

*Feminized Fraternity One:
Emasculated By The Girls
of Epsilon Beta Gamma*



*The Humiliating Domination
and Forced Feminization
of Fraternity Boys at the
Hands of Sexy Sorority Girls*

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This Book Meets All Amazon/Kindle Standards

All characters are of the legal age, and all are willing, consenting participants in all activities depicted, implied, and referenced. There are no sexual or other intimate relations or actions between or involving blood relations, minors, etc. There are no depictions, references to, or implications of any illegal, unethical, immoral, criminal, violent, abusive or other improper or wrongful activity, contact, or conduct. No such content is promoted, presented, or implied.

Content Warning

Warning! This 9,800+ word story (just counting actual story content) involves kinky, taboo themes like forced feminization, naked men and fully-clothed women, detailed makeovers, male chastity, public exposure as sissified French maids and cute college coeds, lifestyle change, power exchange, female domination, small penis humiliation and more! **Do not read further if any of these themes offend you!**

Find out what happens in this Erotic, Humiliating, Emasculating, Kinky, Crossdressing, Male Chastity, First Time Forced Feminization Fantasy—the first book of the all new sexy, stimulating series: *Feminized Fraternity*—if you dare!

Warning And Sneak Preview

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Sneak Preview: The ATB brothers thought that they were prepared for the worst. In reality, they had no clue about the humiliating, emasculating consequences for their actions that they were about to endure.

The Council monitored the behavior of all the fraternities and sororities, policing the code of conduct and reviewing all possible transgressions. They took the complaints from the Epsilon Beta Gamma sorority very seriously. These charges included mundane offenses like panty raids—which the girls claimed were really voyuerism.

The chair of the Pan Hellenic Council was Josh Peterson, the president of the Beta Mu Kappa house. He hated the ATB fraternity for a long list of very good reasons. The most serious of which was their endless pranks.

Like when the Alpha Taus ordered bridal trousseaus for each Beta Mu, and switched the feminine finery with the BMK brothers' street clothes while they were playing their annual water polo match against the Gamma Theta Omegas—the other jock frat at CSC.

When the Beta Mus emerged tired and wet from the pool, they'd discovered that all of their male clothes were gone! In their place were sexy feminine outfits including sheer body suits, panties, bras, camisoles, and so on, all elaborately adorned with lace, ruffles, and bows. These were well-suited for a newly wed bride's honeymoon, but definitely not macho college jocks!

The ATBs had carefully hung the alluring, fashionable, lingerie in the boys' lockers, leaving them with nothing else to wear. Josh had to squeeze his athletic frame into a skimpy pair of "shorties" made from breathtakingly soft and delicate French lace, hand-finished with a chic satin bow detail along with petite floral pearls and a rhinestone button.

All of Josh's frat brothers faced the same humiliating dilemma: wear sexy feminine outfits or nothing at all. Their phones were all missing, and they'd each been left to wear similar items including beautiful slips, pretty panties, naughty negligees, and other flirty feminine items.

The infuriated Beta Mu Kappas were forced to wear the bridal lingerie and other sexy, feminine clothing during an unnerving, emasculating walk of shame across campus. Cringing all the way as passersby laughed and took pictures and videos with their phones.

They hurried as fast as they could in their matching virginal ivory and snow white three inch high heels toward the safety of their frat house. They still hadn't lived down that humiliation as most of their classmates still called the BMKs the "Brides who Make us Kum."

Outraged, the Beta Mu brothers swore they'd get their revenge on the ATBs some day. Now, the Alpha Taus were facing judgment for this and countless other obnoxious offenses, and Josh saw this as a perfect opportunity for retribution. After an hour-long hearing, during which both sides presented their arguments and evidence, the Pan Hellenic Council issued its ruling.

The punishments would be severe but every one of the council agreed they were appropriate. To ensure their full compliance, the EBG sorority girls would administer and supervise each of the eight punishments, with the help and cooperation of the other sororities and even the fraternities.

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Forward By The Author

This is the story of the Alpha Theta Beta frat house, a group of particularly sexist jerks, obnoxious even for a fraternity. These two dozen immature boys outraged everyone around them in a childish reign of erogenous pranks and offensive antics. Until they crossed several lines and were forced to face a series of feminizing punishments.

Just how far will their rival fraternity and sorority houses go to humiliate the hapless Alpha Theta boys? What emasculating experiences will they be forced to endure? Will they ever escape their feminized fate and regain their masculinity? Find out what happens in this Humiliating, Kinky, Crossdressing, Male Chastity, Forced Feminization Fantasy—if you dare!

This nearly 11,500 word book (with 9,800+ words of actual story content) is the first part of an all new multi-book forced feminization fantasy.

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Beware! This book describes a character helplessly transformed in body and mind from a normal male into a sexy feminized sissy! **Don't Read This Book** unless you enjoy reading about a young man who is humiliated, emasculated, and feminized by dominating, sexy women!

Warning! This story contains kinky themes including male-to-female, transgender, crossdressing, spanking, chastity, erotica, featuring a conflicted / reluctant / defiant character's forced-feminization, humiliation, cross-dressing, submission to female domination, public humiliation, emasculation, lifestyle change, and sissification. **If these topics offend you, stop reading!**

Chapter One: Humiliating, Emasculating Consequences

The brothers of the Alpha Tau Beta fraternity house had earned a reputation for being the “Animal House” of Central State College—CSC for short—a small liberal arts school in rural Pennsylvania. They didn’t think that their antics had been all that bad.

To a man, they considered everything they’d done nothing more than pranks and jokes—just typical frat boy high-jinks! Unfortunately for the rowdy ATB boys, the Pan Hellenic Council disagreed.

Their immature behavior had finally caught up with them, and they waited for the ruling from the Council, made up of seven fraternity and sorority presidents, was entrusted with governing the Greek life on campus.

The ATB brothers thought that they were prepared for the worst. In reality, they had no clue about the humiliating, emasculating consequences for their actions that they were about to endure.

The Council monitored the behavior of all the fraternities and sororities, policing the code of conduct and reviewing all possible transgressions. They took the complaints from the Epsilon Beta Gamma sorority very seriously. These charges included mundane offenses like panty raids—which the girls claimed were really voyuerism.

This, as well as much more serious charges. Like instances of actual voyuerism, most egregiously, the ATB’s allegedly trying to install video cameras in the EBG house. The girls alleged there were even worse offenses, but they didn’t have as much evidence to support those accusations.

The chair of the Pan Hellenic Council was Josh Peterson, the president of the Beta Mu Kappa house. He hated the ATB fraternity for a

long list of very good reasons. The most serious of which was their endless pranks.

Like when the Alpha Taus ordered bridal trousseaus for each Beta Mu, and switched the feminine finery with the BMK brothers' street clothes while they were playing their annual water polo match against the Gamma Theta Omegas—the other jock frat at CSC.

When the Beta Mus emerged tired and wet from the pool, they'd discovered that all of their male clothes were gone! In their place were sexy feminine outfits including sheer body suits, panties, bras, camisoles, and so on, all elaborately adorned with lace, ruffles, and bows. These were well-suited for a newly wed bride's honeymoon, but definitely not macho college jocks!

