

*Force Feminized Fraternity Two:*

*Stuck As Sorority Girls  
The Forced Feminization  
Of Frat Boys At The Hands  
Of Sexy Sorority Girls*

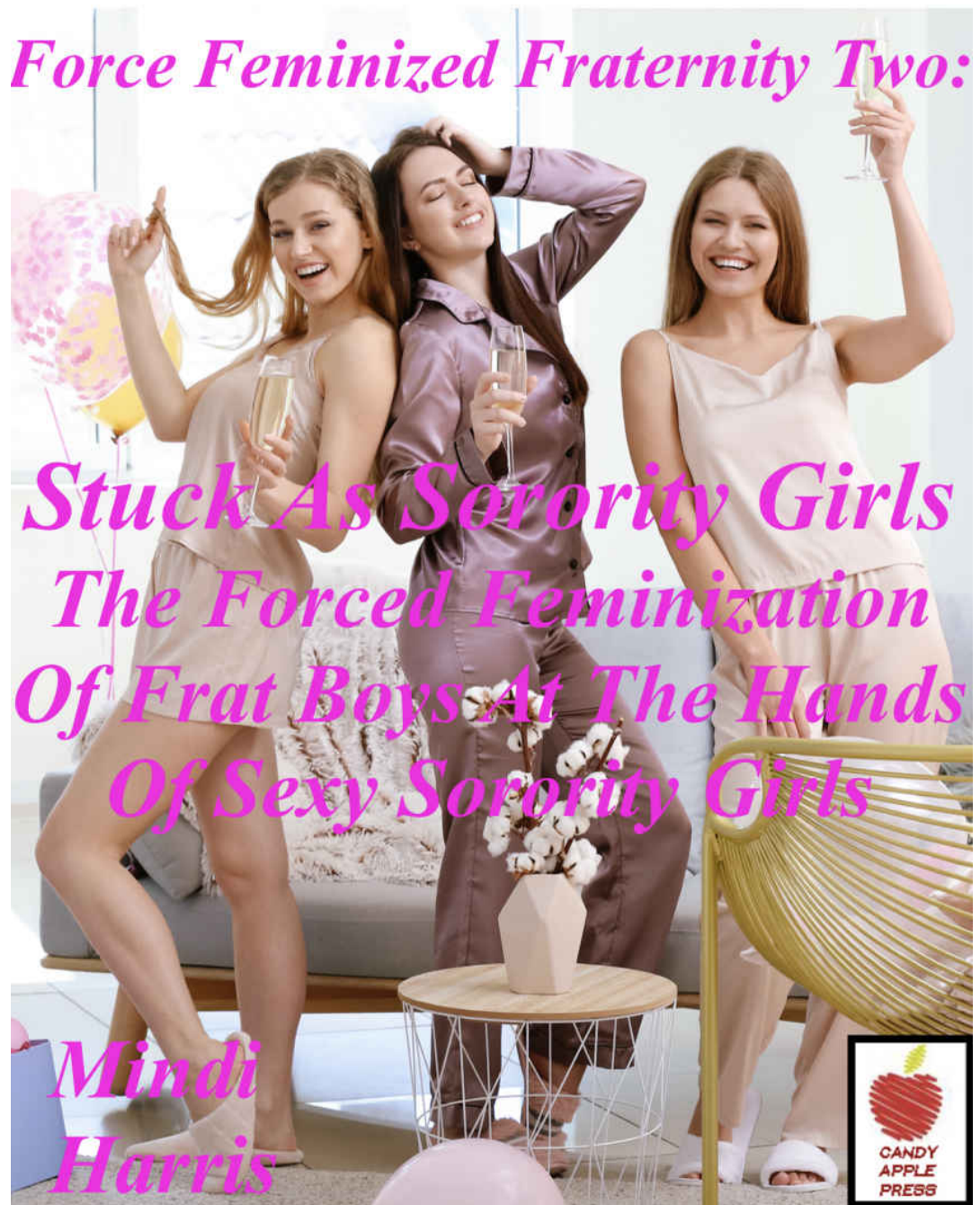
*Mindi  
Harris*



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For Mature audiences only. All characters are above the legal age.

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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.

## *Warning And Sneak Preview*

Warning! This 11,300+ word book (with 9,300+ words of actual story content) involves kinky, taboo themes like forced feminization, pegging, naked men and fully-clothed women, detailed makeovers, male chastity, public exposure as sissified 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 second book of the all new sexy, stimulating series: *Feminized Fraternity*. This book involves kinky, taboo themes like forced feminization, pegging, tied up men, detailed makeovers, male chastity, public exposure as cute college coeds, lifestyle change, power exchange, female domination, and more! Read on—if you dare!

**Sneak Preview:** The former Alpha Tau Beta fraternity brothers were barely into the second week of their punishment. This was imposed on them for being rude and obnoxious to the Epsilon Beta Gamma sorority girls, as well as to most of the other students at Central State College. This was a small liberal arts school in Pennsylvania.

They were just fourteen days into their emasculating “educational exercises,” and it already felt like an embarrassing eternity to the chastised formerly sexist former frat boys. They were no longer the infamous “Animal House” fraternity on campus. They weren’t even a fraternity. In fact, they were not even boys anymore!

They’d all been force feminized into Gamma Tau Beta sorority sisters. Their transformations had been incredibly quick and complete, as well as most humiliating. After enduring their first two punishments, including having to serve at a sorority mixer dressed as French maids and being forced to learn how to do their hair and makeup, they’d been totally remade into little feminine coeds.

Even their house—a former foul-smelling disaster area of accumulated clutter, stale food, and beer-stained junk—had been renovated into a darling home fit for a few dozen pretty, prissy princesses. That’s because while the EBG sorority girls were transforming the ill-mannered frat boys into sweet sorority sisters, the other sorority houses at Central State were doing the same to their former frat house.

Just a few weeks before, it had been an egregious eye-sore, if not an environmental disaster area. That was until hundreds of giggling but determined sorority girls quickly worked together to completely transform the former Alpha Tau Beta frat house inside and out. It took them all day, and most of the night, but they’d done it.

While the former boys were busy being emasculated and humiliated by the sisters of Epsilon Beta Gamma, the other sorority girls were remaking the former Alpha Tau Beta dump of a frat house into the beautiful and feminine Beta Tau Gamma sorority house. From the ivory exterior with pink accents to the pastel colored paint on the interior walls, and from the fluffy area rugs on the floors to the plush new furniture, there was no trace of masculinity left inside or out.

No detail was overlooked. Instead of sports posters and pin up centerfolds of nude and scantily clad models, girlish prints of ballerinas and cute animals hung on every wall. Gone were the old beer bottles and other refuse. Instead, there were ceramic pots with flowering house plants.

