



*Forced Feminized
Fraternity Three
Four More Punishments*

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

*Mindi
Harris*

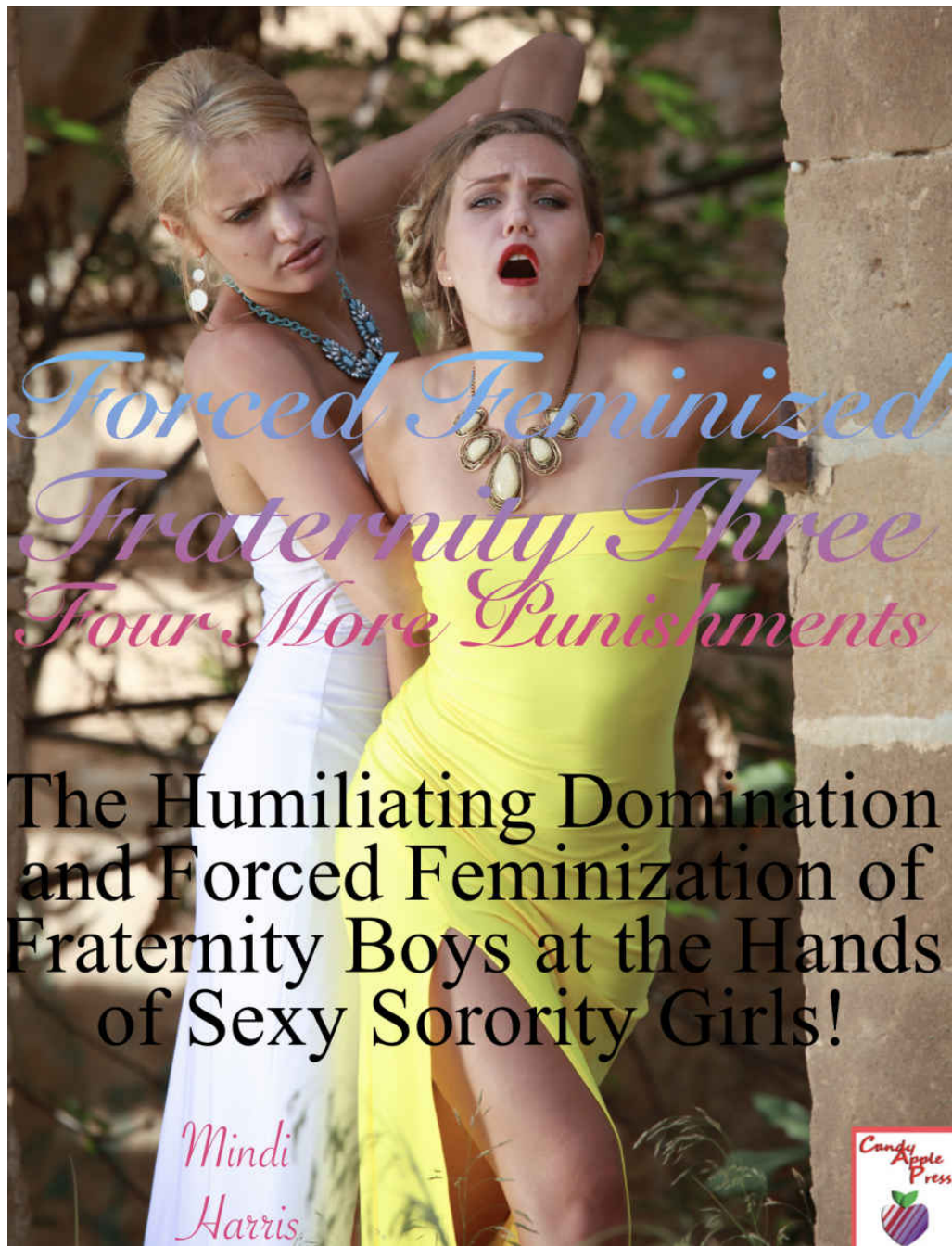
*Candy
Apple
Press*



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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 well over 10,000 words of actual story content) involves kinky, taboo themes like forced feminization, pegging, detailed makeovers, male chastity, public exposure as sissified cute college coeds, lifestyle change, power exchange, female domination, bimbofication, 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, now fully feminized into the sisters of Gamma Tau Beta sorority, were a month into their transformation. They'd endured four of their eight scheduled punishments so far. Considering how difficult the first ordeals had been, the GTB girls were apprehensive about their four upcoming demoralizing tasks.

As the Chair of the Women's Studies Department, Dr. Katherine McCabe was extremely pleased with her pet project so far. She'd long wondered how much gender stereotypes were social constructs, and how much they could be subverted. Her life's research explored theoretical possibilities of rewriting or even replacing masculine tendencies and implanting feminine personalities in their place.

Under her carefully laid plans, the Epsilon Beta Gamma sorority had taken the lead in complex, intricate, and ingenious efforts to turn a few dozen unruly Alpha Tau Beta frat brothers into simpering sorority sisters. To measure their progress so far, the radical professor had called three ATB

sorority sisters—Gwendolyn, Elisha, and Lynette—into her office one windy, dreary rural Pennsylvania afternoon.

The four feminists met in McCabe’s lavish suite of rooms on the top floor of the Women’s Study building. There, they were excitedly making preparations for follow-up interviews with three of the force feminized sorority sisters.

They’d been closely monitoring Jasmine, formerly known as Jimmy; Roberta, who was once named Robert; and Bonnie, who used to be called Benny. Now, it was time for the researchers to touch base with the reluctant girls to measure and record their reactions to their feminization.

Led by the lovely but ruthless Dr. McCabe, the feminizing foursome had plotted and planned the downfall of the Alpha Tau Beta fraternity. They’d started their diabolical scheme several months prior. First, they planted defective cameras throughout the Epsilon Beta sorority house so they could accuse the hapless ATBs of doing that.

Next, they collected evidence of several actual violations that the frat brothers had inflicted on other frats and sororities. Working, together with the aggrieved Greeks, they’d prepared the official complaints and submitted them to the Pan Hellenic Council, the governing body for Greek Life on the Central State College campus.

To ensure the highly improbable outcome they so desperately sought, the designing women enlisted and even bribed the chair and other members of the Council to accept the suggested unorthodox punishments. Dr. McCabe called these outrageous force feminizing penalties and penance “educational exercises” to avoid raising the college administration’s suspicions.

Even so, and even with the most favorable ruling possible, there was no way to actually force the recalcitrant boys into submitting to their emasculation and feminization. So Professor McCabe drafted a consent

decree and had Gwendolyn and her sorority sisters persuade the then-boys to sign it.

The beautiful but vengeful young women did this by artfully hinting that the punishments wouldn't be so awful and might even be fun. None of these details would ever appear in any of McCabe's reports or be published in any of her studies, but without these intricate schemes and carefully coordinated operations, none of the forced feminization would have been possible.

Before long, the highly intelligent sorority girls and their maleficent mentor had manipulated the dull-witted guys into an unescapable trap. First, they lured their prey into their sorority house. There, the soon-to-be sorority girls let the far smarter sorority girls take their pictures and even record video as they were stripped naked, cold-showered, depilated, and then locked into chastity.

