and think back to something in your past, and you remember it like you were a girl then. You can still remember what really happened, but it's like something you read in a book, not like real life." Brittany added. Her eyes turned a bit vacant at that, staring off into space.

I had to admit I hadn't really thought about that before. I'd been so wrapped up with what was happening now, that I hadn't thought about my past at all. As I peeled my banana, I took a moment to look back, and shuddered as I realized it was just like they said. Everything had switched around, and I found it hard not to review the changes, from being a girl scout to a star softball pitcher. The harder bits to swallow were those of a dating variety, right down to the gown I'd worn to my senior prom. I knew it was all just magical back fill, but it felt real.

"Woah, that's trippy." I grabbed onto the side of the table to keep myself from sliding out of my chair.

"Yeah, whatever they hit us with is like heavy duty magic or something." Megan nodded. "Now, the question is, are you girls in it to win it? We're going to make it through to the end right?"

"Damn straight!" Brittany gave a hearty shout.

"No fraternity punks are going to get the best of this woman!" Alex laughed and slapped the table. Then the three turned to me with bright, confident smiles. It was hard not to be moved.

"I'm no quitter." I banged the table as well. If there was one truth about me, that was the one I most wanted to be true.

Before the other girls could say another thing, Prescott shouted out for our attention. He stood up on a chair at the far end of the room and waited for everyone to quiet down before proceeding.

"Okay, ladies, it's just about time for you to head off for your first day of class as a Tau pledge. But, we don't want you to forget just what college life is all about. We're all here to learn, and the experienced Professors and teaching assistants of this university are all doing their best to fill your empty brains with knowledge. Now it's time for them to teach you another lesson, and for you to give a little back to this fine institution. For today's challenge, you need to seduce an instructor and share a bit of intimate fun. Now, good luck and have fun!" Prescott gave everyone a wave and jumped off the chair.

The room filled with harried gasps and whispers as everyone digested the goal. I gulped a bit. It wasn't so surprising, given the general theme, but now I had to consider what to do. After just sharing a moment of raw enthusiasm, I actually felt ready to take on the dare. Sure, it was crazy, but everything about this was crazy. It did leave me with one uncomfortable choice though.

I wolfed down the rest of the banana and my glass of juice. "Okay, ladies, I guess that means I should get a change of wardrobe. I'll catch up with you later."

I left them as they started chattering about their first notions of a plan. I wasn't quite there yet, but I had an inkling. The first thing I needed to do was put on something more feminine. I had resisted the idea before, but if I was going to get through these challenges, I knew I'd have to take Tom's advice and embrace the girly. A skirt combined with a top that would show off my breasts would certainly make seducing an instructor that much easier.

The hard part would be picking an instructor. I pondered that question while I changed and then raced off to my first class. I didn't need to be late on top of everything else. It wasn't an easy choice

though. Half my instructors were well past their prime, and a couple I weren't even sure if they'd ever had a prime.

That gave me another chance to listen to the advice I'd been given yesterday. Meredith, the sorority girl who'd helped me after the change yesterday, had told me to trust my feelings. So I tried to do just that. As hard as it was, I tried to think about each of my male instructors and let my new instincts make the choice.

If only it was that easy. I spent the first two classes of the day lost in uncomfortable attempts to fantasize about my professors. It was a lot harder than I would have thought. Whenever my body started to react, I'd start to over think things and end up more confused than when I started.

It wasn't until my lunch break that I managed to get a handle on things. I'd grabbed a sandwich and picked a good tree to lean against in the quad and just let my brain hash it out as I enjoyed some excellent grilled chicken and bacon. Letting myself get lost in the delectable flavors had a way of just letting my subconscious fight through the options and decide for me.

So that's when I picked my target. I just sat and stared up at the blue sky that was dotted with a few drifting puffs of white. It was kind of a relief, even though I knew what making that choice meant for my afternoon. Luckily, I only had one more class after lunch, that would give me a bit more time to consider my plan. Naturally, it didn't seem like I'd need a lot of scheming. I was a rather attractive girl now, and I knew for a fact it wasn't hard for an attractive girl to talk a guy into sex.

At least that's what I thought. Caleb was a reasonably buff graduate assistant in charge of my circuits class. For reasons I didn't quite want to admit to yet, my new pussy seemed to get all tingling when I considered him. So in my effort to listen to my new instincts, he seemed like an easy choice. I even had memories of him checking me out during my lab sessions, so he had at least some attraction to me as well.

I strutted into his office after taking a trip to the bathroom to primp a bit. I tried not to think too much about exactly what I was doing. This was a mission, and I wasn't going to let myself get squeamish.

"Alison! Good afternoon!" Caleb looked up a bit surprised when I came to a stop next to his desk and then leaned over it in such a way that he had a very clear view of my cleavage. I tried to manage acting like it was unintentional, but I'm sure he was too busy to notice as he tried to figure out if he should stare or not.

"Hi, Caleb, I was hoping you could help me with a little something." I tried out my best impression of a husky voice while I reached up to pull my hair back behind my ear.

"Really? You've been doing very well in class. What's the problem?" He pulled back a bit. I could see that he was blushing and fighting not to just stare down my shirt. That was a strange thrill. Just by showing a bit of skin I'd completely flustered this guy. Obviously, I'd never managed anything like that when I was a guy.

"Well, I actually had a bit more personal of a problem I was hoping you'd help me with." I replied as I hopped up onto the edge of his desk and lifted up one of my legs so that he could almost see my panties. He certainly had an excellent view of my silky thighs as my skirt rode up.

That brought another flush of red, and his eyes bulged a bit. For a moment, I thought I had him. All I needed to do was close the noose, but just as I started to move in for the kill he shot up in his chair and started to laugh. It was a nervous chuckle at first, but quickly escalated to a heartfelt belly laugh as he smacked his hand onto the desk.

"Wow, you almost had me. I forgot you were pledging with the Deltas this week. What is some kind of trick the TA thing?" He shook his head. Now it was my turn to blush while my leg slowly slid back down to the ground. He wasn't exactly right, but it was close enough to just completely derail me.

"And you remember I have a girlfriend right?" He jabbed in a way that really drive my defeat home. I'd totally forgotten about that, but now that he mentioned it, I remembered him talking about her a few times after class. While I knew it wasn't impossible to seduce a guy with a girlfriend, it did make things a lot harder, especially when the guy was as honest as Caleb.

Now, I was just fidgeting on his desk. I didn't exactly know how to make a dignified exit at this point, and I suspected that there was no

such option. He quit laughing and then looked up at me with a rather wry smile.

"You do know that Professor Barrington is single right? I bet you could totally zing him, and I have it on good authority that he can take a joke, especially from a cute coed." Caleb offered. I could see he was offering me an olive branch and a way out. I suppose it was one of those benefits of being a girl, he wasn't planning on holding this little stunt over my head. Instead, he was trying to work his way into my schemes.

"Hmm..." I nibbled at my lower lip a bit. "That is an idea, thanks."

I hopped off his desk and waved goodbye before the awkwardness grew any more intense. I took a deep breath once I was out of his office, but as much as I was relieved, I thought about his suggestion. I'd not really considered the professor. He was on the young side, probably in his mid thirties, and my feminine senses did tingle a bit when I thought about him.

First, I need a tall glass of something, but I had to make do with a water fountain. I don't think I'd been so thoroughly embarrassed in quite some time. My stomach was still swirling a bit, twisted from what I'd tried to do and what actually happened. I decided I needed to take a nice walk around campus before giving things another attempt.

The fresh air did me good, and so did the moderate pace I chose as I swept through the lesser used paths. I wasn't quite in the mood to deal with all the groping glances I seemed to be drawing today, and I managed to avoid a lot of attention. I was used to jogging to clear my head, but I didn't want to work up that kind of a sweat, so I settled for a slightly fast walk that only got my heart beating a bit faster. It wasn't nearly as satisfying, but it gave me a chance to cool down a little.

My subconscious must have been guiding me though, because before long I was standing right in front of the professor's house. It was a quirk of the university that they had a few blocks of houses dedicated for their professors, they weren't the fanciest places, but since they came free with the position most of the schools top educators happily resided there.

Professor Barrington's house was little different than the others. From the outside, it was a slightly run down red brick house. The lawn was mowed, but the flower beds were unkempt and an open window and the sound of classical music told me that the professor was home. I paused there for a moment, the music was soft, and I listened for sounds of conversation. It wouldn't do any good if he had company.

Before I could summon up more courage, I heard a rough squeaking of wood and metal and looked up to see the professor pulling open the window screen and then leaned out slightly from the second floor and looked down at me. "Hello, Miss Sterling. Is there something I can help you with?"

I stood there staring up blankly for a moment. There was something unnerving about being interrupted while trying to psych yourself up. I clenched my fists and forced a smile. "Yes, professor, can I come in?"

"Certainly, the doors unlocked." He popped back inside and closed the screen with the same teeth gnashing noise. I didn't give myself time to back out. I quickly skipped up the steps and slipped inside. I did take a moment to lock the door. If I really went through with my plan, I didn't want anyone to interrupt us. This was nerve wracking enough without having to worry about creating a scandal.

The inside of the house wasn't in much better shape than the outside. It was clear he was a bachelor from the lack of decor. What furniture he had downstairs was simple, purposeful and completely uncoordinated. For some reason I felt an odd shudder at some of his rather clashing color choices. I'd never worried about that kind of thing when I was guy, but now it was actually bugging me!

I couldn't resist thinking about how I would redecorate this place if I had the chance. The basic architecture was classic, and had clearly been restored not too long ago, and thankfully with a rather tame paint job rather than some of the more garish wallpaper that would have probably been there originally. As I found my way to the stairs, I was silently placing paintings, end tables and accenting plants in my mind. It was a rather twisted way to keep my mind off of what I was about to do.

Of course, it wasn't a perfect distraction. The truth was, the closer I got to the top of the stairs the more aroused I became. As nervous as I was, the memories of last night in Tom's bed were pushing me forward. I couldn't deny just how good that had felt, and the prospect of feeling that way again was enough to get me to do just about anything. The fact that Professor Barrington was a reasonably fit and certainly attractive man didn't hurt a bit either. I was learning how to keep my rational male thoughts from getting in the way of those feminine instincts.

Finally, I came to the door of his study. He'd left it open and I stepped inside the threshold. This room was the one that actually looked lived in, and even decorated! His taste was rather eclectic though. One wall was covered in a blown up poster of a space shuttle flying over the earth. The wall next to me was lined with shelves that were covered in a mix of technical books and various computer and electronic parts. A long corner desk sat under the window and along one wing of the space shuttle, with a computer on one side and a half built piece of electronics on the other. Along the final wall were a pair of soft sitting chairs and a record player that was built on top of a small cabinet was still belting out Brahms.

"Vinyl?" I asked.

"Naturally, and not a bit of solid state chicanery either, it's all vacuum tubes." He smiled and hopped over to open the front of the cabinet. I stared at the rather archaic looking piece of equipment. I simply nodded as he showed me his handiwork.

"It's my own design, I wanted something a bit more refined than the classic models. I'll have to write up the schematics sometime so I can get them out to the hobbyists." He beamed. I could sense the pride in his work and I leaned in to take a bit of a closer look. I'd not done much more than simple circuits in my classes, and the craftsmanship inside that cabinet blew me away. He knew his stuff.

"Sounds good." I smiled. I didn't know what to say. I wasn't exactly big on musical equipment. Sure, I knew the wattage of my stereo speakers, and just how long books could stay on my shelves when I cranked up the volume, but that was about the end point of my knowledge. If not for the silly humanities requirements that had



forced me to take a music appreciation class, I wouldn't even have known he had Brahms playing.

"Please, take a seat and appreciate it while I get us some drinks." He nudged me towards one of the chairs and then strutted off towards the kitchen. Not knowing what else to do, I took a seat. I fidgeted for a moment, not used to my hips or the way my skirt rode up my thighs as I tried to get comfortable. It had been an issue all day, and I had given in to sitting with my legs crossed in typical feminine fashion and tugged down on the hem of my skirt.

I sat back and listened. I couldn't have told you which composition it was, but I had to admit it was relaxing. My ears couldn't tell the difference between this and the much less elaborate stereo that had been used for my music appreciation class. That was a point I was going to be careful not to mention to the professor.

That's about when my thoughts caught back up to my original mission. I sat up and took a deep breath as everything came back into focus. This was the time I realized that I didn't really have a plan. Sure, I had a big flashing 'let's sex up the professor' but I didn't have a clue how to get from here to the bedroom. Well, that's not quite true. There were only about a dozen different brazen notions that flashed through my head.

I could just strip down and when then professor came back to see a relaxed, naked woman sitting in his study, well he couldn't help but take the hint. Just the idea had me blushing, as did every other thought of direct action. I couldn't just come out and say I wanted to fuck him. Or could I? Did it really matter? In a few days I'd go back to being a guy and all this would just be a memory for me and everyone outside of the fraternity wouldn't remember.

There was simply no way I could summon up that kind of balls. Granted, I was kind of lacking in that department, and giggled at the notion. What did girls really say to themselves when they wanted to 'woman up'? I had a hard time thinking of anything that would have been anatomically appropriate, but then I was a bit focused on sexual differences at the moment.

Before I had a chance to distract myself with more pointlessness, the professor returned. He was sporting two glasses, he handed me the tall glass of iced lemonade and he kept the tall glass of

something far darker with a rather thick head. I wasn't a huge drinker, but I had to admit part of me was debating asking for something to calm my nerves. Of course that was when I remembered that I was still 19 and this was a university professor. The way things have been lately, he'd probably get in more trouble for giving me booze than sleeping with me.

"I hope lemonade is all right." He sat down across from me, and gave me a quick once over. I'd started to get used to guys doing that, even when they refrained from staring down my shirt, they had to at least get one good look at the whole package. I squirmed a bit in the chair. The fact was, I kind of liked the way his eyes had lingered a few moments longer on my chest and bare legs when he checked me out.

"Oh, just fine, thanks." I blushed a bit as he gazed at me. His smile was warm, but his eyes were deep, penetrating, and they pulled me in a bit more than I'd expected. I felt my whole body flush, and I took a big gulp from my glass just so I could tear my eyes away from his. With just one look, he'd cut right through to the core of my new found womanhood and lit a fire deep inside me.

"So, what can I do for you today? You've been doing very well in class, so I'm going to guess you're not looking for help with your studies." He pulled back to take a measured drink from his glass. I blushed some more, he'd cast out the classic move. I really was a good student, and I couldn't pretend to seduce him for a better grade or anything.

That got me to think about class, and just how different my academic career had been from that of my former self. As Alison, I'd been just as smart and just as likely to slack off when I shouldn't, but I'd also had to prove myself more. A girl in computer engineering was rather out of place, and a lot of the guys made me aware of it. Between the bad attempts at flirting, snide remarks and just juvenile crap, I was a little surprised that I'd actually kept to it. I might have lacked balls as Alison, but only from an anatomical perspective.

That did lead me to one other set of memories. I'd not really thought about how Professor Barrington had conducted class as I came over here, but now that my memory was triggered, I realized that he was a bit of a womanizer. It wasn't that he was pushy or

anything, it was more like he just planted a few subtle hints and let the feminine mind do the rest. That and since I was a girl, I got to hear all the sordid details about the male professors that I'd never really known when I was a guy.

I took another gulp of my lemonade when I realized he was waiting for me to reply. I also blushed at least another shade of red as I reviewed my memories of being Alison. It still took a bit of effort to differentiate between the two sets of information that was shuffled in my head. Now, I realized that he must now be assuming that I was here with one particular goal in mind, especially given my rather awkward behavior so far.

Despite how embarrassing it was, I felt like I could actually go with it. All I had to do was drop a few less than subtle hints that I was here for a bit of special education and he'd do the rest of the work for me. Or at least I kind of hoped so. Now the question was exactly how to make sure to get him on the right page without being too brazen.

"Well..." I fidgeted with the end of my hair as I struggled to find the right words. "I've... I've heard from some of the girls that you sometimes offer special lessons."

He sat back and glanced over me again, this time taking his time as he sipped at his glass. I squirmed again under his gaze, but I tried not to keep from losing control after pretty much spilling the beans in one go. I did remember hearing about other student affairs with him, and that he could be a bit kinky but fun at the same time. I hadn't quite meant to say it like that, but my nerves had gotten the better of me.

"I see." He sat up slowly and placed the glass onto a corner of his desk. Then he leaned forward and looked at me, his expression was a bit odd, even as he looked into my eyes again. "I would be pleased to give you a very private lesson, my dear Miss Alison Sterling. I do however require that you state clearly your consent and willingness to let me direct you. In exchange, I shall endeavor to show you a different kind of pleasure."

I gulped at the sudden seriousness of his tone. Did I really want to do this? Just what exactly was I agreeing to? I quickly sought out more details from my faded memories of sordid conversations, but I

really didn't get much more than the fact that my girlfriends seemed to have enjoyed whatever it was that they'd done with him. I did still have a challenge to go through with, and nothing I'd heard gave me reason to back out now.

"Okay." I closed my eyes and bit my lip a bit as I summoned up the willpower I needed to actually say the words. "I, Alison Sterling, consent to a private lesson from Professor Martin Barrington, and I agree to follow his directions."

I felt a bit silly saying it that way, but he chuckled. I just couldn't let the serious tone go without taking it a bit further to the absurd. This was so far past any reality I'd been a part of, that I didn't know how else to react.

"Excellent. Now, shall I show you to our classroom?" He stood up and held out his hand. I stared at it for a moment before I realized what I had to do. Then I placed my hand in his and let him help me from the chair like I was some kind of refined lady. I blushed a bit, enjoying the attention and yet feeling helplessly awkward at such a feminine routine. It wasn't hard to think back to Tom's advice about accepting the girly. It was only the male part of my identity that was second guessing everything. At this point the female half of my brain was rather excited, and enjoying this little performance with the attractive professor.

"Lead the way." I managed to say without stammering. It was a force of will not to let my nerves now work their way into my speech.

He pulled me along gently, and I followed. His house wasn't very big, so we barely had to turn a corner before we got the room. It looked at first glance like just a regular bedroom, but I quickly did a double take. First, there were mirrors almost everywhere, on the walls and ceiling. The bed itself was ordinary enough, but the metal loops that were bolted to the headboard and footboard quickly got my attention.

I'd never been particularly kinky in the sack. Heck, just getting a girl past second base was rare enough that I didn't even think about any extended options when it came to sex. Sure, I wasn't ignorant about their being more options, I just never felt confident enough to even consider exploring them.

"Now, this is an introductory lesson, Miss Sterling, so I promise not to do anything too extreme. However, should you find yourself uncomfortable and you wish to stop, then I want you to say buttercups." He said.

I couldn't help turning back to him and had to fight down a giggle. "Buttercups?"

"Indeed. I've found that choosing memorably strange words help girls to remember the safe word." He smiled and pointed back towards the bed. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to make a few preparations. While you wait, would you be so good as to remove all your clothes and place them on the table in the corner. I expect to see you standing at the foot of the bed when I return."

Without another word, he turned and closed the door behind him. I let out the stunned gasp I'd managed to hold in when I'd heard his directions. I knew he was serious, but was I really going to do this? I wavered for a moment, torn between a twisted kind of curiosity and the fact that this was not at all what I'd expected. It boiled down to the question of whether I trusted the professor and the girls who'd previously taken his special classes.

I shook my head. There was no use in arguing over it. There was no good reason to back out now, and I did trust him not to go too far. I was sure that I wouldn't have come here if I'd known this was what would happen, but I was here now and had a challenge to fulfill.

I tried not to think too much as I stripped out of my clothes. It wasn't until I was stepping out of my panties, that I realized that it was a bit chilly in the room. The temperature was low enough that it was noticeable, but not enough to make me immediately uncomfortable. I guessed that once we were in the midst of things I'd warm up well enough, but for now it made my nipples stand out lewdly from my breasts.

For the first time since my transformation I got a full view of just what kind of girl I had become. Sure, I'd seen my reflection and had a first person view of my body, but the mirrors lining the room gave me a full and rather intimate view of my new shape. The remarkable thing was just how ordinary I looked. I was pretty, but not stunning, though my body was hot, I couldn't say that I'd stand out from the crowd.

The self assessment brought forth a slew of Alison memories. All those showers after gym class and practice over the years. The girl part of my mind hadn't found anything erotic about being surrounded by other naked girls. Rather, it was all comparisons, who had the biggest breasts, the longest legs or roundest ass. There was a mix of envy and pride at the various comparisons and everything wrapped around how I'd use that anatomy to help me get the attention of the right guys.

It was a strange feeling, and when it all mixed together with my more masculine thought process, I felt an odd bit of validation. I could understand just how hollow all that false insecurity was, and how little all those petty differences with other girls made to the male mind. Sure, extremes were an issue, but I could feel my old male mind telling Alison that she was just as attractive as any of those girls she'd been jealous of. It wasn't enough to completely mask the lifetime of feminine insecurity those memories dredged up, but it filled me with a strange sense of self assurance that I knew I'd never felt in my girly past.

The sound of the door opening brought me straight back to the present. As crazy as it sounds, this was the moment I actually felt naked, as I watched the professor appear when the door swung out. I was completely bare ass naked, standing in the middle of the room and he could see me! With Tom, my nudity had been gradual and mixed in with everything else. Despite a wavering arousal at the wickedness I was in the midst of, I was basically clearheaded, and completely exposed.

As a guy I was used to being naked around other guys. Alison, however, had only managed to do that a few times and always while in the rabid throes of lustful abandon. So I tried to summon up my masculine nonchalance, but instead got hammered by a gut twisting wave of embarrassment. I managed to keep myself facing him and my hands clenched at my sides despite the urge to cover my girly bits. My feminine modesty was at war with the rational part of my brain that proclaimed it ridiculous to be so bashful given the circumstances.

He just stood there with a wry smile as he watched me fidgeting in front of him in the buff. The professor had changed out of his

regular clothes and into a simple Heffner style robe. I kept my eyes north of the equator. I wasn't sure if my nerves could handle seeing his erection outlined on the brown terry cloth.

"Very good." He smiled and then held up a long black length of cloth as he approached. It took me a moment to realize it was a blindfold and my stomach twisted a bit again. Just what did he have planned for me? I took a deep breath and took it from him.

"Now, hold it over your eyes and turn around." He stood before me gazing into my eyes with that soul searing intensity he could do so easily.

I gulped and did just as he asked. My nerves flared as everything became dark. Despite all the signs that told me I could trust him, it was hard not to panic a bit at being naked and blindfolded. He stepped up behind me and grabbed the ends of the cloth and I felt him knot it firmly around my head. It wouldn't be hard to remove, but it would stay in place unless I actually made the effort.

"Hold up your left hand." I heard each around the room. I complied and felt him take my hand. His other hand came to rest on my hip, and he guided me around the edge of the bed. After he came to a stop, he pulled my hand down until I could feel the soft covers.

"Climb onto the bed and roll onto your back."

I felt strange doing all this while being unable to see. It wasn't unlike stumbling back into my dorm room while my roommate was sleeping, but it wasn't easy to manage in strange places. The real nerve wracking part was the fact that I could feel the cool air against my bare skin and my breasts jiggling freely as proof of my continuing nudity. I didn't let that slow me down though, and was soon resting in what I hoped was the middle of the bed.

I heard him moving over to my left and felt the his hand grab my wrist. He pulled my arm up until it must have been pointing at the top left corner of the bed, and I felt a soft cloth being wrapped around my wrist and tightened. I shuddered a bit as I realized what he was doing, but I fought down any urges to bolt. It probably sounded crazy, but I was actually intrigued almost as much as I was nervous.

It didn't take long before I was fully strung up. The professor had me spread eagle on the bed, and a light testing of the bonds told me

that he hadn't left much slack. I was surprised to feel a thrill at the whole notion, I was completely exposed, and totally vulnerable, and it was making me aroused.

When he finally slid one of his hands down my side, I shuddered from the unexpected tickle of his finger outlining my curves from the hollow under my arm to the fullness of my thigh. He didn't stray, didn't do more than tease, but it had me quivering. The anticipation had me seething. Just what would he do next?

He continued his almost casual caressing of my flesh. His fingers ran along my arms, under my breasts and over the curve of my ears. His touch was always light, almost fleeting, and I could do nothing but quiver in anticipation. Despite his fingers never touching my breasts or the folds of my womanhood, I was as aroused as I'd ever been. I'd never imagined this kind of sensuality or just the kind of effect it could have on me.