The changes to the house were dramatic and thorough. They included switching out every stitch of the occupants’ tattered and stained male clothing for dainty new outfits, dresses, skirts, and lingerie appropriate for sexy sorority girls. The last detail was suggested by the Beta Mu Kappa frat brothers as revenge for a feminizing, humiliating prank they’d suffered at the hands of the former Alpha Taus.

The changes in the new sorority girls themselves were every bit as profound. The denial of sexual release and several days of wearing cute

outfits—dresses and skirts along with high heels, panties, bras, jewelry, and makeup—had worked a remarkable change on them.

Being forced to pee sitting down like a girl because of their chastity cages was a constant reminder of their feminized fate. After just a few weeks locked in chastity, their personalities became much more docile and demure. Attending classes dressed as cute college girls, the newly transformed Beta Tau sisters were quickly becoming indistinguishable from all the other female students.

The former ATB brothers had been kicked out of their national fraternity, and were welcomed into the Gamma Tau sisterhood—very much against their wishes. In the few weeks since, they'd become such sweet, submissive missies that before long no one who'd known them as crude frat dudes could even believe that they were the same people. They were no longer the loud, obnoxious frat bros notorious for crude and disgusting behavior.

They were no longer the focus of as much teasing either, as their classmates had generally accepted them as the college girls they appeared to be. The other girls chatted with them as if they'd always been female, complimenting their clothes and makeup and discussing things the way girls only did when there weren't any guys around.

Meanwhile, many of the college boys started hitting on them! This was clear proof that they were no longer considered men in any way, and becoming aware of their new status as sexy, datable girls embarrassed and humiliated the emasculated former frat brothers more than anything else.

They fit in so well as girls because they'd been trained to act like refined, proper girls over the previous two weeks. As their third punishment, they'd been ordered to “take classes on etiquette and proper behavior for ladies such as table manners, posture, etc.” This they'd done, reluctantly and resentfully, but ultimately, obediently. They'd had no choice in the matter.

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*Forward By The Author*

This is the second book in the story of the former 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 former Alpha Theta boys, already completely transformed into sorority girls? What additional 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, Pegging, Bondage, Forced Feminization Fantasy—if you dare!

This nearly 11,200+ word book (with 9,300+ words of actual story content) is the second part of an all new multi-book forced feminization fantasy.

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*Reader Discretion Advised*

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## *Disclaimers*

None of the characters, entities, names, events, locations, or any other details refer to anyone or anything in reality. Any resemblance to any person living or dead is unintended and coincidental. This story is fantasy and for personal entertainment only. **Do not try this at home!**

**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, pegging, bondage chastity, erotica, featuring conflicted / reluctant / defiant characters' 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: The Second Week As Submissive Sorority Sisters*

The former Alpha Tau Beta fraternity brothers were barely into the second week of their punishment. This was imposed on them for being rude and obnoxious to the Epsilon Beta Gamma sorority girls, as well as to most of the other students at Central State College. This was a small liberal arts school in Pennsylvania.

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The changes in the new sorority girls themselves were every bit as profound. The denial of sexual release and several days of wearing cute outfits—dresses and skirts along with high heels, panties, bras, jewelry, and makeup—had worked a remarkable change on them.

Being forced to pee sitting down like a girl because of their chastity cages was a constant reminder of their feminized fate. After just a few weeks locked in chastity, their personalities became much more docile and demure. Attending classes dressed as cute college girls, the newly transformed Beta Tau sisters were quickly becoming indistinguishable from all the other female students.

The former ATB brothers had been kicked out of their national fraternity, and were welcomed into the Gamma Tau sisterhood—very much against their wishes. In the few weeks since, they'd become such sweet, submissive missies that before long no one who'd known them as crude frat dudes could even believe that they were the same people. They were no longer the loud, obnoxious frat bros notorious for crude and disgusting behavior.

They were no longer the focus of as much teasing either, as their classmates had generally accepted them as the college girls they appeared to be. The other girls chatted with them as if they'd always been female, complimenting their clothes and makeup and discussing things the way girls only did when there weren't any guys around.

Meanwhile, many of the college boys started hitting on them! This was clear proof that they were no longer considered men in any way, and becoming aware of their new status as sexy, datable girls embarrassed and humiliated the emasculated former frat brothers more than anything else.

They fit in so well as girls because they'd been trained to act like refined, proper girls over the previous two weeks. As their third punishment, they'd been ordered to "take classes on etiquette and proper behavior for ladies such as table manners, posture, etc." This they'd done, reluctantly and resentfully, but ultimately, obediently. They'd had no choice in the matter.

These etiquette and deportment lessons had been ego-obliterating. Lynette Hughes, the community service vice president of the EBG sorority, had contacted her finishing school teacher Miss Myerson. An old school pedagogue, Myerson or "Miss M" as she was known, specialized in turning tom boys into sweet, well-mannered southern belles.

Miss M was a slim, fit 5'6" woman who weighed about 110 pounds. She was in her fifties and had striking golden blonde hair that she wore in a stylish asymmetrical bob style with bangs that framed her face and highlighted her piercing grey-blue eyes. She spoke in a slow, syrupy, almost unctuous southern drawl, but that elegant affectation was only a show of her impeccable manners that barely camouflaged her "iron lady" personality.

When Lynette, one of her star pupils, called her and explained the situation, the world-renowned instructor was intrigued and enthusiastic. She said in her lilting, refined accent, "Ah thank you foh invitin' me to

participate in this noble undertaking mah deah! I shall consider this assignment to be the most challenging and most rewarding mission of mah life time!”

She was determined to seize control of the feminized boys and promised “Ah will remake these recalcitrants into demure little angels. By mah word, ah will turn them out as delightful debutantes! Evraah single one of them!”

She was a task master (or more accurately a task mistress), a formidable woman with an uncompromising attitude when it came to her work. As a fastidious teacher of deportment and manners, she had been training young girls on the finer points of femininity, drumming into them lessons about how to behave as refined ladies for decades.

Miss Myerson ran her classes with military precision and expected nothing less than perfection from each of her students. She launched into her tutelage of the former frat boys with relish, training them in the skills and etiquette needed to become accomplished debutantes.

Every one of them had to adhere strictly to their stern teacher’s rules on deportment, grace, posture, and etiquette or else face stern reprimand from the teacher herself! These included humiliating and even sarcastic dressing down, and even painful spankings over her knee. Those lessons weren’t easily forgotten by the emasculated sorority girls!

At first, many of the girls found Miss Myerson’s strict methods intimidating if not horrifying. A few resisted, but not for long. Gradually, painstakingly, they began to learn her harsh lessons about proper vs. improper behavior. This, through time-tested techniques that the instructor used to help generations of young southern girls take their places in high society during their debutante seasons.