Soon, the credulous former frat boys were dressed up as serving girls in French maid style costumes, made up, and wearing feminine wigs. Then, they'd been forced to serve their arch rival fraternity. These events set them on an unalterable course leading to the complete emasculation of both their persons and their former frat house.

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Forward By The Author

This is the third and final book in the story of the former Alpha Theta Beta frat house, a group of particularly sexist jerks, obnoxious even for a fraternity. In this stunning conclusion, plot twists will be revealed, and plot holes (as well as other holes) will be filled.

The hapless former Alpha Theta boys, already completely transformed into sorority girls, will stand exposed before their rival fraternity and sorority houses. They'll be forced to endure additional emasculating experiences. They will try one last time to escape their feminized fate and regain their masculinity. At least some of them will.

Find out what happens in this Humiliating, Kinky, Crossdressing, Male Chastity, Pegging, Bondage, Forced Feminization Fantasy—a 12,000+ word book (with well over 10,000 words of actual story content)—if you dare!

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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 several characters helplessly transformed in body and mind from normal males into sexy feminized sissies! **Don't Read This Book** unless you enjoy reading about young men who are humiliated, emasculated, and feminized by dominating, sexy women!

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

Chapter One: The Diabolical Designs Of Dr. Katherine McCabe

The former Alpha Tau Beta fraternity brothers, now fully feminized into the sisters of Gamma Tau Beta sorority, were a month into their transformation. They'd endured four of their eight scheduled punishments so far. Considering how difficult the first ordeals had been, the GTB girls were apprehensive about their four upcoming demoralizing tasks.

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Like Gwendolyn, both Elisha and Lynette were eager participants in this whole conspiracy, as were several other sororities and fraternities. With all of them pitching in time, effort, and money, it wasn't difficult to afford and install all of the new and hand-me-down feminine clothes and furnishings needed for the forced feminization of the former frat house and its former brothers.

The rest of the sorority houses had used their large budget and bags of clothing and furniture, rugs, paint, posters, and so on to totally feminize the new sorority sisters' wardrobe and their newly-remodeled sorority house. It took less than a day to transform them all into too cute for words exemplars of emasculated girliness. Everything had gone like clockwork.

Gwen had just finished recounting to her mentor how the former boys had been coerced into "womanning" a kissing booth at the recent homecoming festival. She displayed videos showing the reluctant sorority girls all dressed up in adorable little outfits.

They looked miserable in their brightly colored and tightly fitted dresses, their sexy mini-skirts and revealing tank tops, as well as their high-heeled "fuck me" shoes. The professor and Epsilon Beta sisters had carefully orchestrated this incredibly humiliating and highly sexualized situation, just to see how far they could push the former frat brothers' feminization.

Almost all of the long suffering reluctant young ladies looked incredibly uncomfortable. These slutty looking girls obviously felt objectified knowing that they'd been reduced to eye candy and were about to sell kisses to raise money for charity. They sat helplessly as wave after

wave of horny customers lined up to lock lips with the saucy sorority sisters.

That was to be expected. Clearly the former frat boys' male egos were shattered by having to kiss scores of horny men. As the rest of the videos showed, their reactions grew in intensity for most of them, with only a relative few of them seemingly showing little reaction at all. The next series of clips included close ups of them kissing countless men and even some women.

While their lips were pressed up against the lips of their paying customers, the girls all plastered fake smiles on their faces. But in between smooches, often while they were fixing their smeared lipstick and reapplying makeup that they had just so carefully applied, their eyes revealed horror, vacuousness, or—among some of the feminized girls—a sort of contentment.

These three distinct and very different reactions raised Dr. McCabe's curiosity. Seeing the former boys each neatly falling into one of these discreet, disparate categories of responses, the Doctor turned to her protégée Gwendolyn Young and said, "Our experiments are all going even better than I'd dared hope!"

Gwen nodded enthusiastically. She'd already inflicted her long-planned revenge upon her ex-boyfriend Jimmy by turning him—or rather her—into Jasmine, a sexy sorority girl, against her will. She'd even dolled up Jazzy, as she liked to call her, into a pageant girl so glamorous that she'd been crowned Miss Central State! Immediately after that, Gwen had tied up the bikini-clad girl who was still wearing her beauty queen sash and had her way with the helpless captive. The memory excited Gwen and made her thirsty to do it again—and soon!

Dr. McCabe, basically asexual and married to her work, was blissfully unaware of Gwen's erotic stimulation. The professor saw huge financial rewards and prestige in their immediate future. She laughed triumphantly and said, "By this time next year, we'll all be rich and famous! Possibly

authors of a best-selling book, as well as directors of a whole new institute! We'll be leading training sessions, hosting conferences, and more! The opportunities are endless!"

She and her prized student Gwen were about to interview three of the most intriguing examples of the emasculated former frat brothers—Roberta, Jasmine and Bonnie. They'd been following up with them to further their research and update their ongoing reports.

Dr. McCabe had just brought Gwen's sorority sisters Elisha and Lynette into the mix and brought them up to speed on their project. She was seeking their help to speed up the process, and was planning to quickly publish all of their findings (at least those fit for professional and public review). This, in a ground-breaking interdisciplinary study she'd entitled: "Forced Feminization As Behavioral Modification: A Case Study In So-Called 'Petticoat Punishment' Of Unruly, Maladaptive Former Fraternity Boys By Transforming Them Into Submissive Sorority Girls."

The three feminized test subjects were unaware of their role in this elaborate scheme. They were all dressed as beautiful girls as they nervously waited outside Professor McCabe's office. Their latest "educational exercise" had been a mock tea party. They'd been forced to dress up in their finest, most feminine outfits and serve refreshments to the Epsilon Beta Gamma sorority members as if they were refined hostesses. In every notable respect, the recently feminized girls were exactly that.

The party went very well, or at least the sisters of EBT thought so! The GTB sorority sisters had a somewhat less enthusiastic response to the soirée. They'd been compelled to learn proper etiquette by a task mistress of a finishing school instructor named Marigold Myerson. Even after that debutante bootcamp, they were still new to their forced femininity, unsure of themselves, and in shock over their rapid transformation.

They considered the demands constantly placed upon them demeaning at best. More than that, they found being locked in chastity and denied sexual release for an entire month incredibly frustrating and

disempowering. After weeks forced to dress as sexy sorority girls and experiencing treatment as such from everyone around them, they felt utterly emasculated and thoroughly humiliated. At least most of them did.

As Dr. McCabe recorded in her journal, “Some of the new girls seemed positively relieved after the tea party, if not almost happy about their recent experiences. Although if asked, they’d probably deny deriving any enjoyment from their emasculation. They’d most likely claim that if they seemed light hearted, it was only because they’d managed to survive yet another ordeal and were that much closer to completing their punishments.”

Chapter Two: Roberta's Demure Debriefing

Roberta, wearing a tight sexy dress and stylish high heels, just like her two sorority sisters, seemed much more comfortable than the other two former boys. As a guy named Robert, she had always been nondescript and was usually ignored. However, as a seductive feminine coed named Roberta, she looked confident and self-assured. Since becoming a girl, she always put a lot of effort into her look, and it was definitely paying off.