Just as I started to whimper and moan from the pleasure of his roaming digits, he pulled back. I heard him walk across the room, open something and then walked back to the bed where I was still on display. It was so strange relying on just my hearing to gauge what was about to happen, and just how limiting that was.

So when I felt something light and feathery suddenly flutter over my breasts, I couldn't help but let out a loud gasp as my nipples were wickedly tickled. He didn't stop there, the ticklish fluttering rolled across my stomach and then down one thigh and up the other. I did my best to resist the vicious sensation, but when I felt that feather run right over my tender nether lips I started to convulse with laughter.

I tore at my bonds, trying to escape the tickling as I shook with uncontrollable laughter. The assault was just too much, and my composure just melted away as I tussled from side to side, trying in vain to escape.

"Please! I can't take it..." I broke into laughter again as he attacked the soles of my feet with two feathers. I convulsed, crying as I pleaded for relief.

When he suddenly pulled the feathers away, I was left panting, and to my amazement, utterly in need. That restrained helplessness had set my pussy alight, and I squirmed on the bed again, this time



trying to do something to relieve the growing heat between my legs. The fact that my bonds kept me from even rubbing my thighs together just stoked my flames hotter.

"Oh, oh yes!" I moaned when I felt his hands sink into my thighs. My body was aching to be touched, and when he slid his hands up my inner thighs, I was simply quivering in anticipation, but he held back. I could feel his breath flow over my burning pussy, but he held back his fingers as I quaked with need.

"Almost."

Then he pulled back and again, I was left, naked, helpless and delirious with need on his bed. I cried out, in anguished desire. I'd never been teased like this, and the sound of my heart pumping in my ears kept me from sensing his movements.

"Oh, god!" I moaned when I felt a pair of lips wrap around a nipple and start sucking. His tongue flicked at the sensitive tip as he nibbled at the tender edges. It wasn't just the skill of his mouth, it was the fact that he came without warning, and just as I pressed my chest towards the pleasure of his suckling he pulled away.

I waited again for his next strike. My entire body quivering with anticipation.

Then his tongue slip up the side of my neck and I whimpered as he began nibbling at my earlobe. It was impossible for something so simple to make me this hot, but the aching void between my legs could not be denied for much longer.

"Please, oh... please..." I panted. The bonds were all held tight. If he would have untied me, I would have pounced on him, but as it was I was awaiting his deliverance.

"Now." His voice echoed around the room, and with no more warning, I felt his weight on top of me. His chest pressed into mine, and his thighs moved between my open legs. When his lips touched mine, I felt his hardness part my nether lips. I gasped into his mouth, unable to do anything to speed or slow him.

I wailed when he thrust into me. My seething, hungry flesh yielding to the hard invader as I pulled at the cloth holding me in place. The same restraint that had sent me to the height of need only amplified the raw sensation of being penetrated. The impossibility of

movement left me unable to focus on anything beyond the intense feeling of his flesh moving into the depths of my being.

There were no words for the pleasure of that moment, and I found myself eagerly kissing him as he filled me completely. That one grace of freedom was taken in full and I showed him with my lips and tongue all the depths of pleasure that I was feeling.

Just as he'd taken his time to warm me up. His love making was equally restrained. His thrusts were deep and full as his hands roamed my flesh, caressing and squeezing, rubbing and pinching. His fingers would go from twisting a tender nipple to massaging my tender clit and then sliding back up my hips and waist.

My moans and gasps echoed around the room as he played my body like an instrument. I was finely tuned, and his touch was expert. He seemed to know just when to squeeze or rub or thrust to leave me quivering at the very edge of release without breaking through that final, wonderful tension.

When I felt him reach down and then up, I was confused for a moment at the sudden tug at my wrists and ankles. Then it hit me. I was free! I barely wavered before I wrapped myself around him, pulling his flesh to mine.

"Fuck me! Oh god fuck me hard!" I ground my hips against his cock. There was simply nothing I needed more than to feel him pounding into me, thrusting his hard shaft into my eager flesh.

He didn't say a thing, but he gave me exactly what I wanted. He pulled me tight, and we rutted like animals. Our pants and moans echoed around the room as I was lost to everything beyond the hammering pleasure of his cock inside me.

"Yes, oh, oh yes!" I moaned when he buried himself inside me and pulled me tight. He ground against my clit and as his cock twitched inside me, I felt my own orgasm rip through me. It was shattering, and my whole body shook from the pleasure as I gripped at his back. My whole world dissolved into ecstasy, wrapped in his warmth and filled with his hardness.

I panted with him as my breasts tingled and my pussy went numb from the feeling of raw pleasure. I was simply lost to the sensations, and even when he finally pulled away from me, I simply melted back

onto the bed, unable to summon the strength to move for several minutes.

"You can remove the blindfold." He said after several minutes must have passed. "The lesson is complete."

I tossed to the side for a moment. With all the pleasure I'd forgotten I was still blindfolded and naked. I blushed a bit at realizing how exposed I was, but resisted the urge to cover myself. After all, he'd just had free reign over my body for much of the afternoon. It wasn't like there were any mysteries left for him. It was up to me if I was going to retain some dignity or not.

I rolled over and sat on the edge of the bed for a moment and wondered just what I should do now. I was still hovering in a world brimming with warm pleasure.

"There is a shower through that door if you'd like. I'll be in my study." He nodded and stepped out. I wasn't sure if I should feel slighted or if he was simply deferring to my modesty. I decided it must be the later. I had noticed that he'd maintained a very clear decorum during the entire lesson, one of dominance and command, but fundamentally of respect as well. He'd promised to show me a different kind of pleasure, and I had to admit that he'd done just that.

I decided to go for the shower. I didn't need to linger, and was soon standing in the door of his study, back in my comfortable outfit. I hadn't expected how comfortable it would feel to be back in a skirt, but after everything that had just happened, I welcomed the familiar feeling of clothes over my skin.

"Thank you." I smiled as I looked over to the professor as he worked on his electronics project. I really was grateful, I wasn't quite sure just how to say it beyond those simple words. It was grossly inadequate, but English didn't really have a demure way to express gratitude for having your brains fucked out.

"My pleasure, Miss Sterling." He turned back and returned my smile. "You did very well with this first lesson, and if you're interested in continuing I would be pleased to see you return."

I blushed a bit at that. I wasn't quite sure just how to take his directness. "I'll have to think about it, but I just wanted to thank you for everything. I should probably be going."

"Of course." He nodded. "I'll look forward to seeing you in class tomorrow."

I pulled away from his door and showed myself out. It wasn't even dinner time yet, and I was still basking the afterglow from my first experience with a little bondage play. It had been kind of fun, I admitted to myself. If not for the fact that I'd be changed back to a guy in a few days I might have even considered going back. As it was, I was one challenge closer to becoming a Tau, and after what I'd been through so far, I was starting to look forward to the next kinky expedition.

After all, if I was going to be a girl for only a week, there was no reason not to keep having this much fun!

The End

## **Pledging Tau Geta Delta - Part 3 - Student Seduction**

"So he totally boned you in the lab?"

I blushed just hearing Alex's chirpy voice as I walked into the frat house. I wasn't sure that I was up to talking about my recent experience with Professor Barrington. Getting strapped down on the bed by my electronics instructor while he teased and tickled my naked body was certainly something I'd never forget. It was also not something I was ready to talk about either. The amazing orgasm he'd given me had nearly shaken me to the core.

I paused just inside the door, wondering if I could just slip through unnoticed. Alex was another of the pledges, another of the girls who had been a guy barely a day ago. She'd embraced her new womanhood with an enthusiasm that left me in awe and generally off kilter whenever I got close to her. I had to admit though, that her attitude was a bit infectious once I got used to it.

I let the door close behind me with a loud enough click that no one could have missed my entrance. There were only a couple of girls in the sitting room. I didn't know one of them, but I recognized Megan and Alex. The two girls looked like they were about to pounce on the third, at least until I'd grabbed their attention.

"Uh... hi?" I wavered a bit at the intense look of wickedness that twinkled in Alex's eyes.

"Alison, come over here and take a seat. We were just sharing our victory stories." Alex turned back to the poor girl in the third chair. I remembered seeing her now, a raven haired Asian with cute almond eyes, button nose and a slender frame. She also looked like a deer caught in the headlights, which was an appropriate response when under Alex's dedicated attention.

I gave the poor girl a friendly wave and she gave me a weak smile back. "I'm Alison."

"Minami." She nodded and blushed some more as Alex continued to stare eagerly in her direction.

I considered my options for a moment. It was clear that Alex didn't have an off switch, which meant if there was anything to be done, I would have to distract her.

"So what did you do, Alex?" I prodded. Minami let out a sigh and slumped back in her chair as the spunky blond turned towards me. I was happy to help, but I knew that left me in the frying pan.

"Well, you know there's a really cute graduate assistant for the upper level psych classes? I popped in on his office hours and well, it wasn't hard to get him to give me a bit of personal attention." Alex giggled as she thrust out her chest. Her top was doing a good job of showing off her cleavage. I could imagine her ravishing the unsuspecting guy before he even knew what hit him. "I never realized how much fun it could be getting fucked when someone could walk in at any time. I'm pretty sure he liked it too, I got him to shoot off like three times before I finally let him up for air."

I blushed just listening to her story. I had to wonder what kind of girl Alex was supposed to have been in her memories. I could just see her sleeping through half the campus with a lustful smile and plans to get through the other half before graduating. In a way, I was a bit jealous. I was still getting all twisted up with my femininity and masculinity, but she'd clearly gone all in. Of course, not everything was embarrassment at being a girl, the part of me that was Alison was a bit of a shy, especially about sexuality.

"So, how about you. Who did you pluck? I can tell you had a good time." Alex gave me a very knowing stare as she grinned.

I just blushed. I suppose it wasn't hard to see the somewhat silly grin I had. I was still basking in the fleeting edges of my recent orgasm and I wasn't surprised that she could tell. Of course, she could just be bluffing me, but she'd hit the mark either way.

"Well, I kind of got a private lesson with Professor Barrington." I squeezed my knees tight to keep from fidgeting. I didn't really want to go into details, but then I gasped as I remembered that the professor's reputation was rather well known to the female side of the university.

Alex actually sputtered for a moment. Her eyes bulged as she took in what I'd said. "Professor Barrington? One of his private lessons?"

I just nodded slowly, blushing furiously as I realized that Alex pretty much knew more than I would have ever wanted to share.

"Damn girl! I actually seem to have done that back when I was a freshman..." Alex actually turned a few shades of red herself as she was lost in one of her girly memories. I quivered as well. I could only imagine what it must have been like for an innocent freshman to have done that. Alex shook her head, clearly working her head around those memories. "Man, that is one kinky dude. Did you know that?"

"Not really, but it was certainly memorable." I held my hands in my lap to keep them from twirling my hair. It was a habit that I'd noticed I had when I got nervous. It was oddly soothing, but I wasn't eager to look so feminine at the moment.

"I bet." Alex giggled. She squirmed in her chair a bit. I wondered just what was driving her to be so nervous when the sound of the door closing grabbed out attention.

This time it wasn't a girl. It was the fraternity president Hamilton Prescott. He was looking like his usual stoic self in an almost ridiculously stereotypical sweater vest outfit. I squirmed a bit in my seat when I realized that I thought he was kind of hot, or at least the Alison part of me did. I was slowly getting used to my feminine feelings shooting to the top of my head, but it was still strange finding myself attracted to guys.

"Well, ladies. It's good to see you all here." He held up his hand and a small blue ball of energy popped into being just over his palm. He took a moment to wave his hand around, taking the time to look at each of us through the strange little light. I realized that it must have been magic, but I couldn't quite figure out what it was for. "And it looks like all of you have met the last challenge. I hope you had fun."

We responded with a mixture of blushes, fidgeting and wayward glances. It was hard enough talking to the other pledges about what we'd done, but talking about it with a guy who was still a guy was a

lot harder. The fact that this was the man in charge of us this week didn't make it any easier.

Of course, there was one of us that wasn't about to be cowed by embarrassment. Alex sat up straight and smiled. "I know I did, sir. I'm ready to get going on the next challenge."

"Well, for your next challenge, you can't get started until tomorrow night, but I can let you know what it is, if you want to know." He smiled. I had my fingers twirling my hair before I even thought about it. I was torn. On the one hand, if I knew I'd have time to plan and prepare. On the other hand, I could end up just worrying about it, and since I couldn't get started until tomorrow night anyway, I wasn't quite so eager to get a head start.

Alex, however, wasn't the patient type. "Sure, let us have it, sir."

"All right, ladies. You can feel free to tell the other pledges when you see them, and I'll be sure to announce it at breakfast tomorrow, but your next challenge will be to go out and find another student for a one night stand. You can't already know them, and no scouting before six tomorrow night." Prescott said. He took a seat across from us as he watched our reactions.

At this point we were mostly numb to the prospect. Our assumption would have been some kind of seduction and sex challenge. It was the running theme after all. In some ways this was almost easier than going after an instructor. There were plenty of places to go for picking up a guy. Alex seemed almost enthusiastic, but everyone else just soaked it in.

Surprisingly enough, Megan decided to break the silence. "So, sir, would you mind telling us about your pledge week? Did you have to go through the same challenges?"

Prescott laughed and sat back in his chair. "Well, if you can imagine, my alter ego was like this little five foot girl with a bobbed haircut and almost no curves. I also had this squeaky voice that just screamed that I was like way to young to be in college. So we had challenges a lot like the ones this week, and boy do I have some stories to tell..."

He just let the words hang in the air and smiled at us for the better part of a minute. At first I wondered if it was just a dramatic pause, but then he just let the silence continue until finally he



finished his thought. "But, those are stories for another day, after you've proven yourselves worthy. You've all done really well so far, so I'm looking forward to seeing each of you sign your names in the ledger at the end of the week. After that, we're going to have our biggest party of the year, and you'll get to hear all the great stories."

With that he hopped out of his chair, gave us a bow and trotted off to whatever mission he had next. Everyone took a moment to let things sink in and then we all just laughed. We didn't have any reason to get bent out of shape quite yet.

"Well, I think I better get some studying done if I'm going out tomorrow. I'll see you all later, girls." I stood up and strode off before anyone could hook me back in. I wasn't in the mood for more sharing, and this seemed the best time to escape before I got dragged back in by Alex.

I got back to my room and sat down. It had been a crazy couple of days and I actually looked forward to a bit of studying. A bit of hard core mathematics was just what I needed to forget myself for a while and I really did want to get ahead on things. One way or another, I couldn't let my schoolwork slip. There would be plenty of time to fret about tomorrow night later.

The next day felt surprisingly normal. I got up, dressed, chatted up with Alex and the other girls before going to class. I was getting used to the random male attention that a reasonably attractive girl gets just walking down the street. It wasn't until I was grabbing a quick snack after class that I even realized just how normal everything really did feel.

It helped that I didn't think about the evening challenge. The most preparation I'd made was agreeing to go out with Alex and the other girls to a club she knew. I didn't have any better ideas so it was an easy thing to agree to. In the meanwhile, I cleaned up a bit, finished some more homework and was utterly surprised when Alex came knocking at my door at about five thirty.

"Okay, so why aren't you dressed?" Alex smiled at me wickedly when she noticed I was still wearing a rather plain t-shirt and jeans. To say that she was dolled up would have been a disservice. Alex had gone all in, with a slinky black dress that showed off her breasts, hugged her hips and had a nice revealing slit up both thighs. Add in

a pair of mid sized heels, a black lace collar and some earrings and she was dressed to kill. She'd also managed to do her hair and makeup such that no guy could possibly get the wrong idea about what she was interested in.

"Well, I thought..." I stammered as she burst into the room and started to pull off my shirt before I could even start to object.

"No time for thinking, we've got partying to do, and guys to snare!" She tossed my shirt across the room and then slid around to unsnap my jeans. Alex was moving far too fast for me, and I was quickly left in just my panties and bra. I knew better than to complain, and she did have a point. I had been putting off the whole outfit selection process.

"Now, did you even think about what you are going to wear?" Alex dragged me over to the closet and opened it up. She quickly started plucking out outfits and holding them in front of me and then just as quickly sorting them into two groups. I guessed that one was the reject pile given her expression, and the other must have been the ones that she liked.

There was a common theme to the outfits that Alex liked. They were all rather sexy in one way or another, short skirts, plunging necklines, or curve hugging sleekness was what she was going for. I didn't really have many outfits that matched up with her ideal, but in the end she'd cut my choices down to three.

That made it a fair bit easier for me. I didn't like the first two choices. I wasn't quite ready for the slinky black number like Alex, and the hot pink mini skirt and ruffles look was just too girly. So I decided to go a bit more subdued with a light blue halter top and a short skirt.

I settled on my choices and then started to unfasten my bra when I noticed that Alex as still watched me. I gave her a glare. "Could you turn around?"

"What? It's not like I haven't seen boobs before." She made a point of thrusting out her nicely rounded chest and outlined them with her hands. Of course she was giving me a wicked smile the whole time. Then she laughed and turned around with a big wave of her hands. "But, if you insist."

"I'd think you have no shame!" I laughed as I plucked a matching bra out of my closet and quickly worked my way into it. Feminine undergarments still gave me a bit of trouble, especially since I couldn't relax enough to let my girly instincts take over when I was trying to get my breasts into the cups. I suppose it was still a bridge too far for my manhood.

"I don't have time for that. You're only young once!" Alex replied. I could understand the sentiment, even if I wasn't in complete agreement with how aggressively she pursued her philosophy. The truth was it was far too easy to just ride in her wake, and I was actually beginning to enjoy doing just that. She had a way of making the world bend to her will, and it was fun watching her do it.

"So, let's make the most of it." I finished her thought as I wiggled my way into my skirt. For a moment I thought about removing my panties as well. If all went to plan, I wouldn't be needing them for long anyway. Still, modesty won out this time, and I finished getting everything in place.

"Not without some makeup first." Alex flipped around, took one look at me and then swung me into my desk chair. Before I knew it, she had gone through my drawers and had a collection of makeup spread out in front of me.

"Okay, that's enough. I've got this." I grabbed her hand when she reached for some mascara. I took a deep breath. I hadn't really done my makeup yet. I could remember doing it, in my fake girly memories, but that was still different. This was really me with my hands grabbing for an eye shadow applicator.

Thankfully, all I had to do was relax and let my instincts take over. Alison knew how to apply her own makeup, so long as I didn't think about what I was doing. It wasn't like I needed much, my complexion was pretty good. The trick was enhancing things to generate the right look.

I half closed my eyes and managed to get a nice line of eye shadow on. Then I hit the mascara and got my eyelashes nice and long. I puffed on a bit of blush and then finalized my handiwork with a bit of bright red lipstick. When I looked at my reflection, I felt a bit of a nervous twitch just looking at myself. All it had taken was a bit of makeup and I was now that much hotter.

My thoughts swirled for a moment as I looked at the cute girl reflected back at me. I was going to go out and pick up a guy! It was like some kind of crazy dream, and yet I knew I was going to go for it just the same. Part of me was looking forward to it. I had to admit that sex as a girl had been really good. It was entirely different then what I remembered from being a guy.

Oh sure, some of it was the same, but there was an entirely different edge. Naturally, the whole catching vs throwing thing made the experience different. Even though I could contribute, it was hard to deny that the guy got to set the pace, and that left me riding along. It seemed crazy how much effect that could make, and yet it was everything.

I shook my head to clear out the over thinking I was doing. Alex was waiting and there was a challenge to get through. The fact that my stomach was quivering in anticipation was just something I needed to push back for now.

"Okay, how's this?" I turned to Alex and gave her a big smile. The waxy feeling on my lips was weird, but I figured I'd get used to it. Wearing lipstick was just another strange girly thing that I had to work through.

"Nice! So did you do it or just let the girl part?" Alex grinned back at me. I blushed a bit at the accusation.

"The girl part, of course. Otherwise, I'd look like I was putting on war paint or something." I answered. That part was probably true. As a guy I had no clue about makeup, aside from knowing what I liked to see. The notion of putting some on was about as foreign as you could get. Of course, before pledging I'd never have imagined I'd be running around in a bra and panties either.

"Yeah, I totally tried doing it myself and it wasn't pretty." Alex laughed. I suspected that she didn't rely on her girl memories much. I didn't quite know where I'd be without them.

"Are you two done?" I heard Megan ask from the other side of the door. I got up and adjusted my clothes one last time. It was time to get the show rolling.

"We're coming!" I shouted back and threw open the door. Megan and Brittany were both standing there, and I just had to stop for a moment to appreciate the scene. Both girls were made up perfectly,

and were poured into skimpy dresses that left little to the imagination. My masculine taste roared to the top of my head and had my pussy quivering lustfully. I'd always dreamed about being with girls this hot!

"Woah..." I managed to say while I picked up my jaw. If these two had any trouble picking up guys I'd have been shocked.

"Not looking too bad yourself." Brittany smiled as she pulled her red mane back over her shoulder. The sprightly girl seemed to always have trouble keeping her waist length hair tamed, but she looked cute wrangling the errant strands.

"Time's a wasting!" Alex charged out of my room and pulled us along in her wake. Her force of will had us half way to the club before we even caught our breath. Naturally, she'd known just the place to go and we all simply had to follow after her.

Of course, a troupe of girls dressed to kill got plenty of attention as we strutted off to the club. The lustful glances and occasional leering stares were one thing, but the comments were something else. They veered from lewd to suggestive and always seemed accompanied by gestures that left no doubt about their perverse intent.

"Hey girls, why don't you let us show you a good time?"

"How about I give you a ride?"

"Nice tits!"

That last one was the final straw for Megan. She stomped over to the guy and slammed him into the side of a building by the time we chased after her. He wasn't that much taller than her and with the fire in her eyes, he was shaking as she pulled back her fist.

"Would you talk to your sister like that?" She growled and bunched up more of his shirt in with the hand pressing him into the wall. The rest of us just stopped a couple of steps away and watched.

"Uh... no... sorry..." His eyes darted around. It looked like he was trying to find an escape route, but nothing presented itself. He probably wasn't expecting to get nearly pasted by a stacked brunette, and there wasn't anyone around to help him.

"Damn straight. Now get out of here, jerk!" Megan pulled him off the wall and pushed him down the sidewalk. She took a moment to

regain her composure and fix her dress. For just that moment I could see her as some kind of warrior queen. Man, was she hot! Whoever she found to take home tonight would be one lucky guy.

"I never realized how many assholes there were." Megan tossed her back hair and then motioned for us to go on. The rest of us just giggled. No one would have guessed from looking at her that Megan was the bad ass of our group.

We just laughed it off. It was easy enough to do after that. If we ever got into real trouble, well, Megan could beat the snot out of them. It certainly got me in the mood for the challenge ahead.

The club was something else entirely. The music, the lights and most of all the people. Tromping around campus all day gave you a rather ordinary view of people. Here everyone was on the prowl, and dressed to attract. I didn't actually go clubbing before, it just wasn't something I felt like doing, and now, I still had to admit I didn't quite get the appeal.

The music was loud, the air stuffy and the churn of people was intensely distracting. On the other hand, the room was full of scantily clad women and strikingly dressed men, which I suppose was the real point anyway.

Alex was clearly a regular, and in her slinky black dress she made a point of showing off some moves to the thudding rhythm of some techno song. Watching her ass sway and breasts bounce was nearly hypnotic, and her enthusiasm was contagious. First, it was Megan, then Brittany and finally I gave in and started working my booty with the rest of them.

After forming our own little dance circle for a couple of songs, it was time for a break and we all strutted off to the bar. That was one reason I didn't go to these kind of places, at my age, I still couldn't get a real drink at anyplace that sold alcohol. You didn't get carded at private parties. I made do with a soda and we shuffled off for a quieter corner.

We'd barely settled in when a couple of guys walked up. My stomach fluttered. This was it. Everything else had just been a distraction or at best a demonstration. I looked over to see that Alex was smiling and I quickly figured out the plan. A little wild dancing to draw attention and then moving off the dance floor so that any

interested guys could make their move. Rinse and repeat until a guy you like pops up.

"Hey, Jake and I thought you two had some great moves. Do you come here often?" The shorter of the two guys gave Brittany a winning smile. He was almost my height, but that still gave him a couple of inches on the little red head. Otherwise, he was kind of cute with dark wavy hair and shimmering blue eyes. His wingman wasn't quite the catch, but I could see from the way Megan looked him over that she didn't feel the same way.