The ATBs had carefully hung the alluring, fashionable, lingerie in the boys' lockers, leaving them with nothing else to wear. Josh had to squeeze his athletic frame into a skimpy pair of “shorties” made from breathtakingly soft and delicate French lace, hand-finished with a chic satin bow detail along with petite floral pearls and a rhinestone button.

The elasticated, strongly reinforced top nipped in his waist, giving him an hour glass figure. The silk gusset crushed his manhood painfully as the sexy lingerie fit him high on his waist. That, paired with a beautiful slip with a built-in bra, made Josh feel emasculated and embarrassed beyond belief.

The seductive slip was crafted from exquisite pale cream silk and Chantilly lace that perfectly matched the salacious “shorties” Josh wore. The lightly ruffled pearl silk satin detail called attention to his chest, upon which the padded push up underwire cups created a dramatic effect giving the furious frat boy the illusion of deliciously feminine décolletage on his chest.

The slip's low scoop back contributed to the over all feminizing presentation that left him with an utterly seductive and romantic

honeymoon look. In fact, the whole effect of the sheer lace ensemble was reminiscent of soft, shimmering moonlight.

The tempting, teasing confection would perfectly present the sexy, slender body of any young woman in a truly elegant and sophisticated bridal look. On the muscular jock, however, it looked hilariously incongruous.

All of Josh's frat brothers faced the same humiliating dilemma: wear sexy feminine outfits or nothing at all. Their phones were all missing, and they'd each been left to wear similar items including beautiful slips, pretty panties, naughty negligees, and other flirty feminine items.

Each was crafted from fancy French lace, coquettish Chantilly lace, sassy silk, kittenish chiffon, sexy satin, and/or other sheer, delicate, and oh so feminine materials. They'd either have to walk through campus naked, or else wear the alluring, fashionable, feminine lingerie in public.

The decision wasn't easy, but they agreed to wear these embarrassing outfits as a frat together, planning to explain their emasculation as a hazing ritual. As they helped each other shimmy into their lingerie, they had second thoughts, but they were committed. To their dismay, they found that all of their bridal ensembles were skimpy. Most had cute little details, like scalloped lace trim, sheer mesh panels, and other exquisite touches.

Their tops all created alluring illusions of delightful décolletage and feminine curves on the humiliated frat boys. The rest of their cute sexy outfits were scant whispers of white fabric designed to accentuate a blushing bride's seductive sensuousness to drive her groom crazy with passion on their sexually climactic honeymoon night.

The infuriated Beta Mu Kappas were forced to wear the bridal lingerie and other sexy, feminine clothing during an unnerving, emasculating walk of shame across campus. Cringing all the way as passersby laughed and took pictures and videos with their phones. They

hurried as fast as they could in their matching virginal ivory and snow white three inch high heels toward the safety of their frat house.

When they finally arrived at their house, Josh and his Beta Mu brothers learned that Jimmy Rogers the Alpha Tau Beta president, had charged the sexy honeymoon lingerie and seductive high heeled shoes to their own credit card! They still hadn't lived down that humiliation as most of their classmates still called the BMKs the "Brides who Make us Kum."

Outraged, the Beta Mu brothers swore they'd get their revenge on the ATBs some day. Now, the Alpha Taus were facing judgment for this and countless other obnoxious offenses, and Josh saw this as a perfect opportunity for retribution. After an hour-long hearing, during which both sides presented their arguments and evidence, the Pan Hellenic Council issued its ruling.

The punishments would be severe but every one of the council agreed they were appropriate. To ensure their full compliance, the EBG sorority girls would administer and supervise each of the eight punishments, with the help and cooperation of the other sororities and even the fraternities.

Each of the eight punishments had been carefully crafted to fit the crimes. To make sure of that, the Council worked in close consultation with the college's Women's Studies department to develop a comprehensive therapeutic and punitive program. The Women's Studies department chair called them "educational exercises," but everyone else called them "punishments."

The punishments were explicit, and the Alpha Theta fraternity brothers were given a stark choice: either complete the prescribed tasks to the EBG sorority sisters' satisfaction, or else the frat would be dissolved and every one of the frat boys would be expelled from school.

These were the adjudicated punishments that the ATBs would have to perform:

1. Make the frat brothers wear dresses and makeup to all sorority events.

2. Have a “makeover day” where they must learn how to style their hair, apply makeup, and dress in feminine clothing.

3. Require them to take classes on etiquette and proper behavior for ladies such as table manners, posture, etc.

4. The sorority would host a pageant with the frat brothers competing against each other in categories like poise and grace and dance performance while dressed up in costumes of the girls’ choosing (within certain guidelines).

5. Assign each brother an “older sister” from the sorority who will teach him about womanhood through various activities like shopping trips or spa days together; this could also include lessons on cooking, cleaning and other domestic tasks traditionally associated with women’s roles!

6. Host a “mock tea party” where the frat brothers must dress up in the girls’ finest outfits, learn proper etiquette and serve refreshments to the sorority members as if they were ladies themselves.

7. Have a “feminine challenge day” where teams of frat brothers compete against each other in activities like walking in high heels or doing a makeover on one another while being judged by representatives from the sorority.

8. Invite guest speakers who are experts on gender issues and/or feminism to come talk about topics such as sexism, misogyny, LGBTQ rights, etc., with the hope that it will help educate them about different aspects of womanhood and give them insight into why these issues matter so much for women today!

The boys of Alpha Tau Beta were despondent at this catastrophic ruling, but with dissolution of their frat and expulsion as individuals

hanging over their heads, they reluctantly agreed to comply. This made the Epsilon Beta Gamma sisters ecstatic as they eagerly contemplated their revenge.

Chapter Two: The Sorority Girls Plan Their Revenge

“I can’t wait to humiliate those goons!” said Elisha Randolph, a beautiful auburn haired girl with kind, passionate emerald eyes who was the EBG Social Vice President. Her beautiful eyes were flashing angrily.

The ATB boys had disrupted the fall mixer she’d worked so hard to plan, by replacing the sorority’s fine china with paper plates and styrofoam cups. The latter was particularly galling to the young environmentalist whose hazel eyes burned his fury at the memory of their childish inconsiderateness.

A junior well known for her kindness and patience, Elisha loved all living things. She was a vegan and an animal rights activist, but the ATBs absolutely infuriated her. She never would wish harm on anyone, but they almost made her question her devout Buddhist beliefs!

“Me too,” said Gwendolyn Young, an African American senior who was the sorority president. “I can’t wait to see Jimmy Rogers dressed up in a party dress!” she giggled. The statuesque beauty and Jimmy—the ATB president—had dated during their freshman year.

They’d made an odd couple. She was tall for a girl at about 5’9” and a slim, winsome 140 pounds. He was almost exactly the same weight and size, making him look scrawny and small for a guy. She was way out of his league, but still he had the audacity to ghost her after the Spring Fling.

Gwen was still upset about it three years later, so this opportunity for revenge was exactly what she had hoped for! She was already giddy at the prospect of humiliating and force-feminizing “Jimmy the Geek” as she thought of him.