That day, she wore a short, tight, scarlet dress with a plunging neckline that showed off her artificial boobs and pleasingly presented her other carefully crafted curves. The dress was made of a lightweight, stretchy fabric that hugged her body and highlighted her hourglass figure. The dress had a subtle shimmer that caught the light and made “Berti” look even more gorgeous than usual.

With the practice insisted upon by her “big sister” Elisha, and the intensive instruction she’d received from her mentor, the sweet, subservient sorority girl had chosen the perfect accessories. She’d picked out a pair of black patent strappy pumps, with heels at least four inches in height, and a matching hand bag.

The faux leather of each was polished to perfection, and with her heels bouncing on her beautifully pedicured feet, she felt very desirable in an ensemble that showed off her petite figure to best advantage.

She was the first of the three called into the office for a debriefing check-in. Her interviewers considered the sexy red dress she wore quite alluring. Although she might not readily admit it, Roberta liked being noticed, admired, and even stared at.

At first, “Berti” was humiliated and resisted her feminization. Lately, however, as she walked around the campus, she enjoyed feeling the looks of

admiration from the girls and even the lusty stares from the boys. The four inch or higher heels she always wore added to her overall sex appeal.

Her makeup, as usual, was subtle and natural. She preferred to brush just a touch of shimmer onto her cheeks and favored a light pink lipstick that made her smile iridescent. She had styled her hair in loose curls that framed her lovely face and cascaded down her back. She looked stunning as she sat in the office answering a series of increasingly intrusive questions from Dr. McCabe as Gwendolyn took copious notes on her iPad.

Gwen wrote, “Roberta, once a scrawny and easily-overlooked boy, has developed into a tiny doll-like girl with dainty, feminine features. She exemplifies the group of the least resistant or most willingly and easily feminized girls. This is the cohort we’ve identified as ‘Susceptible Sissies.’ Of all the newly transformed sorority sisters, ‘Berti’ appears to be the most feminine. She looks and acts like she had been assigned female at birth, and seems to be the most at ease with her forced feminization.”

Dr. McCabe identified Roberta and the other girls like her as the most promising contingent of the former fraternity boys. The unconventional maverick professor strongly suspected that some or possibly most of the test subjects from this group actually secretly embraced their emasculation.

She hoped to make a lot of money by providing guidance to enable and empower people who wanted to transform boys and men into girls and women—for a price. She even planned to run workshops and retreats at which she and other trainers would execute the procedures she was developing to feminize males into submissive, lovely, and quite feminine females.

The radical feminist thought this might attract willing people, such as male-to-female trans women, as well as people who sought to transform one or more males in their lives into females against their will. She anticipated that prospective clientele from the latter group might include mothers, sisters, wives, and so on who wanted to turn their sons into daughters, their brothers into sisters, and their husbands into wives.

She also predicted that some employers might want to turn their male employees in to submissive female employees. This to make them more manageable, punish them for insubordination, or to satisfy onerous equal opportunity employment quotas without having to recruit qualified LGBTQ+ or assigned female at birth applicants.

Gwen had suggested that there might even be maids, secretaries, waitresses, and administrative assistants who were looking to feminize their male bosses. These beleaguered women would want to turn their supervisors into submissive servants, maids, cocktail waitresses, or secretaries so they could switch jobs with them! Gwendolyn convinced Dr. McCabe that this was a potential major growth industry.

That didn't take much persuading. The professor was enthusiastic about any possible way to turn their findings from the forced feminization study into remunerative rewards. She was thrilled to note that their study had already provided invaluable insights.

She saw dollar signs flashing before her eyes as she contemplated the estimated profits. So Dr. McCabe was mainly focused on the phenomenon of the almost willing if not eager emasculated boys with heightened interest as she wrote up her newest detailed reports. Relatively few of the new sorority girls seemed this open if not willing to embrace their feminization, however.

She'd found that many of the other former boys were almost incapable of discussing their plight when she tried to interview them for her study. They were too overwhelmed and humiliated at being forced to wear sexy, feminine outfits, high-heeled shoes, makeup, jewelry, and lingerie to even talk about it. They were clearly mortified to be exposed publicly in front of all the other boys and girls at Central State College every day.

Even so, they seemed to be in complete denial of their situation. Unless they were specifically reminded of their femininity, they acted as if they were unaware of their emasculation. "Locked in chastity, forced to sit

to urinate, and having to dress in panties and a bra very morning, they were seemingly unable to fully accept or even acknowledge their feminized fate,” Dr. McCabe wrote about them.

Chapter Three: Lynette Beguiles Bonnie Into Bridal Bewilderment

Bonnie was a prime example of those who were doing their best to simply ignore what had happened to them. This was hardly an unusual response to people facing a traumatic circumstance. While she covered this reaction in her study, the dominant, beautiful Professor considered them the least interesting subjects of the situation.

Lynette disagreed. She pointed out that, due to their helpless and dysfunctional reactions, these former boys were highly suggestible and therefore could be the most malleable. They were vulnerable to basic mind control techniques, almost as if they were in a perpetual hypnotic state! To illustrate, she asked that they dismiss Berti and, when the professor did so, she called Bonnie into the large, well appointed office.

There, she had the tallish ginger haired girl lie back on a soft, comfortable couch. Like Roberta, Bonnie was also wearing a revealing dress, feminine jewelry, flirty makeup, and stylish high heels. Earlier that day, Lynette had put her “little sister” into this erotically exciting and enchantingly enticing outfit that emphasized her emasculated, feminized, curvaceous body.

This included a strapless, knee-length dress crafted of deep red crepe de chine, an almost impossibly sheer fabric that hugged her sexy curves and revealed more than enough skin to be alluring. The dress was cinched in at her tiny, nipped in waist with a gold belt that matched her stylish gold high heels exactly.

For her makeup, Lynette had given Bonnie a classic look—light foundation and porcelain white setting powder that brought out her flirtatious freckles, with a rosy pink blush that highlighted her high, sharp cheekbones. She wore dramatic eye makeup including a mix of silvery and

scarlet shadows, thickly applied black eyeliner, and lots of mascara. Her lips were painted with a glossy, wet look, long-lasting deep-red lipstick.

To complete her ensemble, Bonnie's "big sister" had loaned her some very feminine and expensive jewelry. She had chosen a pair of gold dangling earrings, shaped like teardrops, and a matching necklace that featured a three carat diamond pendant at the center. She added a gold bracelet and a matching ring that, like the earrings and necklace, also had a large, genuine sparkling solitaire diamond set in each of them.

Bonnie was feeling humiliated and perplexed. She'd asked Lynette, "Did you just put an engagement ring on my ring finger?"

She didn't answer at that point, other than to say, "Oh don't y'all worry about that, mah deah!" with a reassuring smile. The southern belle's southern accent had returned with a vengeance after two weeks of close cooperation with her former finishing school instructor, Miss Marigold Myerson.

Lynette most certainly had placed a bauble that closely resembled a woman's engagement ring onto Bonnie's ring finger. This was no accident, as she had planned for this exact moment to demonstrate an important point to her sorority sisters and especially to Dr. McCabe.

She reminded her test subject of that saying, "You noticed that I placed a most feminine engagement ring on your finger, didn't you, Princess," she asked. When Bonnie only gasped in reply, Lynette continued, "don't worry dahlin' you'd make an absolutely beautiful blushin' bride."