Miss Myerson’s classes included lessons on how to walk, talk, and dress in private and in public, as well as the subtleties of proper table manners and conversational etiquette. She was a stickler for details and had no qualms about quickly correcting any mistakes her students made.

Sometimes with a sharp rebuke and other times with a sharp smack from the yard stick she always carried.

By the time she was done with them, Miss Myerson's unusual students were ever bit as prim and proper as the most ripe and ready peaches and cream princess Miss M had ever trained! They'd been treated like any other young girl hoping to make her debut, and so they had all acquired an impressive level of poise and grace.

If they had to, they could line up in a lavish ball room in any southern city, on the arm of a handsome in a military uniform. Dressed up in an elegant gown, standing at attention, with manners that would serve them well. Just as if they were ready and eager to take their places as elegant, proper young ladies in cultured society!

Of course the former frat bros hated every minute of their exhausting, humiliating instruction, but they went along with all of it. They had absolutely no other choice. Miss Myerson was widely known as a strict teacher of the most refined and exquisite manners.

She had been training young girls to be debutantes since she was in her late twenties, and had mastered the art of imparting fine deportment, effortless grace, courtly manners, gentle speech, and all of the other niceties required for success in elite society.

All of the newly-feminized sorority girls were forced to attend Miss Myerson's classes, and all of them were treated just like any other young ladies. Every day during class they would practice walking with poise and elegance while holding books on their heads or balancing teacups without spilling a drop. They would also practice curtsying deeply and gracefully upon entering a room full of people, as if they were greeting a duke or duchess.

Miss Myerson would often remind them that their behavior and speech must be impeccable, as they were not only representing themselves, but also their college and the whole of nubile womanhood. She taught them to never speak in a loud voice or use vulgar language,

training them to converse with elegance and finesse about topics such as art, music and literature.

The girls worked hard under Miss Myerson's instruction and soon became adept at navigating any situation with grace and confidence. On the day of their beauty pageant each one had mastered all the skills required to make an impressive entrance into high society.

Their emasculating etiquette training and an impending beauty pageant were just the third and fourth "educational exercises" they'd been ordered to complete. There were still four more to come after that!

Sitting in their pristine, prissy main meeting room, the newly feminized sorority girls were gathered to discuss their situation. Homecoming was coming up quickly. As a sorority house, they were expected to help with the decorations and other preparations.

They also needed to organize a fundraiser, something they'd never done when they were a fraternity. As the last sorority to select a charity event, they'd been stuck with the last choice, a kissing booth!

However, first they needed to compete in a beauty contest called Miss Central State, modeled on the Miss USA pageant, that was scheduled for that evening. This year, no other girls had entered. They all wanted to see the former boys strut their stuff dressed up as pageant girls!

Professor Katherine McCabe, the chair of the Women's Studies department, was conducting the meeting. She was a stunningly beautiful forty-something woman who looked significantly younger. She adjusted her fashionable glasses and brushed a lock of auburn hair from her face as she checked over her notes on her iPad. As usual, her protégée Gwendolyn Young sat at her side.

The two women were thoroughly enjoying this forced feminization process, seeing it as an important experiment in human gender and behavioral modification. The results to date had far exceeded their expectations, and both women anticipated they'd soon be publishing

their findings in scholarly journals, and possibly even writing a best-selling book chronicling this project!

They had already applied for more funding from several feminist non-profit foundations and psychology associations. If their proposals were approved, they'd have a nearly unlimited budget to finance even more involved forced feminization steps on the hapless boys.

Gwen, the president of the EBG sorority that brought up the complaints against the then-ABT fraternity and therefore were empowered to administer their eight emasculating punishments, had enjoyed masterminding the feminization of the frat boys into sorority girls. It was not only fitting justice, but demeaning and beautifying the boys also sexually aroused her! Although she'd be embarrassed to admit it.

Gwen had renamed the former ABT frat president, Jimmy Rogers, "Jasmine" or "Jazz" for short. The now-sorority president was wearing the outfit Gwen had worn to the Spring Fling semiformal the year before, back when they were still dating.

Both Gwen and Jasmine were 5'9" tall and weighed 140 pounds. They were almost exactly the same size, so Gwen's sexy dress fit Jasmine perfectly. This made Gwen giggle and tingle with delight. Especially when she noticed "Jazz" was blushing and kept fidgeting and picking at the thong that was giving the feminized former frat boy a constant wedgie.

Gwen looked at her emasculated ex carefully. She couldn't take her eyes off the demure beauty who looked simply adorable wearing Gwen's short, sassy powder blue dress. The short gown had flirty, feminine spaghetti straps, and a tight, figure-flattering bodice adorned with lavish lace and beaded appliqués. Its tulle skirting danced flirtatiously around her knees as she walked.

The A-line silhouette and backless style showed off Jasmine's feminized form most alluringly, with the criss-cross drawstring closure, empire waist, and built in bra accentuating her padded butt, hips and

boobs. Made mainly from sparkly satin material, lace, and sheer, weightless tulle, it was more of an enticing cocktail dress a twenty-something woman would wear rather than a prom dress fit for a teen princess.

Gwen knew exactly what the sexy lingerie Jazz was wearing underneath looked like—an irresistible mix of sexy and sweet in royal blue! The matched set included a lace-up garter belt with cute ribbon ties at the hips, and a matching thong in sultry lace with diamanté adornments that also tied like a string bikini—albeit skimpier.

Jasmine’s smooth, silky, hairless legs looked shapely in the sheer, lace-top stockings that were attached to the garters. The contrast of the short and sassy powder blue dress and deeper royal blue lingerie and hosiery made Jazz look like a delectable, desirable damsel in distress.

All of that made Gwen so turned on that she all but vibrated with erotic energy. Her lust grew as she impatiently anticipated the next opportunity to publicly display her former boyfriend as the the sexy sorority girl she’d become. I wouldn’t be a very long wait.

Another former ATB frat boy Bobby—now known as “Roberta” or “Berti” for short—was looking every bit as uncomfortable and self-conscious in a stunning emerald green body con minidress made of nylon, polyester, and spandex.

The tarty little sleeveless v-neck party dress featured thin spaghetti straps and came down to just above his knees. It was slinky, seductive, and suitable for a girls’ night out, a cocktail party, or a romantic evening out (or in) with a sexy sorority sister’s boyfriend.

Roberta didn’t have a boyfriend—at least not yet. That wasn’t from lack of trying by the several college guys who were trying to woo the petite little ginger haired coed. She was constantly flirted with, hit on, and border-line stalked by several over eager amorous young men.