She couldn’t wait to take tons of pictures and videos of him prancing around in the short, sassy powder blue dress and the sexy lingerie she’d

worn to that big dance, as well as in all of the other outfits he'd be forced to wear. She even planned to use the pics and vids to blackmail him afterwards, making him serve her in any and every way she chose. The very thought of it made her squirm with delight.

“If it were up to me, they all be thrown out on their derrières,” said Lynette Hughes, a refined, elegant southern belle who considered the ATB brothers gauche, disgusting lowlifes. She wouldn't let them touch a single blonde hair on her petite 5'3" 105 pound body.

As the community service vice president of the sorority, Lynette was in charge of organizing all of their charity events from fundraisers like “servant girl for a day” auctions in which the girls pledged to dress up as French maids and serve the highest bidders. Also their “reading for golden girls and guys” program in which the girls visited residents in nearby retirement homes to read them stories or just keep the lonely elderly people company.

She had a generous heart, but she was very business like with little patience for undisciplined foolery. The Alpha Tau house had pooled their money and “bought” Lynette in the previous year's “servant girl” auction, and made her attend to them in her cute little black dress and apron.

Just setting foot in the wall-to-wall mess they called a frat house made her nauseous, but the things that those crass, crude boys said to her and tried to make her do? She shuddered as she thought about it.

Lynette was intent on making them pay dearly for their offense against her, her sorority house, and other people at Central State! She sighed, “I doubt we could teach them any etiquette at all. In fact, I wish we could enlist my finishing school teacher Miss Myerson to supervise all this. She'd whip those jerks into shape! Turn them into proper debutantes, every one of them!”

“You know, that's a great idea,” smiled Gwendolyn, “can you imagine those coarse louts turned out as prim and proper young debutantes?”

“If anyone could do it, Miss Myerson could,” agreed Lynette.

“How much would she charge to come out here and—” Gwen began.

“Knowing her, and how much she detests crudeness? She might do it for free!” Lynette said. “I’ll call her right now!”

Down the street, the ATB boys were sulking. If they knew who Miss Myerson was and what she was capable of doing to them, they’d probably put themselves in the reprobate protection program.

Compared to the Myerson Finishing School curriculum, the list of demeaning, humiliating punishments (or educational exercises) they already dreaded would seem like simple, every day manly activities.

The next morning was the beginning of a beautiful day on the campus of Central State College. The sun shone brightly, and the birds chirped happily in the trees. All around, students were enjoying their summer break before classes resumed in fall.

At the Beta Delta sorority house, the sisters were laughing, looking forward to the first emasculating “educational exercise” they’d soon inflict upon their arch enemies. They’d long felt disrespected by the frat brothers. Not only were the boys constantly belittling them, but they’d ignored their complaints. The frat brothers even made fun of the sorority sisters' outfits during a mixer event at their fraternity house.

The final straw came when some of the ATB frat brothers installed hidden cameras throughout their EBG sorority house! Luckily, the guys were inept at hiding the tiny devices which were easily found. Still, this incident pushed the girls over the edge! They finally decided to take action against these rude, disrespectful boys once and for all!

When they filed complaints with the Pan Hellenic Council, the girls hoped for the best. The ruling was better than they could have hoped!

Under penalty of expulsion, the boys were under the girls' thumbs for a series of emasculating punishments.

The first of which was "Make the frat brothers wear dresses and makeup to all sorority events." The Alpha Tau Beta fraternity brothers had no idea what this would entail. To make this experience as embarrassing as possible, the girls invited the Alpha Betas arch-rival frat house Beta Mu Kappa to a mixer. They planned to force the hapless ATBs to serve as sexy, submissive waitresses for the event!

This scheme involved summoning the ABTs to the Beta Delta house for mass makeovers, and making them wear cute little serving girl costumes. Lynette Hughes had connections to many local business owners who she'd met when organizing the countless fundraising and charity events she'd planned. One of them was Rachel Henderson, the owner of Rachel's Costumes.

That was the clothing and uniform rental store the sorority girls used once each semester for their "servant girl for a day" outfits. Lynette and the rest of the sorority girls agreed that those cute, sexy outfits would be perfect for the frat brothers to wear as party hostesses! The fact that they knew the boys would hate wearing such frilly, feminine outfits in front of their hated rival frat only made the prospect that much sweeter to the girls.

Lynette made a quick call to her friend Rachel, and explained the situation to her. She had to wait a few moments for a reply. This because Rachel was laughing so hard that she'd dropped her phone which in turn had bounced underneath a rack of the very costumes they'd been talking about.

These were tight black corset dresses with dainty, white ruffled collars, hems, and cuffs. The servant girl dresses also featured sewn-in black net petticoats which paired perfectly with the fishnet stockings the sorority girls customarily wore with them. They also rented black three inch heeled Mary Jane shoes that added a hint of naive innocence to the otherwise lascivious outfits.

Rachel was a youngish looking thirty-something woman with jet black hair and striking blue eyes. She was about 5'7" and very well built with a curvaceous body. When she recovered her phone, she demanded that Lynette "swear on her honor that this was indeed the outfit she intended for the frat boys."

She howled with laughter once again when the sorority girl confirmed that, "Yes, those are exactly the costumes we're going to make them wear to serve hors d'oeuvre and drinks at the mixer the next Sunday afternoon."

"You sure you don't want them dressed as Playboy Bunnies?" Rachel asked, almost overcome with hysterical giggling. She had her own reasons to resent the rowdy ATBs. They'd stiffed her on costume rentals a few too many times. She was all too willing to help out with their feminization.

Lynette laughed, "I kinda love that idea! Definitely for next time? And there will be a next time, very soon!" joining Rachel laughing out loud at the prospect! Both of them picturing the frat jerks prancing around wearing costumes that were basically just lingerie!

The Bunny costumes were skin-tight strapless lace-up corsets, mainly in various bright colors, some all black, others all white. To emphasize her feminine figure, the boning would tightly nip in the wearer's waist, while the padded, push-up bra would exaggerate a woman's natural cleavage. The included sheer black or fishnet pantyhose would make any girl's legs look long, smooth, and shapely.

The costumes' overall hyper-flirty look was accented with dainty, girlish versions of black and white bow ties, cute little collars and cuffs in white, and adorable white fluffy cottontails on the butts—all topped off by bimboish bunny ears. Fewer costumes would be as emasculating and demeaning for guys to wear.

"Great, I'll keep some Bunny outfits on reserve," Rachel said, laughing and adding "Hey, I could throw in some padded push-up bras with

glue-on fake boobs, butt and hip pads for this time and the “girls” can wear them next time too!”

“That’s a great idea!” Lynette giggled.

Confirming that Rachel was great at her job, she asked, “You want some super tight waist cinchers too? With those plus the built-in corsetry of the dresses and Bunny outfits, those frat boys will have perfectly feminine hour glass figures!”

Lynette agreed with this idea immediately and thanked Rachel, “This is so amazing! I knew I could count on you to—”

“Hey, sorry to interrupt, but I just thought of...” Rachel began in a conspiratorial tone, “ahhhh, but, I don’t know...” she trailed off.