Bonnie shuddered at this. Driven by an irresistible desire to make her point as well as to tease the former frat bro, Lynette described a romantic wedding tableau as her tormented prey squirmed in humiliation. "Just think of it, doll! You're walkin' down the aisle in a simply gorgeous weddin' gown."

As she saw the appalled expression on Bonnie's face, she continued setting the scene in incredible, excruciating detail, "Can you picture it? You're wearin' a beautiful white dress with a flowin' skirt that makes you look and feel like a fairy tail princess!"

Bonnie clenched her trembling hands as Lynette's beguiling words led her to consider how it would feel, "Imagine it, dahlin! How you're stridin' forward toward your one true love, with everyone in the room gazin' at you, smilin' at you, as you slowly make your way to the altar. Can you hear the weddin' march playin' as a soundtrack for your procession toward the waiting weddin' party!"

Bonnie gasped as her tormentor continued painting the picture of any girl's dream nuptials. The feminized former boy seemed entranced yet also unusually hyper-responsive to Lynette's words. It was as if she could actually feel the luxurious fabric as she imagined the elegant cathedral train trailing behind her. Lynette saw the impact this was having on the feminized girl.

She nodded toward the spellbound former boy and wordlessly asked her mentor if she should keep going. Getting a go ahead nod, the entrancing young woman went on saying, "Now we don't want just any dress for you sugah! Oh no! The weddin' gown you'll be wearin' will be nothin' less than a truly scrumptious masterpiece!"

Seeing Bonnie squirm, she quickly followed up, "Why, it'll have intricate beadwork, delicate lace, and a stunnin' bodice that'll show off your heavin' maidenly breasts. The veil will be made from the same delicate Chantilly lace and adorned with tiny pearls and crystals. Can you feel it? Along with your gorgeous bridal lingerie?"

Bonnie shuddered as she imagined walking down the aisle in a gorgeous wedding gown. She imagined the hundreds of eyes on her, the joy and anticipation in the air. This, even as she felt an electric shock of embarrassing emasculation run through her body.

As Lynette spoke, the feminized sorority girl could once again feel the fabric of the beautiful gown caressing her body. She pictured the delicate lace and the way it shimmered in the light. But beneath the gown, Bonnie felt she was wearing something that would any girl feel beautiful and confident on her special day: sexy bridal lingerie.

“How does that lingerie feel, Miss Bonnie the blushin’ bride?” Lynette asked, adding, “It’s made of the most delicate silk and a sexy lace combination. The corset is decorated with intricate beadin’ and pearls. The cups are lined with a soft and supportive foam, while the straps are made of beautiful satin ribbon. The waist is so tight on you givin’ you just the most darlin’ figure. It’s embellished with a lace trim, and the back is adorned with a lace-up closure.”

Against her will, Bonnie felt every little detail of the lingerie Lynette described. She shivered, experiencing the enervating sensations of luxurious fabric caressing her skin. She was reacting exactly as if she really were a bride on her wedding day. At this, she swooned.

“This is horrible!” she muttered, barely audibly, but just loud enough for the assembled women to hear her moan, “Me? A bride? Getting married, in a beautiful wedding dress? Wearing sexy bridal lingerie?” Her breathing became ragged and she put her delicate, manicured hand over her lips in an involuntary movement that was undeniably girlish.

“Mah mah, darlin’ y’all are lookin’ kinda flush! Ah guess you’re impatient to hear more?” Lynette grinned, “Dontcha know you’ll wear your pretty ginger hair in an elegant half-up half-down hair do, with curls cascadin’ down your neck and all around your pretty face. Your makeup will be stunnin’ yet subtle, with a soft pink lipstick and just a hint of blush on your cute lil cheeks!”

Bonnie’s heart pounded with a mixture of humiliation and sensory overload as, in her mind’s eye, she pictured the scene that Lynette was describing. She saw and felt everything with such vivid detail that she felt

swept away—almost as if she were experiencing every little tantalizing sensation right then and there.

“Jus’ think about it, darlin’ girl!” she said, “Y’all are standin’ there, in front of all your family and friends. Y’all are dressed just like a beautiful princess, about to finally meet your soon-to-be husband at the altar! Y’all will kiss, dance the night away, and then leave for your honey moon to start your new life as husband and wife!”

Lynette giggled as Bonnie groaned. The distressed damsel was obviously imagining the ravenous, insatiable look in this nameless groom’s eyes when he saw Bonnie—his new bride—looking oh so delectable in her gorgeous wedding gown.

The feminized former boy shook with embarrassment at even the suggestion of what would be a dream come true for Lynette and many other girls. The reluctant, in-denial emasculated sorority sister just saw it as the most humiliating experience imaginable! She shuddered once more as she pictured and even experienced every nuance of the horrific wedding scene Lynette had orchestrated.

As it was—in her revealing dress, her flirty makeup, and her stylish high heels—she felt completely unmanned. She tried not to think about just how feminine and girlish she appeared, and in fact had appeared for past weeks. Breathing heavily, she stared off into space, a vacant expression on her freshly made up face.

It was clear that Bonnie was in shock at how beautiful and attractive she looked as a girl. She turned heads wherever she went, much to her humiliation and astonishment, so she just refused to recognize the lustful reactions she elicited from all the men around her.

The stunningly sexy sorority sister was dissociating in an effort to cope with her feminization. In her fractured reality, she was still a frat boy. She’d retreated into her mind, a place where she was happily living as a young man and always had been. A life free of feminine fashions, where

she had a closet without high heels or dresses, and drawers full of boxer shorts not panties or bras.

In reality, just the day before, she'd worn a sexy little club dress to classes. The poly-spandex A-line mini skater dress had a short triple-tiered skirt in a soft, silken fabric. The skirting was made in an innocent baby pink color that flared out and danced delightfully around her thighs.

The sexy sleeveless V-neck bodice was a metallic pink shade and decorated with sparkling pink sequins. Its décolletage revealed the tops of her breasts in a most attractive, alluring manner—something the guys noticed and appreciated as they stared at her hungrily. The chic dress also featured a sexy deep V-back that showed off her porcelain, adorably freckled skin.

She'd accented her cute, flirty little dress with silver hoop earrings, a shiny silver necklace, and ankle strap heels in silver as well. When fully dressed in this little outfit, she couldn't believe the gorgeous girl in the mirror was really her! The reactions from the guys on campus confirmed that, yes, she was a sexy little coed.

Still, living in a sort of haze, the ginger haired girl seemed unaware of the lust she'd inspired in most of her male—and some of her female—classmates. Lynette took advantage of Bonnie's mindless, easily manipulated fugue state to compel her to quack like a duck, bark like a dog, and meow like a cat. She thereby demonstrated her complete control over her subject.

Dr. McCabe praised Lynette for her presentation. She was rethinking the value of turning reluctant men and boys into mesmerized women and girls. It was obvious that creating and training such easily manipulated bubble-headed bimbos would provide a ready supply of servile maids, office girls, and so on.

These ditzy feminized girls could hardly possess any intellectual or thoughtful capabilities, but their docile obedience and unaware

subservience would make them perfectly adaptable to provide less demanding menial tasks. With the proper conditioning, they could even be made into living sex dolls, compliant escorts more or less willing to fulfill the kinkiest of fantasies.