As a boy, she’d been scrawny and small, with no prospects of a romantic encounter. As a girl, however, the freckles dotting her nose and

sprinkled across her cheeks gave her a cute, naive, and innocent look. One that made her sexually alluring and attracted unwanted male attention.

Benny, a one tall and gangly former frat bro was every bit as miserable as Roberta. She'd been rechristened "Bonnie" by Elisha—another one of the Epsilon Beta Gamma girls. Bonnie was constantly pulling on the hem of her too short A-line mini dress, trying in vain to protect whatever was left of her modesty.

The feminine confection she was wearing was strapless and had sexy, revealing skirting that clung to her body like a second skin. Made of lustrous ruby red satin fabric, the tight, rouched mini dress was trendy and eye-catching with a provocatively fitted silhouette.

The spicy hot little red dress came down to just her upper thighs, and showed off her smooth, shapely, hairless legs seductively. She was forced to wear it with a alluring pair of black patent leather "fuck me pumps" with four inch heels. Over all it presented the embarrassed girl in an enchantingly flirty, feminine style.

All of the former frat boys were similarly attired, looking like a mix of cocktail waitresses and prom princesses. They were all so embarrassed! So much that they found it difficult to follow what Dr. McCabe was saying.

This, even though they knew it was very important to do exactly what the feminist professor said, if they hoped to have any chance of escaping their emasculation and regaining any semblance of manhood.

## *Chapter Two: Paraded As Beauty Pageant Girls*

The Epsilon Beta Gamma sorority was getting set up to “host a pageant with the (former) 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).”

The newly-feminized sorority sisters were about to find out about this. Within hours, they’d be suffering public indignity and unimaginable embarrassment as they’d be forced to participate in a beauty pageant as if they were aspiring Miss Americas!

The stage was alive with feminine beauty as the two dozen contestants of the Miss Central State College Feminized Coeds Beauty Pageant stepped out, each in their stunning dresses. The audience gasped in admiration at the sight of them, each one a vision of loveliness.

As they made their grand entrance arm-in-arm down the stairs into the main room at the Epsilon Beta Gamma sorority house, they looked every bit like the elegant ladies of high society that Miss Myerson had trained them to be. The audience that assembled to watch the girls complete was astounded by their feminine charm and grace.

Along with saucy Jasmine in her short, sassy powder blue dress, with flirty, feminine spaghetti straps, Berti who looked stunning in her figure flattering emerald green sleeveless v-neck party dress, and Bonnie in her ruby red sexy satin strapless A-line mini dress, all the other Gamma Tau Beta sorority sisters looked simply darling.

As the beautiful pageant girls entered the room one-by-one. The host of the beauty contest was a beautiful, bubbly local weather girl named Amanda Truitt. She announced the names of each girl who entered from the left side of the room, walked up to the microphone, and introduced herself with a cute little anecdote.

These were brief comments like, “Hi! My name is Lily! I love cats and I hope to be a veterinarian’s assistant some day!” Or, “Hello

everyone! I'm Diana! I'm a fashion design major and I hope you make me your princess of Central State today!"

Everyone marveled at how they gorgeous and feminine they all looked. Every eye was focused on these beautiful girls sashaying about gracefully, dressed in their sumptuous gowns, wearing exquisite makeup. Their long hair was carefully coiffed into cascading curls, fancy updos, enticing braids, or some other seductive style.

Their "big sisters" were competing as well. They'd spent the previous week working with the beauty contestants to give all of them their own unique look, hoping to make each of them stand out from the rest. Their efforts clearly paid off as every single pageant girl was a stunning example of an emasculated enchantress.

First up was Andrea, wearing a shimmering pink gown that hugged her curves and accentuated her figure perfectly. Her golden hair was styled into a messy bun and she wore subtle yet exquisite makeup that highlighted her delicate features. She had formerly been known as Andy.

"Looking good, Andi!" a girl shouted at her, making her blush.

Next came Bella, who looked like a super model in her ice blue ballgown adorned with glittering gemstones. She'd been a smallish frat brother named Brent just a few weeks earlier. Now, she was a petite little princess. Her long brown locks had been curled to perfection and she wore light makeup that made her look simply angelic.

A boy in the front yelled out, "I hope you win, Bella, you're definitely a beauty! Can I be your beast?"

Third down the line was Clara, wearing a classic black and white dress that showed off her delightful feminine figure. She'd been a stick thin guy named Clark, but now she was a well-rounded winsome young lady. Her hair had been styled into an intricate braided updo with pearl accents, while her makeup was subtle yet sophisticated.

A girl who'd dated her back when she was a boy said, "No wonder we never got past second base! Maybe we can double date with a couple of guys, Clara!"

Fourth in line was Diana, dressed in a deep purple gown that complemented her fair skin perfectly. Her blonde hair cascaded down her back in gentle curls and she wore natural-looking makeup to accentuate her features. She'd been called Donny, before undergoing the thorough feminization at the hands of the sorority girls who were hosting the beauty pageant.

"You make quite a pretty princess, Di!" The emcee said, in a throwback to the girl's brief self-introduction. The crowd nodded at this and clapped their hands in approval.

Fifth came Eliza, wearing a stunning red dress with built in petticoats that bounced saucily around her smooth, hairless thighs. The dress had a satin belt around the waistline. She had pulled up half of her dark brown locks into an elegant bun with a silk ribbon that matched her dress.

Once known as Ezekiel, or Zeke, she was now a demure and graceful girl. She wore shimmering eye shadow along with dark liner and mascara, with soft pink wet look lip gloss for added glamour. She had been a football player, but now she looked more like a cheerleader, something that she would probably become before too long as the coach of the cheer team loudly asked, "See you for tryouts tomorrow, Liza?"

Sixth on the stage was Fiona, looking like royalty in her navy blue gown with a delicate train. Her wavy strawberry blonde hair had been pulled back into an elegant half-up style and her makeup was subtle yet feminine. She had been named Fred before she'd been feminized into a perky, petite little beauty.

"Fe Fi Fo Fiona! I smell the perfume of a former man!" joked a member of the Beta Mu Kappa frat who delighted in seeing the former rival frat feminized into a sexy sorority girls. The crowd laughed at that

as not only Fiona but all of the girls blushed and trembled with a mixture of humiliation and fury.

Seventh in line was Georgia, wearing a sleek black sheath dress that showed off her figure to perfection. Her dark brown locks were styled into an intricate updo and she wore smoky eyeshadow for added drama. She'd been named George, but now she sauntered around looking like a hot little slut.

"I've got Georgia on my mind!" Elisha said, smiling at the sultry Nubian goddess whose presentation was both elegant and enticing.