“What! What is it?” Lynette prodded, curious about her friend’s seemingly taboo suggestion.

“Well, and tell me if this is too...out there? But my brother owns a... ahem...an ‘adult’ store? And he can get you a few dozen...ummm... devices? At wholesale?”

“Devices?” Lynette asked, intrigued, “what kind of ‘devices?’”

When Rachel explained what she had in mind, Lynette laughed so hard she dropped her own phone, just like the other woman had done earlier, “Yes! Oh yes! I mean, hahaha, that’d be hilarious! Yes get them! Please! Send them along with the serving girl costumes to the sorority house! You can bill them to our credit card on record.”

She thanked Rachel again, and confirmed the delivery date and all the other details. She then hung up the call and collapsed on her bed laughing so hard that tears ran down her face. “That went better than I could have imagined!” she told herself.

Once she caught her breath, she rushed downstairs to the sorority house dining room to tell Gwendolyn, Elisha, and some of the other sisters the great news. The gathered girls all laughed til their sides ached, anticipating the stunned, incredulous looks on the frat boys' faces.

By this they meant both the ATB boys when they saw the flirty, feminized uniforms they'd be required to wear. Also, the Beta Mu Kappa boys who'd be just as shocked when they saw their arch rivals transformed into sexy, submissive serving "girls."

The Epsilon Betas hugged each other, convulsed with laughter at the prospect! They were all the more excited knowing that their plans were already underway, and would soon really happen. Their revenge against the Alpha Thetas was about to begin.

Chapter Three: Feminized For The Sorority Mixer

A week later, the big day had finally arrived: the sorority mixer. All of the girls from EBG were in a flurry of anticipation, primping and prepping for what was sure to be an unforgettable night.

The sisters had a special surprise planned for the fraternity brothers from ATB and the guests of honor, the Beta Mu Kappas also known as the BMKs. In preparation for the boys' arrival, the sisters went all out on their decorations and set up their basement as a dressing room for the soon to be feminized frat boys.

They carefully hung up the servant girl costumes on racks in order by size. Rachel, per Lynette's instructions, had made sure to send over the biggest ones available, as well as more usual female sizes. This to ensure that every ATB boy would have a cute costume that would fit him perfectly.

The girls set up a two dozen makeover stations, each had a vanity and a lighted mirror, as well as an assortment makeup all arranged for the planned forced feminization procedures. So when the ATBs arrived, as ordered at 1pm, the girls had plenty of time to get them ready for their big "coming out."

First, they made all the boys march down into their in-house workout room and Gwendolyn ordered them to, "Strip, all the way to your skin!" When they reluctantly complied, each boy was handed a tube of creme.

"Rub that all over your bodies, from your eyes down—even on your faces and privates!" said Gwendolyn. She was feeling an unexpected erotic thrill from bossing around the few dozen boys. She'd especially enjoyed planning and now engineering their emasculating humiliation.

"Be careful not to get any of that junk in your eyes!" Alisha warned, "that would hurt like heck and could force us to rush you to the emergency

room!”

If they'd known what was in store for them, the ATB brothers might have preferred to burn out their eyes to undergoing their impending feminization and exposure! But they were clueless about their quickly approaching humiliation at that point, and so they did as they were told.

After a few minutes, their skin began to itch and burn. “Hey!” Jimmy Rogers yelled, “this junk is starting to hurt! Where can we wash this off?”

Lynette, looking away from their nakedness, guided the boys into the sorority's large group shower room, adjacent to their the exercise studio and gym. There, she turned on the cold water and waved to the boys, guiding them to stand under the icy spray.

“Whoa that's c-c-c-old!” Benny Waters complained. He was a ginger haired blue eyed kid with a face full of freckles. He stood about 5'8” and at barely 140 pounds, he was unusually skinny for a nineteen year old guy.

As it happened, all of the ATB boys were between nineteen and twenty one, and almost all of them were very short and/or significantly underweight for their age.

“I need to dry off!” Benny whined, “I'm f-f-f-freezing!” he shivered.

“Yeah, b-b-b-but at least it's making this j-j-j-junk on my skin stop burning, and—h-h-h-h-hey! What's h-h-h-happening to my h-h-h-h-hair?” Jimmy yelled, his teeth chattering from the cold shower.

At this, the assembled dozen or so girls laughed at the now silky smooth-skinned boys. The industrial strength depilatory had done its job, and would keep them all hairless for several weeks. Also, the chilling showers had shrunk the boys' junk, a phenomenon that the girls had anticipated.

“Look at their tiny little cocks!” Gwen giggled, pointing at the demoralized, humiliated boys as the rest of the sisters joined in, laughing at and mocking their former tormentors.

“They’re absolutely micro phalluses,” observed Ingrid Sorenson, a blue eyed platinum blonde. She was biology major with a curvaceous yet incredibly fit body and the sweet cherubic face of an angel.

Standing at 5’8” and 120 pounds that filled out her perfectly rounded butt and perky breasts, she looked like a bimbo but was actually a genius. “I’m not sure those even qualify as male genitalia,” she added in a calm, clinical voice.

“If you ask me, they look more like little clitties than anything a real man would have,” Gwen laughed, looking right at Jimmy with her thumb and finger barely a half inch apart.

“Yes, this revenge thing is definitely working!” she smiled to herself, feeling the growing stirrings of ecstatic excitement between her long, shapely thighs.

“Hey! Shut up!” Jimmy snarled, increasingly humiliated by this embarrassing, emasculating exposure and feeling demeaned by the girls’ taunts.

“No, *you shut up!*” Gwen barked, even as most of the girls were busily taking videos and pictures of the boys, who were shivering and trying to hide their shrunken manhood with their hands.

They’d been stunned both by the cold and by having the girls laugh at their tiny dicks diminished by the icy cold water into little boyhood—or girlhood.

“Yes you heard me! Shut up! Unless you want us posting these pics and videos to the ‘net—” Gwen began.

“Yes, or we can report you perves to the campus cops for indecent exposure—” Lynette added scornfully.

“Yeah that too!” Gwen continued, “unless you want to be mocked or locked up, you’ll do exactly what we say!”

“Exactly,” said Lynette, “and don’t even try to grab our phones. These pictures and videos have already been automatically uploaded to the Cloud!”

“Crap! What do we do now?” asked Bobby Longworth, a rich legacy and a diminutive boy with strawberry blonde hair and blue eyes. He’d been coddled and spoiled by his daddy all of his life and so was entirely unprepared for this disparaging treatment.

“You’ll do whatever we say! Duh!” Elisha said, rolling her bright green eyes and flipping a lock of auburn hair behind her left ear for emphasis.

Lynette had earlier passed little pink velvet bags around to all of her sorority sisters. She had briefed them about this key step in their plans to humble the ATB brothers once and for all.

“Okay boys, you’ve been very good so far,” Elisha chirped, “now we have a surprise present for each of you!”

“A present?” Jimmy asked dubiously, “what kind of present?”

“A really awesome surprise present, one that involves us touching your cute little dicklettes!” Gwen cooed seductively.