Chapter Four: Jasmine's Futile Struggles Against Feminization

The professor dismissed the dizzy, disoriented sorority girl, after asking her to send in Jasmine next. Unlike Bonnie and the other “damsels in denial,” as Lynette had called them, the rest of the former frat boys were totally aware of what they’d been forced to endure. They truly hated being forced to look, act, and sometimes even think like girls.

Professor McCabe saw this—the largest group of the new ladies—as the most fascinating contingent. She wrote describing them, “Everything about their feminization frustrates and angers these once proud Alpha males. Forcibly transformed into delicate, demure young women, they try to resist what they see as demeaning treatment.”

She couldn’t suppress a laugh as she added, “All of their attempts to rebel come to naught as they try but fail to reassert any scrap of their lost masculinity. This they attempt timidly, helplessly, and usually only subtly, because deep-down they know they’re entirely entrapped. They have no way to escape from their humiliating emasculation. They know it. They can’t stand it, but they realize that they have absolutely no choice except to succumb to their unwilling sex changes.”

Jasmine was the worst example among that group, or maybe the best, depending on your point of view. She had been the frat president, the most Alpha Male of all the former Alpha Tau Beta boys. Now, she was the sorority president but, despite wearing a revealing dress and four inch high heels, she still resisted her feminization. Or at least she tried to.

Dr. McCabe was sitting in her office alongside her protege and star student Gwendolyn Young as well as the two other Epsilon Beta sorority girls. Jasmine entered hesitantly. When McCabe motioned her to sit, Jasmine nodded her head obediently, but with just a hint of rebellion in her pretty eyes.

She sighed as she daintily took a seat using her perfectly manicured left hand to smooth out her dress beneath her rounded rear as she perched herself on the edge of the couch. Idly she noticed it was still warm after Bonnie's recent departure.

The four empowered women began interviewing Jasmine to complete this round of follow-ups. This, after they'd questioned the two other recently feminized girls. All of the former boys were humiliated and felt exceedingly embarrassed under this clinical, academic scrutiny. Of the three, Jasmine felt the most humiliated of all.

Since being turned into a girl, Jasmine's presentation had been kept unique and strikingly feminine—all entirely against her will. Her makeup was always flawless. She used a combination of light and dark shades to contour her face, and her eyes were always highlighted with a dramatic cat eye or similarly enticing look. Her lips were always expertly lined and filled with a bold lipstick—most often bright red, but sometimes pink.

She was often seen in a pair of strappy sandals. The reluctant sorority girl always accessorized with delicate jewelry and often wore a pair of very trendy designer sunglasses. All this made her look like a “celebutante” turned reality TV star. She always turned heads wherever she went.

That day, like most days, Jasmine had started with a base of foundation to even out her complexion. Then, she had added a few strokes of a warm brown eyeshadow to her lids, mixed with copper and golden shades. She had then lined her eyes with a dark eyeliner, and finished with a few coats of mascara on her lashes. This gave her eyes a smoky, sultry look.

On her lips, Jasmine had chosen her signature deep red lipstick, which further highlighted her full kissable mouth. She'd also added a touch of blush to the apples of her cheeks, to give her face a subtle, rosy glow. Finally, she had finished her look with a few careful swipes of bronzer, to give her skin a golden, sun-kissed look.

When it came to lingerie, Jasmine was a bit of a minimalist, but only had very girlish items from which to choose. She generally preferred lacy bralettes and panties that were comfortable, yet all of her possible selections were invariably quite feminine and sexy.

Like all the girls in her sorority, she was known for her high heeled shoes. She had an impressive collection of designer heels that showed off her shapely legs. That particular day, she was wearing a pair of black stilettos that went perfectly with her sexy little black dress.

Since her forced feminization, Jasmine tried to maintain as much of her masculinity as possible. Unfortunately for her, that was absolutely impossible. For example, when she thought she was striding confidently like a man, in reality she appeared to strut along in her tight, revealing outfits. These included tight, sexy skirts and tops or dresses with high heels.

Jasmine knew her saucy gait was making most of the men and some of the women who saw her drool at her enticing sexuality. When she felt the eyes of onlookers burning into her skin, she smiled shyly, looking downward as she'd been conditioned to do by Miss M. Inside, however, she felt like scowling.

After long, harsh etiquette lessons, she'd been trained to behave in a demure, ladylike fashion at all times. In fact such refined feminine mannerisms were now second nature to her. Still, she rebelled against her imposed bimbofication. All to no avail.

To her unending frustration, all of her stubborn efforts to be taken seriously were undermined by the long, pink and platinum blonde hair that cascaded down her back like a waterfall of cotton candy and corn silk. She hated how the flirty, frivolous pink shade made her look both like a total airhead and an exotic, erotic anime character as it bounced flirtatiously around her heart-shaped, girlish face.

Initially, the Epsilon Beta Gamma sisters, specifically Gwen, had affixed a pretty pink wig to Jasmine's head. Later, they'd given her long

human hair extensions in platinum blonde, and dyed her own hair dirty blonde hair to match. Then, they'd painted in so many pink highlights that her tresses appeared to be almost entirely the color of bubble gum, with only about an eighth of her luscious locks remaining in an only slightly less bimboish baby blonde shade!

That day, Jasmine's pink and blonde highlighted hair was coiffed into a beautiful, super feminine look that flashed in the sunlight and drew every eye toward her. She had opted for a sexy, beach-wave, with her hair loosely curled and slightly tousled, arranged in a flowing flaxen style that framed her adorably made up face.

Back when she'd been a man called Jimmy, Jasmine used to move with a confident swagger. Now, she sort of flounced or sashayed across the campus feeling more feminine with every passing day. She knew that she looked amazing, and she was ashamed of all the male attention drawn to her.

She knew that her bright pink hair with long extensions was a major part of her fully feminized look, and that it provided an utterly humiliating complement to her flirty, feminine outfits. She always had the attention of everyone in the vicinity, and she simply couldn't stand it. If she could, she'd never again wear a stitch of sexy sultry clothing, and she'd get her hair shaved into a buzz cut. But it wasn't up to her.

She'd begged Gwendolyn to let her change her hair color to a more natural, less girly-girl look, but the dominant sorority president refused. "No way, Jazzy," Gwen giggled, "hot pink hair suits you so well! It's the just the right darling accent for all of your scrumptious outfits. It helps make you the center of attention, and you should be proud of all the cocks you tease as you strut around campus."

Hearing this, Jasmine even got on her knees and begged to be a dowdy haired coed. She'd more or less accepted her feminine fate, and had long ago given up hope of regaining her masculinity—at least until she and her sorority sisters had completed all eight of their punishments.

“I’ll do anything to have subdued brunette hair! I’ll even be a bimbo blonde or a hot little redhead! Anything but this ridiculous pink color you make me wear!”

To Gwendolyn, Jasmine was a vision of feminine perfection, and her sumptuously sexy hair was a major part of the over all package. In response to these entreaties, Gwen just shook her head and laughed. She was confident and sexy, and she loved the silly, girly-girl look she had imposed on the unwillingly unmistakably feminine Jasmine.