"We're new around here, just checking out the action." Megan smiled and made a point of placing her drink on the table next to us. "But words are so lacking. You ready to dance?"

Before I knew it, the four of them were gone. Somehow I suspected that I wouldn't see them again tonight. From the way Brittany and Megan looked those guys over they'd have to screw up big time not to score tonight. Now, it was just me and Alex.

"Oh, there's a couple of guys right over there." Alex made a subtle motion over to a pair hanging just down the bar. One guy was clearly scoping us out, while the other was much more subdued. I could see from his wayward glances that he was interested, but I also felt like he was really nervous too.

Oddly enough, that endeared him to me in an instant. I knew just how he felt. If I'd been dropped into the middle of this club back when I was a guy, I'd have been shell shocked in a corner. Oh, I'd enjoy watching all the hot girls, but I'd have been far too shy to ever consider making a move. That was one trait that I didn't entirely share with my girlish side, Alison was a fair bit less introverted than I was.

"So what do we do?" I really wasn't quite sure. My current run with men had been rather off key. Heck, my history with women wasn't a whole lot better. It always seemed like I fell into a relationship before I knew what was happening and barely got a handle on things before something blew up. Granted, I wasn't looking for a relationship tonight, but I hadn't been able to seduce anyone lately either.

"Well, I'm going to do a bit of remote flirting with the eager one and we'll see if he can drag his friend over here." Alex turned to give

him a playful smile. He turned back to his friend and then back towards Alex. The exchange of suggestive looks and playful gestures continued until he finally pushed away from the bar and his shy friend followed.

I let my feminine instincts take a look at both of them. They were both pretty average looking guys. They weren't even dressed up, the confident one was wearing a button up shirt over a t-shirt, but he'd left it unbuttoned. The shy one was just in a t-shirt and jeans. He was also doing his best to keep from making eye contact.

I hated to say just how hot that made me. This was when I discovered that my girly self had a soft spot for wounded birds. Not the bad boy kind, but the shy loners, the ones so trapped in their shell that the very notion of an outside world was frightening. It triggered some kind of motherly instinct that just made me want to hug him and tell him everything would be okay before I fucked his brains out.

"I hope you don't mind that I couldn't resist your eyes." The confident guy said as he pulled up to us. He looked right at Alex and I thought I could feel the energy just boiling off her. She turned a bit red and her lips turned into a big smile.

"Not, at all. I'm Alex, and this is Alison." She motioned over to me and I gave them a dainty wave.

"Max and this shy little devil is Patrick."

I had to fight down a giggle when Patrick gave us a rather weak wave as well. He couldn't have imagined just how much that pushed my buttons. The hard part was knowing that I couldn't just go over and sweep him off his feet. I knew he'd just run away. The trick was to treat him like a scared little rabbit and sneak up on him. By the time he knew what was happening, I'd already have him for the night.

As Max and Alex started chatting, I casually slipped over to where Patrick was standing. He was wavering a bit. Without Max's attention, it was easy to see that he would revert back to wallflower mode in no time.

"So, Patrick, are you a student here?" I asked. It was always good to start low key, I didn't want to scare him off.



"Yeah, I'm in comp sci." His eyes wavered. I noticed him checking out my cleavage for a moment before he fidgeted and then looked past me before returning my gaze again.

"I'm guessing you don't get out much. I know I don't. Alex had to almost drag me here tonight." I nodded over to the two chatter boxes as they worked through the preliminaries at record pace. Unless something surprising happened, I didn't doubt that Alex had found her man for the evening. Now it was just up for me to decide if I wanted to try keeping Patrick or going off hunting again.

"Max said I needed to get out more, but I think he just wanted some backup." Patrick gave me a weak smile.

"Well, it doesn't look like he needs any help now. Do you dance?" I motioned towards the throngs all moving to the latest round of thumping music.

"Not really."

"Well, me neither, but it seems like the thing to do." I held out my hand. He wavered for a moment, looking at it, then grabbed it. He held it softly and I gave him a reassuring smile.

I pulled him onto the dance floor and gave him a quick lesson. He flailed a bit, but soon he got into the basic swing of things. I wasn't a lot better. Alison seemed to have liked dancing sometimes, so I just let my instincts take over and tried to help Patrick through the worst of his discomfort.

After a couple of songs he seemed to get into it. As his nervousness melted away, I got to see a more attractive side of him. He had a cute smile, and thoughtful brown eyes beneath his short cut brown hair. He wasn't the crazy muscular type, just kind of a standard guy I supposed. Watching him start to open up was wonderful.

Now that he was more relaxed we took a break off the dance floor. It wasn't long before we were trading stories about our professors. There was a lot of overlap between his program and my engineering classes, and some of the professors were kind of crazy.

"So, did you have any other plans for tonight?" I asked as we shared drinks off in a private nook. I enjoyed talking a lot more than the dancing, and Patrick was turning out to be a nice guy. A bit geeky, but that just meant we had a lot in common.

"Not really. Did you have something in mind?" He replied. I just gave him a slightly wanton smile. The look on his face was priceless. I don't think his jaw could have dropped any more before he collected himself and gave me an overly happy smile in return.

"Now, I don't want you to get the wrong idea. This is just a one night thing, okay?" I replied. I couldn't be sure that he heard me, given the probability that all the blood was rushing out of his head at this point.

It took him a couple of seconds, but he nodded. He was still stuck in a deer meets headlights mode so I put down my drink and took his hand.

"Do you mind if we go back to your place?" I fluttered my eyes at him. I felt completely ridiculous, but a moment later he chugged down a few gulps of his drink, slammed it onto the table and started to stand up.

"Yeah, let's go." He pulled me up and we headed for the door. After I retrieved my purse we were back out into the cool night air.

"How far is it?" I asked as I shivered. I hadn't really thought through the notion that it got cold after dark, and I was far from dressed for that. I suppose girls got used to that kind of thing and planned ahead.

"Oh, not far." Patrick slid up behind me and started to rub my arms for me. "I hope that helps."

"Yeah, thanks." I blushed a bit as his hands did warm me up. That and the fact I was blushing. Even just having him rubbing up and down my arms was enough to start getting me excited. I felt kind of strangely in charge of the situation as well. Patrick wasn't the aggressive type, and that allowed me to take the lead, at least somewhat. I knew I had to be careful not to emasculate him too much in the process.

"I hope you don't mind, I have some roommates. They're usually out pretty late though, so it should just be the two of us at this hour." He explained as we arrived at a small apartment building. The lack of good landscaping and peeling paint told me it was meant for students. It was also right off campus.

I followed Patrick up the stairs as I warmed back up. It was good not to be freezing, but that put my mind straight to what I was here

for. I was going to some strange guys apartment to fuck him silly. Sure, he seemed harmless, but he had roommates, and what if he wasn't harmless? In that instant I realized just how scary being a girl could be sometimes. Patrick wasn't that strong for a guy, but I had to admit I could be confident that I could fight him off if I had to.

I stopped and took a deep breath. I knew this was just a bit of misplaced anxiety. I was on a collision course with a round of heavy sexing, and as exciting as it was, I couldn't help being a bit nervous. The thing was though, I was getting nervous because of how much I was starting to like it.

I'd already had two massive orgasms as a girl. I'd had men squeezing and rubbing my naked flesh, and felt them inside me, stoking a kind of pleasure that I'd never imagined possible. Sex as a girl was a whole body experience, and one I was starting to eagerly look forward to. I'd been fighting to distract myself from that fact all day, but the truth was, I was ready to jump into bed with anyone who could make me feel like that again.

"Sorry for the mess..." Patrick closed the door behind me and before he could say anything else I pressed him back into it and planted a big wet kiss on his lips. I didn't want to debate this anymore, I didn't want to think about it. I just wanted to fuck.

He was slow to warm up, but I managed to get my tongue into his mouth at the same time I pulled his hands over to my round ass. I encouraged him to squeeze me as I ground my body into his. He may have been in over his head, but I could feel that he was starting to respond the right way. His cock was already hard and pressing into my stomach through our clothes. Now all I had to do was relieve us both of that obstacle.

"Which way is the bedroom?" I asked between pecking kisses all the way across his cheek and down his neck.

"Down the hall... and... uh, last on the right..." He stammered before I gave him another deep kiss. I wiggled happily in his hands as he rubbed my ass again. He was starting to get into the swing of things, but he was still a couple of pages behind.

"So, why don't we get back there and we can really let the fun start?" I gave him a lascivious wink and pulled off of him enough that

he could step away from the door. With the way cleared, he grabbed onto my hand and pulled me along, right back to his bedroom.

I had to stifle a giggle at his room. It could almost have been mine, with sci fi posters, and a playboy calendar on the wall next to his computer. Given that it was a month behind, I was pretty sure he hadn't put it up to help tell him what day it was. I tried not to look too closely at it so he wouldn't catch that I'd noticed. Miss August was too hot to be taken down.

There was a general bit of untidiness to things as well. Clothes on the floor, take out boxes on his desk and his bed looked like a hurricane had gone through. I realized that I had to move quick before he'd start to panic about it. I certainly didn't care one bit that his place was a bit of a disaster, but a normal girl might.

So before he could say anything I gently turned him around so that his back was to the bed and sent one hand down to undo his belt while I gave him another kiss. I actually felt a bit strange being so aggressive, but I didn't want my catch to panic or flee. So long as I kept his blood flowing down to his crotch, he wouldn't think about trying to escape.

"Oh, god!" He gasped when I pulled open his fly and sent my hand into his underwear. I shuddered myself as I wrapped my hand around his cock. The same strange feeling I'd had with Tom flared up again. I had a guys cock in my hand, and was stroking him, getting him ready to slip inside me. It was wild, and wrong on the one hand and insanely hot on the other.

My feminine and masculine minds were at war again for a moment, at least until Patrick summoned some bravery and reach up to squeeze one of my breasts. For someone with so little apparent experience with women, he was remarkably gentle while pressing just enough to make me gasp and turn my attention back to what I was here for.

"Oh!" I squeaked when he pinched one of my nipples. The spike of pleasure was wickedly distracting, and I needed to keep pressing ahead. I decided it was time to press our undressing ahead and grabbed for his shirt. A quick tug later and I was staring at his surprisingly muscular chest. Patrick wasn't exceedingly buff, but for his frame, he clearly took care of himself.

My clothes followed a moment later, and he slid out of his pants almost as fast as he could go. I wavered for a moment as he stood there naked and horny while I was still in my panties and bra. Did I want to finish undressing or let him? He didn't let me decide when he pressed in, wrapped his arms around me and unhooked my bra. I figured it was time to finish things, and pulled down my panties. With a quick shimmy of my hips we were both standing there without a stitch on.

We stood there, forgetting what to do next before I finally snapped out of it, and pushed him back onto the bed. He flopped onto the tousled bedding with a shout before I climbed up and straddled him. I had my legs wrapped around his waist and could feel his cock poking into my butt. I'd taken the lead so far this evening, and now I realized I had another opportunity.

While I looked down into his shell shocked eyes, I lifted up my hips and slid back. I could feel his cock flopping around between my legs. I reached down and grabbed it. He was hard and throbbing. No doubt watching a naked girl getting ready to mount you did that to a guy.

I fumbled for a moment. I understood the basic idea of being on top as a girl, but the actual mechanics were a bit more complicated. I wiggled and squirmed my hips, trying to get the position right, but the most I managed to do was to frustrate myself and get my pussy even hotter as I rubbed his cock up and down my slit.

That was it. I paused and took a deep breath. I thought through what I was doing, wiggled into position and then when I felt his cock pressing into just the right point I pushed down and moaned as he slid into me. The feeling was intense, the way my flesh parted for him and he throbbed inside me. I lowered my hips even more until I was grinding into him, fully impaled.

"Oh, you're so beautiful..." He managed to gasp as I panted on top of him. I was leaning back slightly, my breasts heaving as I panted, and my hair flowing all around me. I couldn't have imagined a scene hotter than that if I'd tried. I felt kind of strange being complimented like that, but it was validating too. I couldn't help but admit that it made me even hotter.

"And you feel so good." I cooed as I leaned down until my bare breasts were barely rubbing against his chest. I grabbed his hands and pulled them to my chest, letting him cup my soft flesh and squeeze me. It just felt so good! Patrick didn't hold back, his fingers sinking into me, as his cock throbbed. The feeling of being so full was starting to drive me wild and for the first time as a girl, it was my turn to set the pace.

It was the strangest thing being on top now. It was nothing like being a guy. I had to lift up my hips and push them back down, but instead of sinking into warm pussy, I felt his manhood sliding in and out with each motion. It was hard to keep a rhythm, especially when I was left a near quivering wreck each time I impaled myself on him. It was just too much!

I leaned down again, and his hands left my breasts and started exploring the rest of my seething flesh. I pressed against his chest, melting into him as I gave him another lustful kiss. I kept working my hips against him, but now it was just a grind, and I hated to admit it but I needed something else.

"Now, it's your turn." I pulled him tight and then rolled to my right. The plan was to roll onto my back, but instead we flailed for a moment, and I was nearly tossed out of the bed before he caught me. It took a bit of maneuvering, but then we were in place again. This time with me on the bottom, my legs spread open and him hovering over me with his cock poised to ravish me.

He was glistening with sweat and panting with desire. I could see the wild in his eyes. There was no more nervous reluctance there, just raw, needful passion. He set upon like a lion, his hands mauling me as he savaged my mouth with his lips. I pulled him in, meeting his kiss and sinking my fingers into him.

Raw passion, however, doesn't always negate experience, and while his hands knew what to do, his hips needed a bit more guidance. After a couple of failed attempts to guide himself in, I reached down, before he could let any embarrassment take hold and helped his cock find my entrance.

"Oh, yes!" I cried as he dove into me with one perfect thrust. I pulled him tight again, wrapping my legs around his thighs as I savored the feeling of his hardness filling me. It was so good, but we

were past the opening plays. Now there was just one thing my flesh cried out for. "Fuck me! Oh, please fuck me hard!"

He did his best to meet my demands. He threw his head back as his hips began pounding into me. I rose to welcome every thrust, grinding against him, and pressing towards the heights of pleasure. I could feel the strain in him, from the way his hands held me tight and his thrusts grew frantic. He was doing everything he could to hold on, and I was pushing just as hard to join him at that savage peak.

"Yes, god yes!" I gasped. It was just so good, the heat, the pressure, the raw sensuality of being one with him. There were no more words. When he finally plunged deep inside, I exploded with him, and our cries of pleasure must have gotten the attention of everyone in the building.

He pulsed inside me, and I squeezed his cock tight with my pussy as I came. We kissed again, lost in the raging pleasure of the flesh. Our lips danced and our tongues drove deep. I'd never expected such intensity, but I couldn't deny the power of it. My whole body quaked from the ecstasy, and I felt a warm, joyous fullness spread over me.

"That was amazing..." I looked up at him, stroking his hair. The thought that I was looking up at a man didn't even throw me out of the moment. It was so perfectly natural, just it was to feel him still inside me, throbbing for our shared wonder.

"Yeah, thank you." He gave me a much more gentle kiss than the one we'd just shared. It was deeper, and far more soulful. I met his lips, and let the feeling of closeness wash over me.

We just cuddled for a while, naked and intertwined. He rolled off me, and we snuggled under his sheets, basking in the afterglow. It was just a perfect moment.

I don't know how much later it was when he started to stroke my side. That warm post orgasmic place I had been in was just so nice it was hard to leave. His hand felt so right, and I whimpered when it strayed over the side of my breast, but he went no further. I appreciated his restraint, but I wasn't sure that was what I wanted.

"The night is still young, you know." I looked into his eyes with a wicked grin. This time he masked any shock he felt much better than

before, and slid his hand over my bare ass. I cooed when he gave me a gentle squeeze.

That was all it took for him to pounce on me again. I squealed and we wrestled for a bit, stroking, kissing and playing every part of our naked bodies. I'm not sure just how long we were at it, but it must have been well past midnight that I finally collapsed next to him, still naked and as well fucked as any girl could be.

I could get used to this. I thought as I drifted off to a blissful sleep. I don't think I've slept more deeply, and for the moment I forgot that tomorrow would bring another challenge, and with it more new experiences.

The End



## **Pledging Tau Geta Delta - Part 4 - Friendly Benefits**

Waking up as a girl was always a bit disturbing. For a moment, I forgot why my chest was a jiggling and why my crotch was empty. The shock would shoot through me in that fog of my waking mind and send me reeling until my memories caught up with my instincts.

This morning that process was short circuited when I felt my arm was wrapped around some guy's chest. The rest of the sensations flooded into me. My breasts were pressing into his back, and my left foot was rubbing against his leg. Most of all I was naked!

Last night came flooding back. This was Patrick and I'd spent the evening screwing his brains out. Now, I was in a decidedly uncomfortable position. There was no way I could go back to sleep now that I'd woken up, not while I was naked in a guy's bed. So I had to decide what to do, flee quietly or wake him up.

I'd never actually had a one night stand before. Those few nights I'd spent with a girl had come after rather long relationships. I'd certainly never woken up and thought I needed to find a way to sneak out. This time, however, I wasn't sure I wanted to be here when he woke up. I couldn't think of any way for that not to be awkward.

Extracting myself from his bed without waking him up was something of an adventure. I started with the leg, slowly sliding that back until I was no longer touching him. That went easily enough. My chest was a whole different matter. I was leaning against his back, and all my weight was on the wrong side. I tried to shift myself, but then he grunted and wiggled for a moment. I panicked and went perfectly still until he resumed a deep breathing that told me he hadn't really woken up.

I placed my hand against his side and pushed back as gently as I could while trying to shift as much weight with my hips. When he

didn't rouse, I thought I was home free until I slid a little, lost my control and slapped on my back hard enough to jiggle the bed. He tossed and turned again, and I stopped moving, hoping he'd settle down soon, but he rolled onto his back and then turned in my direction. A hand shot out and landed on my stomach before taking a winding path to my breast.

I turned to look at him. His eyes were still closed and after he gave me a gentle squeeze his lips grew a dreamy smile. He squirmed a bit more before he relaxed and resumed breathing deep. I almost wanted to laugh, he looked so happy with his squeeze toy in hand, but he'd just made my escape that much harder.

I waited for a minute, just to make sure he was well back to sleep before I grabbed onto his hand and then slid it away. Finally, I was free and I carefully slipped out of bed so that it wouldn't jostle him again. Of course, that left me naked in the middle of a strange guy's room, with my clothes scattered about and only the early dawn light to guide me.

I snuck around the room, which was a fair bit more difficult given the random trash strewn about. Even for a college guy he was far too messy. Luckily it was mostly just papers and discarded packaging, but I had to assume there was much ickier stuff buried in here. Luckily, my clothes hadn't landed on anything scary and I scooted into them as fast as I could.

Now that I was dressed, there was only one issue left, getting out of here. I pulled back on the door, thankful that it didn't squeak. It wasn't a large apartment, and I could see the other two bedroom doors were closed. With the way clear, I made a straight shot for the door.

"Hey." The sound almost sent me through the roof. I turned to see a guy sitting on a couch opposite a TV with the sound off. He looked half asleep, but quickly rousing.

"Hi." I whispered and gave him a little wave as I inched towards the door.

"Patrick, huh?" He smiled up at me.

I just nodded. I didn't know if he was going to raise the alarm or what. I didn't really want to explain to Patrick why I was trying to

sneak out. It wasn't that he was a bad guy or that I hadn't enjoyed last night, but I just didn't want to deal with him more right now.

"Cool." The guy nodded and then turned back to the TV.

Whatever interest he had in me was gone, and I breathed a sigh of relief before I bolted out the door. Now all I needed to do was get back to the frat, clean up and get ready for the next challenge.

Luckily home wasn't far away, and a quick shower felt really nice. That and new clothes. I was starting to get used to the girly stuff, even skirts! I decided I'd skip pants for the rest of the week barring special circumstances. I matched my short skirt with a yellow blouse and pulled my hair back into a simple pony tail. A quick check in the mirror made me feel way too girly, but I had to admit that I looked good.

The dining room was a lot quieter this morning. Many of the pledges didn't seem to have made it back yet. I looked around for Alex, and wasn't sure if I was relieved or disappointed not to see her down here this morning. I was getting used to the spunky blonde's energy. Her friend Brittany had made it down however, and I grabbed some food and popped over.

"Morning, you're looking happy. Did you have a good night?" She smiled at me with wickedly knowing eyes under her mane of flaring red hair. She was looking good as well. That morning afterglow had a way of helping bring out a sparkle in a person. No doubt she'd hooked up with a guy from the club, and followed through with the challenge.

"Yeah, met a cute guy and totally banged his brains out. I'd imagine he'll think it was all a crazy dream when he wakes up." I smiled. It had been a crazy night out. I could hardly believe I'd just had a one night stand! It had been a lot better than I would have expected.

"I bet. My guy was pretty hot too, and boy did he know what he was doing." Brittany squirmed in her seat a little. "I wasn't sure I'd be able to walk straight after all that we did."

"Morning ladies." We both turned to see the Tau Geta Delta president Hamilton Prescott standing beside our table. He'd been the one to transform us into girls only a couple of days ago, and was the one in charge of handing out challenges to us pledges to prove we

were worthy of getting our manhood back and become members of the fraternity.

He was also a bit of a stereotypical preppy with perfect hair, sweater vest and pressed slacks. I never knew quite which way he would jump and in the end, it didn't matter. For the next few days I was almost literally at his mercy. Sure, I could always back out and they'd reverse the spell, but after all this I wasn't about to just give up and not join. That meant doing whatever he told us to do.

We both greeted him back and he did the trick with the magical blue ball of energy in his palm again. No doubt he was checking that we'd completed the last challenge. All we needed to have done was pick up a guy that we didn't know and then sex him up. We'd succeeded spectacularly with the help of Alex. She knew just the right club to go to and we'd all managed to get lucky.

"Is that some kind of magic?" Brittany asked as she watched the blue orb flicker. He'd done this to us yesterday as well.

"It certainly is. It helps me check on how you're doing. Not only does it show if you've succeeded in your challenges, it tells me if you're stressed out or having some other bad reaction. I know this whole transformation can be pretty jarring and we just want to be sure that you are doing okay." He explained and then let the energy flare out.

"I'm glad you both made it back this morning. I'm here to tell you the next challenge, and please pass it along to any of the other pledges you see. It's always hard tracking down everyone after the pick up challenge." He explained. "Now, for today, you need to pick a friend from your old life and show him a good time. How about that?"

That just left us stunned for a moment. I'd been getting used to the changes and everything that I'd been asked to do since then, but this was different. It was like being asked to wake up from a dream. I hadn't even bumped into any of my friends since I started pledge week. I couldn't say it was entirely intentional, but I'd not gone out to speak to them either. The idea of seducing one and then sleeping with them wasn't even on my radar.

"Okay, I know that's a bit to take in, but relax and have fun." He smiled and then hopped off to the next table to repeat his checks and questions.

"Woah..." Brittany looked at me with wide eyes. Her mind was clearly racing, going through the same permutations as I was. It was more than just thinking about my old friends, it was deciding which one of them would make a good target for some serious sexing.

"Yeah, I'm going to need to think about this one." I nodded. The strangest part was noticing how many of my old friends had actually been friends with me in my girly memories. I had both sets of experiences bouncing around my head, my life as Alison and the one as the guy I really had been. As Alison, I'd lived much the same life, and had many of the same friends. There were differences though, and some of them hit upon my core feelings as well.

First, I remembered feeling the sexual tension in my relationships with guys. Even when they had just been friends, as Alison, I always knew they thought of me as a girl and always suspected they thought about having sex with me. I'd certainly had the same thoughts in reverse, it was just kind of natural, but it also kept me from having as many casual guy friends in Alison's life as my male self had.

I suspected that a few of my guy friends just hung around waiting for me to give them a chance for a more intimate relationship. Some others seemed happy to be friends and while open to something more, they didn't push it. The trick was to decide of the ones here at the university, who would I pick for a romp in the hay?

That was too much to decide at breakfast. I figured I'd have a better grip on it after a few classes and some lunch. I always liked to make decisions after lunch.

"So, hopefully I'll see you tonight. If not, have fun." Brittany started to get up. A quick look at the clock told me that I needed to be going as well. There really wasn't much more we could say now, not with this on our minds.

"Sure. Good luck!" I smiled and then we parted ways. I was on my own again, with more kinky thoughts and wicked planning to do. I grabbed my bag and shot off for class.