“Sounds good to me!” Bobby said. At only about 5’3” and 105 pounds, he was never successful with girls, despite his family’s immense wealth. Anything that involved his tiny cock and a girl was a dream come true for little Bobby.

He wouldn't have even been accepted into the frat, except his father was an ATB brother back in his college days and he was by far the fraternity's most generous donor.

“Good!” Gwen said, adding in a sing-song voice, “Now open your mouth and close your eyes, and you will get a little surprise!”

“Isn't that s-s-s-s-supposed to be a 'b-b-b-big surprise?’” Benny asked, his teeth still chattering.

“No, in your case it's a 'little surprise' if not a tiny one!” Elisha said, giggling.

“Just close your eyes and shut up, Benny!” said Jimmy, “let's get to this surprise present!”

The two dozen fully-dressed sorority girls moved up closer to the naked, shivering boys. Each of the girls reached out and took a boy's shrunken dick in her warm, soft hands, fondling it gently.

“Ooooooh! That feels nice!” said Bobby, his little manhood starting to stir. He'd never felt the intimate touch of a pretty girl before, and he really loved it.

Suddenly the boys felt an odd sensation and opened their eyes to the CLICK CLICK CLICK sounds of plastic chastity devices being locked onto their flaccid dicks! Rachel's brother had come through big time.

Thanks to his “adult store,” the EBG sorority had enough cock cages to lock away their captives' privates, putting them even more under the girls' control than the Pan Hellenic verdict and the blackmail material had done.

This caused an uproar as Jimmy and his frat brothers fumed, threatened, and demanded the keys to unlock their cock cages. Finally, they fell to their knees and begged for release.

“You can’t do this!” Jimmy ranted.

“Oh no?” Lynette smirked, “looks like we already have!”

“I’ll report you! I’ll...I’ll...” he sputtered.

“You’ll report us? To whom?” Gwen laughed, “We’ll just say that you dweebs must have put on the cock cages yourself trying to get out of your punishments. Who do you think people will believe?”

“Oh crap!” Jimmy said, realizing she was probably right. The ATBs’ reputation was trash. “Come on! Please don’t do this to us?” he whined, falling to his knees in supplication.

“Wow! Begging already?” Gwen laughed.

“And that’s just after only about three minutes,” Elisha giggled.

“Just imagine how desperate they’ll be in a week—or a month?” Lynette smirked.

At that point, the girls had established their complete control over the boys. Between the blackmail photos and videos, their locked up cocks, and the edicts from the Pan Hellenic Council, there was nothing the chastened frat brothers could do to resist.

All of that made the boys completely compliant, and made things so much easier for the girls. They marched the boys over to the ad hoc dressing room at the other end of the basement, giggling the whole time.

When Jimmy and his frat brothers saw the racks of serving girl dresses with the feminine shoes arranged underneath, they recognized them immediately. Jimmy loved seeing Gwen wearing the sultry French maid style outfit when they’d been dating.

All of them had seen Lynette bending over again and again in the short, sassy dress, exposing her panties to them as they intentionally dropped pens and other small objects on purpose. Of course they did that simply to make her put her bubble butt on display. They had a very bad feeling about what was about to happen.

Their worst fears were confirmed when Gwen smirked, “Okay *girls*... it’s time to get dressed!”

Chapter Three: Emasculated And Exposed As French Maids

Had they not been threatened with expulsion, exposure, and possible prosecution, the boys might have resisted. Had they not been locked into chastity, they might have refused. As it was, they all groaned pitifully and began looking through the dozens of identical little outfits, trying to find their best fit.

As their entire frat house was made up mostly of scrawny little guys, and some tall lanky guys, there was little problem matching up each ATB brother with a perfect costume for their body.

Each of the sorority girls picked a “little sister” from among the humiliated guys, and helped “her” into the costume they’d found. The waist cinchers went on first, and caused the horrified frat boys to gasp as their lungs were squeezed almost beyond their endurance.

Then, each was fitted with a sexy pair of tight black spandex panties that pushed their cock cages backward and up between their legs, crushing their balls back into the cavities they’d descended from. For some of the guys, that hadn’t been too long ago.

Next, the girls each strapped a padded push-up bra around their little sister’s chest, hooked it in the back, and adjusted the straps to hold the realistic-looking silicone prosthetic breast inserts in place. The boys gaped at the illusion of womanly cleavage now clearly apparent on their upper bodies.

To their astonishment, their new feminine endowments bounced and looked every bit as realistic as their big sisters’ boobs. With the hip and butt pads also made out of the highest grade silicone attached, each boy now had buxom, curvaceous bodies.

They all looked much more like sexy young girls than college boys, and they hadn't even put on their dresses, wigs, or makeup yet! This omission was rapidly remedied. The sorority girls were giggling and laughing out loud as each directed their charge to roll the fishnet stay up stockings along their silky smooth legs, then had them step into their sexy servant girl dress.

The girls happily forced the feminized boys to stand submissively as they tightened the built-in corsetry on each costume. If they'd had trouble breathing before, they were even more constricted now as each boy's waist became waspishly tiny, giving them a most alluring hour glass figure. Exactly as Rachel had predicted.

They were all amazed at the over all effect of these outfits—the Epsilon Beta Gamma girls and the Alpha Tau “girls” alike. The latter sighed at the sexy, sensual feelings of their sewn-in petticoats swishing against their soft, hair-free, and nearly-naked legs.

When they were made to slip into their shoes, the three inch heels caused them stumble and stagger. They risked falling on their faces and twisting their dainty ankles. It took them several trips walking cautiously back and forth across the basement floor, plus the careful coaching of their big sisters, before the boys could reliably walk in their sexy high heels.

Before too long, the feminized frat bros managed to move around adequately albeit hardly effortlessly in their seductively saucy little outfits and heels. Even so, they felt abashed by the tiny, mincing feminine steps they had to take.

Their unfamiliar heels forced them into an unfamiliar feminized posture and set their realistic-looking boobs bouncing with their augmented butts thrust out. That, along with the way the shoes elevated their legs so they looked feminine and shapely, made the boys appear girlishly beautiful and feel ever more emasculated.

Gwen was the first to notice this and immediately pointed out the boys' alluring poses to her sorority sisters. "Look girls!" she laughed, "see how the high heels push out the serving girls' sexy butts and bodacious tatas?"

Elisha said, "OMG yes! How adorable! Those legs are to die for, and I just love how they're forced to swing their wide child-bearing hips as they sashay about!"

"True!" Lynette added, "I love how we can hear their prissy petticoats rustling with every coquettish motion. They move around so saucily!"

Ingrid struck a super model pose and said, "I'm getting jealous of those sexy *girls!*"

Gwen clapped her hands delightedly, asking, "Hey *girls*, are you sure you were ever boys to begin with? You move around like pretty little ballerinas!"

That was a huge exaggeration, but it had its intended impact as the demoralized and degraded frat boys felt more humiliated than they'd imagined possible. Even their worst nightmares, arriving at a lecture hall naked, and on, were nothing next to this utter debasement!