As she looked over her ex-boyfriend and current feminized plaything, Gwendolyn was looking forward to once again having her way with the pink haired submissive princess she’d created. Her left leg bounced with excitement as she crossed it over her right knee.

The dominant sorority president could barely stand the wait until this weekly interview session was over. Gwen’s lustful hunger to once again sexually conquer the sweetly feminine but reluctant girl that Jasmine had become was so intense that her breathing became heavy and almost labored. She felt her juices flowing freely as she looked forward to claiming Jasmine, plucking her sexuality like a prize.

Gwen’s dream had come true. Like Roberta and Bonnie, Jasmine was an absolute head-turner. She’d even won a beauty contest! She’d become a highly sought after datable girl, and she absolutely hated every second of it.

Every outfit she was forced to wear was exceedingly feminine, and usually a little bit too revealing for a collegiate setting. Still, that never stopped her from struggling to act like the proud, masculine young man she’d once been. Gwen found that hopeless rebelliousness simply adorable, as well as most erotically exciting and enticing.

Professor McCabe considered Jasmine’s recalcitrant reactions fascinating. “The most interesting subjects are those who are both constantly aware of their former status as males and their current

presentation as beautiful sorority girls. Their psyches are at war between the feminine images they see reflected in the mirror versus their once-proud masculine self-images that they're struggling to cling on to," Dr. McCabe noted in her write up.

"They still think of themselves as men, some even try to see themselves as Alpha Males! This even though they're denied any shred of masculinity. Most of the time they're forbidden from wearing even girlish trousers, skinny jeans, culottes, capris, and the like. They're forced to wear only the most feminine of clothing as well as high heeled shoes, makeup, lingerie, dainty sleep wear, and perfume," wrote McCabe.

"The fight against their ongoing feminization keeps getting ever more difficult for these humiliated, resistant, but entirely and thoroughly emasculated former men. The more that everyone they encounter treats them like the pretty girls they appear to be, the less they feel like men, and they hate every minute of it!" reported the delighted Professor.

"I see the forced feminization of highly resistant males as a viable and possibly highly effective modality of punishment for men who deserve it. Misogynists, violent criminals, the worst sexual harassers, and similar badly-behaved men in need of drastic attitude adjustments are ripe for this treatment," she noted.

"After watching about a dozen former sexist pigs deal with the same type of harassment and demeaning treatment they'd been accustomed to dishing out imposed upon them has created overwhelming cognitive dissonance. This in turn has effectuated substantial changes in their attitudinal constructs and behavioral responses," she added to her lengthening experimental write ups.

"I have even contemplated that similar results may be achieved through using significantly less intensive 'petticoat punishment' over shorter durations. This to persuade rambunctious young boys to tone down their rowdiness in academic settings. My encouraging findings so far regarding the drastic changes instilled in reluctant, resistant subjects like

Jasmine give me ample grounds for hope of significant success in several different situations and test cases,” she concluded.

At Gwen’s command, Jasmine always had to wear the latest, most stylish and alluringly feminine fashions. She was also forced to model the trendiest makeup looks, sassy jewelry, and so on. Jasmine knew that she had to look her best no matter where she went—Gwen made sure she was the trendiest girl on campus.

As former frat president and ringleader of their past reign of masculine mischief, Jasmine had been provided with the extensive and most feminine wardrobe of all the sissified sorority sisters. Everyone who’d ever been victimized by the girl back when she was a guy named Jimmy agreed that this was only fitting retribution for past bad acts.

Gwen loved seeing her ex modeling flirty little outfits like a knee-length, white cotton sundress with a thin, black belt paired with strappy white three-inch high heeled sandals and a cropped white denim jacket. For a more sporty look, Gwen would make Jasmine wear a black jumpsuit with a sleek, white blazer and a pair of black pumps with four inch heels.

She forced Jasmine to always wear a bright, bold lip color—usually a deep seductive red but sometimes soft, so innocent it was somehow wanton pink. She made her plaything wear striking eyeshadow and thickly overdone eyeliner. She usually went for a smoky eye look with a hint of shimmering gold shadow to amp up the dramatic glamour.

Jasmine’s jewelry included a vast collection of necklaces, from chunky statement pieces to delicate pendants. She had an array of earrings in every color and style—oversized studs, huge hoops, and extravagant chandeliers for more formal occasions. Her dainty wrists always jangled with charm bracelets and bangles that she was compelled to mix and match depending on Gwen’s mood.

Jasmine was always the trendiest girl at Central State, thanks to Gwen’s strict orders and impeccable fashion sense. She loved to show off

her dominated, emasculated ex-boyfriend in stylish outfits, glamorous makeup, and trendy jewelry. Jazz also always wore a romantic, intoxicating, feminine perfume—spicy and sexy.

Chapter Five: Learning The Finer Points Of Femininity

After the intensive interviews concluded, Gwen, Lynette, and Elisha brought the three feminized girls back to their sorority house. There, they met up with the complete membership of both sororities. This was the planned gathering at which they'd assign each former frat brother to an "older sister" from the sorority who would teach the former boys the finer points of femininity.

They'd accomplish that through various activities including shopping trips and spa days as girls together. This would be their sixth punishment, along with making them learn to cook, clean, and perform other domestic tasks traditionally associated with women's roles. The girls decided to make a full weekend of it by combining that punishment with their seventh and second to last ordeal, a "feminine challenge day."

They'd chosen teams of former frat brothers, and would make them compete against each other in activities demonstrating the new feminine skills they'd learned. Things like walking in high heels and doing a makeover on one another, all while being judged by representatives from the sorority.

The former fraternity boys gathered nervously in the sorority house where their forced feminization had begun. To them, it felt like years since they first felt their masculinity stripped away from them, even though only about a month had passed.

It had been a long, emotionally wrought journey for them, filled with a lot of harsh lessons and even harsher punishments. Still, nothing had prepared them for that weekend's agenda. This included shopping trips, spa days, and other demeaning, excruciatingly emasculating activities under the watchful eyes of their "big sisters."

Gwen and Lynette immediately took charge. As firm believers in the power of femininity, they wanted to ensure that each and every one of the former frat boys learned all about the wiles and wisdom of women. So, they schedule every waking moment of the upcoming forty eight hours of hell in painstakingly planned detail.

First, the Epsilon Beta Gamma sisters took their captives on a shopping trip. They blindfolded the reluctant, disoriented girls, and arranged for carpools that whisked to the local mall. There, the more experienced young women showed the naive, novice nymphettes how to pick out the perfect outfit for any occasion, from a day at the beach to a night out on the town.

They'd been forced to dress as girls for a month, but always under the command and control of the Epsilons. This was the first hint that the former Alpha Tau brothers would have to fend for themselves, and must begin crafting their own self-defined feminine styles.

To achieve this, the senior sorority girls helped the feminized former males pick out makeup and hair products, and promised they'd instruct them on how to use them to their advantage. Next, they went to the spa, where the more experienced sisters hired the estheticians on staff to show them how to properly primp and pamper themselves. They taught the bewildered fledgling femmes the importance of taking time for themselves, and how to use massage, facials, and other treatments to stay calm and relaxed.

Finally, the Epsilon sorority girls took their little sisters out to dinner. They reinforced their finishing school lesson on how to behave as proper ladies in public, evaluating them on how they carried themselves in a social setting.