Partly, I wondered why I was even bothering with class. It wasn't like I was going to pay attention to anything being taught with all of this on my mind. Still, these were my smaller classes, so my absence would have been noticed.

I ended up spending my morning running through all of those perverted thoughts and trying to figure out who was the candidate that would be the best bet. In the end, I decided to let my Alison memories give me a boost. Of my friends, who did I want a more intimate relationship with when I was her?

The answer surprised me a little. Of all my choices, it really boiled down to one guy, Max. When we bumped into each other in chem lab our freshman year, we'd become fast friends, but at the time he was still dating the girl he'd been with before college, and I was not the kind of girl to get in the middle of someone's relationship. By the time he'd broken up, I had a boyfriend and we seemed to never be in the right state of a relationship at the same time, at least until now.

He was single, and so was I. He was also reasonably attractive, and we still clicked as a pair, even if we'd never been more than friends. In some ways our relationship hadn't really changed much from when I was a guy. We still got together to watch stupid movies, play video games and exchange relationship advice, though certainly with a different twist.

The question was, would he be interested? Sure, I'd liked the idea back when I was Alison, but I'd never had the opportunity to jump on him before. He might just want to stay friends, though I knew from my guy half that if a sexy friend of the girl variety started to come onto me and I was single, I'd be hard pressed to turn her down. Still, I'd never been tested that way, and I knew Max hadn't either.

That just left me with one thing to do. I had to go and give it a try. Of course, that meant hunting Max down in the middle of the day. On Wednesdays he was pretty busy, at least until mid afternoon, then he liked to hop over to the cafe in the student union and catch up with a bit of homework and internet surfing before heading back to the dorms.

I'd have to hope he hit the cafe today as well. Until then I zoned my way through my classes and lunch. My mind was pretty much consumed entirely around how to approach this. In the end, I really didn't have an answer, but I'd figure something out.

So I headed over to the cafe, grabbed a seat by the windows and sipped at a latte while I waited for Max. The best trick would be if he

found me, so it wouldn't seem like I was hunting him down. I didn't come here often, but I did enough that Max wouldn't be shocked to see me either. I pulled out one of my computer science texts and started to run through my next assignment. Not only would it look like I wasn't here for him, I'd actually get a bit ahead on my studies.

Okay, not that far ahead. I'd barely gotten started when I felt a familiar tap on my shoulder. I didn't need to turn to know that it was Max, but I kept my nose in the book just the same. I know how it irked him to be ignored, and I wanted him to be a bit off kilter.

"Okay, be that way, I'm sure I can find another empty seat." He started to turn slowly and I gave him a smack on the shoulder.

"Fine, you can sit here." I rolled my eyes and pulled my books back so he would have a spot to put his drink.

"Since when do you come down here to study? Did they kick you out of the sorority already?" He asked as he slid into his seat. I wondered what he meant for a moment, then I remembered, to everyone outside the fraternity it wouldn't make any sense for a girl to be pledged at anything other than a sorority. So as far as anyone knew, I was pledging to be a Delta.

"No, but it does get a bit crazy there sometimes, especially for pledges. They like to make it hard to concentrate while you're in the house. So I thought this place would be better for a little studying." I explained. It really wasn't far off. The Taus had made the house a bit crazy for the last few days and between the old timers and the pledges it was hard to concentrate for very long.

"And you think you're really going to sign on? Is the whole pledging thing as crazy as they say?" He asked. I could imagine he was dying to know. First was the whole male fantasy of coeds in the showers and walking around half naked at least in the morning and night. I'm sure there wasn't much truth to that, but I'm sure such thoughts filled his daydreams.

"Well, it's been really crazy, but I can't talk about it. Sorority honor code, you know? But yeah, I think I'm going to make it and sign up. I still have to tell you, you should really think about becoming a Tau." I smiled at him. I could just imagine what kind of trouble he'd get into as a girl. It was almost delightful just thinking about that, but at the moment I had another mission.

"Cool, I hope you'll make sure I get invited to the parties. I hear they're pretty wild." He smiled. That would certainly be a major fringe benefit of being friends with a sorority girl.

"And full of hot girls." I gave him a knowing smile. He'd never exactly hidden his horn dog ways from Alison. Oddly enough, that actually made me respect him a bit more. So many guys tried to hide their feelings about girls when they were around girls, pretending to be gentlemen. The fact was, there was more to being a gentleman than simply a mask, and Max was a fine example. Despite the fact that he would eagerly sleep with basically anything with breasts and a vagina and didn't mind saying so, he did respect women just the same. It was kind of hard to explain, but he really did value women as people and fuck toys.

"Well, naturally." He nodded.

"So why do you think you need to go to so much trouble for girls?" I grinned. He knew this kind of question was just leading him on. We'd played this game before.

"Well, maybe because most girls don't really give me the time of day, so..." Max tried to explain before I cut him off.

"Letting more girls get to know you just increases the odds of you getting shot down." I finished for him. It wasn't far from the truth. It was the painful side effect of honesty was that plenty of people didn't want it. As much as it might have endeared me to him in one way, it didn't always work for him with other girls.

He laughed. It was a pretty old joke between us. Being a girl gave me the inside track on parties where girls might be, and if I made sure that Max got an invite or knew where to drop in he always did. That didn't mean he had much luck, but he did all right. Being single did have a way to masking over those previous successes though.

"So, hot stuff, why haven't you made a play for me?" I turned slightly, thrust out my chest and gave him a naughty sideways smile. It was a pure tease play, but it did make him sputter. If he was anything like me when I was a guy then when he was with a girl he was friends with he had a mental filter on so that he didn't end up just drooling over her boobs. Now, I'd just taken a hammer to that filter.



He stopped to cough a couple times and regain his voice. He also blushed a bit. I was actually surprised that I'd hit an honestly sensitive spot. "What would I want with some flat chested bookworm?"

"Ah, defensive humor, I see. That must mean you have thought about it." I pulled my shirt tight against my stomach and glared at him a bit. "And, if this is a flat chest for you, you're going to have a long life of disappointment."

Now he was really under the bus. I could see him squirming in his seat a little. He must have been wondering just what I was playing at. We often fake flirted, but this time felt different, maybe because it was real and not just some backfilled memories.

"Come on, a man needs to have dreams you know." He tilted his head back, held out a hand and his eyes sparkled dreamily. "One day, I will climb Mt. Boob, scale the soft, creamy sides and plant my flag at the top."

I couldn't help visualizing that ridiculous adventure and failed to stifle the laugh that brewed inside me. Now that he was in a playful mood, it was time to strike.

"Seriously though, why haven't you made a play. We've both been dateless for weeks." That part was true. I'd just been through a series of one date wonders and he'd been batting zero almost since the semester started.

"Seriously?" He blanched again.

"Well, okay, maybe not a relationship." I couldn't keep myself from doing air quotes for that. Then I switched to a whisper. "But, I'll let you in on a little secret. Girls like it too, and we can get a little frustrated on our own for too long."

I had to resist getting lost in my girly memories of masturbation at that point. It was true, though, and as Alison, I was a bit surprised to learn that I did my own handiwork almost as much as when I was a guy. I had to wonder if that was normal, but I had other things to worry about at the moment.

That was the first time I think I'd rendered Max speechless in quite a while. I'd pretty much just offered up sex, the whole friends with benefits deal. I couldn't imagine him turning me down, even when I looked back at the friendship he'd shared with me as Alison.

We'd been close, and in some ways as close as two opposite sex friends could be without going all the way.

He finally managed to collect his wits. "Alison, are you all right?"

I laughed. "Of course, you nitwit! I've been thinking about this for a while, to be honest. We've always worked so well together, and I figured it must be as hard for you to play solo as it is for me so why don't we just help each other out?"

I could see the wheels churning behind his eyes. I realized I was probably coming on a bit strong. It was how I compensated for my own nerves. I was trying to get Max to sleep with me! The easiest way to not think too much about where I was going was to focus on trying to get there.

"Hey, it's fine. Why don't you think about it for a bit and I'll stop by your room later. Okay?" I reached over and gave his upper arm a squeeze. He really was pretty fit, and the girl part of my mind was asking why I hadn't put the moves on him earlier. We really would make a pretty good couple.

"Yeah, okay. I'll talk to you later." He picked up his stuff. "How about six? At my room."

"Sure, now don't get yourself run over!" I waved as he shuffled his way out. All I had to do was give him a couple of hours to sort through his feelings. I knew Max well enough to know which side he'd land on. It might seem crazy to him at first, but the prospect of sex would push him through any misgivings. The fact that it was me pushing the idea wouldn't hurt either. He might have been afraid to offend me, but if I put out the idea, that left him free to accept.

As I sat there, remembering the way my pussy tingled after watching his ass on the way out, my male mind finally managed to shout through everything else. I realized that I'd managed to suppress those feelings through all of this and was running off of pure Alison and focusing on the challenge goal. Now that I had a moment to think again, the weirdness came roaring back.

Still, as strange as the notion of sleeping with Max was, I was finding my feminine desires winning the war. As Alison, I'd really liked him, and having the chance to sleep with him was really turning me on. Even as a girl, it was hard to work past horny. Now, I just needed to wait for him to come around. I just hoped that my male

self would be able to forgive me for banging Max after I switched back.

The other fact driving me was that I was actually turned on! After three days of awesome sex, I was getting spoiled. I knew that even regular girls didn't usually have sex this often, maybe if they had a boyfriend but even then there would be breaks. As a guy I could go weeks or even months between fucking, not that I liked too. Even in my girly memories I didn't get it on more than a couple of times a month, except for a couple of rather vigorous boyfriends.

So now all that was left for me was waiting. It was just a couple of hours, but it felt like an eternity. The worst part was, if he did actually turn me down, I'd have to race to meet the challenge. Of course it wasn't all that difficult given that I naturally had a couple of guy friends who wouldn't bat an eye at sleeping with me. It was strange, but it felt better with Max and I just hoped he wouldn't say no.

I wandered around campus for a bit as the clock ticked down. I was too nervous to think about studying. I popped back to the student union food court for a quick dinner and then meandered my way towards Max's dorm. I hit a bathroom to do a bit of primping, but it was just to give myself something to do and make me feel a bit better. After all, how could he turn a girl like me down?

That left me standing in front of his door at about five past six. I didn't want to seem too eager after all. I took a deep breath and raised my hand to knock and before my knuckles could make contact, the door swung open. Max was standing there in one of his best button up shirts, his short black hair had been combed and for the first time in years, his dorm room almost looked presentable. I didn't even need to ask what his answer was when I noticed that the only light was from flickering candles that had been placed around the room.

"Why don't you come in?" He gave me a wavering smile. No doubt he was as nervous as I was. I hadn't even realized I was still standing outside until that moment. I blushed and scooted in enough for him to close the door.

"Wow, this is one way to give a girl an answer." I smiled. On the one hand, I'd made it past the first hurdle. Now I just had to go through with it. The reality of that fact hit me like a ton of bricks and I

didn't object when I felt a Champaign glass being pressed into my hand.

"I got it from one of the upper classmen. Not the best stuff, but I figured we could both use a bit of something to lighten the mood." Max poured me half a glass of bubbly. I wasn't much of a drinker really, but if ever there was a time for a drink, this was it.

"Thanks." I smiled. Then I raised my glass. "Here's to no strings sex!"

"Here here!" He laughed and clinked my glass before taking a good drink. I followed suit and had to suppress the shudder as I gulped it down. It really wasn't good, not that I had a well developed taste for alcohol, but this was certainly from the bargain bin.

"Wow, enough of that." I stuck out my tongue and put the glass onto his dresser. As much as I wouldn't mind a good buzz right now, even I had my limits. Max's glass joined mine a moment later as he laughed.

"Yeah, not my best idea ever." He grinned.

"But the candles are nice, and you even cleaned your room and tried to make yourself look respectable. I can really appreciate that." I smiled and then went to sit down on his couch. It was a small room, but he'd squeezed a couch in next to the bed. It made things a lot nicer for hanging out, but a bit cramped. At the moment, it gave me a good place to go other than straight into his bed.

"So you think I look respectable?" Max took a moment to strike a dignified pose. I just laughed at that.

"Well, I wouldn't go that far." I patted the space next to me. I had to admit that my nerves were killing me. I'm sure he had a few butterflies in his stomach too. The truth was, I knew of only one way to deal with that problem.

"Really, so you want a less than respectable man?" He sat down far enough away from me that we weren't quite touching, at least not yet.

"Well, not the ones that look respectable, they're usually the biggest jerks." I pulled my hair back over my ear and look up at him. It still felt strange looking up at Max like this, with both my stomach and my pussy quivering. He was attractive in a goofy kind of way, and that fact was just stirring the strange emotions inside me. It

wasn't just lust and anxiety, there was a strange feeling of actual attachment. This was Max, the guy I'd hung out with for the last two years, and been with me through thick and thin. As Alison I'd cried on his shoulder and even as a guy we'd supported each other.

"And I'm not a jerk." His eyes seemed to be twitching. I'm sure he was feeling a lot of the same emotions I was. One half of him looking forward to a nice round of sex with a hot girl and the other part shifting through his feelings about our relationship. We were both sitting here, eager and scared and just waiting for something to kick us into gear.

So I kissed him. I hopped a half foot over, swung my arms around his neck, pulled him in and planted my lips right on his. He flailed for a moment, and I pressed in closer until my chest was squishing into him. He wavered and then I felt his arms wrap around me. His lips pushed back and then out tongues snuck out and started to play with each other.

We stayed like that for a while, just kissing and holding. It felt right in a way that my earlier frantic encounters had lacked. This wasn't just a guy, and it wasn't just sex. Max cared about me, and I had to admit that I cared about him too. For a fleeting moment I wondered if this was really a good idea, and then his hand slid down over my ass and gave me a tender squeeze.

His hand felt perfect, and I threw my head back and let out a soft moan. We kissed again, with more energy, more passion. I could feel the barriers coming down, and my needs boiling up. There was no way I was going to stop now.

His touch set us in motion. My hands slid off his shoulders, and squeezed his biceps as they moved towards his chest. Max wasn't ripped, but he took care of himself. While one of his hands continued rubbing my bottom, the other snuck up and ran over my side before it found my breast. I squirmed from his touch. It just felt so good, and I couldn't stop kissing him.

The squeezing, rubbing and kissing just left me melting. He was tender, his touch caring and the passion of our kiss was hot! I bit at his tongue and lip between going deep and sinking my tongue almost down his throat. I felt like I was going crazy. There was just one more thing left for me to do.

My hands reached up for his shirt. I started to unbutton it and he reached up to stop me.

"Are you sure?" He pulled away enough to look into my eyes. I could see the lust in his eyes, as well as the concern. We'd been friends for a long time, and we were kind of jumping into things. It may have been true that I'd set off in this direction with ulterior motives, but now that I was here, it really felt right. The fact that Max was worried as well and only reinforced that feeling.

"Yeah, and no matter what, we'll still be friends, okay?" I looked into his eyes again. Somehow it was important that he say that. As Alison, losing Max would be tough, I don't think I could quite handle it, but I wasn't going to be Alison after a few days. The spell would be reversed and I'd go back to my male self. So why did it matter to me so much?

"Yes, I promise you." Max stated as firmly as I'd ever see him say anything. I knew how hard it could be to keep the promise, and yet hearing those words made all the difference.

"Then let's do it." I smiled at him wickedly, reach down and just pulled his shirt open. He looked down at me in shock as a button flew across the room, but I was more interested in his bare chest. I ran my fingers over his hard muscles, he wasn't ripped, but he was still nice and firm. I resisted the urge to just start licking at him, like that was going to far.

As I enjoyed the feeling of his pecks, he was letting his hands start to work on my top. He was more gentle, but the results were similar aside from the fact I still had a bra on. I took a deep breath and reached back. This was the real point of no return. A bit of heavy petting and serious kissing was one thing, getting naked was a whole notch above that.

I looked up at him again as I worked my bra free. The ardor in my eyes must have been wild, and I unhooked the straps. His eyes didn't know where to go, bouncing between my chest and my face, so I helped him and looked down as I dropped the straps over my shoulder and let it slide free. My breasts were free and I felt the tightness of the cups fall away.

Max was helplessly gawking while his hands rested on my waist. I'm sure he'd imagined this moment so many times, and now he got

to see my chest completely free and on display. I had to admit they were pretty nice breasts, and couldn't blame him a bit for staring.

I almost let loose a little quip, but I decided on a better way to keep things moving. I reached down, grabbed his hands and pulled them up to my heaving breasts. He couldn't resist giving me a nice squeeze and I moaned happily from his touch. His fingers massaged me, pressing into my tender flesh and then he started to gently rub my nipples with his thumb. It was still a strange feeling for me, but it set me quivering and my pussy just seethed, eager for what was coming.

My hands slid over him as well, and I enjoyed the feeling of his hard body. The energy building up in me pushed harder. I needed to push on, needed to go to the next step. My fingers found his belt buckle and I worked it free. Then our eyes met again as I slid my hand inside his briefs. He shuddered as my fingers found him, and I wrapped around his throbbing cock.

"You've got it bad for me." I giggled as I stroked him. He gasped at the feeling of my fingers dancing over his hardness, and his hands squeezed at me even more before he pulled one away. I squirmed for a moment, missing his touch before I felt him sliding that hand up under my skirt until he was moving over my panties and cupping my wet mound. I moaned as he sank his hand into my hot center and started to rub me.

"You're pretty wet yourself." He smiled and leaned in for another rabid kiss. We kept stroking each other as our tongues traded blows again. Then our hands went to work, what was left of our clothes was soon sent flying across the room. First my panties, then his pants, my skirt and finally his underwear. There was nothing left, just Max and I, naked, horny and wrapped around each other.

There's nothing like the feeling of naked flesh pressed against naked flesh. The fact that I was rubbing against Max, with my pussy aching for him was only fueling my needs. He was hard and I was ready. There was only one thing left.

"Bed, hot stuff." I wrapped my hand around his cock and then got off the couch, pulling him along to his bed. I wrapped myself around him again, gave him a nice wet kiss and then dragged the both of us

onto his bed. We tumbled for a moment, until we landed right where I wanted, with me on my back and him straddling between my legs.

He pulled away and got up, kneeling between my wide spread legs and looking down at me much as I was looking up at him. I knew I was completely exposed, right down to my bare pussy. It was a strange feeling, just as it was weird looking up at him, naked, with his cock jutting out hard and eager just for me.

"You are so hot!" Max beamed. I blushed a bit, realizing that he'd just been giving me the same kind of appreciative inspection as I had been giving him. It was hard to even explain just how validating his compliment was, or just how much wetter it made me.

"Then get down here and show me how much you like it!" I growled with my best husky tone. He jumped right in. In an instant he was on top of me, one hand on my breast, his lips against my neck and his cock sliding along my wet slit.

"Oh! You tease!" I whimpered as he rubbed himself up and down my pussy lips, his cock sliding over my clit and sending waves of pleasure shooting up my spine. It was just too much! I squirmed beneath him, and started working my hips, trying to spur on even more friction.

Then I realized he was looking distracted for a moment, as if he realized something, and I caught on a moment later. "I'm on the pill, stupid, just go for it."

That was it. He grinned wickedly, pinched my nipple and then pulled back his cock until the tip was rubbing against my hungry pussy lips right at the entrance to my womanhood. He paused, took a deep breath and then I felt him inside me. I was so wet that he slid in easily, and I moaned at the sudden feeling of fullness. It was amazing, always so amazing to feel a man stretch me open like this.

"Oh, yes..." I gasped when he finally came to rest deep inside. His crotch rubbed against mine. His balls rubbed between my legs. It was crazy, and I pulled him in tight to give him a wild, insane kiss.

He took it slow, as fast as he'd driven into me, he contrasted that by slowly pulling out. Then he pressed in again, slowly stuffing me while I gasped from the perversely drawn out pleasure. I felt like I could trace every vein of his shaft as it slid past my pussy lips. The sensations were electric, and my hips had to press up to meet him.



"Relax," He whispered into my ear. It was so hard to do that when his cock was throbbing so deep inside me. I panted, fighting to follow his lead. Somehow I knew he had something special to show me, but I had to resist my own urges.

"Oh, Max..." I moaned as he drove in again, my inner folds spreading slowly for him, letting me savor every moment as he drove me harder. He moved both hands to my breasts now. I knew how awkward it was for him to be squeezing both of my boobs and hold himself up with his elbows, but it felt too good for me to dwell on it.

His fingers found my nipples and he pinched and twisted them between squeezes on my soft breasts. Each time he did, my whole body shook. I was sensitive to the pleasure now and the slight pain. It was making me even crazier and his cock never stopped. His even thrusts and withdrawals were punctuating everything else, and he shifted himself so that his cock rubbed over my clit.

I moaned and gasped with pleasure shooting through me. I'd have thought he was some kind of sex god at that moment, but I could feel a powerful need brewing inside me. I fought to keep relaxed, to let Max do his thing, but every moment, every time his shaft slid deep into my flesh, I came that much closer to losing control.

"Please, oh Max, please..." I begged. The sensation, the need, was just too much. I had to have more. I couldn't understand how he'd held out so long, but I was too lost to my own passion to think that through. I just needed him to take me and fuck me hard.

He pulled in close again and nibbled his way up my ear as I wailed. It was just too much! It was like my whole body was hypersensitive to pleasure. I squirmed and shook on his bed and just as I thought I'd lose it if he didn't start hammering me, he gave me a hard deep thrust. I cried out again, grinding my hips against him and following him as he tried to pull out.

Then he thrust hard again and I moaned. "Yes! Harder!"

His hips moved again, and he started to pound into me. I pulled him tight, letting his hips hammer into me as moved mine up to meet him. It was perfect, and I writhed under him, begging for more as he ravished me.

I'd never expected him to be so good, so animalistic, but he was a master of rhythm and his hands went back to squeezing me while his cock drove my pussy wild. He was playing my body like a finely tuned instrument. I'd never felt anything so good, and after the last couple of days there was getting to be a lot of competition for that slot.

I simply let go and let my flesh merge with his. He was in control, but my hands sank into his back and my kisses peppered his face. I was gasping and panting between helpless cries for more. I just couldn't take this for long.

He was showing the strain as well, his rhythm had increased, as did his power. It was all more than I could handle, but I was at his mercy. When he leaned into for a savage kiss, I knew he was ready.

I squeezed him tight, pulling him close as he ground into me. His frantic thrusts gave way to one final, glorious thrust and we screamed out in mutual pleasure together. My orgasm ripped through me the moment his seed started to fill my pussy. The warmth inside me just flowed out, washing over my whole body until I was nothing but a quivering heap of flesh melted beneath him.

I don't know how long we stayed like that, collapsed, panting and still intimately joined. My arms still kept him close, and I savored the pleasure coursing through me and the cock still lodged deep inside my flesh.

My strength slowly returned, and I started to rub him with my hands. He let out a ragged breath while I stroked him. I knew I could coax more fun out of him, I just needed to give him time.

"Thanks, you were amazing." I smiled and gave him a quick peck on the nose.

"Nothing compared to you. You've just beaten out like ninety percent of my fantasies." Max smiled back at me. I could see now why a girl might kick this sex god to the dumpster. If he was this honest all the time, he's lucky he didn't get stabbed in the back. Still, I knew him well enough to know what he meant and feel appropriately complimented.

"Well," I slid my hand down to his bare ass. "Why don't we try for one hundred percent?"

I saw the flash of heat in his eyes and felt his cock throb happily between my legs. At the very least it was a goal worth aiming for.

I don't know how long we kept going. I think I worked through about every fantasy position we could think up, and got stuck a few times before needing to untangle ourselves. When I finally collapsed in his arms, I knew I wouldn't try and sneak off the next morning. I'd never do that to Max. Especially after everything we'd just shared.

As I drifted off, I was left with one almost disturbing notion. I could really get used to this.

The End

## **Pledging Tau Geta Delta - Part 5 - Playing Girly**

The morning light made me shift in bed. It was that nasty little crack of light from right between the curtains that had to hit you right in the eyes. I always hated when that happened, and yet every night I would forget to fix the shades so it wouldn't happen again.

Today I just decided to move out of the way, at least that was the plan until I realized I was pressed up against someone. After a week of shocking mornings, I barely even flinched this time. I suppose I'd gotten used to having breasts, and this wasn't even the first time I'd woken up naked and rubbing against someone. It probably didn't hurt that the back I was squishing my boobs into belonged to my friend Max or that we'd just shared an evening of ravenous sex before collapsing together in bed.