Eighth came Helena, a vision of beauty in her lime green gown with beading around the neckline. Once known as Hank, she had pulled up part of her long blonde hair into an elegant bun and let the rest cascade down her shoulders in gentle waves. She also wore lustrous pearlescent pink lipstick to complete her luscious look.

"Helena of Troy," sighed a smitten young man. He'd pestered the girl with relentless invitations to go out on dates or "maybe just Netflix and chill at my place?"

Ninth was Isabella, wearing a beautiful flowing long ivory gown with intricate lace over-skirting. Her dark hair was styled into an elegant flip. The svelte, shapely girl formerly known as Isaac wore subtle yet glamorous makeup to accentuate her features.

"Queen Isabella! I'd love to explore your world!" shouted a sincerely lovestruck football player.

Tenth in line was Julia, who'd been called Jason. A former basketball player and the tallest girl in her sorority, she stood at least 6'5" in her two inch heels. She looked like an absolute goddess in her floor-length lavender dress. Her golden locks had been pulled back into an elegant half-up style and she wore flamboyant-looking makeup to complete her exotic look.

“Me and Julia down by the school yard!” sang a group of giggling girls, all of whom had been ghosted by the former Jason. She had fancied herself quite the ladies’ man back when she was a he, before she’d been transformed into a lady herself two weeks earlier.

These sultry, sexy ladies were quickly joined by a tall, slim girl. Half of her platinum blonde hair was pulled into an elegant updo with the other half curled into soft ringlets that cascaded down her shoulders. She’d amped up her sensuous look with luminescent pink lipstick and shimmery eye shadow that made her sapphire blue eyes sparkle brightly.

This voluptuous vixen wore a pink silk dress with white satin accents around the bust line that called attention to her ample, heaving, décolletage with a stunning effect. The buxom beauty used to be a boy named Luke, but was now named Lily

“Hey Lily! I love your valley!” called out a kid from the back. Many people laughed at that, as the embarrassed girl tried to cover her huge breasts with her finely manicured hand.

Next up was Emily, once known as Eric, who wore a bright yellow sundress covered in delicate daisies. Her golden blonde hair hung loosely around her face, and she had applied a lustrous pink blush to her cheeks and wore a soft coral lip stain for an extra pop of color.

“Doesn’t she look like a radiant ray of sunshine?” Amanda asked. The audience clapped politely as Emily enthusiastically curtsyed garnering much louder applause.

A girl who used to be Scott but now was named Sophia followed close behind. She wore a sea foam green dress with intricate beading along the bodice. Her auburn hair was styled into two french braids that were pulled back off her face and tied into a low pig tails at the nape of her neck. She’d opted for dramatic makeup and added glitter to the inner corners of her hazel eyes to add a hint of sparkle that made them twinkle like little stars.

“Sophia, you’re the star lighting up my sky!” sighed a tall guy named Stanislaw, a basketball player recruited from Europe.

Then there was Mia. She was breathtaking in an elegant navy blue gown with delicate white rhinestones shimmering all over the satin and silk couture confection she wore. She’d once been called Milo.

Her dark brown hair was twisted up into an elaborate updo adorned with sparkling rhinestones that matched her dress. She wore a bold red lip and splashy makeup that brought out her blue eyes and mirrored her vibrant personality.

“Momma Mia!” a short-haired girl shouted, and several girls joined in with her singing the Abba song, serenading the swarthy brunette who actually smiled shyly in response. Of all the feminized girls, she seemed to be taking her transformation with least difficulty.

The the contestants all looked as if they belonged on the runway of an exclusive Parisian fashion show. From their stylish makeup, sophisticated hair styles, and sumptuous dresses, they dazzled everyone as they posed for pictures both individually and together at the end of their pageant walks.

It was clear to all who surveyed their stylish presentation that each one of them—or more accurately their “big sisters—had put in immense effort and dedication in order to make these girls look their best on such an important day.

No one who didn’t know the truth could have possibly guessed that these lovely well-mannered ladies had ever been gross, grubby frat boys. They each looked like sexy young sorority sisters as they competed for points. The judges—Gwen, Dr. McCabe, and Miss Myerson—graded them on poise and grace as well as their appearance, femininity, and for the ten lucky finalists, a talent performance.

The highlight was the bikini round as the ten finalists strutted across the stage in high heels and skimpy swim suits. With their last

vestiges of their manhood locked into chastity cages, the girls' tight, skimpy bikini bottoms looked as feminine and flat as any other girls'.

They'd been instructed to smile as if they were having the time of their lives, but they were all humiliated. Looking at each other mournfully, almost dying inside, they endured indescribable humiliation. Still, they had to hide their dismay. They were commanded to behave as if they were eager beauty contestants, not forced feminized sorority girls.

Fearing an even more potentially painful and, if possible, an even more humiliating punishment, they pretended to be sweet pageant babes. They certainly weren't acting like former sexist guys who'd been compelled to take part in this beauty contest.

The large room was filled with anticipation as Amanda Truitt announced that it was time for the bikini round. The five beautiful finalists, each wearing a different color or style of swimsuit, lined up on stage and began their walk across the front of the crowded room. All of them sashayed and made their turns with poise and grace. They had been well trained by Miss Myerson.

The first bikini round contestant was Jasmine. As the president of the sorority she was chosen to set an example for her sisters. She wore a bright pink two-piece suit with gold accents that sparkled under the spotlights.

She had her long pink wig styled into flowing, feminine curls. She wore stunning pink and gold makeup that matched her bikini and accentuated her seemingly natural beauty. Her shoes were four inch golden sandals with small pink rhinestones adorning the thin, criss-crossed straps. She was clearly nervous, but did her best to strut across the stage in her sky high heels.

Roberta, the second swimsuit contestant, wore an emerald green bikini bejeweled with silver beading along the bust line and waistband. Her wavy strawberry blonde hair hung loosely down her back, while smokey eye makeup and a light pink lip gloss gave her a seductive yet naive ingenue look.

Her shoes were black strappy sandals with five inch stiletto heels that made walking difficult. She tip-toed carefully across the stage, but slipped and fell, her rounded butt resting on the floor with her sexy legs spread wide.

The third bikini contestant was the crowd favorite Mia. Her supporters sang Abba's "Dancing Queen" as the spunky brunette pirouetted and pranced across the stage in her an elegant navy blue halter top bikini paired with white bottoms. Her tiny outfit had intricate, adorable lace trimming around the edges, and her hair was styled in an sassy updo.

She had applied shimmery, sultry eyeshadow in pale blue and slate gray to bring out her bright blue eyes. On her feet were silver gladiator sandals with four inch heels that added height to her petite frame and presented her already shapely legs in a stunning posture.