Force feminized, dressed as French maids, they'd been compelled to swish around like saucy serving girls in the basement of a sorority house in front of two dozen beautiful girls, all of whom were laughing at them and mercilessly mocking them. sorority girls.

They'd been denuded of all their facial and body hair, locked into chastity, and more. All this under the watchful eyes of young coeds intent on completely emasculating them. Unfortunately for the chastised frat boys, their ordeal had barely begun!

Giggling, every sorority sister selected a feminized "serving girl" as their designated "little sister." Then, excitedly, they each escorted their

chosen “girl” to a makeup station. There, they applied foundation and blush to each face.

Also, they expertly lined each eye with pencil, applied layers of shimmering eye shadow to each eye lid, and glued false lashes above and below each eye. Next, they coated those lashes with extravagant strokes of mascara.

When needed, some girls used contouring techniques to further feminine the hapless boys’ faces. Often, such as with skinny Benny and petite Bobby, their faces took to makeup as if they’d always been pretty little princesses. No other help was necessary to make them look like beautiful wide-eyed coeds with high cheekbones and full, kissable lips.

The girls used setting powder and spray to fix the makeup on each beautiful, girlish face. Lastly each of the real girls glued brightly polished nails onto each fingertip, and picked out a wig that either closely matched their little sister’s hair, or else selected a drastically different color that helped make “her” look even more enticingly, strikingly beautiful.

In Jimmy’s case, Gwen attached a most adorable pink wig to his head. I felt the long, curled tendrils tickling his shoulders. Looking in the lighted mirror in front of him, he saw that his alluring makeup and pretty wig made him look like a living doll. Gwen felt herself getting excited seeing her former boyfriend transformed from a loud-mouthed inconsiderate jerk into timid but very sexy girl.

The Alpha Theta brothers looked at their reflections and at each other with disbelief and shock! Every single one of them had been made to dress like a sexy servant girl! The ladies had gone above and beyond feminizing each frat brother. No one could possibly see them as anything but the cute and sweet or, in some cases, the tarty and tantalizing girls they appeared to be!

When the BMK frat boys walked through the door on the dot at 6pm, they couldn't believe what they saw. Everywhere they looked stood or

sauntered a gorgeous and unmistakably feminine French maid.

All of the dainty serving girls had bouncing boobs, sexy butts, and curvy hips. Some of them were strutting about, while others were tending to tables filled with food or drink, but all of them had shapely legs adorned in seductive, somewhat slutty, fishnet stockings.

“Where are those ATB jerks?” asked Josh Peterson, the president of the Beta Mu Kappa house, “I thought they were gonna have to be waitresses tonight?” He looked disappointed as he approached Gwen.

“You’re looking at them!” Gwen laughed, waving her hand around to indicate the many exquisitely made-over maids, all of whom were forced to curtsy in submissive, subservient greeting to the real men who were starting at them. To a “girl” the ABTs were blushing with emasculated humiliation at being exposed this way to their most hated rival frat house.

Josh and his frat brothers didn’t believe it. “No f-ing way!” said DeWayne Williams, “no way are these guys. These are all actual girls. Who are they? Your pledge class?”

“No!” laughed his twin sister Luwanda, “I wouldn’t lie to you, D! These ‘girls’ are all the ATBs! We had a blast feminizing them here all day today!”

“To be honest,” Elisha said, “we’d have had a blast even if they didn’t come out half as cute as they did!”

“Hell, I’d tap them, especially her, the girl with the pink hair!” Josh said, laughing and pointing directly at Jimmy who was carrying a silver tray laden with smoked salmon, spinach, and feta cheese canapés.

From the voracious and predatory look in his eyes, “the girl with the pink hair” was worried that his long-time arch rival wasn’t kidding! He had no time to worry about that, however, as Gwen slapped him on his rounded ass hard enough to set the silicone pads jiggling. This propelled the

helpless, humiliated, feminized frat president forward toward his counterpart Josh.

The shocked looks on the BMK boys' faces quickly turned into huge grins! They broke out into raucous laughter as they realized how humiliated the feminized ATB "girls" must feel!

For their part, the serving "girls" were close to panic. Some of them seemed poised to run away, but Lynette held up a handful of delicate chains, each of which held a tiny key, and cleared her throat loudly.

At that clear reminder that their manhood was locked away and at the mercy of their captors, most of the emasculated chastised frat boys bowed their heads servilely. Many of them looked like they were about to cry.

After a bit of coaxing (and more than a few threats), each feminized frat brother reluctantly began serving drinks and hors d'oeuvres, dropping into a demure little curtsy each time one of the BMK boys or Epsilon Beta Gamma girls took a drink or a snack from their tray. This continued throughout the event much to everyone's delight! Everyone except for the Alpha Taus.

As if that wasn't enough humiliation, at midnight each of them were asked to perform a dance routine which only added fuel to an already blazing fire of abject humiliation! Finally, the horrific night was almost over for the feminized frat.

They still had to clean up after the party. Washing and waxing the floors, doing the dishes, and all the rest. Their feet were in agony thanks to their long night sashaying around in high heels, and their tortured legs felt like lead anchors. Their backs were aching, due to the unfamiliar weight of their realistic glued-on boobs. Even their tiny cocks were throbbing, entrapped in their tiny plastic prisons.

Although none of them would admit it, some of them had been aroused by their emasculation. A few were titillated by their forced

feminization. Some from being bossed around by the beautiful sorority girls. Others by getting exposed to Alpha males as submissive sissies. Many from a combination of the above.

Jimmy had been groped all night by girls and boys alike. Both Gwen and Josh were the most frequent culprits. He felt used and demeaned after he'd been treated like a plaything, and objectified like sex toy. It was a rude, humiliating awakening for him.

“This has been the most emasculating experience I could ever imagine,” he whined to himself as he brushed a lock of pink hair out of his heavily made up eyes. “I can't believe this is just the first ordeal we have to go through!”

Chapter Four: Humiliating Homecoming To A Feminized Frat House

Late that night, when the exhausted, feminized boys returned to their frat house, they got another staggering shock. All of their junk and other mess were gone. Not just cleaned up, but no longer there at all.

All of their moth-eaten furniture and dingy window shades had been removed, replaced by clean, new and unmistakably feminine tables, chairs, sofas, lamps, and draperies. Everything they could see was delicate and dainty, in pink, lavender or similar girlish colors. Even their walls were painted in prissy pastels with a fancy feminine trim.

Their piles of old pizza boxes and other refuse were gone, along with the piles of dirty laundry that they'd left strewn all over their dusty floors. In fact, all of their clothes were missing, along with their drab, discolored sheets, frayed blankets, and misshapen pillows.

Instead, they found new, girlish outfits—dresses, skirts, flirty tops, bras, panties, and other sexy lingerie—all carefully folded in their drawers or hanging neatly in their otherwise spotless closets. Their utilitarian beds had been replaced with four poster ones fit for a princess, covered with girlish sheets and comforters, soft round pillows in satin cases, and cute stuffed animals.

Their Play Stations and Xboxes had been swapped out for lighted vanities surrounded by a rainbow of makeup and expensive hair products and stylish implements—curling irons, blow dryers, and the like.