I turned my head to get the light out of my eyes and snuggled up to him a bit more. It was always nice to snuggle up with someone the morning after a good fucking. I'd loved it as a guy, and I felt much the same way now. Now, I just basked in the feeling of warm closeness as I decided whether to drift back to sleep or start towards getting up.

The strange thing was thinking about Max. I'd gotten used to thinking as my girl self, and using the memories of my life as Alison over the last few days. It had been disconcerting at first after the fraternity spell turned me into a girl. My head was filled with two sets of memories, those of my old male self and the ones from me new feminine self. They were from the life I could have had as a girl, but the freaky part was just how complete they were. I could remember the tiniest detail from my childhood or experiences that only a girl had growing up.

It was pretty weird if I thought about it, but when I relaxed, I was just Alison and all those memories were just natural. So this morning

as I felt Max breathing next to me, the whole notion of being naked in bed with a guy was as normal a thing as could be. The trouble was sorting through all the feelings.

The sex had been great, amazing even. As Alison, I'd been attracted to Max from the day we met in a chemistry lab during our freshman year. Since then we'd become good friends, but one of us was always in a relationship with someone else. If I was single, he wasn't or the opposite. That didn't cut into our friendship though, and we hung out as often as our studies and other commitments allowed.

As a guy, we'd been friends for just as long, having met in that same lab. I'd been straight before all this, and the notion of sleeping with guys at all, much less Max, was just not something I wasn't interested in. I hadn't even liked thinking about it. Since I'd become a girl that was completely turned on its head. Not only did I have the anatomy, I had the desires of a normal woman, and the memories of having been one.

That mix of feelings was just swirling up in me now. I'd slept with Max. As Alison, I reveled in it, as a long denied desire had been satisfied, and I couldn't deny just how well Max had fulfilled every fantasy. My guy self had come to grips with how good getting fucked by a big hard cock could feel, but I still felt a bit queasy at having chosen Max. At this point, I wasn't sure if I hadn't picked him because of Alison's feelings more than anything else.

How could I look at him the same way after he pushed me from one raging orgasm to another? Could I even let myself admit how wonderful it had been, not just the physical sensations, but the way being so close to him had filled me with joy? I wasn't sure there was a way to answer either of those questions, not now that I was draping my arm over his waist and had my hand over his firm chest.

I realized at that point that there was simply no hope of me getting any more sleep. I contented myself with laying next to Max and letting my mind race through all of the weirdness of the past few days. If anyone had told me that pledging for a fraternity would mean being turned into a girl, sexing up the town and ending up in my best friend's bed I would have laughed at them. Yet here I was.

The whole notion had seemed perfectly rational at the time. Fraternities had a bit of a bad rap in some ways, but they could help

you get a job, and Tau Geta Delta had a good reputation with girls as well. I couldn't argue with either prospect, and despite the rumors of the Tau's having a crazy initiation ritual, I decided to sign up. No one had been lying about doing strange things to pledges, and I found out the hard way when I ended up in panties and a bra with all the anatomy to go with it. They had some kind of magic that let them transform people, and we had to go through a whole week as women.

That would have been hard enough, but they also gave us challenges, sexual tasks we had to complete if we wanted to be welcomed into the frat when the week was over. I'd ended up bound to a kinky professor's bed and picking up guys in a bar. Now, the latest challenge was sleeping with a friend, and it had rattled me in a way that none of the other trials had. Everything else would just be a weird perverted memory, but winding up in Max's bed was an entirely different deal.

The thing about sorting things through like this was the way I couldn't deny what I really felt. Last night had truly effected me more than I expected. Alison's feelings had merged into my own, and despite my desire to keep the relationship at a purely sex buddy level when we started, it was different now. The spark we'd had before had burst into a flame, and for a moment last night I was ready for it to burn the two of us up together.

I hadn't planned on that, and had decided not to say anything to Max for now. I was only slated to be a girl for two more days, and after that everything would go back to the way it was and no one would remember the spunky little brunette girl called Alison. That saddened me a bit, even though I knew she'd live on in my memory. I wondered if any of the other pledges felt this way, but I didn't know if I'd ever be able to summon the courage to ask such a personal question.

Max started to stir and that short circuited my internal considerations. The only question I was left with was what I wanted to do with the naked guy who was starting to wake up. I really only had a few moments to decide before he'd get a chance to take charge, and despite any other misgivings, I didn't want to give him the opening to set the tone for today.

Now, there was one thing I remembered about being a guy in the morning. I slid my hand down from his chest and found his cock already hard for me. Max took in a raspy breath as I slid my hand over him and started to rub him. He squirmed and shook against me as the feeling of delicate fingers must have jolted him out of the morning sleepiness.

He turned towards me with a slightly confused look and half lidded eyes. "Hey..."

"Good morning." I chirped with a silly grin. He gasped again as I gave him a firm squeeze. I hadn't played around with another guys cock so much since becoming a girl, the few times I'd touched one was mostly to help get it into me, but it was actually kind of fun taunting him like this. I'd never had a girl be frisky in the morning with me, but I knew it would be a frustrating mix of hot and aggravating as I struggled to wake up.

"No fair... you can't tease me like this!" Max grumbled as my fingers kept up their work. I knew I'd pushed him past the casual morning wood into something a lot more intense.

"Who said anything about teasing?" I smiled and gave him a quick peck on the nose before I slid back and let him roll onto his back. It was a bit hard keeping under the covers, but I managed it while I slid on top of him. I could see the grogginess melting from his eyes as my bare breasts pressed into his chest.

"Damn girl." He smiled as I slid back and got up enough to help guide him towards my steaming pussy. All that thinking about sex and relationships, not to mention the hot stud next to me, had gotten my juices flowing, and I knew this would keep him off balance for days.

I shuddered as I rubbed him along my slit, getting his cock head get wet and ready before I pressed it up against my entrance. Feminine arousal still struck me as weird sometimes, the throbbing squishiness between my legs was so unlike the way my cock had used to feel, but the need to be fulfilled was just as strong.

"Unless you don't want to?" I looked down at him as I slid him around the gates of my pussy and squirmed a bit from the heat it stoked in me. I certainly wanted to have him screw my brains out again, and I doubted he was going to really object.

"Are you kidding?" He wrapped his hands around my waist and held me in place. I shuddered from the sudden containment and bent down to peck his nose again.

"Just checking." I smiled and then pressed down with my hips. I wanted to retain a bit of dignity, but I just couldn't stop a ragged moan of feminine lust from escaping as I slid my pussy around his hardness. That wicked feeling of being penetrated was still overwhelmingly hot, and I savored it as I pushed onto him.

Max groaned as well. There was simply no way to deny how good this felt, and I was glad Max liked it too. Not that I was surprised by it, what guy wouldn't like having a sexy minx climb on top and show him a good time? I'd have loved it back when I was a guy and now I had a chance to hand out the favor.

I wasn't in the mood for a long, careful fuck this morning, and I started working my hips just as soon as I felt him fill me. I panted as I pulled up and started to bounce my hips on top of him. Sex as a girl was always a different experience. When I was on the bottom, it was intense and submissive, no matter how I moved, the guy was really in charge, and there were moments when that was almost frustrating.

When I was on top, it was entirely different. I was in charge, but the feeling of a cock spearing me left me shuddering and moaning with pleasure in a way that made it hard to keep up a rhythm and enjoy it at the same time. It was also a lot more work than when I was a guy. Instead of just thrusting my hips I had to lift my whole body up and slide back down, all while retaining control. As good as it felt it was harder to fully savor the sensations and be in charge at the same time.

While I was busy working my hips up and down, Max was enjoying the show of a naked woman riding him. Given how much of his sex life he shared with me, I was reasonably certain he'd never had this experience before. I wasn't about to let him off without doing some work though. I grabbed his hands and pulled them up to my chest as I ground my pussy around him.

"Oh..." I moaned as he squeezed both of those round orbs at once. I'd really come to appreciate how the right touch could make my breasts just tingle, especially when I was in the middle of getting



fucked. It was an entirely different kind of pleasure, and I wasn't going to be denied when I was doing all the work.

There was another thing I'd learned from all this sex, and I slipped a hand between my legs as I kept humping Max. I moaned again when I started to rub my clit. I nearly lost my balance from the rush of pleasure I provoked, and I backed off enough so that I could keep going and still be shuddering from the sensations. As good as a nice cock felt on its own, massaging my clit at the same time made it so much better.

From the way his hands trembled on my breasts I knew that Max was getting close as well. I was doing my best to join him, rubbing and humping while he squeezed my chest. Our breaths became ragged, and when my hand pressed a bit too hard against my sensitive nub I let out a ragged passionate moan as I felt my orgasm bursting out.

Max joined me a moment later when my pussy engulfed him and then squeezed him hard. The feeling of his cock pulsing inside me only made me moan louder. The rush of pleasure flowed out from between my legs and I collapsed on top of him as my whole body quaked.

Now, finally, I gave him a deep, hard kiss. The savagery of my orgasm flowed through my lips, assaulting his mouth as I basked in the pleasure. It was perfect, my hot flesh melting into his, our lips and tongues mashed together as he throbbed inside me. My whole body exploded with wonderful, insane ecstasy.

We rested like that for a while. The intensity of our kiss faded, but we traded pecks as we panted. It was crazy how good it felt. It was more than just the amazing feeling of having an orgasm, it was knowing that I'd made Max feel just as good. The sex I'd had as a girl until now had been almost anonymous. I'd barely known those guys and as nice as they were, there was no real emotional attachment. Max was different. I cared about him, and knowing how good he felt was almost as satisfying as my own pleasure.

Sadly, our little coupling had to come to an end. We both had classes, and I had to get back to the frat to get a change of clothes and find out my next challenge. I knew Max had classes as well. I

didn't want to be the one disrupting his day. I didn't want anything to darken what we'd just shared.

"Thanks, hot stuff." I kissed him again before rolling off. I debated taking the sheets with me as I slid off the bed, but decided against it. I knew he'd enjoy the view and I wasn't embarrassed about my body. I knew my motives weren't really that pure though, the Alison part of me knew this could help snare him. As much as I wanted to keep him as a friend, the prospect of creating a deeper relationship was alluring.

I pushed down such thoughts as I gathered up my clothes. We'd gotten a bit crazy last night and it actually took me a minute to find my panties. I checked back and smiled as I noted that Max was on his side, just enjoying the show of my naked self hunting around the room.

"You know I'm just going to plant myself on your couch and watch you get dressed." I laughed as I started to pull on my skirt. I knew I was putting on a show for him and while I didn't make it obscene I could choose my order to maximize the benefit. Skirt, socks, shoes, then bra made for a wicked order.

Then I pulled on my shirt and looked down at my panties. The thing was, I didn't exactly like the idea of wearing them for a second day. I knew that would also tweak Max, and I made sure he saw me put them into my bag. Now, he'd spend all day thinking about how I was walking around with no panties on under my skirt.

Since I was dressed, Max finally made his way out of bed. I sat down and just watched, as I had promised. I wasn't going to be a liar. He wasn't some muscle bound jock, but he was reasonably fit. This was another thing that surprised me about being a girl more than I had expected. As much as I did appreciate looking at a naked guy, it didn't send my blood boiling in the same way I got when I looked at girls back when I was a guy. The visceral edge was almost gone. That didn't mean I didn't feel anything, but it didn't make me instantly dripping wet. Still, I was going to sit here and stare at him just to see how he reacted.

He tried to stay nonchalant, but I noticed that he was careful to keep his ass towards me as much as reasonably possible. That was okay by me, my girl half actually had a thing for male ass. It was

different than looking at cocks, I mean they were kind of goofy in their soft state, and most of the fun in seeing a hard cock was a mix between the pride in making him hard and the anticipation of what I could do with a big thick dick.

"So, breakfast?" He asked after he finally got his pants on. He ran his fingers through his hair, straightening out the worst of the rough edges, but leaving a rather windswept look. I found it surprisingly attractive, but I wasn't going to let him know that or he'd never stop wearing that hair style.

"Sorry, I've got to get back and do the whole change clothes and clean up thing. Maybe I'll find you for lunch." I popped off the couch and stepped over to him so that we were close but not too close. "I do want to thank you for a great evening though. Let me know the next time you want to get frisky."

"No, thank you, I don't think I'd have ever had the courage to ask on my own, Ali and it was great. I'll always be ready anytime you want to go for another round." He slid his hand over my shoulder and I shuddered a bit. The twisted mix of feelings were just boiling inside me. Did he want me as a real girlfriend? Should I care? What did it mean if I was going to be a guy again anyway? There was one more question left, but I wasn't going to even let myself think it, not yet.

"All right then, hot stuff. Until next time." I got up on my tip toes to land a quick kiss on his cheek and then grabbed my bag and shot out of his room. I hated to drag out partings, and I was going to be late to my first class if I didn't hurry.

Leaving my panties off had been a casual thought, and a bit of a tease, but when I tried to race back to the frat, I realized it had a downside. First, the slight chill of morning air that slid up my thighs really set me shivering when it hit my exposed pussy. The second problem was that my skirt was pretty short, and if I didn't want to expose myself to pretty much everyone I had to keep myself to little more than a brisk walk.

By the time I'd arrived, I was dreaming of nothing other than a nice hot shower and a much longer skirt. I raced through this as well, undressing at record pace and donning my bath robe before finally reaching that wonderful steaming water. I couldn't linger here as long

as I'd like, but I made sure to wash away the sweat and other remnants of my time with Max.

I'd had to trade that time in the shower for the time it took to dry my hair and do a little styling. This was another of those differences about being a girl. Even guys with long hair didn't spend much time on it, usually, but as a girl I couldn't go out without making sure I'd brushed and dried it and styled the edges a bit.

I donned a longer pleated skirt today, and a saucy T-shirt that would just tease any guy who read it. I was in a good mood, and didn't even mind that I'd be drawing a lot more attention to my boobs. It wasn't like they didn't draw stares anyway. Now, I had one last stop before heading out and hopefully I wasn't too late to hear what today's challenge would be.

The dining room was pretty quiet by now. Only a few students were left sitting around and enjoying breakfast or some morning studying. I grabbed a banana from the fruit bowl and snagged some juice from the fridge. It was a good eat and run kind of breakfast, and I noticed that the house president was still sitting in the corner and reading.

Hamilton Prescott, our erstwhile leader and the man who had cast the spell to turn me and all the other pledges into chicks. He was dressed as always in preppy fashion, with his hair neatly coifed and a sweater vest bearing the logo of the fraternity. He still gave me a bit of an odd vibe, not creepy, but not normal either. That didn't change the fact that I needed him to tell me the day's challenge.

"Good morning, you're looking well rested." He smiled as I walked over. I didn't detect any strong hint of irony in his voice despite the fact that he must have known what I'd done last night. He had been the one to tell me what to do after all.

"Morning." I nodded.

"I suppose you're here for the day's challenge." He held up his hand and a little blue spark of energy appeared. It was still strange seeing someone using magic in front of me. A week ago I'd have laughed at anyone who said magic was real. Of course back then I'd still had a cock so I'd adjusted my view of the subject. The little blue ball was some kind of tester that would tell him if I'd completed the

last challenge. He'd used it on me several times before, but it was still strange to see it.

"And you've been doing well with things so far. I'm glad to see you've embraced this, Alison. Now for today we're going to switch things up a bit. You've been tasked with sharing carnal pleasures with men until now, but today you need to find another woman and share those same joys. The only stipulation is that it can't be another pledge. Okay?"

"Yeah, thanks. Gotta go!" I spun around and headed out. I had classes to get to and he wasn't the best conversationalist anyway.

The challenge wasn't as freaky as the last one at least. In fact the very notion had me getting a little excited as soon as I'd heard it. It wasn't all roses and sunshine, though, while the guy part of me looked forward to playing with girls again, the girly part of me was a bit more conflicted. Alison had been effectively straight. The thought of being with another girl didn't really turn her on. That meant my guy side was pretty much pulling all the strings for the moment and that felt pretty weird.

No matter what I felt, the fact was that I needed to go through with the challenge if I wanted into the fraternity, so my mind turned to picking out the lucky girl. I quickly realized that I wouldn't have a lot of options. If I walked up to a guy, I had a pretty good chance of being able to get him into bed, just cause I was a girl. But girls weren't generally attracted to other girls that way, and I didn't know any bi or lesbian girls.

There was one notion, though, and I picked up my phone.

"It's day five isn't it?" I heard Meredith laughing on the other end of the phone. She'd been something of a counselor for me right after the transformation. Before that, she'd been a pledge and had decided not to change back into being a guy and joined the Delta Kappa sorority instead of becoming a Tau.

"That obvious, huh?" I giggled a bit. The fact that she also realized that meant that she must know why I'm calling which made me feel more than a bit awkward.

"A little, don't worry, I called my Delta on my fifth day too. I think that's why they pair us up that way to start with, so you'll always have a girl to fall back on." Meredith explained. It made sense. The

Taus had to know that most pledges would find it hard to get a little girl on girl action going.

"So you don't mind?" I asked. I didn't know what I'd do if she turned me down. I had no idea where to start looking for girls that would enjoy playing with another girl.

"No, of course not. How could anyone say no to a hot little number like you? Why don't you stop by the Delta house around seven and we can have some fun then, okay?" Meredith made everything easy with one little question. I sighed with relief.

"Yeah, I really look forward to it! Thanks!" I felt my mood brighten considerably. It wasn't just the fact that I had figured out how to complete the challenge, Meredith was pretty hot! I couldn't have gotten luckier given the circumstances.

"Great, see you tonight." Meredith hung up. Now I just needed to get through the rest of my day.

I kind of floated between classes. My mind was elsewhere. My guy side was reveling in the notion that I'd soon get my hands on some breasts that weren't my own. My girl side was a bit more circumspect. Sure, it could be fun, but being with another girl would be weird. It certainly wasn't an inner argument that I was used to having. That just made it even more surreal.

In the end, I did what I always did when I was about to do something I was nervous about, I concentrated on how to get there, rather than what I'd be doing. I tried to focus on my classes and forced myself to do a bit of homework before heading back to the frat to get ready.

In truth, this was a date, a bit of a strange one, but a date none the less. I flipped through my wardrobe and tried to pick out a nice blouse and skirt combo that wouldn't be too over the top. Then I did my hair and let my girly instincts out for a bit of makeup. It was still hard for me to manage the whole eye shadow and mascara without calling upon the Alison part of my brain to help.

"So, hot date tonight?" Alex popped up beside me as I walked down the hall on my way out. I hadn't seen her since our little adventure at the night club a couple days ago, and she was looking like her usual chipper self. The curvy little blond was another Tau

pledge and she'd embraced her new sexuality in a way that had left me and her friends reeling at first.

I blushed a bit at the way she was calling me out. "I guess so."

"Well, looking good, girl! I guess that means you've been getting lucky lately." She smiled. There wasn't much room for secrets between pledges. We all had the same challenges and that meant we had to have done much the same things.

In this case she didn't even wait for an answer. "I know, I know. It's been a lot of fun though, and tonight will be wild. I assume you're heading over to the Deltas."

"Yeah." I managed to sneak in. I hadn't really thought the issue all the way through, but there were going to be a lot of Tau pledges heading that way tonight.

"I just hope I haven't forgotten how to lick pussy!" Alex seemed to actually flinch a bit as she said it.

"But it feels a bit weird thinking about girls like that now, doesn't it?" I smiled. Over the last few days it had been Alex that was our over the top girly girl. She'd embraced the challenges with a passion that left me a bit jealous.

"Crazy, right? I mean I used to love getting it on with the ladies, but now it kind of makes my stomach twist a bit just thinking about it." Alex nodded and then continued. "I'm sure I'll be fine once I've got some boobs in hand though."

I wished that I shared her confidence. I knew she probably wasn't wrong, at least not completely. Half of me was eager for what was about to happen, and the other half was more than a bit anxious. Still, once I got into the middle of a girl on girl make out session, maybe all those doubts would just melt away.

We made it to the Deltas right at six. A few other pledges had caught up with us by then, but as soon as we were in the door, the Deltas seemed to swarm us. Meredith swooped in and grabbed my hand, before I had a chance to say anything I was half way up the stairs.

"Hi!" I gave her a wavering smile as she pulled me into her room. As dressed up as I was, Meredith had almost gone the other way, not that it hurt the way she looked in the least. Just like the first night

I'd met her, she was wearing a T-shirt and shorts, and they looked just as hot on her as they had before.

"Oh, we just don't want you pledges getting all twisted up with greetings or such. I know just how conflicted you're probably feeling right now. After the spell's been working for a few days, you start to lean on your feminine memories more than you male ones, right?" Meredith smiled and motioned for me to sit down on the small couch she had. She took a seat at her desk, close enough but not too close to make me uncomfortable.

"Yeah, it's like I'm really a girl with some strange guy memories sometimes." I nodded.

"Cool, and I bet the old girl you wasn't so into girls, but the guy part of you is like screaming to dive in." Meredith continued. I knew she'd been through this before, and I appreciated that she understood. It was kind of creepy how she could almost read my mind though.

"Pretty much." I smiled again. The battle was certainly still raging inside me.

"Good, then I know there is one proper cure." She got up and before I could do anything else, she planted a soft wet kiss on my lips. I squirmed for a moment, not ready for her, but as she pressed in, I wavered and then melted for her. I'd almost forgotten what it was like to kiss a girl. Guys were hard and forceful, and while I did enjoy it, the feeling was nothing like the soft warmth of a girl's tender lips.

When Meredith pulled back, I was left panting. Whatever doubts I'd had about being with another woman had melted away. I'd never have expected it to be so easy, but the air of anticipation had me boiling. Lust and pleasure had a way of burning through any reluctance.

"Wow..." I breathed as she smiled back at me.

"Yeah, I'd nearly forgot how hot kissing a girl was." Meredith looked flush as well as she stood over me. Now, she turned and slid in beside me on the couch. It was close enough to snuggle and she slid an arm around my shoulder.

"So are you ready to get started?" She smiled. There was a comfort in knowing that both of us were here for the same thing. We didn't need to do any dance, no pretense.



I also didn't need to say anything more. I leaned toward her and gave her another soft wet kiss. This time my hands joined in and I slid my fingers along the side of her breast. She gasped into my lips and I soon felt the same wicked feeling across my breast. Our hands were as busy as our tongues and we moaned and writhed together as we made out.

Before I knew it, my blouse was open, her shirt was off and we were wrapped around each other trying to take off each other's bras. Our breasts mashed together as we struggled. I'd not had as much experience taking off bras as I would have wanted, and still struggled with mine even as a girl. Meredith wasn't much better, but after a bit of fumbling we managed to succeed and throw those constricting garments across the room.

Then we both stared at each other's breasts. I really hadn't lost my appreciation for those soft round orbs. It was a bit different now that I could just look down and see my own, but it was another thing entirely to see them on another person. Round, soft and topped by a nice pink nipple, there was just an ingrained need to love them. The only thing that really got me was that I was a bit jealous that Meredith's boobs were a bit bigger than mine, but for now that only made me want to play with them more.

"I just wanted you to know that I thought you were lovely from that first night. I knew how weird it could be then, so I didn't say it so much." Meredith looked into my eyes and then pulled my hair back around my ear. I blushed at that. It was so direct, and I could feel that it was heartfelt as well.

"Thanks, I thought you were pretty hot too." I smiled. Then I dove in for another kiss. I didn't really have the right words for this conversation and that left me with just one option.

Our kiss was wild again, and this time our naked breasts jiggled and bounced against each other. It was a crazy feeling, and I just pulled her in tighter. The softness of my flesh and hers was intoxicating. Our hands slid lower now, and before I knew it, we'd managed to slide off our shorts, skirts and panties until we were both sitting on her couch naked and rubbing together.

Meredith didn't need any words to lead me to her bed and we slid on top. Our hands explored, and touched and fondled. I hadn't

actually been with a girl in months, and I savored the feeling of her soft skin under my fingers. Her hands were busy moving over me as well, and the tender way she touched me was quickly driving me nuts.

When her dainty fingers found my pussy I couldn't keep from moaning out in pleasure. Her touch was so unlike the rough fondling I'd experienced from men. She was slow, meticulous and knew the right way to touch me until I was writhing in pleasure.

"Oh, oh yes!" I moaned as he rubbed at my clit at the same time as her mouth suddenly wrapped around a nipple. The flood of sensations was intense. I enjoyed it as long as I could before I sought to return the favor.