Sophia, the next finalist to make it to the swimsuit competition, wore a classic black two-piece string bikini adorned with sparkling rhinestones. She had pulled back her long brown hair into a messy bun, while rosy blush and lip gloss gave her face a wholesome natural glow. Her shoes were black open-toed six inch heels with a small platform that made her stand out from the rest of the girls.

The fifth and final bikini round contender was Julia who wore a festive pink and white striped bikini that showed off her tall, toned physique. She had styled her dark brown hair in loose waves and added some bold red lipstick to complete her look. She wore silver stiletto sandals with three inch heels that made her tower about her sorority sisters.

As each of the contestants strutted across the stage, they captivated everyone's attention with their confidence and beauty. The audience cheered loudly as they watched these each of the gorgeous women display their unique style and grace under bright lights of the room.

They all pranced and preened, gliding around the stage in three inch or higher heels. Each of them were inwardly abashed as they felt themselves under the scrutiny of the entirely audience.

The last thing they wanted to do was show off their bodies, putting way too much skin for comfort on display as if they wanted to flaunt their femininity. In no small part because they knew that, of course, the entire proceedings were being live-streamed.

All the while they kept smiling, waving, and blowing kisses to the crowd, striding around with heads and boobs held high—just like the aspiring Miss Americas they’d been trained to emulate. After the bikini round was finished, it was clear that this beauty contest had already been a huge success.

While the judges were tallying up their scores, Roberta was voted “Miss Congeniality” by the audience online. Amanda Truitt placed a sash over the petite ginger’s left shoulder identifying her as the most friendly, helpful, genuine, and outgoing girl in the pageant. Then, she hugged the blushing girl.

Amanda consulted with the judges, and announced the second runner up: the statuesque Julia! She leaned down and exchanged hugs and kisses with the other top three—who were Jasmine and Roberta—acting exactly like Miss America pageant contestants, just as they’d been ordered to do.

Amanda announced that the first runner up was Roberta, who bounced up and down happily as the emcee draped a sash over her petite, bikini-clad figure. That meant in somewhat of an upset, the shocking pink-haired Jasmine was declared the winner. Most observers considered petite Roberta the cutest with her cherubic freckled face and more natural looking bright, vibrant red hair.

The judges were apparently swayed by Jasmine’s rousing rendition of “Man, I Feel Like A Woman” that featured her prancing around the stage in her high heels with sassy dance steps. They seemed to like that more than Roberta’s performance of “I Am Woman Hear Me Roar.”

That feminist anthem just didn't have the same power as the original when sung in the little ginger's high piping register. She might have done better with a different song. Possibly "Fantasy" or "Always Be My Baby" by Mariah Carey.

Smiling widely and giddy with excitement, Amanda kissed Jasmine on both cheeks, and presented the feminized sorority girl with a crown and a huge bouquet of flowers, along with a sash that read "Miss Central State" in a shiny silver script.

It wasn't clear whether or not the weather girl knew that the pageant winner and all the other girls in the contest used to be guys. She hugged Jasmine and whispered something into the blushing girl's ear that might have had something to do with her younger brother who was single and looking for a girlfriend.

### *Chapter Three: Tied Up And Pegged After The Pageant*

All of the former frat boys were utterly humiliated by all of this. Never in their worst nightmares had they ever imagined that they'd be paraded around wearing sexy, slinky dresses and high heels, with their faces painted in exquisite makeup and their hair styled like elegant pageant girls, all while their performances were broadcast to the world via the college's social media accounts!

It was even worse for the five who'd been forced to strut across the stage wearing sexy bikinis, and worst of all for the three finalists. They'd had to stand on the stage in their revealing bikinis, waiting while the judges picked one of them to be named as the most poised, shapely, and beautiful girl at their college.

Suddenly, Jasmine felt two arms wrap around her nipped in waist. She turned to see Gwendolyn Young, smiling widely with a gleam in her chocolate brown eyes.

"OMG, Jazzy! You won!" cheered the president of the Epsilon Beta Gamma sorority. There wasn't any mockery evident in her voice or facial expression. Instead, Gwen seemed genuinely happy for her counterpart and former boyfriend.

She confirmed that impression when she bent Jasmine backward and kissed her on the lips passionately and said, "You're so totally sexy like this! My gosh! I want to take you upstairs to my bedroom and—" Gwen looked around furtively and whispered, "screw your brains out!"

Realizing that this astonished girl was at her mercy, Gwen grabbed the bikini-clad nymph by her hand. She urgently pulled her prey from the room and up the spiral staircase that led to the second and third floors.

Despite her initial surprise, Jasmine put up no resistance at all. She had long regretted ghosting this ebony goddess, and was eager to rekindle their romantic liaison, even though now they were both sorority

sisters. The recent pageant beauty queen's enthusiasm only increased even as Gwen pushed her down face first onto her four poster bed.

Jasmine's passion continued to grow right up until she felt her dominant captor handcuffing her to the pillars that held up the bed's canopy at its head. Working quickly, the empowered and impassioned Gwen cuffed her prey's ankles to the bottom two pillars as well, leaving her now-helpless plaything's butt pointed upwards toward the ceiling!

"Oh my gosh! What are you doing?" cried the bound and vulnerable young girl, suddenly remembering that it was Gwen's bossy over-assertiveness that had led to their breakup back when she was still a guy. "Come on, Gwen! Let me up? I want to have sex with you, but not like—"

"Shhhh, Jazzy!" Gwen replied, "I've always wanted to see what sex was like for a guy, and when we started feminizing you girls, I knew I'd finally get my chance!" she giggled, pulling open the bottom drawer and grabbing a package that resembled the ones that had held the chastity devices she and her sorority sisters had locked onto the reluctant new girls that very first day.

Jasmine couldn't see what was happening, but she feared the worst when Gwen pulled on the side strings that held her little bikini bottoms in place, letting the minuscule scrap of pink cloth fall free, and smeared lube onto her now-exposed tiny, virgin rose bud.

"Gwen! Please no!" Jasmine cried.

Again Gwen shushed her, this time adding, "Don't make me gag you, my precious little princess!"

When the helpless, bound girl continued to whine and beg, Gwen shrugged and tore off a thick strip of duct tape which she stuck over the thrashing girl's mouth. "There!" she said as she stepped into a harness that held a huge black dildo. "I wanted you to warm me up by deep throating this, but there's always next time!"

Jasmine struggled in vain against her hand cuffs and leg restraints, knowing that her rear virginity was about to be sacrificed to Gwendolyn's lust. She gritted her teeth as she felt the thick, hard phallus poking, prodding, and finally probing her prone and defenseless opening.