The former frat boys had learned a lot during their previous ordeals, but the most important lesson of the day was that femininity is a powerful tool. It can be used to make a person feel beautiful and confident, and it can also be used to make a difference in the world.

The forced feminized neophyte sorority girls had come a long way during their time at mercy of the Epsilon Beta Gamma sorority, but they were still a long ways from learning all of the finer points of femininity. They'd been forced to attend classes as prime examples of femininity.

They were forced to walk, talk, and act in a ladylike manner at all times, and had learned lessons about how to apply make-up, style their hair, and wear lovely ladylike—and sometimes slutty—fashions. They were even required to attend social events such as teas and dinners with the more experienced sisters.

The next test was a formal dinner party in which the neophytes were required to serve a gourmet meal to their sisters and the guests. The Epsilon Betas had worked diligently to impart the finer points of femininity to their little sisters. On the night of the dinner party, the feminized little ladies were nervous, but determined to make a good impression.

They were humiliated but strove to submissively serve their superiors once again, this time dressed as precious promiscuous-looking Playboy Bunnies, in costumes that were hardly more than sexy lingerie! Their sexy, skimpy Bunny outfits consisted of strapless skin-tight corsets that laced up in the back.

They all wore dainty, girlish versions of formal black and white bow ties around their necks, along with cute collars and cuffs of starched white fabric. These matched with adorable white fluffy cottontails on their rounded feminine butts, their girlish hairdos topped off by bimboish bent bunny ears. Fewer costumes could be as emasculating and demeaning for any former guys to wear.

Jasmine's bunny suit was in a elegant, enticingly shiny black satin. Roberta wore a pristine, virginal white outfit. Mia's rouched, sexy outfit was powder blue. Bonnie wore a scandalously scarlet red costume that looked scintillating with her ginger hair and flirtatious freckles. The rest of them were also prancing around in similarly hyper-sexualized outfits, every

one carefully chosen to coordinate with and highlight each of the girls' individual hair coloring and complexions.

To emphasize their feminine figures, the Epsilon Beta girls had all tightened their little sisters' costumes so that the steel-reinforced boning nipped in their waists. The built-in padded, push-up bras exaggerated their womanly if not quite natural born cleavage. Some of them wore sheer black stockings, while others were encased in fishnet pantyhose. Both styles made the former boys' smooth hairless legs look and incredibly shapely.

The erstwhile frat brothers delivered each dish with grace and poise. As the meal came to an end, despite themselves, they felt a sense of accomplishment. They had successfully passed their penultimate test by demonstrating a convincing if conflicted commitment to their full feminization. This although almost all of them only did so reluctantly.

After all that, Gwen took Jasmine to an all male strip club, which the former boy considered disgusting. "Maybe you'd prefer a female strip show, Jazzy?" The entrapped emasculated girl nodded her head in an enthusiastic, "yes." That is, until Gwen said, "Who knows? Maybe we could get you on stage for a penis-popping pole dance?" She giggled seeing the shocked reaction on her submissive conquest's face. "I know you hate being my force feminized plaything. That's a huge part of why I love it so much!"

The next day, Elisha took Berti on a romantic picnic. "Tell me the truth! You like being a girl?" Roberta nodded, tears in her eyes. The soft-spoken vegan took her feminized date into her arms, kissed her passionately, and cooed reassuringly, "There there, darling! It's OK, my sweet pretty princess! I love being a girl too!"

At that moment, Lynette and Bonnie were dining in an exclusive, candle-lit bistro not far from campus. It was clear that the two had feelings for each other as they gazed into each other's eyes and held each other's hands in an infatuated embrace.

“Ah can’t believe it, mah dear,” the southern belle drawled, “Ah was repulsed by you and your sordid former frat brothers. Now, seein’ y’all as the refined, feminine, and pretty girl you’ve become, Ah find you simply irresistible! Would you believe it?”

Bonnie absolutely couldn’t believe any of it. She blinked as if awakened from a deep slumber. She looked confused as she glanced around her, at her date, and at her own lovely evening wear and gasped. She looked like she’d been poured into a strappy, ruby-red evening gown that clung to her curves and made her look like a movie star.

Her ginger hair was artfully arranged in an updo, with a few strands of curls framing her freckled face. She wore diamond earrings and a matching necklace, and her perfume was a light, floral scent that was just right for the occasion. Her makeup was subtle but elegant, with a hint of smoky eye shadow and a dab of blush to bring out her natural beauty. She looked like a million dollars.

Chapter Six: A Final Ordeal For The Feminized Former Frat Boys

The next week was the long awaited eighth and final task for the feminized former frat boys: “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!”

As they sat in the overflowing auditorium, Josh Peterson the President of the Beta Mu Kappa house and his frat brothers still couldn’t believe the incredible changes they helped to force upon their former arch rivals. He’d conspired closely with Dr. Katherine McCabe and the girls of Epsilon Beta Gamma, using his position as the Chair of the Pan Hellenic Council to exact this terrible emasculating vengeance upon the former fraternity boys of Alpha Tau Beta. They’d gotten their revenge, full pay back and more.

“I’d never have thought it would really happen!” said DeWayne Williams, the vice president of the Beta Mus, “these gorgeous sexy girls all used to be guys. They all look exactly like actual born girls!”

“I know!” laughed his twin sister Luwanda, “I wouldn’t believe it either if I hadn’t been involved with feminizing them myself! It was more fun than I’d ever dreamed possible!”

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

“Hell, I’d still tap them, especially her, the girl with the pink hair!” Josh said, laughing and pointing directly at the former Jimmy Rogers, now known by all as the gorgeous Jasmine.

Although none of them would admit it, some of the transformed former guys were aroused by their forced feminization. This, whether from being bossed around by beautiful sorority girls, getting exposed to Alpha males as submissive sissies, or a combination of the above, none would say.

Gwen was still enjoying every part of this adventure. She'd hoped to be a professor some day, and was well on her way to writing up this whole forced-feminization experiment as her honor's project. With her mentor, Katherine McCabe's support and guidance, Gwen planned to elaborate on her senior's thesis and make it into a doctoral dissertation.

Professor McCabe tapped the microphone to quiet the crowd. "Please! Can I have your attention?" she began, "several months ago, we launched a new concept in accountability, campus conduct, and behavioral modification."

She waved at a lineup of two dozen lovely girls who were posing nervously under the spotlight on stage and said, "These, the former boys of Alpha Tau Beta fraternity, stand before you now as the lovely, feminine girls of Gamma Tau Beta. Once Alpha and Beta males, they have all been transformed into submissive, subservient feminine ladies—with only a few exceptions."

She then listed "the special educational exercises that emasculated and feminized them into the girls you see on stage!" These were:

"Number one: Make the frat brothers wear dresses and makeup to all sorority events. We accomplished that and more when these fine young debutantes were made over, locked into chastity, and then dressed up as serving girls."

Gwen explained, "They then walked around passing out drinks and hors d'oeuvres at our sorority mixer with their most hated rival fraternity house! They looked so adorable as French maids!"

Smiling, Professor McCabe continued, “Number two: Have a ‘makeover day’ where they must learn how to style their hair, apply makeup, and dress in feminine clothing.”