Meredith cooed when my fingers finally found her womanhood. This was another strange moment for me, sliding my fingers along another girl's slit. The Alison part of me quailed a bit, but when Meredith let out a whimpering moan of pleasure I knew I couldn't stop. It was fun in a wicked way, and after the last few days, I knew just where to touch to have the best effect.

We squirmed together, the pleasure from our mutual pleasuring was only making us hotter. I could smell our arousal in the air and the feeling of soft flesh against mine was simply intoxicating. The sound of her ragged breaths was starting to drive me wild as well and I wanted nothing more than to make her cum.

I broke free of her hands and started to slide down, first kissing her neck, then her breasts and finally I made my way between her legs. She slid up on the bed a bit and pulled them open, as eager for my touch as I was to give it. Her pussy smelled sweet and I breathed it in before I lowered my lips onto her.

My mouth pressed into her pussy and I followed my instincts as best as I could. I have never really gone down on a woman before, but I knew how good it could feel. I started to lick at her, running my tongue along the length of her nether lips while she moaned. I did it several more times, until she was squirming under my lips and then I started to lick and kiss and suck on the top of her pussy, around her sensitive nub.

It didn't take much of that to send her crying out in pleasure and I could feel her body quacking around me, but I didn't stop. I knew she

must have been cuming and I wanted for her to enjoy it as long as possible. While my mouth was busy at the top of her pussy, I sent my finger to attack the bottom. At first I just stroked around the edge of her entrance, but when she started to moan again, I plunged my fingers inside and she thrust her hips up at me.

"Oh, god, oh god!" Meredith moaned as I licked and stroked her at the same time. Her hands found my head and pressed me in tighter while I worked between her legs. She bucked beneath me and I tried to keep on task, but finally she sat up, lifted my head and then pulled me back on top of her.

Her kiss was ravenous now, and I knew that there was no way to deny the pleasure rolling through her. Our bodies writhed together, breast against breast and legs against legs. I realized that we'd straddled each others thighs and started to hump against the smooth flesh. It was a raw driving need for more, and Meredith pushed me back onto the bed.

I let her move this time, and she slid over my body until her face was between my legs and her pussy was dripping above me. The sight of her naked, wet folds left me swooning. As soon as I recovered, I lifted my head and started to lick at her again as I reached up and started to stroke her thighs.

She was busy between my legs as well. I moaned into her pussy when her tongue found my clit. I just went wild as she started to lick and suck at me. It was so much better than any guy had managed so far, and I couldn't continue pleasuring her as she sent my body soaring in ecstasy.

I cried and wailed as I came. It was so hot, so perfectly intense that I couldn't hold back. She didn't stop either, and I rode through a crazy rush of sensations as my body quaked from the orgasm and the wonderful way she kept licking and sucking my tender flesh.

Finally, she pulled away and slid around again until we were laying next to each other, panting and smiling, each with a breast in hand and basking in the glow of a wonderful orgasm.

"That was amazing..." I panted as she gently squeezed at me.

"You're not half bad yourself." Meredith smiled at me. As hot as she'd been before, seeing her face like this, just made me want to do

it all over again. It wasn't just about how good I felt, but know that she had gotten that much pleasure as well.

"Do you do this often?" I asked. It seemed like a moment for sharing, and now I was insanely curious about this girl who hadn't always been one.

"Not so much, I kind of have a boyfriend." She smiled back at me. "But sometimes I get a little nostalgic, and he doesn't mind. He's even joined in a few times."

I blinked a bit at that. I had to admit I was jealous in that moment as I thought of her having a threesome. It sounded like fun, even if my girly side was a bit indignant about it, I couldn't deny the appeal. There simply wasn't a way I could argue with the hotness factor to my male half. If I combined that with how good being with another woman could be I actually wanted to give it a try.

"So you really don't regret it?" I asked.

"No, I love being a woman, sure I get a bit nostalgic, sometimes for specific things, but in the end, I wouldn't want to go back. Have you been thinking about joining the Deltas?" She asked. The question was almost backhand, joining the Deltas meant staying a girl.

"I don't know..." I blushed. I really hadn't thought about it directly, but I couldn't deny I'd been attacking it from all sides. Especially after last night and this morning with Max, the idea of not changing back had been on my mind more than I wanted to admit.

"Which means, yes." She gave me a quick kiss on the nose. "And you look so cute all confused and anxious there, that I'm going to have to break out my toys and drive all those naughty thoughts out of your head."

"Toys?" I stammered before she rolled over to her night stand and pulled one lewd looking device after another for me to see. I was surprised that I mostly recognized them. There were dildos, massagers and vibrators. As a guy, I wasn't really used to the idea, but after being a girl for a while, I could see the appeal, but I hadn't tried them yet.

"Of course, girls just want to have fun right?" Meredith smiled as she plucked a big thick dildo out of the lot and then hopped back into bed. There is just something wickedly naughty about a girl hovering

over me and holding a fake cock that would put most men to shame. Rationally, I was a bit conflicted, but I spread my legs wide open for her just the same. My pussy was more than ready to try it out.

"Right!" I smiled up at her as she moved down and positioned the dildo at the entrance to my quivering interior. I squirmed a bit as my pussy lips parted and she rubbed the tip up and down, covering it with my juices and sending sparks of pleasure shooting through me. I was still sensitive from my orgasm and the feeling of that big shaft poised between my legs was making me crazy.

"That's my girl!" Meredith laughed and then pressed the fake cock into me. I was wet enough and relaxed enough that it just slid right in, and I gasped at the sudden fullness between my legs as she bent back down and pressed herself against me as she stroked the dildo gently in and out of me.

"Oh, yes..." I moaned as I savored the movement inside me. It felt so good, and I was now pressed into her naked body again as she continued. It was crazy, and yet wonderful.

"If you like that, you'll love this." I heard a switch click and then my world exploded. The whole cock was vibrating inside me and against my clit all at the same time. I wailed, lost in the crazy pleasure and then she started thrusting it into me. Each deep thrust was followed with her grinding the dildo into me and letting my clit get another wonderful vibrating massage before she pulled back.

"Oh yes, oh god, harder!" I moaned and flailed. I thrust my hips back against her, and my legs shook back and forth. I tried to grab at her, but it was so hard to control myself, so hard to even think of anything other than the raw pleasure boiling up between my legs. My whole body was so sensitive that I couldn't take it for long.

She kept thrusting as I writhed beneath her. I couldn't do anything more than pant and moan as she worked that amazing dildo. I grabbed at her arm, rubbed her legs with mine and when she plunged in deep again I cried out with another heart stopping orgasm.

Still, she didn't stop and I came again and again. I was lost to the sensation, to the depths of ecstasy as my whole world dissolved into nothing more than the depths of my pussy. I quaked and shuddered as I melted, panting on top of her bed.

I don't know how long it was before I came down again, but I was still wrapped around her. I was overflowing with warm hot joy as I looked up at her. I couldn't think of anything more I could have wanted in that moment than simply snuggling against her.

"See how good it can be?" She smiled at me as she stroked my hair. It was true, as a guy, I'd never felt like that, never been driven from one intense orgasm to another. There was always a recharge time as a guy, but as a woman, it seemed like it could have gone on forever.

"Yeah, thank you, thank you so much..." I leaned over and gave her a slow kiss. It would take me a few minutes to regain my energy, then I hoped to return the favor. If there was one thing I was fully learning this week, it was that giving was just as much fun as receiving.

The rest of the evening descended into a blur as we worked our way through her selection of toys. It was hard not to get washed away at times and we were left panting and jumbled more than once, but we didn't stop until we were both exhausted and overflowing with pleasure. Meredith showed me so many ways to get off, and I showed her how well I'd learned by returning the favor.

In the end, I was left curled up with a woman for the first time in ages. The warmth and tenderness we'd shared would be impossible to forget, just as I'd never forget just how good it could feel to be a woman. As I drifted off to sleep, I knew there was one question really left to me, did I want to stay this way or go back to what I was?

I wasn't ready to answer that yet. For now all I wanted was to savor what I'd just shared. I'd have time to figure the rest out later.

The End

## **Pledging Tau Geta Delta - Part 6 - Public Exposure**

"Well, well, look who finally made it." Alex laughed as I stumbled through the kitchen and managed to collect up something resembling breakfast. I shot the spunky blond a quick glare before I poured myself a glass of orange juice. I was feeling a bit run down after so many late nights in a row. Even the afterglow of last night's marathon sexing wasn't enough to offset the fatigue.

I was a bit surprised it had taken this long for me to get hammered by that lack of proper rest. I suppose the excitement, tension and everything else had kept me rolling. That and the sex, so much amazing sex. I never imagined having sex as a girl would feel so good, and it had a way of masking other issues. Unfortunately, so many late nights in a row could not be denied forever.

"How are you not exhausted?" I grumbled as I plopped onto the seat across of Alex. I hadn't had much of a chance to talk to her for the last couple of days since we had both gone on the pickup challenge to the same bar. She'd acclimated to becoming a woman far better than most of the other pledges, or at least she faked it better than them. It had taken me longer, but now that the initiation week was almost over, I'd actually gotten used to being a girl.

It was a strange thing. When the Tau Geta Delta President turned all of us from guys into girls, it had been a huge shock. They offered us the option to back out, but if we wanted to join the frat we had to stay a girl for a whole week and we had to take on a variety of sexual challenges. I'd never have imagined that joining a Fraternity would mean I'd end up sleeping with a professor, my best friend, some random guys and a sorority girl. In the end, it had been a wild week of impossible sex.

"Catnaps. I swear by them." Alex smiled at me. I knew she wasn't lying either. I hate to admit I wish I'd have thought of it. There had

been plenty of times I could have slept over the last couple of days and managed to keep from ending up on the wrong side of the fatigue curve. Normally, I managed to get enough sleep so napping was always just a lazy notion to me, but this week I could have used it.

"Well, they certainly work for you. You're looking almost radiant this morning." I tried to claw my way back to a good mood. It certainly wouldn't do me any good to grumble my way through the day. Besides, I had at least one more challenge to get through, and I hadn't even heard what it was yet.

"Why thank you. You look particularly ravished yourself this morning." She grinned back. I shook my head at her little joke. We'd all been spending a lot of time in bed, and last night wasn't an exception. It had been a kind of weird experience really. As a guy, the notion of two girls getting it on was a top voyeuristic fantasy of mine. The reality was both amazing and a bit more awkward than I would have thought.

"So, did you enjoy your visit over to the Deltas?" I turned things back around to Alex. We'd bumped into each other on our way to the Tau's sister sorority last night. The day's challenge had been to sex up a girl, and with few other options, many Taus had ended up making use of the Delta's willingness to help. I'd spent most of the night in bed with the Delta who had counseled me right after my transformation. Meredith was a smoking hot brunette who kept me busy for hours.

"Yeah, of course!" Alex blushed a bit. "Well, actually, I got crazy nervous. It was just so weird making out with a girl, you know? It took me a little while to relax and just forget about my girly side for a bit."

"I know what you mean. It's kind of funny since I would have loved watching it as a guy, but it was a bit weird playing with another girl like that. Not that I didn't enjoy it." I smiled. Our transformations hadn't just been physical, we'd acquired the memories of the girl we'd become as well. Everyone outside of the Taus and Deltas remembered us as the girls that we remembered being. It was kind of strange having a set of girl and guy memories of my whole life rattling around in my head. I remembered being Alison as much as I



remembered being a guy. The trick of it was, Alison was straight, and it was a bit of a challenge for her to get it on with another girl, even if my guy side was practically drooling over the idea.

"Yeah, I never thought I'd actually feel weird squeezing on a girls boobs." Alex giggled. "So have you heard today's challenge?"

I sensed her desire to change the subject. I was actually a bit surprised, since Alex was usually the one to press everyone about what they'd been doing as girls and proudly proclaim her own conquests. I suppose everyone had a limit, but it was surprising to see her hit hers on this point. Still, I didn't feel like pressing the matter either.

"I just managed to get through a shower and pull on some clothes, so no." I took a drink. I was just glad I didn't have an early class today. That gave me the chance to relax and recover a bit.

"Okay, so, today we need to find someone and sex someone up in a public place. You know, on the campus green, in a corner of the library. Any place without a door to keep people out. Bonus points for not getting caught. And it doesn't matter who you choose, except it can't be another pledge." Alex explained the rules for today. I nodded. It followed with the general kinkiness that most of the challenges liked to promote.

"So they waited till our feminine modesty to fully kick in before giving us this one." I laughed. My stomach twisted a little just thinking about it. I had never been much of an exhibitionist before, but as a girl I found that I had a stronger sense of modesty. As I'd gotten more used to my girl instincts, those had slowly started to take over. A couple of days ago I wouldn't have been nearly as uncomfortable walking around naked, but now I didn't know if I could manage to do it.

The thought of having sex in a public setting just set off all kinds of bells in my head. The modesty angle was just one. The companion to that was the kinky thrill of avoiding detection. Sure, I didn't want anyone to catch me in the act, but the risk of getting caught had a way of unleashing the kinky senses in my head. I squirmed in my seat a bit at the notion.

"Oh yeah, these Tau bastards are all kinky." She faked a grumble.

"Like you aren't." I giggled. From what I knew of Alex, she was one of the kinkiest pledges. For a while I thought it was just bravado, but after seeing her in action I didn't doubt it anymore.

"Yeah, well, if I was the one setting up these challenges, you would be able to walk straight or sit down for a week after changing back." She smiled wickedly. Then blushed again. "At least as a guy, my girly side was a bit more tame. A bit."

I laughed when she held her fingers up with just a little light between them. I had to remember that Alex as a girl had also gotten private lessons from the kinky professor that liked to give students lessons in bondage and submission. One time had been wild enough for me, but I suspected that Alex had taken the whole course, at least in her memories.

"Then I'm glad you're not in charge." I smiled. My stomach did a quick flip just thinking about the notion of Alex being in charge of anything. With her manic personality it would either be a rapid and spectacular disaster, or an entirely different kind of horror if she actually managed to succeed.

"Hey! If you give me just half an hour in my room with no restrictions I'll make sure you're singing a different tune when I'm done." Alex's eyes turned wolfish as did her smile. I imagined that some kinds of kinkiness surpassed gender boundaries, and I'd just stumbled across one.

"Uh... maybe some other time." I backed away a bit and picked up my glass. I was happy that I really did need to get going.

"Anytime. Alison, or at least until tomorrow night." She giggled and switched from predator to cute smiling girl in the blink of an eye. It was kind of scary that she could do that in an instant, but I knew that I'd done it as Alison in my girly memories. I suppose it was just one of those skills that women tended to pick up.

"I'll think about it." I smiled and gave her a pat on the head as I walked by. I had to admit I was a bit curious. After all the weird stuff I'd gone through this week, it wouldn't be that much crazier to jump on this opportunity. I just wasn't sure I was ready to have her undivided attention.

She blew me a kiss as I left. I shook my head. She was just teasing now. All it did was leave me wondering what kind of person

Alex was as a guy. I knew I hadn't changed so much, but there were important differences too. In some ways, it surprised me how much I had stuck to the same path, but then I suppose that was part of the magic, so that I wouldn't be completely disoriented by the whole gender swap. If Alison was a completely different person then the old me, it would probably have been too jarring. All that meant Alex must have been some overly crazy and enthusiastic guy as well. It was just hard for me to translate that kind of spunky energy over to a guy. I guess I'd find out in a day when we all changed back.

For now I had another problem. I still had one more challenge to go through with. That meant picking a guy and a place. Neither was an easy thing. I knew I could get Max to do virtually anything anywhere. He was enough of a kinky cad that I didn't worry about that. The problem was whether I wanted to call him again while I was still a girl.

It had been weird enough sleeping with him. He was my best friend, and I'd spent a night and the next morning screwing him like a woman possessed. It had been pretty much the best sex I'd had as a girl, and had set off a slew of crazy notions. It didn't help that my girl half had romantic feelings for him, or that my guy half was still a bit appalled at all the things I'd done with my buddy. To say that I was conflicted was to put things mildly.

That didn't change the fact that my panties got wet just thinking about humping Max in some secluded, but public place. I just worried that the Alison part of me wouldn't be able to keep my feelings for him in check and spending more time with him wouldn't help that. There was still a looming question that I didn't dare think about. I wasn't ready to consider it, especially when I thought about Max.

The easiest path for now was just to get to class. I could get Max to meet me at will if I decided to call him. Until then, I could consider other options. I had run into a couple of other guys after all. Or I could just pick some random guy. It couldn't be that hard to seduce some unsuspecting freshman into the bushes, especially if I pulled out all of my womanly charms.

As I doodled my way through my morning classes, I knew I really didn't have a choice. My mind was made up, I just didn't quite want

to admit to it. I'd come to enjoy the random sex the last few days had brought, but nothing compared to my time with Max. I couldn't deny the way he made me feel, as much as I might want to. It was more than just a raw sexuality, it was something special and terribly scary.

The very reason why I was reluctant to call on Max was the reason I wanted to even more strongly. As I got used to becoming a girl, it had meant thinking of myself as Alison, and even more so thinking of my life through her eyes, not those of my old male self. In one fell swoop, I'd attained what my girl side had wanted for years, a real chance at having Max as more than just a friend.

That reality unleashed its own set of crazy feelings. As much as my heart fluttered when I thought about him, my stomach twisted anxiously. I had insisted that our sex was just a friends with benefits kind of thing. How would he react if I wanted more? No matter how much I wanted him as a boyfriend, I would crumble if he pushed me away now.

My mind raced, and those very thoughts fueled an entirely different reaction from my male consciousness. I was a guy! I didn't want a boyfriend, Max or otherwise! I wasn't even going to be a girl in another day, right?

That was it. It was the thought I'd been fighting not to have for days. If I didn't think of the question I wouldn't have to answer it. I'd gone to great lengths of mental gymnastics to avoid it, do draw short of the real issue. Sometime tomorrow, I would have a choice, probably the scariest and most impossible choice I'd ever had to make. I would need to decide to become a guy again or not.

I shook my head. I didn't want to think about this. I didn't want to have to decide it. As soon as my class ended, I took a brisk jog through the campus, trying my best to clear my head. No matter what I had a mission to complete, the last thing I needed was to end up failing the challenges. I must have been quite a sight running along the sidewalks with my skirt flapping in the breeze, but I needed to burn off the nervous energy sparking inside me.

All I had left was twisted logic, anything that would help distract me. I didn't have the willpower to argue with myself any more, or to take the hard path. Before I thought about it any more, I sent Max a text to tell him to swing by the front of the library in a few minutes. I

set about focusing myself on what I was going to do next and leaving the big issues for later.

First, as kinky as Max was, I worried a bit that he wouldn't be down for this kind of thing. I knew I could push him into it, but I figured the best chance would be for me to spring it on him before he had a chance to prepare himself. He certainly wouldn't say no once I had a hand down his pants.

I didn't have long to plan before I saw him walking up towards where I was sitting. My heart skipped a beat again just from the sight of him. I'd avoided it since I'd left his room yesterday morning for just that reason. My girl senses were on full alert and ready for the big silly lug. My male self only gave me a whimper of objection against the rising heat flowing through me. It wasn't just watching a hot guy, it was that Max was a hot guy and he was mine!

"Hey hot stuff!" I waved until he spotted me. I swooned when he smiled. It was just a crazy feeling to get so worked up from just having a guy smile at me. I knew it was as much because that guy was Max as any other reason, but that didn't exactly help me feel any less weird.

"Ali, hi. What's up?" He asked. I knew I was probably interrupting his midday break, but I'm sure he wouldn't mind by the time I was done.

"Well, I spotted something really crazy back here. I just had to show you." I nodded towards the bushes along the library's side wall. It was a nice semi secluded spot. There was nothing much there, but the bushes were thick, tall and nearly all encompassing. So long as we didn't make too much noise, no one would notice us.

"Really, what is it?" Max asked as I grabbed his hand. I gave him a good tug and started pulling him towards my little sanctuary. I could see the befuddled look on his face, and the growing wariness. I noted that I did like to pull pranks on Max, and given my rather silly behavior, he was probably expecting something like that from me now.

In a way he wouldn't be wrong. I was certainly going to spring a surprise on him, and I was certain he wouldn't expect it. I giggled and looked back at him as we rounded the corner.

"Oh, just something round, soft and you won't be able to resist wanting to play with." I teased. If he was on his game, he'd figure it out, but I knew once he got confused, he rarely managed to get a puzzle, until the solution was smacked into his head.

"What?" His eyebrows furrowed in confusion.. I'd succeeded at least that much. Now all I needed to do was prepare him for the springing of my little snare. If there was one thing I knew, it was Max's weaknesses. As we worked our way into the little clearing between the bushes and the billing I could feel my heart racing.

It wasn't like I was an exhibitionist or anything. The notion of having sex outside where anyone could find us was both exhilarating and nerve wracking at the same time. I couldn't even be sure that Max would go along with it. My stomach was twisting almost as much as my pussy was quivering. It was the crazy kind of nerves that came with asking someone out for the first time.

Now that we were here, I let go of his hands. I wavered, not really sure just what to do for a moment. I turned my back to him and started to unbutton my blouse at record speed while trying to hide that fact from him. His stupefied state wouldn't last long. I lamented the fact that I hadn't picked out a front release bra today, but at least the one I'd chosen was cute and frilly.

"Weren't you going to show me..." Max's words trailed off when I turned back to him with my shirt open and my lace covered breasts on display. His eyes bulged as he took them in, and it took him a second to snap out of their hypnotic effect and look up at me with a mix of puppy like happiness and raw confusion.

I didn't say anything. I stepped towards him, grabbed his hands and pulled them to my chest as my lips went for his. I had to go up on the tips of my toes to make it, and everything came together in one perfect instant. He squeezed me instinctively as his hands cupped my soft chest. His lips were passive until the shock wore off and his tongue came to life, his hands on my breasts and our tongues nearly down each other's throats.

He let me down gently until I was standing on just my whole feet, with my neck tilted back for him. His hands were tender and strong. It still felt strange having my chest squished and molded like this, but

it felt wickedly good too. The girly part of me was in full control now, with Max in my arms and my tongue dancing with his.

After an eternity we came up for air. We both panted, half from denied breaths and the other half from the lust building up inside us.

"Why you wicked little girl." Max smiled as his squeezes brought little gasps of pleasure to my lips.

"Oh, you haven't seen anything yet, hot stuff." I giggled as I slid my hands down and started to unbuckle his pants. I could feel his cock pressing against his pants, already hard and eager for me. It was hard to express just how happy and horny that made me. It was strangely validating to know I'd aroused him so quickly. The trick now was to keep him off guard until he was too far gone to even think about breaking free. As soon as I had the buckle undone, I pushed down his pants and boxers in one quick push.

"What are you... whoa!" Max gasped as my hand slid around his cock and I ran my fingers up his hard shaft in a way I knew would drive any thought of objecting straight out of his head. I had something of an unfair advantage when it came to knowing what guys liked and I wasn't afraid to use it.

There was one other thing I knew guys really liked and before I even thought about it, I'd given Max a quick kiss and then slid down. I fell onto my knees and for the first time, I was staring at a guys cock. Sure, I'd seen them a lot in the last few days, and looked at my own when I'd had one, but this was different. My eyes were inches away from his throbbing hardness, and it wasn't until I started to open my mouth that my male mind caught up with what my girly side was doing.

As Alison, I'd done this a few times, mostly out of curiosity more than anything else. My old boyfriends had liked it though, and I had too, in a wicked way that I hadn't been quite willing to admit at the time. Now, I was kneeling before Max, and I wanted to do something special for him, something that he'd not soon forget, and to my girl side, going down on him was a perfect way to show him my affection.

My guy side was not so quick to agree with the idea, but it was too weak to hold me back now. I bent in and gave him one long lick, from the base of his cock to the bulging tip. From the way he

groaned, I knew he was doing everything he could to resist making more noise. Max liked to let his passion fly, but right now, given where we were he knew he couldn't draw attention to us.

I wasn't going to make it easy on him, or give myself a chance to back out either. I opened my mouth, and with my lips wrapped around his tip, I took his whole cock into my mouth, licking and sucking all the way down. This time Max let out an audible moan as I rubbed the whole length of his cock with my tongue. My mouth filled with the masculine taste of his shaft and I shuddered from head to toe, but especially between my legs.