In every way, their former “man cave” of a frat house had been as thoroughly feminized as they had been. Now, it looked like a typical sorority house!

Jimmy's phone was ringing. The name that came up was "Wicked Witch." He winced knowing who was calling, but as his imprisoned dicklette felt the weight of its chastity cage, he thought better of sending the call to voice mail. "Hi Gwen," he said morosely.

"Hi Princess!" Gwen giggled, "I guess that by now you've noticed that the girls from all the other sorority houses spruced up your place a little bit?"

He groaned, "How? Why?"

"Oh it's simple, girl friend. All the other girls have been just as sick of you guys—I'm sorry, you gals—being jerks as we are. So when I suggested that you'd all be busy all day at our house getting prettied up? Literally hundreds of girls volunteered to help you out! What you see around you is the results!"

Jimmy was worn down physically and emotionally, "Gwen, this is all going way too far! We can't live in a sissy, girly place like this? We're guys dammit!"

"You sure? I mean you don't look like guys?" Gwen teased, "as a matter of fact, I'm looking right at you and you look like a typical slut who's been ridden hard and put away wet! Wave to the camera, *Jasmine!*"

Jimmy felt like he'd been slapped across the face. First off, she'd called him "Jasmine," a name that fit a girly girl. That, and he knew that he'd been systematically transformed to a feminized version of himself, a girlish creature who could easily pass for a "Jasmine." Secondly, she'd mentioned a camera.

"Did you really get the other sorority houses to install cameras in our frat house?" he asked.

"Looks more like a sorority house to me," she giggled, "and yes!" she added, laughing as she saw his eyes go wide in shock. "Better get your

beauty rest, doll face! Tomorrow is another big day for you girls! Ta-ta, *Jasmine*, or can I call you *Jazz*?”

Before he could answer, Gwen had already hung up the phone. Jimmy sighed, and stripped off the humiliating costume he'd been forced to wear, but he found the fake boobs, hip pads, and butt pads impossible to remove. Also, his pink wig was stuck on tight!

He'd be forced to go to his Monday classes with them on, along with his long red nails that were glued on as well. Of course the chastity device was locked in place, forcing his manhood into hiding and making him look like a girl even between his legs!

Then he remembered that he didn't have a stitch of male clothing to wear, and neither did any of his frat brothers. Dejectedly, he looked through his drawers and closets for the least feminine things he could try to pass off as androgynous.

The best he could find was a knee-length grey pencil skirt and an ivory crepe blouse. He'd need a bra to contain his new titties, and the only underwear he could choose from were sexy thongs, lacy bikini panties, and so on. He reluctantly set out the feminine outfit for the next day.

“His” shoes were all sandals, pumps, and the like with at least a two inch heel. Most of them had even higher heels. He picked out a pair of navy blue pumps. He thought they had a manageable heel, at least after his long night tottering around in the three inch heeled Mary Janes.

He reluctantly dressed himself in a silky baby doll nightie. It was a bright bubble gum pink hue, and had lavish lace adorning the collar, the leg openings, and the cuffs. He chose the set because it was the only sleepwear that he could find with anything resembling pants.

He sighed as he realized that these “pants” still made him feel like a sexy little girl. He slid between his soft, silky new sheets and shed a tear

when he realized that this was now his miserable, feminized life. At least for the time being.

The next day, he and his frat brothers—now looking more like sorority sisters—struggled to get through their Monday classes. They'd all been forced to wear skirts, dresses, or tight little short shorts—all of which exposed their smooth, silky hairless legs. This attracted unwanted mockery and attention from their classmates, boys and girls alike.

Everyone who they'd ever teased or bullied before was now emboldened. Their former victims eagerly turned the tables on them. Even nerds they'd picked on the day before their feminization grinned at them. Dweebs obnoxiously pinched their asses, whistled at them, and called them embarrassing names like “foxy lady” or, more cruelly, “skanky slut.”

Girls they'd ghosted, dissed, or ignored completely called them “girl friend” or “princess” and complimented them—they hoped sarcastically—on their “cute outfits” and “trendy looks.” One girl invited Jimmy to “come over and raid my closet,” and others invited the feminized boys to “trade clothes and makeup tips.”

The beleaguered, ego-battered frat boys regrouped in their house. Even the walls of their abode, now virtually radiating femininity, mocked them. “We have to figure out some way to stop this!” Bobby cried.

He was wearing a sexy little pink crop-top and shorty overalls in white denim. His freckled face looked adorable, with his pink plumped lips and alluring eye makeup. Like all the rest of them, his makeover from the previous day hadn't faded at all. In fact, scrubbing with soap did nothing to remove or even lessen their striking makeup.

Jimmy looked like an office girl in his pretty little business outfit. Only the flirty, frivolous bright pink hair of his wig hinted that he wasn't a trusted personal assistant. Instead, it made him look like eye candy, or even a promiscuous little office slut. Several girls had mentioned this to him as he sat in classes or walked across campus in his cute high heeled pumps.

Jimmy realized that as frat house president, it was up to him to help lead the force-feminized boys out of this mess and back to some semblance of masculinity. He just had no idea how to do that! Before he could even suggest any possible solution to their dilemma, his phone rang. It was Gwendolyn again.

She said, "Put me on speaker, *Jasmine*." Shrugging, he complied, groaning at her calling him by such a girlish name.

"Good afternoon, Angels!" she said with an amused tone as the emasculated frat brothers crowded around to listen. "Today is your second assignment: 'Have a makeover day where they must learn how to style their hair, apply makeup, and dress in feminine clothing.' I can see that you girls accomplished the clothing part!"

All the frat sisters groaned, looking at each other seeing all of them dressed in such feminine outfits.

Gwen said, "It looks like you all did a great job dressing yourselves as cute little coeds. Some of you better than others. Props, Roberta! That little overall shorty outfit looks simply adorable on you!"

Bobby jolted upright upon hearing her call him by a feminized version of his name.

"Still, you need to learn how to style your hair and apply your own makeup! Your current 'faces' will stay vibrant from another few weeks or so, but you need to build on that base to really make your girlish faces pop!"

More groans all around responded to that.

"Don't worry girls!" Gwen laughed, "your 'big sisters' will be right there to help!" leaving the suffering sissified boys stunned and speechless.

Almost speechless that is, as Jimmy cleared his throat and asked, “What did you do to our house, Gwen? This wasn’t part of the—”

“Now Jasmine,” Gwen laughed, “you know we didn’t do anything to the former toxic waste dump you called your house? All of us Epsilon Beta Gamma sisters were busy with you at our sorority house the whole time, helping you find your true selves as beautiful, feminine, sorority girls, just like us!”

Groaning at being called “Jasmine” again, Jimmy swallowed hard and persisted, “You know what I mean? Our whole place looks like a Sorority House! Someone did this!”

Gwen giggled, “Yes, we’ve been over this, sis! While we EBG sisters were transforming you all into cute little sorority girls, the rest of the sororities on campus were doing the same to that former hideous dump. It’s so much better now!”