Gwen laughed triumphantly as she pushed deeply into Jasmine, sighing with pleasure as the captive coed yelped in shock and surprise. The superior girl thrust in and out, gaining velocity as she continued her conquest of her emasculated ex.

Trapped face down and ass up on the bed, Jasmine whimpered and whined through the gag, unable even to protest against this passionate assault on her most intimate being. As this domination continued, the immobile, imprisoned pageant princess felt her sash sliding around between her breasts, even as Gwendolyn's two-sided fake cock slid in and out, in and out, massaging her innermost organs.

Soon, her feelings of violation and penetration became something else, something pleasurable. As Gwen's thrusts massaged Jasmine's prostate, the newly crowned beauty queen began to enjoy it! She'd been without any sexual release for several weeks, and this friction was giving her something she'd craved all that time.

As her sexual excitement grew, the bound and helpless girl began panting in excitement! Her breathing was already labored, due to her mouth being sealed shut and now her lungs were expanding and contracting rapidly as her sexualized sensations built toward a crescendo.

"I'm gonna come, princess!" Gwen cried, "OMG I'm so... so... I'm coming you hot little piece of ass! I'm coming!"

Jasmine couldn't speak, but she too was reaching a mind-blowing climax! Writhing with ecstasy, she too was coming! Gooey fluid poured out of her cock cage, and covered with sweat she felt drained as Gwen, similarly spent, collapsed on top of her.

The two lesbian lovers lay in a pile, Gwen the dominant girl atop the submissive Jasmine as their breathing slowly decelerated back to the normal range. Still frisky, Gwen nibbled on her conquest's ear and

whispered, “You’re mine now, Jazzy! I claim you as my possession, my plaything, my pet!” Exhausted and gagged, the still bound and now deflowered Jasmine could offer no protest.

Meanwhile, downstairs, the rest of the feminized pageant girls were mortified by the attention lavished upon them by adoring fans, amorous suiters, and mocking tormentors alike. There was no getting past any of that emasculating embarrassment. They all knew that, no matter what happened, they could never live this down.

It didn’t help when they realized that merely half of their punishments were complete. They still had four more to go, and they were among the worst ones. Next up, they’d have to set up and work at a kissing booth at the homecoming carnival.

It’d be horrible enough if they only had to kiss their classmates to raise money for charity. With the alumni on campus, they’d have to accommodate men as old as their fathers, even their grand fathers! As novices to this kind of activity, each new girl was assigned a “big sister” from the Epsilon Beta Gamma sorority to teach them how to kiss boys and men properly.

They’d also have to learn other finer points of womanhood through various activities like shopping trips and spa days. They’d have to learn lessons like cooking, cleaning, and other domestic tasks traditionally associated with women’s roles as well. Then, they’d have to host a “mock tea party” where they’d be forced to dress up in their finest outfits and serve refreshments to the Epsilon Beta sorority sisters.

They’d already been forced to learn proper etiquette, and they’d served as French maids at the EBG’s mixer with the Beta Mu Kappa boys the very first night. Still, not one of the former frat boys looked forward to serving their tormentors again.

As humiliating as the impending feminizing rituals were, compared to the kissing booth, the rest of the activities seemed mild. The booth was really a long line of tables set up beneath a pink awning with a row of chairs on each side of the tables. It was manned, or “womanned” more

accurately, by the most beautiful of the feminized former boys, who had been chosen by their dominatrixes for their girlish looks and womanly sensuousness.

They were all dressed up for the occasion in cute outfits that made them look like sexy little models: tight mini-skirts, low-cut tank tops, and high-heeled shoes that made them look like they were ready for a night out on the town.

Waiting behind the booth, they were blushing with dread at the onslaught of boys and men who lined up ready to start kissing whichever girl or girls they favored at \$5 per smooch. The older men in the crowd seemed to be the most eager to plant their lips on the sexy little sorority girls' mouths.

The newly slutified sisters felt deeply humiliated presented in the spotlight as targets for male lust. Still, they had to make the best of it. They knew how to apply their lipstick just right, and they had perfected their pucker after hours practicing with their "big sisters" from the Epsilon Beta sorority.

The girls were all dressed up in cute, pastel-colored dresses with revealing v necks, sexy miniskirts with tight tops, and similarly sultry outfits. They had carefully applied makeup and lipstick.

Nervously, each of the girls took her own designated spot in the booth and were trying to steel their resolve for what was to come. They felt uncomfortable and objectified, and although they tried to remain professional, they couldn't help but feel embarrassed and humiliated.

It was a strange experience. They knew that it would be excruciatingly embarrassing, but none of them had expected it to be so intense. As they sat behind the tables, they felt a mixture of humiliation and dread as the first wave of customers came in.

They were mostly men of all ages, but there were also some women. Each one approached the booth and expected a passionate kiss. The novice sorority girls felt uncomfortable and embarrassed, but they

knew they had to do it. They tried to remain composed and focused as they dutifully kissed each person.

They fixed their lipstick and other makeup often, reminded by their “big sisters” to look their best. They had to do it to make a good impression and make as much money as possible. They’d been warned that unless they raised \$10,000, they’d have to provide other “favors” to make up the difference!

After the first wave of kissing customers, they had become experts at it, even though most of them felt repulsion at swapping spit with other guys. They’d never felt more emasculated or used. They looked up in dismay at the seemingly endless lines of men and some women eager to kiss them. As the line grew longer and longer, the sorority girls began to feel more and more humiliated.

They were dressed in their sexiest outfits, and that seemed to attract more and more customers. All of whom wanted a big, sensual kiss. The hours passed by in a blur, and before long the girls were exhausted and their lips were chapped and sore from all the kissing.

Some tried to make light of the situation and joke around with each other, but deep down they felt used and taken advantage of. Still, they had done their job and they had done it well to the tune of \$13,755! That meant they’d kissed well over 2,700 people—more than 5,400 lips!

It was an unnerving several hours of utter embarrassment, but they had learned something valuable: that they could survive as submissive sissies through a situation that was beyond degrading. At the end of the night, the girls all agreed that the experience had been exhausting and completely demoralizing. They all felt relieved to go back to their sorority house, change out of their uncomfortable outfits, and wash off all their ravaged makeup.

The next day, the chastened girls all met with their “big sisters” to discuss their ordeal. Some were crying and all were pleading! They begged their dominators not to make them do it ever again. This had been a most degrading experience!

Gwen, who was looking at Jasmine with lust in her eyes smiled and said, “We’ll see!” She was becoming fond of her fellow sorority president, and looked forward to a repeat performance of their post-beauty contest celebration.

Kind hearted Elisha took pity on the emasculated former boys and urged mercy, “They’ve been through a lot! I think they’ve changed and deserve a break,” she said, thoughtfully.