My male side was just in shock now, unable to quite come to grips with the scene I had created. I was kneeling before Max, with my shirt open, my breasts freshly fondled and my mouth full of throbbing cock. It was an embrace of my feminine side that left that old part of me reeling. I'd never been gay or even curious before, but I did my best to reassure that traumatized part of me that I was a girl now, and I had enjoyed getting eaten out more than once, this was just returning the favor and experiencing another facet of being a woman.

The truth was, beyond those fading objections, I was actually enjoying myself. It was fun playing with his cock, and doing my best to pleasure him so much that he couldn't restrain himself from making noise. A careful suck, a teasing flick of my tongue and the pressure of my lips as I bobbed my head over his cock all combined as a flurry of pleasure that forced him to lean back against the outer wall of the library.

I debated as I teased him. It wouldn't be hard to get him off now, but it was always possible that he would regain his composure and object to doing more once the cloud of lust cleared. I'd sprung this on him so far, and the demands of his arousal were no doubt in control now. If I let him recover, he might not be so accommodating, and I needed him to get me off in public as well for the challenge to be completed. Not to mention the fact that I was extremely horny right now as well. I wasn't going to let him off the hook so easily.

I gave him a few more tender sucks and then slowly pulled my lips off of him with a lewd pop. He was looking down at me, his chest heaving with ragged breaths and I knew just how hard it was for him



to hold himself together. I smiled back up at him. Now it was time for the next round of kinky fun.

I turned around, still on my knees and then fell down onto all fours. I'd managed to do a bit of planning for this moment. While I hadn't been able to ditch my bra, my panties were entirely a different matter. I knelt in front of him, on my knees, held up with one hand while I reached back and grabbed the hem of my skirt. My smile must have been ear to ear when I pulled up and showed him my bare and dripping wet pussy.

The look on his face was worth it. The mixture of shock and the wonder of providence was just so terribly cute. Here he was, half naked with his cock freshly sucked and a girl presenting herself for him. I don't think there was a straight man alive that could resist at that point.

His look of excited bafflement turned to inquiry as he moved behind me. I shook my head eagerly. I wanted this just as much as he did. I was so hot and horny that I'd have done just about anything to get his cock inside me now. I whimpered with anticipation when his hands started to rub my bare ass. The ache to be filled was just so strong now.

Max must have felt it as well, and he didn't waste any time on preliminaries. He rubbed along my slit just long enough to find the entrance to my quivering passage and then thrust into me hard. I had to bite my lip to keep from crying out from the wonderful sensation of his cock sliding into me. As wet as I was, and as hard as he was made his entry easy, even as I felt the friction from this position drive me wild.

It took all my will to not let half the campus know what I was doing. I was a noisy girl in bed. I had discovered that over the last few days. I knew the guys enjoyed it, and the feelings that were stirred up by sex made it just so hard to be quiet. Now, the struggle to hold in all of those feelings was driving me wild, almost as much as the hard cock pounding away between my legs.

We quickly found a hard, fast rhythm that we knew couldn't last. I just felt so good, and the wickedness of doing this in such a public place was driving me even more wild. If I looked carefully through the bushes I could see the edges of people walking by. They were so

close, and yet, if we kept quiet, they'd never know just what was happening.

Still, we were panting, and the smack of our naked flesh was a sound few college students wouldn't recognize. That just made me even hotter, wetter and for Max's benefit tighter. The wickedness of doing this was just too much.

"Oh yes, harder, yes..." I panted as Max gripped my hips and slammed into me. I did what I could to meet him, shifting my hips and grinding against him when he was all the way inside me. It was wild, raw and most of all crazy hot.

Our panting grew louder as our pace increased. I was losing control of my voice as well. My discipline slipped with every wonderful thrust and as the needs of my body just grew stronger. Everything was driving me wild, from the way my breasts jiggled in my lace bra or the way my hair billowed around me as I bounced back and forth. Everything reinforced my inner sense of being a woman getting seriously fucked.

I knew Max was feeling something similar from the way his grip tightened and his thrust grew harder but more uneven. We were panting together, our ragged breaths filling the air as he finally squeezed my waist and thrust hard and deep. The sudden force of it broke through my restraint and we both let out muffled moans of pleasure.

Not screaming out in pleasure was probably the hardest thing I'd done that week. Every part of my soul wanted to cry out as loudly as my orgasm was intense. I'd never cum like this before, and it all of my remaining strength to keep from collapsing right in that spot and simply melting in place. My whole body was quaking with pleasure as I felt Max filling me with his seed.

I dropped my head, panting as I lock my elbows and just tried to hold steady and enjoy the numbing warmth flowing through me. I tried to savor the moment, panting and sweating while I knelt there.

That's when I heard a quiet, slow clap. It took a moment to register through my pleasure wracked mind, but when it did, that sound tore through everything. My eyes snapped towards it, and that's when I collapsed onto the ground.

"All right lovebirds, get dressed." A bemused looking campus officer stood in our escape route with her hands on her utility belt. I don't think I could have blushed a deeper shade of red than in that moment. Max was still lodged inside my upturned and very naked ass. Worse yet, she'd probably been watching us for at least a little while and that thought just made things worse.

We didn't reply. Max pulled his rapidly deflating cock out of me and we turned away from her as we stood up and got dressed. Max pulled his pants back on in a flash while I made sure my skirt went back down over my ass and my hands worked as hard to get my blouse buttoned as they had to open it up a few minutes ago.

Finally, we turned back to her, both blushing furiously. My mind was racing. I'd been caught! Just what was she going to do to us? What would the Tau's say? Was I going to be arrested? Whatever afterglow I'd had was squelched by the series of wild and scary questions boiling up inside me.

"You know how many rules you two were breaking just now, right?" She gave us a stern glare as we wavered in front of her.

"Y... yes, Ma'am." I stammered as Max nodded beside me. It wasn't that she was so much older than me, but I didn't want to risk upsetting her not when she held my future in her hands.

For a minute she just stood there, looking over our disheveled, panting selves. I could feel my heart pounding in my chest. She managed to keep a very dispassionate expression that just made my hair stand on end.

"You won't be doing anything like this again, will you?" She asked. My heart must have skipped a beat at that. A glimmer of hope had appeared.

"No. We definitely won't." We responded emphatically in unison.

"Good. Then get out of here." She stepped away from the exit and I don't think I've ever bolted that fast before. We were half way across campus before either of us slowed down.

"That, was wild!" Max shouted when we'd finally made enough turns to have lost that campus cop even if she'd been following us. I could feel the adrenaline rush as well. The thrill mixed with the lingering effects of my orgasm to leave me surprisingly ready for more.

"Yeah, wow." I panted and pulled myself up to Max again for a big wet kiss. Our wild passion reflected in a moment of crazy public affection before I pulled back.

"How about we head back to your room?" I gave him a wink. I'd never have expected it, but getting caught was making me even more horny now that we'd escaped. I couldn't remember needing to fuck this bad again so soon.

"Yeah! Let's go." Max smiled, a bit surprised, but I could tell he was just as eager for another round as I was.

We ran the rest of the way to his room. I knew at least the next round would be wild, passionate, and needy, if my own feelings were any gauge. I followed him just a few steps behind, so I could enjoy his ass.

I'd never thought it would be so much fun chasing after a guy, or catching one. The truth was, I was wild for one other reason, and no matter what I chose, spending another afternoon in his bed was a great way to keep from worrying about it. I'd have no choice but to make my decisions all too soon.

The End

## **Pledging Tau Geta Delta - Part 7 - Boxers or Lace**

Waking up in my own bed was its own kind of rude awakening. All by myself, alone with my thoughts. I had so much to think about. I'd gotten used to the breasts and the emptiness between my legs. My new anatomy still felt strange when I thought about it, but my mind was on other issues today.

Today was the last day of my initiation week, my last day as a girl before the fraternity president would turn me back into a guy and officially let me join Tau Geta Delta. I'd been a girl for the whole week, ever since the opening ceremony when the spell was cast on me.

I usually wasn't one to lay in bed and ponder things. This morning was different though. The truth was, I had a dilemma. I'd never been faced with this big of a choice before. It was probably worse for the fact that I hadn't really considered that it would be a choice when I started. Right after being turned into a girl, I figured it was a small price to pay for becoming a Tau. Hell, I even looked forward to it as an adventure, or at least an experience I'd couldn't miss. Curiosity alone required that I not quit.

The fundamental point though was that I never considered staying a girl. Naturally, I'd get to try out being a girl, all the way through having sex. It was crazier, and yet more fun than I would have expected. The sex was amazing, and I found wearing skirts enjoyable. Heck, it was almost fun teasing guys, with my new sexy curves. I wasn't some outrageously gorgeous girl. I was a bit short, and thin, with an almost elfish face and big ears, but a nice pair of breasts. I didn't need to worry about attracting guys, and for the first couple days, as weird as things were, I enjoyed myself.

That didn't mean I wanted to stay a girl though. A little fun experimentation was one thing, but living the rest of my life like this?

It was almost out of the question. Then came my encounter with Max. My fourth challenge as a pledge was to sleep with a friend, and he was the one I choose. After that, everything flipped on its head.

When I started, I'd been given a set of memories of my new girlish self, the life I'd lived as Alison, as if I'd been born a girl. The memories were complete down to every detail. At first, my male side had dominated and I simply called up those memories of being Alison for help with specifically girly things like putting on a bra or makeup. As the week progressed, I found myself thinking more and more as Alison and less as the guy I used to be.

That was the trouble with Max. In my old life, we'd been friends. We hung out together, played games, shared what passed for secrets between two guys. In my life as Alison, we'd done much the same thing, but there was more too it than that. We had feelings for each other, but due to the flukes of life one of us was always dating someone else, at least until now. When the challenge pushed me to sleep with a guy friend, the part of me that was Alison pushed for her wishes to be fulfilled, and the rest of me followed along, not knowing just what would happen.

The sex was amazing, but there was more. Feelings I'd only thought I'd felt before. As Alison, I loved Max, the truth had been buried behind a deep friendship and the fact that I didn't like to mess with other people's relationships, but those details changed nothing. Sleeping with Max, and enjoying every moment of his hands roaming over my bare flesh had laid bare my affection for him.

I tried to deny it, but now, two days later I was left staring up at the ceiling fretting my choices. Did I want to go through with this? If I changed back into a guy, I'd lose this chance at love. The very thought of losing Max made my stomach twist. It had taken this long to get him, I couldn't very well let him go again. Could I?

I shook my head. Trying to clear out those girly thoughts. If I just let myself be Alison, I knew what choice I'd make. My guy side was screaming out for attention as well. Staying a girl would mean an entirely different life. Some things wouldn't be so different, but there were serious disadvantages as well.

I'd always considered myself a bit of a feminist in that sense. I could see the stuff women put up with, and did my best to knock the

heads of other guys who spouted off especially rude things. In my time as an actual girl, I noticed it as well. It wasn't just the catcalls and casual harassment. There was a general condescension. I knew some was done with chivalrous intent, but some were simply unadulterated contempt.

Naturally, that wasn't even the biggest thing. If I stayed a girl, and I wanted a family it meant that I'd be a mother. That whole notion felt almost insane. I'd have a kid grow inside me, and then I'd have to give birth to it, nurse it and all the rest. My casual thoughts of marriage and family turned a lot more intense when I was going to be the one handling the baby end of things. Even for my girly half it was somewhat frightening thought, though, as Alison I sensed a bit of excitement as well.

I tossed off the covers. This line of thinking was just making me tense all over, and I decided I might as well get up, get dressed and find out what everyone else was thinking. A bit of group therapy was just what I needed.

For the first time in days, I sat back and just enjoyed the shower. The glorious feeling of warm water flowing over my naked, sensitive body. I couldn't deny that I'd come to enjoy my girl form quite a lot as the week went by. Sure, I could sense that Alison had some body issues, but from a guy's perspective, I knew I had a rocking bod.

I still hadn't gotten over the softness of my breasts, or just how tender they were. I could get myself to moan and whimper with barely a few squeezes. It wasn't as intense as rubbing my pussy, but it was a nice comfortable feeling. Naturally, it was better when it was someone else's hands and I had to endure the mystery of just how they would move next.

The fact was I felt kind of like a dead man walking. If I chose to be a Tau, this would be my last shower as a girl. My soft breasts would be replaced with a flat and lightly muscled chest and the fleshy folds between my legs would return to the floppy cock and balls I'd been so fond of before my transformation. It was hard deciding if I wanted to try rubbing one out right here in the shower, maybe my last orgasm as a girl, and if nothing else, I knew I'd miss the feeling of a feminine orgasm.

I decided not to. Given the way the week had gone, I suspected that the Taus had something special planned for the closing ceremonies. I didn't doubt for a moment that it would be overflowing with sex. I certainly wanted to be ready to enjoy that to the fullest.

Getting dressed for my last day was almost the hardest decision. In the end, I couldn't keep myself from choosing a nice girly blouse and skirt combo. I went colorful today, with a nice baby blue top, rainbow striped skirt and nice long socks that went half way up my calves. I made sure my underwear selection was bordering on scandalous as well. The panties were thin and lacey, and hugged tight enough that my pussy lips were easy to make out. My bra was pink lace as well, with a thin mesh over the top so that my nipples showed through lewdly between the flower patterns. I didn't know what I'd be getting into, but I knew I was going to be ready for it.

The dinning room was near to packed this morning with other pledges. I was actually surprised that everyone had gathered here, but then I realized that this was the last day, and a Saturday, so there were no classes to pull us away. No doubt, the president was probably waiting to make an announcement. I grabbed a quick bit of food, spotted Alex and headed over.

The lively blond and her friends had made this week a lot easier for me and I was happy to see them again. It had actually been a few days since we'd all met up at the same time. The life of a pledge was sufficiently crazy to keep us all going in separate directions.

"And finally, Alison drags herself out of bed. I know you came in late last night." Alex smiled at me wickedly.

"How do you know that?" I gave her a playful scowl.

"Because I was half a block behind you." She giggled. "It took me half the day before I managed to corner my guy yesterday and well, I'll never quite think of the top floor of the library in the same way again."

"What? You didn't? Where did you?" I stammered. The top floor of the library was just book shelves, row after row of shelves. Unlike the other floors, there were no study areas, desks or even chairs. There wasn't even a bathroom. The only thing up there was books.

"Between the stacks. He carried me around, pressed me into a wall and just humped until we heard someone and then he'd carry



me somewhere else with his big cock still inside. It was crazy. I think I about had a heart attack like ten times, but god when I finally came, it was insane!" Alex blushed a bit, but it wasn't hard to tell that she'd savored every wicked second of it. Her friends were blushing just listening to it, and no doubt they were thinking about how they'd met the last challenge as well.

"So how did you make out yesterday?" Alex turned things around. Now that she'd told us her kinky story, there was no way that I could hold back. I covered the details about how I took Max to the side of the library, got fucked, got caught and then released by campus security and then proceeded back to his place for a wild afternoon in bed.

"You know, girls. I think our little Alison has a crush on someone." Alex giggled as I finished my story.

"Hey!" I blushed about three shades deeper just from the suggestion. It didn't help that she was right.

"It's okay, Alison, I know how you feel." Brittany blushed from her side of the table. The little redhead was looking stunning in a sundress this morning, but she was red from the face down. From the way we looked, you'd think we were all about to die from terminal embarrassment. I guess it went with the territory, but it still was absolutely crazy.

"You too, Brit?" Alex looked a bit surprised and turned towards her friend. "Who did that to you?"

"You know Stan, right? My old roommate, well, he so sweet to me when we did it the other day, and last night we even went out..." Brittany's color nearly started to match her hair. I understood the feeling. It was more than just being in love, it was the fact that she was a girl in love, a girl who hadn't always been a girl.

That left Alex speechless, which was a feat that didn't happen nearly often enough. Thankfully, a hammering came from the other side of the room to distract us from this terribly awkward turn of conversation. It was time to find out what our final day as pledges would be like.

"Pledges! Congratulations, this has been one of our best years, and I'm sure you can see that most of you have made it this far. I want to commend you all for your flexibility and willingness to try new

things. As you might have guessed that was a lot of what this whole process was about. We want our members to be open to the world and to understand other people better. What better way than to make you live a different life." Our illustrious President stood on a chair at the far end of the room as he spoke. Hamilton Prescott was every bit the preppy standing there. I was a bit concerned that he seemed to have enough of a sweater vest collection to wear a different one every day.

"Now, I'm sure you're all wondering just what your final day as women will entail. First, there are no more challenges. Tonight we'll have our big welcoming party, and conduct our final ceremonies with our sister sorority the Delta Kappas. As you all know, now that you have completed the initiation rites, you can choose to become a Tau or a Delta. That is what you need to do today, make up your mind. For some of you it will be easy, but if experience is any guide, I know that some of you are struggling with it." Prescott held up a small box so that everyone could see.

"In this box are tokens. Each pledge may take one, and you can give it to anyone you like. The person who gets this token will remember the world as it was before you changed as well as what they currently remember. I know sometimes advice from a good friend can be invaluable. You don't need to use the token, but everyone should take one, and then we'll see you at the party tonight." He started to turn away from the crowd and then switched back. "Oh! You are also free to bring a date! Now make the most of your day!"

Prescott started walking around the room and handing out tokens. I turned back to the other girls. Everyone seemed lost in thought for a moment.

"So, have you all decided?" Alex was naturally the one to break through the quiet.

Not that it worked. Everyone just glanced around at each other. I think I was pretty much matching Brittany's level of red as we blushed together. Megan seemed a bit more confident, but Alex was the one smiling from ear to ear.

"Did you?" I finally asked. It really seemed like she was about ready to burst, but didn't want to blurt it out.

"Yep, totally Delta, all the way." Alex proclaimed. The fire in her eyes left me with no doubt that she meant it. As focused as I was on my own decision, this was straight out of left field.

"What?" Megan gasped. She was pretty much speaking for all of us. Sure, Alex had gone all in on the whole embrace the experience thing, but she never hinted for a moment that it was anything other than a wild adventure for her. The implication that she would change back was always there. The thought that she wouldn't was just shocking.

"What? How could I give up this?" Alex waved her hands over her admittedly awesome curves. "I've never had such great sex, and it is just awesome playing guys for chumps."

"But, what about like babies and periods?" Brittany broke in. Staying as a woman meant going along for the whole ride, including the icky parts. It wasn't all just sex.

"Hey, being a mom could be cool and I can handle periods if it means I get to enjoy getting bent over and having my pussy hammered till I faint." Alex replied. There wasn't a hint of doubt in her voice. That part wasn't surprising, at least. If there was one thing about Alex that was true, once she made up her mind, that decision would stand.

"So, how about you?" Alex looked at Brittany and the red head blushed right down to her cleavage.

"I... I don't know. I mean, I liked being a guy, but I like being a girl too. And then there's Stan." She squirmed in her seat. I didn't need to ask to know just how she felt about this guy. I had the same issue with Max. The girl part of me loved him fully, and the guy part of me loved him in the awkward way that guys had when they loved each other platonically. I never had any issues with being a guy, but there hadn't ever been an option.

"I'm going Tau." Megan tossed in. I knew she was just interrupting to get the fire off of Brittany. Then she turned to me. "What about you, Alison? Going to keep the boobs?"

I just had to look down at that. Over the past few days it had actually become normal to see the twin mounds of flesh jutting out in front of me, and to feel them jiggling pretty much any time I moved.

They were nice, soft and round, and my girly side was always happy I'd grown such an attractive pair.

"They are pretty nice." I giggled and then cupped them and gave my chest a little bounce. Someone had to lighten the mood. "I don't know either. It's been a crazy week, and well, I guess I have a use for my token."

That was what summed it up. The whole notion was freaky scary though. If I gave Max the token, he'd remember everything, what I had been, and what I was now. I didn't know how he would react to that. If I just stayed Alison, he'd never know I'd been anything different unless I gave him the token.

Lucky enough that was the moment Prescott walked by with his little box. "Ladies, here are your tokens."

Everyone reached in to grab one. I felt the strange warmth in the little piece of metal just like the spell book so many days ago. I turned it around in my fingers. Aside from a few dark runes carved in the middle it looked like a slightly weathered slug of steel.

"Will the person I give this to always remember everything, or just for today?" I asked.

"They will remember until the ceremony tonight. After that they'll forget again, unless you want them to remember. We do have an exception for one person for each pledge. They'll have to take the same oath to never reveal our secrets though." Prescott explained. I nodded. It made sense, and I was glad they were so accommodating.

"Thanks." I felt a bit relieved. As always it seemed like they had an escape valve programmed into their system. For me, it made this all the easier. If I gave him the token and freaked out, I could just let him forget again.

"Oh, and I should have mentioned this before, but the spell that allows both sets of memories comes with a bit of a reaction limiter to keep people from freaking out completely." Prescott added before he wandered off to the next table.

"So, I guess I'll get to find out what you two chose tonight." Alex shot me and Brittany both a look and then dragged Megan off before we could say anything else.

"I think she wants us to have a chance to talk." Brittany flashed me a weak smile.

"Or she wants to make arrangements to sleep with Megan after she changes back." I giggled. I wouldn't put it past Alex. That was the kind of kinky thing she'd go for in a heartbeat. I imagined there would be a lot of that going on tonight after people started to change back.

"That would be Alex." She nodded. "I still can't believe she's so sure to stay a girl though. I mean, I knew she liked all this, but wow."

"I know, but she never goes half way does she?" I smiled. "But then it's up to us now. I never thought I'd be making a choice like this."

"Yeah, but it's crazy. I guess you're going to give your token to your guy friend right?"

"Yep, I really do care what he thinks. We've been through a lot together, from both sides and I have to admit I've kind of fallen for him." I squirmed a bit at that admission. It was easier to tell Brittany since I knew she was going through much the same thing.

"I know. I never thought I could get a crush on a guy, but here I am. I just feel kind of silly staying a girl just for that though, you know? What if he dumps me, and then I'll still be a girl and can't change back." She explained.

"Exactly. No matter what my feelings are for him, it's about more than that. Do I want to be Alison forever, no matter what?" That was the truth, even if it didn't feel that easy. Having found someone I really loved didn't make it easy to just walk away, no matter what happened.

"Well, there's only one thing to do, now." Brittany got up, and I followed. "I'll see you tonight."

"You too. Take care." I turned to her and gave her a big hug. We both needed it. It was still a bit weird though.

"Wow, too much boobs." Brittany giggled as we jiggled against each other for a moment. I laughed with her. It was just a crazy feeling, but I felt my mood lighten just like that.

"Yeah, but we have to enjoy them while we got 'em." I agreed. We parted ways. There was still a lot to do today, and standing

around here wouldn't get it done any faster. I turned the token around in my fingers and then reached for my cell phone.

It didn't take much to get Max to agree to an early lunch. After the last few days I knew he hadn't gotten enough of me. I'm sure he was swirling in a wild flurry of sexual daydreams by now. If that wasn't enough, I was about to throw him another huge curve ball.

I didn't let the token leave my hand. It was just too important, I couldn't let it get lost somehow. So I spent the rest of the morning running it over my fingers like one of those Chinese worry balls. I hadn't felt this anxious in years. It wasn't just Max, it was myself. I didn't even know what I wanted. My old life as a guy hadn't been bad or anything, but I'd never really had a choice, it was just the way things were.

"You look a bit wound up, is everything ok?" I felt Max's hand on my shoulder when he finally found me sitting in the student union cafe. I'd just been staring out the window, waiting for him and debating all the finer points of life.

"It's looking better, now." I smiled over at him. "Come, sit down I need to talk to you about something."

"Oh." Max seemed to flinch a bit. "You need to talk, to me, in a nice public space..."

I laughed, the raw absurdity of his assumption. It was perfect, I wish I'd have seen it, so I could have avoided the implications, but I was almost glad I hadn't. It was the perfect joke for the day I was having.

"Oh, you silly idiot!" I shook my head and pushed him towards the seat across from me.

"So you're not going to break up with me? Or whatever since I didn't think we were going out..." Max looked oddly cute with the furrowed eyebrows and a total look of confusion. I'd underestimated just how out of his depth he was now with the current state of our relationship. That didn't make this any easier though.

"No, but I do have something to tell you that you won't believe, but first you have to take this and hold it in your hand." I held out the little token so that he could see it and the lightly glowing runes. Thankfully, the same magic that would allow Max to remember the old me also let me tell him about the initiation rites at the Tau's.

Otherwise, I'd have still been bound by the spell of secrecy I'd taken that night when I first transformed.

"What is it?" He asked as he reached for it. "How does it glow like that?"