“The first thing they did was clear away all the mess and clutter that you had let accumulate over the years. Then, they scoured your rooms, especially the kitchen and dining areas. I hope they were all wearing hazmat suits! You Beta Tau Gamma girls used to be such slobs back when you were pretending to be boys!”

“Very funny, Gwen,” said Jimmy, “What I want.... Wait, ‘Beta Tau Gamma girls?’ What do you—”

Gwen said, “Yes, Beta Tau Gamma girls! You can no longer be a fraternity with you all being, you know, girls? So we contacted your former Alpha Tau Beta national office and explained the situation. They were glad to be rid of you and they think the whole thing is hilarious!”

The former frat brothers looked at each other dumbfounded, and Gwen continued saying, “Then, we spoke with the Beta Tau Gamma national office. They were highly skeptical at first, until we showed them the videos of your transformations. They also think it’s totally hilarious.

The GTB national office called us back this afternoon and made the change official!”

Gwendolyn paused to watch the stunned looks on all of the former Alpha Tau Beta fraternity brothers, now newly feminized Beta Tau Gamma sorority sisters via the hidden cameras. All of the Epsilon Beta Gamma sisters were also watching, and she had to hit mute on her phone because the EBGs were laughing so loudly!

As the screams of laughter settled down into giggles, she unmuted and said, “Stop interrupting me, *Jazzy Girl!* I’ll let you know when I want to hear you speak. Now where was I? Oh yes! Your fellow sorority girls decorated each room with bright colors, comfortable furniture, modern art pieces, and plenty of cute house plants for a fresh look throughout the place.”

The very pleased sorority president lectured the quivering boys, saying, “They also added some unique touches such as colorful rugs in various shapes and sizes to add texture to each space. In addition to adding personality through these feminine color schemes and decorations, they created designated study areas so you girls can study together or independently without being disturbed by loud music or other distractions from common areas.”

Gwen was obviously enjoying this. She’d hoped to be a professor some day, and planned to write up this whole forced-feminization process as her honor’s project and then possibly elaborate on it for her PhD thesis.

She went on, “They created cozy lounge spaces where you girls can relax after long days studying or doing homework assignments—including your girl training assignments of course! Those will be so helpful during exam season!”

“Finally, when everything else was finished up properly, right down to populating organizing your once-lonely bookshelves with romance novels and text books, this once-decrepit frat house had been transformed

into a charming, inviting sorority house! A home full of love for its newly feminized sisters—you! The conversion was complete and now your sorority house is officially open for business!”

Bobby, Jimmy, Benny, and the rest of the new sorority girls looked at each other in shock. They’d barely come to grips with the idea that they would be made to look and act like girls, occasionally they thought.

Now, they were struck by the true nature of their fate! They were no longer frat bros. Not any more. Now, they had no choice. They were sorority girls, at least through the end of the semester.

Benny was wearing a pastel green mini skirt with a light pink crop-top. His white knee socks trimmed in matching green and pink, and his cute white sandals with three inch heels, gave him an adorable flirty little girl look.

Elisha chimed in, saying they’d decided that his new sorority girl name would be “Bonnie.” “That means ‘attractive’ or ‘beautiful’ in Scottish” she explained, “and you’re certainly a bonnie young lassie!”

The former frat boy until recently called Benny—who’d looked too thin and gangly as a male—made a most gorgeous and sexy young woman. The feminine ensemble fit his svelte figure perfectly.

“Bonnie’s” roommate Bobby looked just as cute and feminine in his matching pink crop top paired with tight, white denim shorty overalls. Lynette smirked, “Your name is Roberta for now on!” She added, “I’m so glad to have you as my new little sister! You make such an adorable little girl!”

“Roberta,” or “Robbi” as he was now called, sadly had to agree that his small stature and freckles made him look much younger than his nineteen years would suggest. He looked much more like a cute, tween girl just on the cusp of young womanhood.

Gwen made kissy noises, said, “Bye for now, pretty babies! See you soon!” Then she hung up with a mocking laugh.

Both of the feminized boys had been teased and tormented all day as their female classmates mocked them for looking like such pretty little coeds. Worse, they suffered endless emasculation as their male counterparts took liberties with them, slapping and pinching their butts catcalling them. They both felt like crying.

All of the former frat boys shared similar shameful stories. They’d all been humiliated and mocked as they navigated the quad in their cute little outfits, tottering on their sexy high heeled shoes. One by one they complained about their sore back, overburdened by their heavy, womanly breasts.

Each of them agreed that they’d never survive an entire semester as girls. This after just one day spent suffering from the exact same sexist treatment they’d previously inflicted on female students. Several guys had even asked them out on dates!

The sarcastic overtures were bad enough. The sincere come ons were even more emasculating! None of them had any suggestions for any means of escape, however, so they just whined miserably about how unfair their punishment was.

Gwen had hung up the phone some ten minutes earlier, after giving them fair warning that the EBG girls were on their way. Even so, the new sorority girls were startled by the loud knocking on the door of their former fraternity house—which was now officially a sorority house.

Not waiting to be let in, the Epsilon Beta Gamma sisters barged in like they owned the place. “Nice place, *girls!*” Elisha said, “I just love what you’ve done with it!”

Giggling, each EBG girl went to the a Beta Tau Gamma they’d chosen as their “little sister” the previous day. Taking each “girl” by “her”

prettily manicured hand, the Epsilon Beta Gamma sisters led her charge upstairs for their first makeup lesson, and just their second punishment. Considering that they still had nine more excruciatingly emasculating punishments to go, it wouldn't be their last!

Continued in *Force Feminized Fraternity Two: Stuck As Sorority Girls*

Afterward by the Author

I cannot thank you enough for reading my book! I hope you [try some of my other](#) stories as well. Some are even edgier while others are much sweeter and more sentimental than this one. Please [give them a look on Amazon?](#)

This story is the first part of a multi-book story, dedicated to my mentor, Kylie Gable. I got my start in writing forced-feminization fiction by editing her books. Eventually, I started suggesting scenes in her stories starting with the [Boys of Alpha Theta Nu series](#). From there, I soon launched my own career publishing forced-feminization fantasies, and the rest is humiliating forced feminizing fantasy history.

Some of my stories begin as commissions. That means the main plot and characters are proposed to me by a fan who hires me to bring her inner gurl to life through "[Buy Me A Coffee](#)." You can commission me to write a custom story using your plot with you as the main character.

Just click here: <http://www.BuyMeACoffee.com/MindiHarris/e/19875>

I hope you liked reading this story as much as I liked writing it! If so, please give me a 5 star rating. I'll settle for 4 stars, but to be honest, that's only an 80%, barely a B grade. I put so much effort into writing, editing, and publishing these stories, I think I deserve better than that.

Please consider that bad reviews hurt authors a lot. I am very fortunate to have so many kind and enthusiastic fans. Not everyone is able to publicly say they enjoy these types of stories. Still, you can rate this book with 5 stars anonymously. Also, if you're so inclined, please add a positive review—anonmously if you feel that's best.

Thank you again, Dear Reader! I wouldn't write a thing without your kind support!

XOX
Mindi Harris