“Oh that was fun!” Elisha said, “we went over to their newly remodeled sorority house, where all their male clothes had been removed, leaving them with nothing but girlish outfits! We spent several hours teaching the girl about cosmetics and hair styling techniques!”

Calling for quiet once again, Dr. McCabe said, “Number Three: Require them to take classes on etiquette and proper behavior for ladies such as table manners, posture, et cetera.”

“Ah! That was mah favorite!” Lynette laughed. “We brought in the best finishin’ school instructor evah, Miss Marigold Myerson to make that happen. Where are you Miss M? Please stand up and say somethin’?”

The striking, mature Miss Myerson strode forward and stood at the microphone. She cleared her throat politely and spoke in her soft southern drawl, “Thank you foh invitin’ me, Miss Lynette! It was mah honah to paticipate in this grand experiment! I must declayah that this was the most challengin’ and most rewahdin’ accomplishment of mah entiyah life!”

She smiled and looked toward at the lineup of former frat brothers fondly, seeing them standing with utmost poise and perfect posture. “It wasn’t easy, I must tell y’all, but ah remade a gaggle of recalcitrant ruffians into the sweet, demuah lil angels you see lined up so sweetly. Ah believe y’all would agree that these ladies turned out as simplah delightful debutantes! Evrah single one of them! Why I’d be proud to bring all of them to any high society soirée or ceremonah!”

Nodding, Dr. McCabe solemnly said, “Number Four: 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).”

Gwendolyn gushed, “That had to be my favorite! If you’ll look at the screen?” she said, pointing at the large video monitor that depicted the two dozen former frat boys getting dressed up and made up as pageant girls, then parading around in their lovely gowns, their faces and hair elaborately done up like beauty queens.

The crowd clapped and cheered as the video showed the ten beauty contest finalists competing in the bikini competition, each girl more lovely and feminine than the one before. Finally, the crowd oohed and ahed at the exciting climax.

This included the bubbly emcee announcing the bikini round, then declaring the winner of the pageant, and presenting Jasmine with a large bouquet of beautiful flowers and affixing a tiara to her long, pink and blonde hair. Finally Amanda fitted a sash around Jasmine’s feminized body declared her “Miss Central State.”

Professor McCabe told the audience, “I’ve spoken with the Miss USA Pageant organizers, and they’ve assured me that Jasmine is welcome to compete in the state pageant and, if she wins that, she’ll compete for the national crown!”

The entire auditorium exploded in applause as Jasmine, resplendent in the same short, sassy powder blue gown she’d worn during the beauty contest, looked on in shock. She nervously adjusted the flirty, feminine spaghetti straps and gazed down at her sexy, strappy sapphire blue sandals.

Remembering their intimate, erotic two-person celebration of Jasmine’s victory, Gwen grinned wickedly and announced, “Imagine! My little Jazzy as Miss USA!” She winked at her ex-boyfriend and current living sex doll as the crowd roared its approval. This made the emasculated and embarrassed pageant princess wish the floor would open up and swallow her.

For her part, Jasmine was also thinking about that “celebration,” and how Gwen had tied her up helplessly to the bed and deflowered her. She

was blushing from the tops of her triple-pierced ears all the way to her dainty, manicured toe nails.

This cute, coquettish reaction made Gwen feel some kind of way, and she quivered deeply as the familiar sense of overwhelming lust began rising in her loins! This guaranteed another amorous rendezvous between the two would be coming very soon!

Professor McCabe went on saying, “Number Five: 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!”

This was fresh in the minds of both sorority houses—the born girls and former boys alike. The Epsilon Betas described these activities while their “little sisters” squirmed, knowing that their parents and real siblings were shocked and either appalled or amused at the spectacle.

At the mic, Professor McCabe waited for the murmuring to die down then intoned, “Number Six: Host a ‘mock tea party’ where the former frat brothers must dress up in the girls’ finest outfits, and show off their proper etiquette by serving refreshments to the sorority members as if they were ladies themselves.”

This too was an all-too recent memory for the feminized girls, and they blinked or clenched their eyes as the Epsilon Beta Gamma sisters related each highly humiliating detail, also describing the emasculating debasement of the former brothers holding a kissing booth for charity.

Nearing the conclusion of her presentation, Dr. McCabe said, “Number Seven: 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.”

“We did that just last weekend,” Lynette explained, “these lovely ladies went above and beyond givin’ each othah manicures and pedicures, doin’ their best to paint each othah’s faces and then showin’ off their perfect supah model moves on an improvised cat walk!” The crowd clapped and cheered, seeing videos of the girls doing just that.

“That brings us to the final ‘educational exercise!’” said Professor McCabe, “Number Eight: ‘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.’ That’s what we’re doing right now!”

As the two dozen former campus terrors stood at attention in their gorgeous gowns, one expert after another discussed their transformation into well-mannered young ladies and what it might mean for the future understanding of gender roles as identities.

Standing in the same finery they’d worn for the beauty pageant, the sorority girls wore a mixture of expressions from acceptance, to stunned disbelief, to defiance. Jasmine was wearing Gwen’s short, sassy powder blue dress, a short gown with sexy spaghetti straps, and a body con bodice dripping with beads, lace, and appliqués. The tulle skirting fluttered around her knees as she stood nervously.

Roberta or “Berti” for short wore a skin tight emerald green minidress with a v-neck that exposed her delightful cleavage. Standing beside her, Bonnie was pulling on the hem of her ruby red satin strapless A-line minidress that tickled her upper thighs, showing off her seductively hairless legs.

Andrea once again wore her shimmering pink gown and her golden hair was shining under the bright lights. The short but elegant Bella posed in her ice blue ballgown adorned with glittering gemstones. Clara, a slender swan-like girl wore a vintage black and white dress.

Demure Diana looked shy and embarrassed in her deep purple gown, and Eliza was resplendent once more modeling her fiery red dress with its built in petticoats that danced about her shapely thighs. Fiona stood proudly like a princess in a navy blue gown, a delicate train trailing behind her.

The saucy, slutty Georgia lifted a highly arched feminine eyebrow at the audience. She knew she looked good in her figure-hugging black sheath dress. But Helena looked abashed in a lime green gown adorned sparkling beads marking her neckline.

Imperious Isabella looked stunning in her floor-length ivory gown. Its intricate lace over-skirting added a formal flair to her dress. She stood beside the statuesque Julia, a Greek goddess in long, flowing lavender gown.

There were a dozen or more other feminized girls, arrayed in a multi-colored lineup. Each wearing exquisite makeup, stunning high heeled sandals or pumps, and adorned with a full array of gorgeous jewelry. Once, they'd all been masculine men. Now, they were all lovely ladies, well-behaved and feminine in each and every delicate, graceful motion.

Gwen wrapped up the public ceremony by announcing that Jasmine would be moving into the Epsilon Beta Gamma house as her little sister and roommate. To fill the vacancy, Lynette would become the President of the Gamma Tau Beta sorority, her girlfriend Bonnie would be rooming with her.

Elisha hugged "Berti" and whispered something into her ear that made the petite girl blush. She'd never share what was said to her that day. You'll just have to use your imagination to try guessing what that might have been.

~ The End ~

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 third and concluding 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