Lynette, still not convinced that the former boys had learned their lessons said, “I’m not making any promises! You girls still have to serve us at a tea party!”

## *Chapter Four: Serving At A Tea Party And Afterward*

The next Sunday afternoon, Jasmine, Roberta, Mia, Sophia, Bonnie, and the rest of the sorority woke up early to get ready to serve the Epsilon Beta Gamma girls at their annual tea party. The girls had all been ordered to look beautiful and feminine. With no choice, they did their best.

As they arrived at the rival sorority house, they were all feeling a bit embarrassed and out of place. Although they weren't the only ones wearing fancy dresses and makeup, they were the only ones who used to be boys.

They had all dressed up in their best outfits to make sure they looked the part of pretty young debutantes. They nervously adjusted their fancy outfits, which consisted of short dresses, high heels, and full faces of makeup.

Jasmine was the picture of femininity in her pink, frilly dress. She wore a wide-brimmed hat with a big bow in the back and a pair of white gloves. Her long, pink hair was pulled back into a neat bun and adorned with a few delicate flowers.

Roberta was a vision in her white dress with a high neckline and pearl buttons. She had a white fascinator on her head and wore a pair of white gloves. Her long, strawberry blonde hair was styled in an elegant chignon.

Mia looked stunning in her light blue dress that made her blue eyes pop. She wore a blue hat with a sheer veil and a pair of white gloves. Her silky, brown hair was pinned up into a sleek updo.

Sophia looked like a princess in her pale jade green gown that made her hazel eyes sparkle brightly. Her delicate lace veil was pinned to her auburn hair, which was swept up into an elegant bun. She wore a pair of white gloves, and a pearl necklace completed her look.

Bonnie was a vision in her bright yellow dress. She wore a yellow hat with a wide brim and a pair of white gloves. Her ginger hair was styled in a sleek updo, and a pearl necklace adorned her neck.

These five and the other sorority girls walked into the ballroom of the Epsilon Beta house, the venue of their beauty pageant a few weeks prior, ready to serve the guest sorority at their fancy tea party. There, they served the guests with elegance and grace, refilling their teacups and offering cakes and pastries.

As the tea party went on, they found themselves feeling slightly less uncomfortable, even though they had to curtsy to each of the “big sisters” and even the new pledges every time they served one of them tea or a pastry.

Eventually, they almost forgot about their humiliating circumstances. Almost. Though embarrassed and confused, they had been forced to the terms and had even grown to partially accept the femininity of their new roles. Even so, they couldn’t help feeling extremely uncomfortable and out of place.

They’d been feminized to help them understand what it was like to be girls, and they all realized that it was working. As part of their punishment, they were required to at a fancy tea party. The former boys were uncomfortable in their dresses and high heels, and they felt like everyone was watching them.

As the tea party came to an end, they were all too aware of their situation. They forced themselves to put on their biggest smiles and thanked the other girls for a lovely time, curtsying once more for good measure. Still, they had made it through the evening, and they were proud of themselves for doing so.

Everyone was impressed by their poise and manners. At the end of the night, the hostess Gwendolyn thanked them for their hard work and gave them each a small gift as a token of her appreciation. The serving girls all thanked her and said goodbye, ready to enjoy the rest of their

night. Most of them walked back to their sorority house. They smiled at each other and resolved to be more confident in their feminized roles.

As the other girls prepared to leave, a few of the Epsilon Betas took one of their serving girls by the hand and whispered something in their ears. Those three learned that they had been selected to stay as escorts for the evening!

Elisha pulled Bonnie aside and took her upstairs to her room. There, the two girls shyly sat beside each other, timidly making small talk and occasionally looking into each other's eyes. The two virgins clearly wanted each other, but at first neither was willing to take the initiative.

Feeling a bit emboldened, Elisha reached out and took Bonnie's small soft hand in her own. The two leaned closer to each other, bit by bit, until Bonnie closed her eyes and reached forward. Elisha mirrored her movements until their lips were softly touching in a soft, tender embrace. Giggling, the two began kissing in earnest.

Lynette had selected Berti who stood nearly a head taller, but was sufficiently submissive for the bossy southern belle. She softly drawled, "Come with me dahlin' and we'll see where the night takes us," as she put her arm around the feminized girl's waist and firmly guided her up the spiral staircase.

When the two reached Lynette's room, they slowly undressed each other, kissing each other's necks, cheeks, and lips. Then, still embracing, they eased into the bed, both as naked as the day they were born, save for Roberta's chastity cage. With that out of reach, Lynette directed her lover to fall to her knees before her and worship her womanhood.

Berti proved to be such a generous and ardent lover, Lynette decide to give her a unique reward. First, she blindfolded and tied up the former boy, and then she unlocked the safe that held the keys to the cock cages that imprisoned and unmanned all of the former frat brothers.

Finding the key to Berti's lock, Lynette liberated her captive's tiny member and let it breathe free for the first time since that first day. The still bound up feminized girl gasped with delight just at the feeling of her tiny cockette unfurling. When her captor wrapped her lips around it, she nearly fainted from erotic ecstasy.

It didn't take long before her mind spun dizzily and she neared climax. The weeks of sexual frustration left her wound up tightly like a spring, and just a few moments of pleasure from feeling her hard little clitty in Lynette's warm wet mouth was enough for a mind-shattering orgasm.

Lynette sighed happily, and quickly kissed her tied up lover, pushing her own salty seed into her mouth. She held her lips closed, forcing her to swallow every drop. Then, she deftly locked Berti back into chastity and then locked all of the keys back into the safe.

Gwen had been looking forward to another rendezvous with her emasculated ex, having claimed Jasmine as her own after she'd been crowned Miss Central State. She pulled the newly submissive former frat boy up the stairs, into her room, and onto her bed. There, she once again cuffed her hand and foot to the four bed posts, face down and ready to be impaled.

Gwen shimmied out of her clothes and into her harness, lubricated Jasmine's hole, and lined up her huge black cock to drive into her play toy. Within moments the dominant sorority girl was pumping in and out of her bound former boyfriend.

She pounded Jasmine, crying out, "Oh Jazzy! You're so tight! This feels so good! So good!" Her voice and her passion rising to a fever pitch. Soon, she was beyond the point of no return, and shrieked with delight as she came over and over.

Jasmine had nearly come herself, but fell just short. She was left moaning in frustration when Gwen pulled out, rolled over, and dozed off. Still tied up, locked up, and unable to move, Jasmine lay there unable to do anything to release her pent up sexual tension.

“So this is how it feels to be a woman,” she sighed.

*Continued in Feminized Fraternity Three: Four More Punishments*

*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 second 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.

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—anonously if you feel that's best.

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

XOX  
Mindi Harris