"Just take it, stupid." I shot him a quick glare and then he plucked it out of my hand. For a moment he just looked at it, and then he just seemed to stare at it. For a minute he was quiet. Then, with a sudden jolt he snapped back. His eyes were wide, and he looked at me.

"Alison?" He took a deep breath and looked at me like a deer caught in headlights. "I remember you, and yet I don't, there's a guy, he was like my best bud, and yet he's like you, and we met in the same lab, but you weren't in that lab or he wasn't, but you both were but not together..."

I grabbed his hands, and he shook his head again. "It's okay, just let me explain, all right?"

"Sure. I'd like that." He nodded. I could only imagine just what was going through his head. My girl memories had kind of seeped into me over the first few days, until I was used to them as a normal part of myself. For him everything was just crammed in all at once. It may have only covered the last few years, but it was enough information to be disorienting, and in this case, the parallel was obvious. In one set, I wasn't there and my guy self was, and only my girl self was in the other set.

"You remember, I decided to pledge a sorority, right?" He nodded. "I know we talked over how crazy their initiation process was, and how it was so secret. Well, it's a bit more complicated than that. Think back a week, and you remember your guy friend, he was pledging for Tau Geta Delta, wasn't he?"

"Yeah, he was, and we had the same conversation, well, almost as when I talked to you, but it was the same walk, back from class, on the same day, and I talked to both of you but..." I squeezed his hands to pull him back, and he looked up at me again.

"Okay, I know this is going to sound crazy, but I'm that guy, and the crazy Tau initiation process, well, that's what turned me into Alison and filled your head with memories of her." I tried to be as clear as I could. I didn't know if it would burn through his confusion.

The way his eyes kind of sparkled for a moment told me that I'd broken through.

"The token allows you to remember both sides, what was real and the fake reality that was created when I became Alison. The only Alison memories that are real are the ones that are from after I started pledging." I explained. I felt him tense up for a moment, but he didn't pull away. I knew this would take a moment for him to sort out, but despite being a bit of a doofus, I knew he'd connect all the dots now.

"Holy crap." He sat there, blinking as the little mouse wheel inside his head must have been going on overdrive. His unfocused gaze continued for a moment and then he snapped out of it and looked at me.

"So you were a guy, and we like totally..." He took a deep breath. "But you were a woman, and I knew you were a woman, and it was awesome. But you're really a guy?"

"Right now, I'm a woman, Max, and I've been one all week. But I am the same person." I was just glad the magic was supposed to be calming him down, because if this was the calm version of Max, I didn't want to think what the regular Max would have been like.

"Holy crap." He repeated. This time, though, there was a hint of surprise, and wonder. It wasn't just that I was a girl, there was more to it than that. He was starting to put the pieces together. The only question was, where would he jump to once everything got figured out.. "They changed you? Changed everything?"

I nodded. "If I called up my Mom right now she'd start asking me about my boyfriend status and how she wants grandkids as soon as I graduate."

"Do you want that? To have kids, you know get pregnant?"

I laughed, of course he'd jump on that part of things. "Maybe, I guess that's why I'm here right now, the change isn't permanent, it was only for the initiation, but I don't have to change back."

"And you want me to help you decide?" He was starting to come down now. He understood the situation and the time had come for him to pull his weight.

"You got it, hot stuff." I smiled. "I kind of hate to throw you in the deep end like this, but you're the best friend I have, and you know



that was true in two lifetimes now."

Max sank into his chair, threw his head back and just laughed out loud. For a moment I wondered if I'd finally broken him. I'd tried over the years, but perhaps the time had finally come.

"Oh, Alison, that's crazy! Why come to me?" He asked. He knew, we both did, but now I had to say it.

"Because we've been as close as two straight guys can be, and as close as a guy and a girl can be. Most of all, Max, right now, I think I love you."

The words hung in the air as I clamped my hands over my mouth. How did I say that? I knew it was true, as much as I'd fought not to recognize it. I just hadn't planned on telling him that.

"Holy crap." He reached out and grabbed my hands, pulling them back down to the table. He looked into my eyes. "I love you, too, Alison."

My heart stopped in that moment. You go your whole life looking for that moment, when someone else tells you that, not because they were your parent or relative or just to be nice, but because deep down they really felt that way. I'd never heard those words spoken to me with such conviction before, and now I didn't know how to react.

We sat there, looking at each other, our words hanging in the air between us. Slowly our lips started to quiver. Then together we let out a nervous laugh that soon became a riotous sound. This was just too serious, and neither of us were any good with that for too long.

"So what now?" He asked once we calmed back down.

"Well, I have to decide tonight. They induct the new Taus at a party this evening. If I don't change back then I can join the Deltas, but I have to decide by then." I explained.

"This is just wild." Max was starting to get past the shock. I was happy for it, but also kind of anxious about just where he would go with this. "So you really know both sides now, girl and guy?"

"Yeah." I nodded. He knew just how much I knew about being a woman. After we'd spent a whole evening in bed together, and a few times since then, Max couldn't doubt that.

"So is it better as a guy or a girl?"

I laughed, of course he'd ask that. I suppose it was something everyone really wanted to know. "It's really hard to say, it's so

different, Max. Besides, a girl has to have some secrets after all."

"Oh! Tease!" He grumbled. "Seriously, though what do you want? It's your life, I know how I feel, but I don't want to pressure you about something like this."

"I don't know. It may sound crazy, but I'm kind of used to being a woman now. It's so different, but it's fun too. Honestly, in a lot of ways it's just life. There were plenty of times I didn't even feel like things were different, like I'd be doing the same thing if I was still a guy." I appreciated the support, but I hadn't asked him here to be a neutral sounding board. "You know why I asked you here right?"

"Because you trust me." He nodded solemnly. "And there wouldn't have been any point in giving me that little glowing thing if you didn't want my advice."

"Pretty much." I smiled. "That, and I care a lot about you. If we hadn't been so close these last few days, I'd have probably changed back and just looked at this as some wild adventure."

"But now, you wonder if there is more to it. If we can have more." His face was turning serious. I knew he was starting to struggle with the same questions I'd been working over for the last couple of days, when I'd been unable to distract myself.

"Yeah, pretty much. I think we have something special. Something I've never felt before on either side of the coin. I don't just want to throw it away, not if you feel the same way." I continued. This was the core of it. The scariest part of it. I knew just how fleeting young love could be, I'd been through enough relationships not to doubt it. Yet, this felt different. It wasn't like we'd just fallen into bed together or been caught up in some random romance. I'd known Max for years, we'd shared things together, bonded in a way I'd never done with another person.

"You've kind of sprung this on me, you know." He fidgeted a bit in his chair. "Normally, I get weeks to screw up a relationship, and now you've anchored me in the deep end. I guess I should be honest then."

"That might help." I nodded.

"I've been thinking about us a lot. I mean, even before this, at least when you were a girl or however that works. When we slept together, it was like everything had just come together in this one

perfect moment. I haven't been able to stop thinking about it, and well you didn't make it any easier yesterday." He smiled. I blushed a bit, remembering how I had taken him around the library and let him fuck me silly before we got caught and released by a campus cop. Then we'd spent a good bit of the afternoon burning off the adrenaline from that in his bed.

"I know what you mean."

"And I've always liked you, we just never worked it out before. I was almost getting ready to talk you down from the whole sex buddy thing and maybe try a real relationship." He fidgeted some more. I knew he was compressing weeks of anxiety and awkwardness into one conversation. Max usually wandered randomly around his relationships until they blew up.

"But, then I told you all of this." I added. I knew I had to let him get this all off his chest before he could move on to the next part.

"Yeah, and this is some high grade crazy, Alison, but I don't think it changes anything for me. I really do love you. I think I have for a while, but I don't know if I can ask you to stay a girl for me, I don't want to think you chose this because of what I say."

"Thanks for saying that." I looked into his eyes again. It still felt a little weird looking into a guy's eyes like this, but if I chose now, I'd have to get used to it. "I understand that. It's really crazy you know, the Alison part of me is having a hard time not just jumping over and kissing you and squeezing you till you pop. I've really enjoyed it, you know, being a girl, and even if we don't work out, I think I could be happy living this life."

I went quiet, thinking, deciding. I hated deciding. There was only one thing to do when it came to deciding.

"So..." He leaned in, as anxious to hear as I was to tell.

"So, why don't you come to the party tonight and watch me become a Delta?" I moved in and kissed him before he could say another word. It was a tender, soft kiss, just what I needed, the perfect way to seal the deal.

"I'd love to." He smiled as we broke the kiss.

We sat there for a while after that, talking and trading quick kisses. He was full of questions, and I did my best to answer them. I peppered him as well. It was so weird to get his different

perspectives on me as both a guy and girl. Sometimes it was a bit awkward, given that he now knew things he'd told the guy me that he'd never told Alison. Despite our closeness, there was a level of crude that Max had spared Alison, but now he knew I had all his dirty little secrets.

Finally, we parted ways. We both had to get ready for the party and the final ceremony. The warm comfort I'd felt with Max quickly started to burn off as I walked back to the fraternity house. Was I really going to go through with this? I asked myself that as I was acutely aware of every jiggle from my chest and the airy emptiness between my legs in a way I hadn't felt for days. If I did this, I would always have this body.

It still felt like complete madness, but I went through with the rest of my preparations. A quick shower left me standing in front of my closet staring at my choices with only a towel wrapped around me. If I was really going to be a girl, it felt like I should wear something girly, but nothing quite felt right. What should I wear for my first night as Alison? Until now it was almost like I'd been sharing her life, but once I decided not to change back then I would truly and fully be Alison.

I made my decision, pulled on the clothes and then worked my way through my makeup and made sure my hair was set perfectly. It was all so natural now, as I let the girl part of me take over. I remembered how awkward it was that first time, and how strange it felt. As Alison I'd been doing this since I was in high school, and it was perfectly natural. The strange juxtaposition was ebbing though. I knew I'd never forget being a guy, but it would be more like a crazy dream than my real life soon.

As soon as I was dressed, I raced back outside. Max was going to meet me there, and we'd have a short chance to talk again before the ceremony would begin and he'd be left with the other guests while the pledges finished the rituals.

"Wow, you look amazing." Max gushed as he took in the sight of me. I blushed a bit as I noticed his eyes wandering all over. He wasn't trying to stare, but with my legs and chest on display, I couldn't blame him. I'd gone with a cute white dress with a ruffled

skirt, big pink belt, and a rather plunging neckline. It showed off everything without being too openly lewd at the same time.

"Thanks, and you're doing nicely too, hot stuff." I smiled as I checked him out. He had on a nice button up shirt and slacks, which for Max was pretty much dressed to the hilt.

"Shall we?" He held out his arm and I giggled. The notion was ridiculous, but I couldn't resist. I hooked my arm around his and we started towards the door. I rarely walked arm in arm with a girl before, but it certainly felt different with Max. The difference in size alone made me squirm a bit, but in the end, I welcomed it.

The party was already underway when we arrived. The older members of the house were busy with their dates or flirting with the older Deltas. The whole place was packed, and I knew our time was short. I couldn't waste any more.

"There's one last thing before I sign the Delta's scroll, Max. Do you want to remember the old me? The spell from the token will wear off when I sign, but I can have them cast a new one so you won't forget." I explained. My stomach twisted a bit. I didn't really know which answer I wanted him to give. It would be nice to have someone share my memories, but I could imagine how strange they would be for him at the same time. He paused for a moment, looking thoughtful and then gazed down into my eyes.

"Yeah, I want to remember. If we're going to make this work I want to remember everything about you I can. I'd hate for you to get angry at me for something I told the guy you and I wouldn't even remember." He replied. I smiled and punched him in the shoulder.

"Like I won't find new reasons to get mad at you." We both laughed. There wasn't any doubt that he was a complete cad sometimes.

A chiming started in the other room and quickly grew louder than the din of the crowd. I knew what that meant. "I've got to go. I'll see you soon."

Max pulled me in for a quick kiss and then I headed off for the basement. The room was filled with girls. I spotted Alex and Brittany standing next to Megan. The scene couldn't have been more divergent if you'd have tried. Alex was in a slinky red dress that showed off every curve. Brittany was decked out in a cute polka dot

number that screamed cute far more than sexy. Megan was the real odd duckling, wearing sweat pants and a T-shirt. The same thing was repeated all across the room. About a third of the girls were dressed to kill and two thirds looked like they were waiting for their laundry to finish.

"So this is it." I smiled as I saw them. We all knew Alex's choice, and now it seemed that Brittany was going to be a Delta as well.

"Yeah, it looks like it'll be the three of us." Brittany blushed a bit. I could understand her embarrassment. Being dressed like this was a sure sign of her choice. Guys weren't supposed to want to be girls, and yet here we were, about to choose to be girls forever.

"I'm just curious what kind of a guy you're going to be." I stepped over and gave Megan a big hug. She hugged me back hard. I'd almost forgotten how muscular she was.

"Yeah, well, I'm going to miss being one of the girls, but don't ever tell anyone that." She laughed.

"You'll always be welcome to visit us." Alex smiled. "I'm sure we'll be happy to show you a good time."

I shook my head. I didn't doubt that Alex had chosen to stay a girl just because it was so much easier to have sex. Especially given how attractive she was. I also knew she could dial things down so it didn't appear like she was the raging crazy slut we all knew she was. In a way I kind of envied her confidence, but I knew I'd be just as happy with one guy as she'd be tied up in some guy's dungeon.

"Ladies, your attention please." We all heard Prescott shout out from the stage and turned to look at him. "Tonight, I want to congratulate you all. I know this has been a huge week for all of you, and I am pleased to see so many of you made it this far. So with that I want to welcome you all as full members. You have one last choice to make before completing your initiation."

He waved his hand towards two pedestals on the floor in front of him. Each had a book on top and a pen resting on top of the aged paper. Beside the first book was a man dressed in a burgundy robe, with the house letters embroidered down the front. On the other side was a woman dressed in a white robe, with the Delta's letters sewn into it.

"Sign your name in the registry and choose your house. We welcome you all, knowing that you now know truly what it is to walk in another person's shoes, and to understand both halves of humanity, and with that knowledge, we of Tau Geta Delta and Delta Kappa can go out in the world to make this a better place for everyone, man and woman alike."

He bowed to us and then stepped back, falling into darkness and then behind the curtains at the back of the stage. I wavered for a moment. This was really the final moment. I could still back out, go over and sign my name on the Tau registry. I knew no one would judge me for doing it. Even Max would understand.

"Okay, ladies, it's time to make it official." Alex grabbed my hand and Brittany's. It was just the nudge we needed, and all three of us were soon at the head of the line.

The Delta smiled as we walked up. "Welcome, sisters."

I was quaking, but Alex stepped up and took the pen without another word. She made a big show of signing her name and then stepped back. For once she was quiet. Maybe it was the fact that she knew this was a moment that demanded that no pressure be given.

Brittany and I exchanged glances, and then we both decided. I stepped up first. I grabbed the pen. I could feel it was warm with magical heat. Signing this page was another spell, one that would change everything. I took a deep breath. This was what I wanted. I wanted Max, I wanted Alison's life, no matter what. I put the pen to paper and signed my name, my true name in broad careful, girlish strokes, and giggled as I dotted each 'i' with a little feminine heart.

The last of our trio followed suit, and the little redhead became the third new Delta of the evening. The rest of the pledges followed after us. Some were as eager as Alex had been and others were more restrained, but in the end about twenty of us were standing next to the book, and the president of our new house.

"I'm so happy to see you all deciding to join our house. Tomorrow we'll come and help you move into your new home and we'll all have a proper welcome. Tonight, we celebrate!" The older Delta shouted and threw off her robe to reveal a sexy little dress and she ushered us back upstairs.

We all poured out into the crowded party, and we could see unfamiliar guys filtering up from the other side. As curious as I was about what some of the other pledges looked like as guys, I wanted to find Max first.

No sooner had I managed to work my way over to him, than Alex slid up beside me.

"So this is the beefcake that made you want to keep the boobs!" She blurted out as she gave Max a solid looking over. I blushed, not sure exactly how to introduce her now.

"Max, this is Alex." I tilted my head towards the vivacious blond. I knew there was no hope in him not scoping out her boobs, but it was hilarious watching him trying to avoid it. "And if you really want to check out her breasts, just man up and do it."

Alex laughed as Max actually blushed. That made me giggle as well. At least there wasn't any doubt that Alex could pull a whammy on anyone she met.

Finally, she held her hand out, and he shook it. "Glad to meet you, Max."

As soon as she pulled her hand back, she slid over and wrapped around me. "Now, if you two ever need a girl for a threesome, Alison has my number." She leaned over and gave my cheek a lewd lick. Then in an instant she was gone, off to overload someone else.

"Threesome, huh?" I could see Max thinking hard.

"Only if you want the both of us tied up and whipped while she has her fun." I leaned in and whispered in his ear. He pulled back and shot me a surprised look. I gave him a serious nod so that he knew I wasn't joking.

"Well, maybe later then." I could feel him shudder as I came in and hugged him.

"So, not quite that kinky yet." I gave him a kiss on the cheek. I had to admit I was curious, and I knew that Alex wouldn't really toss us straight to the deep end, but tonight was special, and I didn't want to think about that kind of thing right now.

He laughed and we slowly mingled into the crowd. It was crowded, noisy, and I had to admit a bit more than I could handle. The new Taus were busy whooping it up, making a big show of their restored manhood. After a couple of close encounters, I made it a



point to stay clear. I could understand how they felt, but it was just too much of a ruckus for me.

It didn't take long for me to come to the conclusion that I just wasn't in the mood for a big party. I really just wanted a party for two.

"Not into it?" Max asked as I pulled him out of the house.

"Yeah, I guess, I'm not really feeling like a party girl today." I smiled and pulled up beside him. "Or I guess, I'd rather have a little more private party."

Max took the hint, and I don't think we could have made it back to his dorm room any faster. I could probably have used my room at the frat, but given the mood tonight, I knew I'd be risking having someone barge in, and I just really didn't want to be interrupted.

Our clothes were scattered all over the floor once we cleared the door to his room. We didn't need to say anything more, we both knew what we wanted. It wasn't until we were both naked, standing next to each other that I finally stopped, and breathed. I grabbed his hands and looked up at him, our eyes meeting.

"I never expected to feel like this looking into your eyes, Max. Thank you, for everything." I told him. It was so true. As wild and crazy as this week had been, in the end he'd help me find myself. I hadn't expected it to be like this, but I couldn't have wanted anything else.

He nodded back at me. "And you Alison, I never dreamed of finding a girl like you. I am so happy you chose this, chose us. I love you."

I flushed at his words. It was so raw and intense, so much unlike the Max I usually saw. This was the sincere man that I wanted to be with more than anything.

"I love you too." I pulled in close and let my naked breasts press into his chest as we tilted our heads for a kiss. Our lips met, and we simply melted together for a moment. Without even breaking our kiss, Max swept me up and carried me to his bed. His hands tenderly stroking me.

"Mmmm..." I moaned into his mouth as his touch sent shivers of pleasure up my spine. Ever since my transformation I'd never been able to get the difference of sex as a guy and as a girl out of my head, until now. Now I was just a girl, what I'd been didn't matter

anymore, I was a woman, and his hands knew how to draw wonder from my flesh.

He crawled up into bed slowly, shifting us together so that he didn't need to stop kissing as he moved between my legs. I opened my thighs for him, letting him position himself on top of me. All the while he was stroking me, caressing me as I wrapped my arms around his neck. His fingers slid over the curves of my breasts and along the soft length of my thighs.

I was open to him, completely, utterly, and when he lowered himself onto me, I couldn't have been more ready. He shifted between my legs and I felt the familiar rubbing of his cock between my thighs. I opened my thighs up even wider and shifted my hips for him.

I squeezed him closer when he started to slide along the length of my slit, rubbing against my clit and covering his hardness with my wet juices. I thrust my hips back at him, eager, and aching for what came next. His mouth grew more insistent in that moment and I felt him pull his tip until it was pressed against my hot womanhood. My pussy lips were wrapped around him, kissing at his head and ready for him to push inside.

"Oh, Max!" I moaned when he finally thrust into me. The raw sensation of being penetrated, of his hard shaft stretching me open, was incredible. The feeling of our bodies coming together was absolute perfection.

"I love you, Alison." He panted before he kissed me again. It was just what I needed. He began thrusting at that moment, sliding inside of me, and drawing out moans of pleasure from my lips. This was what it truly meant to make love.

I slid my hands down now, stroking his arms, chest and back as I writhed beneath him. His cock moved inside me, running across my pussy lips and driving deep into me, as I gasped and moaned between kisses. It was just too much. All the pent up anxiety of the last day was being driven out of me, replaced by my feelings for this silly lug of a man.

"Oh, oh yes! Max, yes!" I moaned as his rhythm drove me wild. I could feel my orgasm coming, that tension that drove the needs inside me and I fucked him back as hard as I could. His ragged

breaths told me he was close as well, and we drove harder together, our bodies becoming one piece of writhing flesh.

We cried out as one as we came together. Max drove deep inside my pussy and I squeezed down on him. We pulled together, our lips and tongues assaulting the other as we were hit by the hammering waves of pleasure. The tension melted away, and I simply melted into him as ecstasy flowed through me.

I cuddled up with him after that, allowing myself to enjoy the afterglow. We didn't speak now, we just breathed deeply, and sometimes let a hand wander a bit. It was one of those moments that didn't need any words.

We continued for quite a while after that, making love and resting before going again. In the end, I was laying on top of him, under his covers when he finally drifted off to sleep. I looked down at him, at his sleeping, silly grin. I'd never imagined this would be my life, and now it was. I knew I'd found the person I'd spend the rest of my life with, it had only taken changing every other part of myself.

As much as this was the ending of one adventure, I knew it was the beginning of a whole new one. I was a girl now, with all that entailed, and that wasn't going to change. I also had a boyfriend, and maybe someday he'd be even more than that. It was a crazy thought, but it made me happy just thinking it. I'd never been so close to someone before, and I knew I wanted to keep him forever.

Everything else was just details, and there would be plenty of time for that later. For now it was time to rest, to dream sweet dreams and hope for my own happy ending.

The End

## From the Author

I've enjoyed writing stories from a very young age and as I grew older it only seemed natural to expand my writing into more adventurous realms. I grew up a child of the eighties and weaned on rerun tv and well stocked local library that stoked a love of adventure in me.

As a youth, I was drawn to mind control and transformation. The ability to be whatever you wanted to be or have complete control over your domain were both compelling. Of course, as I grew older, the relative innocence of these interests gave way to an ever growing kink that eventually exploded into my writings. To my surprise, I discovered that the opposite of complete control, the notion of being completely dominated, held an almost equal power over my fantasies. In both ways one can give into pleasure without reservation.

It is that energy that I try to weave into my work. A passion for pleasure, even when it may not have been requested, in the end it is begged for. For sometimes only in darkness can a single light shine brightest.

As always I enjoy feedback, no adventure is complete if walked alone.

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Or visit my blog at [farleven.wordpress.com](http://farleven.wordpress.com)

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That's where my assignment came in. They needed someone who knew all of his deals, and everything else about him, and after five years, I was the person. The only problem was, to get in that deep, they needed a woman, and since I wasn't one, they were going to make me a woman. A little nanotechnology went a long way, and I was soon on my way to being just the kind of brunette that Oswald swooned after.

There was just one more thing I needed to do before starting my new mission. One night of wild passion to prove that I'd have what it takes to succeed. The whole feminine side of the equation was new to me, but with the right man, I soon learned just how much I could enjoy this assignment.

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Later that night she discovered its amazing power. When she held it in her hand, she was transformed from the flat mousey bookworm she normally was into a sultry short temptress. Before long, Madeline found herself entangled in one intimate encounter after another, as the magic of the brooch drew in more people. Starting with morning delights from her best friend, Madeline stumbled into a tantalizing tryst with her boss and his assistant. Finally, she goes to her old professor for help and soon ends up wrapped in passion with a couple of the university's top athletes.

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I was just an average college guy, but when I met up with a wannabe witch all that turned on its head. I'd sat down for what I thought was just a silly fake spell, but after a little chanting we all discovered that it was all too real. Her attempt to use magic to find out more about guys had turned me into a busty coed!

Now, I only have forty eight hours to find a guy to show me what it's like to really be a woman or I'll end up stuck in my hot new body. I can feel myself becoming more feminine by the minute, and I really can't wait to find out all the secrets about womanhood. So hang on, it's going to be wild!

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